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THE

WOMAN'S WORLD.

EDITED BY OSCAR WILDE.

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AN ENGLISH LADY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY AT HER TOILET.

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

A Dream of Wild Bees.

A MOTHER sat alone at an open window. Through it came the voices of the children as they played under the acacia-trees, and the breath of the hot afternoon air. In and out of the room flew the bees, the wild bees, with their legs yellow with pollen, going to and from the acacia-trees, droning all the while. She sat on a low chair before the table and darned. She took her work from the great basket that stood before her on the table: some lay on her knee and half covered the book that rested there. She watched the needle go in and out; and the dreary hum of the bees and the noises of the children's voices became a confused murmur in her ears, as she worked slowly and more slowly. Then the bees, the long-legged wasp-like fellows who make no honey, flew closer and closer to her head, droning. Then she grew more and more drowsy, and she laid her hand, with the stocking over it, on the edge of the table, and leaned her head upon it. And the voices of the children outside grew more and more dreamy, came now far, now near; then she did not hear them, but she felt under her heart where the ninth child lay. Bent forward and sleeping there, with the bees flying about her head, she had a weird brain-picture; she thought the bees lengthened and lengthened themselves out and became human creatures and moved round and round her. Then one came to her softly, saying, "Let me lay my hand upon thy side where the child sleeps. If I shall touch him he shall be as I."

She asked, "Who are you?"

And he said, "I am Health. Whom I touch will have always the red blood dancing in his veins; he will not know weariness nor pain; life will be a long laugh to him."

"No," said another, "let me touch; for I am Wealth. If I touch him material care shall not feed on him. He shall live on the blood and sinews of his fellow-men, if he will; and what his eye lusts for, his hand will have. He shall not know 'I want.'" And the child lay still like lead.

And another said, "Let me touch: I am Fame. The man I touch, I lead to a high hill where all men may see him. When he dies he is not forgotten, his name rings down the centuries, each echoes it on to his fellows. Think—not to be forgotten through the ages!"

And the mother lay breathing steadily, but in the brain-picture they pressed closer to her.

"Let me touch the child," said one, "for I am Love. If I touch him he shall not walk through life alone. In the greatest dark, when he puts out his hand he shall find another hand by it. When the world is against him, another shall say, '*You and I.*'" And the child trembled.

But another pressed close and said, "Let me touch; for I am Talent. I can do all things—that have been done before. I touch the soldier, the statesman, the thinker, and the politician who succeed; and the writer who is never before his time, and never behind it. If I touch the child he shall not weep for failure."

About the mother's head the bees were flying, touching her with their long tapering limbs; and, in her brain-picture, out of the shadow of the room came one with sallow face, deep-lined, the cheeks drawn into hollows, and a mouth smiling quiveringly. He stretched out his hand. And the mother drew back, and cried, "Who are you?" He answered nothing; and she looked up between his eyelids. And she said, "What can you give the child—health?" And he said, "The man I touch, there wakes up in his blood a burning fever, that shall lick his blood as fire. The fever that I will give him shall be cured when his life is cured."

"You give wealth?"

He shook his head. "The man whom I touch, when he bends to pick up gold, he sees suddenly a light over his head in the sky; while he looks up to see it, the gold slips from between his fingers, or sometimes another passing takes it from them."

"Fame?"

He answered, "Likely not. For the man I touch there is a path traced out in the sand by a finger which no man sees. That he must follow. Sometimes it leads almost to the top, and then turns down suddenly

into the valley. He must follow it, though none else sees the tracing."

"Love?"

He said, "He shall hunger for it—but he shall not find it. When he stretches out his arms to it, and would lay his heart against a thing he loves, then, far off along the horizon he shall see a light play. He must go towards it. The thing he loves will not journey with him; he must travel alone. When he presses somewhat to his burning heart, crying 'Mine, mine, my own!' he shall hear a voice—'Renounce! renounce! this is not thine!'"

"He shall succeed?"

He said, "He shall fail. When he runs with others they shall reach the goal before him. For strange voices shall call to him and strange lights shall beckon him, and he must wait and listen. And this shall be the strangest: far off across the burning sands where, to other men, there is only the desert's waste, he shall see a blue sea! On that sea the sun shines always, and the water is blue as burning amethyst, and the foam is white on the shore. A great land rises from it, and he shall see upon the mountain-tops burning gold."

The mother said, "He shall reach it?"

And he smiled curiously.

She said, "It is real?"

And he said, "What *is* real?"

And she looked up between his half-closed eyelids, and said, "Touch."

And he leaned forward and laid his hand upon the sleeper, and whispered to it, smiling; and this only she heard—"*This shall be thy reward—that the ideal shall be real to thee.*"

And the child trembled; but the mother slept on heavily and her brain-picture vanished. But deep within her the antenatal thing that lay here had a dream. In those eyes that had never seen the day, in that half-shaped brain was a sensation of light! Light—that it never had seen. Light—that perhaps it never should see. Light—that existed somewhere!

And already it had its reward—the Ideal was Real to it.

OLIVE SCHREINER (Ralph Iron).





THE LADY WHO CAME IN THE OMNIBUS AND THE LADY WHO CAME IN THE CARRIAGE.

Shopping in London.



A STUDY AT LIBERTY'S.

SHOPPING in London possesses an indescribable fascination for the ordinary woman, whether she be a fair *mondaine* who, rich in this world's wealth, spends her mornings in the season driving from this well-known shop to that, acquiring a vast amount of fashionable frippery for the adornment of her house and her person; or the country cousin, who arrives in town when Society (with a large S, please) has departed, and is burdened with countless impossible commissions from her hosts of friends and relations; or the regular sale frequenter, who goes the round of the London houses at the half-yearly sales to some purpose.

Walk down Regent Street on a June morning, and mark the smart carriages waiting for their respective owners, who are enjoying themselves in thoroughly feminine fashion, inspecting the latest Paris importations; the newest creations in hats and bonnets at Louise's; the freshest models in mantles from Worth, Félix, and Pingat at Jay's; the most cloudy and diaphanous of ball toilettes at Howell and James's, Lewis and Allenby's, Swan and Edgar's; the last of Liberty's art fabrics and harmoniously-coloured tea-gowns. Take a turn down Conduit Street, and see how full are Redfern's show-rooms. Try New Bond Street, Oxford Street, or any of the streets containing well-known fashionable shops, and note the people thronging them. Yes; it is a favourite, if an expensive amusement, this of shopping in London, and one very freely indulged in at all seasons by different classes: the shopkeepers, who gauge with great accuracy public taste, knowing exactly how to cater for their various customers.

There are several distinct types of the genus shopper—shoppers of both sexes, clever and weak, extravagant and thrifty; those who know their own minds and those who do not; those who submit to be led by the shopman or shopwoman, whose torrent of specious argument they are wholly incapable of resisting; those, on the contrary, who heed not the voice of the counter-skipper, charm he never so insinuatingly, but sternly combat any manifested desire to lead them from their original purpose—who, entering a shop with their minds fully made up as to the exact article they require, buy that, and that only, if they can find it; if not, go in quest of the same elsewhere, refusing to be cajoled into purchasing six-

buttoned gloves for the ordinary price of those with two, because "they are only sold at that low price, being bankrupt stock;" waving also on one side the remnant of ribbon and silk handkerchief, those baits held out to the unwary. In striking contrast to these downright, stick-to-their-purpose people, are those who buy simply because the thing offered "is *really* so absurdly cheap," not that they are in the least in want of it. Such people are good rubbish accumulators, excellent clients of the dustmen. A case in point is that of an old Frenchman, who bought an immense number of yards of hideous yellow tarlatan only because the piece was offered to him for a mere song. His daughters, unfortunate young women, were doomed to appear "in yellow, all in yellow," at the festivities in their neighbourhood that and succeeding winters, as also their lady friends, to whom their father generously presented yellow gowns, until "M. Dieudonné's livery" became a standing joke against the wearers of the cheap tarlatan.

Shopping in London in the sale season is made a complete science of by the clever type of shopper, who knows exactly what houses to visit for the best bargains; where to get cheap dress materials, and ready-made but well finished-off costumes; good *lingerie* and household linen. Whiteley's and Chapman's are well-known haunts of this variety of shopper, who, for a very moderate outlay, will replenish her own and her daughters' wardrobes, not forgetting the linen closet. She is rarely taken in, knowing that really good firms, who have their name to keep up, must sell off old stock reasonably before restocking with fresh goods, and who, charging high prices early in the season to regular customers, can afford to sell at *bonâ fide* reduced rates at their half-yearly sales.



COUNTRY COUSINS DOING COMMISSIONS.

Liberty's is the chosen resort of the artistic shopper. Note this lady robed in "Liberty silk" of sad-coloured green, with rather more than a suspicion of yellow in ribbons, sash, and hat (suggestive of a badly-made salad), who talks learnedly to her young friend — clothed in russet-brown, with salmon-pink reliefs showing in quaint slashings in unexpected places—of "the value of tone," of negatives and positives, of delicious half-tones, and charming introductions of colour, fingering the while the art stuffs and *fade* silks shown her with a certain amount of reverence expressive of the artistic yearnings of her soul. We may be tolerably certain that such an one has her drawing-room arranged in the very last scheme of colour—cool silver-grey, possibly, in conjunction with yellow terra-cotta and ivory, or the new red-brown with the faintest, palest of olive-greens; the floor in parqueterie, with rich Eastern rugs laid down on it, furniture in dark wood, Moorish style; three-legged tiny tables, yellow, white, or pale green; graceful palms in huge pots of Eastern pottery, in beaten iron stands; a fretwork arch in wood dividing the double rooms. Imagination further conjures up the lady herself in a tea-gown of silver-grey *pongee* cashmere, with full front of yellow Surah; but when we find ourselves considering that terra-cotta and ivory silk would best suit her colouring and individuality, we mentally pull ourselves together, becoming conscious that we are staring somewhat fixedly at the Artistic One. So we leave her, deep in a discussion with her friend and the Eastern-garmented shop-girl as to the relative merits of a sage-green or dull red serge *portière*, and pursue our character studies elsewhere.

A buxom dame, who has "country" writ all over her in legible letters, has brought her well-developed

daughter (we had inwardly christened her Mary Jane before her mother's loud-voiced appeal confirmed us in our conjecture as to her Christian name) up for a visit to town. They are about to enter Redfern's. Mamma has seen the Ladies Greytowers in neat tailor-made gowns when they have honoured with their presence the bazaars and flower-shows in their own neighbourhood, and, while admiring the fit of the said gowns, has thought them a trifle plainer than she should like her girls to wear, being, of course, unable to appreciate the *chicdom* (to coin a word) of the costumes. Hearing indirectly where they were made, she has decided that, on her yearly shopping expedition to London, she will buy a tailor-built gown for Maryjane (she runs both names together) and one of Lady G.'s bonnets for herself. After rejecting several pretty, simple gowns in fawn, grey, and green, which would have toned the girl down —albeit it would have been, as they say in Cornwall, "cream on pilchards"—she fixes on a dull red, rather lavishly embroidered in red and gold. Alterations are required, the redundant lines of "Maryjane's" figure not being exactly those on which the model is built. Let that pass. We mildly wonder on what occasion daughter and mother will elect to astonish their neighbours, for we intuitively feel that mamma will invest in



THE ARISTOCRATIC SHOPKEEPER AND HER CUSTOMER.

something, if possible, as unsuitable to her as is the selection she has made for her daughter to that damsel. Wonder is changed to horror when the couple pause agape before a bonnet-shop, and the mother, gazing at a poppy hat, exclaims, "The exact thing, Maryjane, to match your new dress!" Neither of them carries colours in the eye; this is evident, for bonnet and gown together will be simply agonising. Even the saleswoman—who has a sense of the external fitness of things, though blissfully unconscious of the prior purchase—suggests a pretty, black lace-covered hat, with gracefully upturned brim, and bramble-blossoms nestling amid the lace, knowing it will soften down and so increase the rustic milk-maid sort of beauty the girl possesses, for Mary Jane is, to a certain extent, comely. But no; poppy hat, vivid scarlet, is bought and paid for triumphantly. As the vision of that hat, with that gown, presents itself to our mental vision, we shudder, and resolutely change the current of our thoughts. Mother consults note-book for address of aristocratic milliner, and, energetically hailing a four-wheeler (for she is never quite sure of her localities in the metropolis), hies her off to make her purchase. She hopes, yet fears, to be served by the head of the establishment, and "How shall I address her?" is a question which causes her great mental perturbation, making the worthy woman work frantically in sheer nervousness at the obstinate first button of her right-hand glove until glove and button part company, and the state of that glove is now incomparably worse than it was before; but this troubles her little, it is a mere detail. Shall she say "your Grace"? No; that she happily remembers is for a duchess. Shall she call her "my lady," or "Lady G."? "Your ladyship" finally wins the day. Destination reached, she "your ladyship's" the forewoman, who has her risible muscles under perfect control, to her heart's content. "Maryjane," a quiet spectator of the scene, and being, rare thing in these

days, a firm believer in the wisdom of her parent, thinks how well mother is doing it. A remarkably pretty bonnet is under discussion, an airy creation of black Chantilly, dandelions and downy seed-vessels. Something more showy would be to the buyer's taste, but here she allows herself to be led, especially when she is told "We sold one almost exactly like that to the Countess of X. a few days since," for the clever forewoman has risen to the occasion, and now thoroughly understands the customer. Lady G., who is paying a flying out-of-season visit to town to look after the welfare of her *boutique*, here enters, and the forewoman appeals



THE LADY THAT BARGAINS, BUT NEVER BUYS.

to the higher authority as to whether the bonnet "does not suit madame *à merveille*." Consternation of buyer, who feels intensely small inwardly, but wisely refrains from saying any of the pretty speeches she had previously rehearsed, pays rather a long figure for her bonnet, and departs, consoled by her daughter's "Never mind, mother, no one will hear of your mistake, and she" (meaning the aristocratic shopowner) "said it suited you well. It's a love of a bonnet, I never saw you look better than you do in it, and it's just like the Countess of X.'s, you know."

Some shoppers there are, these from the country too, who insist on carrying their own purchases home. Such are generally burdened with other people's commissions, which they undertake willingly, no matter what remote corners of London they have to visit to carry them out, for do they not love shopping and bringing home the spoils? No matter how many the parcels, how large, or how bulky and awkward to handle, they stagger along under them. If there is one sight more calculated than another on a warm day to make one feel thoroughly uncomfortable, it is that of the parcel-embarrassed woman. Here is an example. Elderly stout female (inveterate parcel-carriers are invariably stout) heavily laden with packages of all sizes and shapes, large and small, round, flat, and long. We feel with two street-boys, who have followed her evidently in the hopes of spoil, that a cab must be necessary. One boy, in mere sportiveness, hails a hansom and runs away. Parcel-bearer gesticulates wildly, and waves away the cabman with her umbrella; in so doing drops a parcel tucked under her arm, but promptly sets her foot on it. Query: Is this action the result of former experiences in parcel-snatching? We pick it up, and, emboldened by having shown such a small favour, suggest a cab. But no; thanking us, she walks calmly down a whole cab-rank, braving the string of inquiries from the men. She is in search of a 'bus, and struggles into one, parcels and all, regardless of the cross looks of the occupants, for there is only room for one fare of ordinary size, unparcelled. She is lost to our gaze, for which we are thankful.

A final type of shopper—the bargainer, who fingers everything and audibly appraises it, asking the invariable question, "Is this reduced?"—insists on having huge bales unrolled, that she may see if they are more soiled inside than outside appearance indicates;—rubs calicoes so hard to see how much "dress" they have in them, that she soils the bit on which she operates—driving the unfortunate server nearly mad by turning goods over and asking for things he has not in stock—and then goes off, without having made a single purchase, holding out a promise of a future visit. A. E. F. ELIOT-JAMES.

Women's Suffrage.

IN one of his interesting articles on current politics, Mr. Matthew Arnold not long ago congratulated his country on having made a definite step forward in the path of civilisation. "Twenty years and more," he said, "have now gone by since, in a lecture at Oxford, I quoted the declaration of a member of Parliament, a friend of mine, that a thing's being an anomaly was in his opinion no objection to it whatever; and I remarked that, at any rate, perhaps the labours of the friends of light might be trusted to prevail so far as this—that in twenty years' time it should be thought, even in England, an objection to a thing that it is absurd. And this is really what has come about. The epoch of concentration has ended, the ice has broken up, things are no longer looked upon as a part of the order of creation merely because we find them existing. If they are absurd, this is now a positive objection to them; they become impossible as well, and have to be got rid of." He then gives an illustration from the existing condition of Church patronage, and adds, "The body of quiet reasonable people throughout the country, whose goodwill is so essential to a Government, have come, I say, to perceive when a thing of this kind is brought to their notice that it is absurd; it is felt to be absurd, and its long continuance becomes therefore impossible."

Now if we apply this principle to the position of women with regard to the representative institutions of this country, I think we may say that the labours of the friends of light, from John Stuart Mill downwards, during the last twenty years have succeeded in proving that the exclusion of all women, except one, from direct political power is an anomaly; it is felt by the great body of quiet reasonable people throughout the country to be absurd, and its long continuance becomes therefore impossible.

Some of the more glaring features of this anomaly and absurdity may be pointed out. Some years ago, before the two great extensions of the suffrage in 1867 and 1884, the possession of the Parliamentary franchise was a privilege entrusted to a selected few. The exclusion of women at that time might have been either expedient or inexpedient, just or unjust, but it was not an anomaly, it was not absurd. Certain classes of persons were selected for this privilege, and to them it was confided in trust, as it were, for the rest of the community. The women who were excluded were not selected for a special disability of sex, but were associated in their exclusion with large bodies of their countrymen, to whom no exception on the ground of character and capacity could be taken. Now, however, the basis of the Constitution has been changed. The franchise is no longer a privilege granted to the selected few on the grounds of personal fitness, or, at any rate, on the presumed absence of unfitness, but is a right extended to the great mass of the people. The government of this country is now "broad based upon the people's will." The avowed intention of the Government which passed the Reform Act of 1884, not at all consistently acted on so far as women were concerned, was to admit within the pale of the Constitution all capable citizens, be they few or many; and if they were many, it was said, so much the better. Even felons were not excluded when once their term of imprisonment was over; and lunatics were joyfully admitted if they could be proved to have voted in a lucid interval. Paupers also are sometimes discharged from workhouses in order to vote.

We have, therefore, an all-embracing franchise, from which no man—however ignorant, criminal, pauperised, or imbecile—is permanently excluded. The only class of persons upon whom the badge and stigma of political disability is now permanently fixed, consists of those who within the last century have mustered within their ranks such names as those of Jane Austen, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Hemans, Jean Ingelow, Caroline Herschel, Mary Somerville, Harriet Martineau, Dorothy Wordsworth, Caroline Norton, Octavia Hill, Florence Nightingale, Mary Carpenter, Sister Dora, Grace Darling, and Josephine Butler. I do not, however, desire in any way to concentrate the attention of my readers on the brilliant women of genius in which this century has been so rich. It is possible to prove the anomaly and absurdity of the entire exclusion of women from political privileges without quoting any names that belong to the Upper Ten Thousand of mental and moral power.

Take any ordinary country parish, or any ordinary street in a country town, and many familiar examples from every-day life may be found in each of them to illustrate the absurdity of denying to women alone, out of the entire community, the power to vote for members of Parliament. In this country village you find, perhaps, a woman left a widow, with a farm on her hands. She cultivates the farm for the benefit of her children. By careful economy, and by a judicious choice of persons to whom her business interests can be entrusted, she succeeds in making the farm answer, and in securing the means of bringing up her family in refinement and comfort. She employs a certain number of labourers—some diligent, trustworthy, and intelligent; and some, it is to be feared, ignorant, idle, and dissolute. To all these men alike, if they are householders, Parliament has seen fit in its wisdom to delegate some part of the sovereign power of governing this vast Empire. To them all is now confided the right of having a hand—and, if need be, a controlling hand—in the management of the affairs of the nation. The whole staff of the farm have votes; there is only one exception, and that is in the person of the woman whose

capital, energy, and good sense keep the whole thing going. Her carters, her shepherds, her ploughmen, and her hedgers and ditchers may vote; but she, equally interested with them in all that maintains the happiness and the prosperity of the Empire, is excluded. Or take such an example as may be found in a street of a country town. A member of Parliament is perhaps canvassing with his agent in the main street of such a town. He makes a house-to-house visitation; and if there are some objections to canvassing, at any rate his visits afford an opportunity of political conversation that has, as far as it goes, a good educational effect. It also makes the personality of the candidate known to his future constituents. They can judge in a personal interview, better than in almost any other way, whether the man is honest and to be trusted, or self-seeking and wily. As he approaches one house his agent stops him and says, "It is no good going there; its owner is only a woman." She pays rates and taxes, like all the other people in the street; she may chance to know more of the poor and the outcast of the town than any one else in it; but she is only a woman, she has no vote, and the time of the member or candidate is too precious to be devoted to those who have nothing to give him in return. The exception of this one householder from the privileges enjoyed by her neighbours is an anomaly and an absurdity, and surely the labours of the friends of light have so far prevailed as to secure that its long continuance has become impossible. It would be easy to multiply to an indefinite extent instances of this absurdity of including every creature (fit or unfit) of one sex, and excluding every creature (fit or unfit) of the other from the privileges of representation; but it is unnecessary to do so. If the object is to admit all capable citizens within the pale of the Constitution, it is as unjustifiable to exclude on the ground of sex as it is to exclude on the ground of creed or colour.

We all know stories illustrating the extreme ignorance of some of the new voters. One lady on the day of the election asked her coachman if he had exercised the franchise, and he replied, "If you please, m'm, which horse be that?" A man I know very well replied, when canvassed by the Tory candidate, "Yes, my lord, I shall vote for you; your grandfather and mine was wounded in the same battle." I do not say or think that these men ought not to have had votes. The possession of a vote is often a first step in political education; but it is cruel, in the face of all the important political questions which await solution, to admit hundreds and thousands of men in the lowest depths of ignorance concerning politics and history, whilst women of intelligence and education are kept out.

The absurdity and incongruity of the present state of things does not stop here. It is further exemplified by the fact that women are taking, and are constantly called in by all parties to take, an increasingly active part in political life. The extraordinary activity of the ladies of the Primrose League is well known. Whether their action is approved or disapproved, there seems to be a general agreement that the result of the last two General Elections was considerably affected by it. And if it is correct that imitation is the truest flattery, the Primrose League has been flattered by a very general imitation of its machinery on the part of the Liberal Party. At the meeting of the National Liberal Federation at Leeds, the President, Sir James Kitson, said that among the signs of encouragement for the Liberal Party was the activity of many ladies in its behalf. Women's Liberal Associations, he said, were being actively founded, twenty-three were already in existence, and he considered it the duty of Liberals to encourage the formation of a still larger number.

Even from across the seas, from distant India, a voice comes to the women of England, asking them to help in the settlement of some all-important social reforms there. Many people in England are watching with painful interest a battle that is being waged in India against the horrible custom of infant marriage. The reformers lately appealed for a word of advice and encouragement to Professor Max Müller. What was the gist of his reply? His counsel was: "Write a short pamphlet containing nothing but well-known and well-authenticated facts, and send it to the women of England. They begin to be a power, and they have one splendid quality—they are never beaten. If they once know what is going on in India, tolerated by an English Government, they will tell every candidate for Parliament, 'Unless this blot is removed from the escutcheon of England, you shall not be re-elected.' Women," he continued, "at all events, have courage, and when they see what is hideous they do not wait for orders before they say what they think." I fear the Professor takes a too favourable view of the extent of the power exercised by women. There have been many things perpetrated under the direct sanction of the English Government in India and in every British colony which it is a shame even to think of, and which the best women in England have been breaking their hearts over for the last dozen years, but have not yet effectually stopped. Still, it cannot be denied that, with allowance for exaggeration, the Professor is right, and that the reform of the infamous marriage laws of India would be enormously hastened if the women of England were once roused on the subject. Surely when women are called upon to exert themselves actively on behalf of every party in the State, when reformers from distant empires implore their aid, and when their influence is felt as a thing to be keenly desired or keenly resented, according as it is used on this side or that, it is too late to say that women have nothing to do with politics, and should therefore be excluded from the Parliamentary franchise.

Let me give an instance of another way in which women are not only invited, but forced even, under the existing state of things, to have a share in politics. Every one knows that when there is an election petition at any place, and the judge reports that in his opinion corrupt practices have extensively prevailed, a commission consisting of three judges is sent to the place, with power to examine witnesses and to hold a judicial inquiry into the extent to which the political life of the place has been vitiated by bribery. These commissions are costly affairs; the expenses often amount to £2,000 or

£3,000. This sum has to be defrayed by the ratepayers of the town in which the commission has been held. Now it may very fairly be argued that this was a matter in which women really had no concern. The corrupt practices of the men of the town have necessitated a costly inquiry, and it would therefore appear obvious that all men would immediately see that it was their part to pay the bill without calling upon the women ratepayers to contribute a single farthing. But this has never been the view taken in any of the towns in which these inquiries have been held. The women are not only invited, but forced, to take part in politics on these occasions; they have to pay the penalty of an abuse of representative power, although they are excluded from all the benefits arising from the power of voting. If the general position of women with regard to the law is looked at, the same remark holds good; they are held to be equal with men if there is any penalty to pay, but their inequality appears again if there is any privilege to be bestowed.

Let no man or woman be mistaken as to what this movement for women's suffrage really means. We none of us want to turn the world upside-down or to convert women into men. We want women, on the contrary, above all things to continue womanly—womanly in the highest and best sense—and to bring their true woman's influence on behalf of whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, to bear upon the conduct of public affairs. Some people attempt to meet the claim of women to representation by the absurdly irrelevant remark, for I cannot call it an argument, that women householders ought not to vote for members of Parliament because they cannot be policemen and cannot be soldiers. Who wants them to be either policemen or soldiers? There must always be a certain division of labour between the sexes. The physical constitution of a woman fits her to perform certain duties on which the welfare of society in a high degree depends. The physical constitution of a man fits him for certain other duties, one of which is that of external defence. And there are certain other duties which men and women must undertake jointly and in co-operation with one another, and from which the total withdrawal of one sex or the other is fraught with danger and mischief. Those who are in favour of women's suffrage maintain that the duty of loving one's country, of understanding her interests, of endeavouring to influence public affairs by the choice of men of high character and true patriotism to serve in Parliament, is one which is incumbent on women as well as on men. There is nothing in the nature of a woman which fits her to be a policeman or a soldier; and there is nothing in the nature of a woman which *unfits* her to love her country and to serve her by helping to send good men to promote sound legislation in Parliament.

People sometimes talk as if fighting for one's country were the only way of serving her. Surely that is taking a very one-sided view of a nation's interests. All work well done, all service in lifting up the lives of others to a higher level, "All we have wished or hoped or dreamed of good," forms the real treasury of national greatness. I have no wish to disparage the usefulness, the necessity, of the army and the police force; but civilisation owes quite as much to that great host of silent busy workers, of whom at least half are women, through whose labours alone there is anything worth preserving, as to the army and the police force for preserving it.

Another absurdity connected with this argument that women should not vote because they cannot be soldiers, is made obvious by the mere mention of the existence of non-combatant men. The position of women with regard to the army is exactly the same as that of non-combatants of the other sex; they do not fight themselves, but they pay other people to fight for them.

The labours of the friends of light have so far prevailed as to sweep away all the disabilities of creed: will they not also suffice to sweep away the disabilities of sex in respect to all those duties and privileges for the acceptance of which no disability has been imposed by nature? Some time ago Mr. Frederick Myers, speaking on this subject, said, "Disabilities of sex are parallel to disabilities of creed, except that disabilities of sex have for the most part been imposed by passions less respectable than theological bigotry. But the spirit which maintains both classes of disabilities is the same, for some men are afraid to do justice to unbelievers for fear the truth should collapse; that is their infidelity to God. And some men are afraid to do justice to women for fear the attributes of the sexes should be confounded; that is their infidelity to nature." Faith in the laws of God and nature is best shown by boldly removing every injustice under which women labour, confident that what is truly beautiful and noble in womanhood not only will not suffer thereby, but will shine out with a clearer radiance, and will bring a purifying influence to bear on our social and political life.

The Women's Suffrage Bill, which was again introduced last session, has received the approval, in some form or another, of more than half the House of Commons. It is not a party measure, but is supported by members of all parties. In this lies both its strength and its weakness. The Bill has suffered again and again for lack of the motive-power which the party organisation of politics in this country would have supplied if we had been able to call it into activity on our behalf. We cannot promise either of the two great parties that all the women will be on their side. Therefore the party Radical opposes women's suffrage because, he says, "women are Conservatives;" and the party Conservative opposes us because, he says, "women are red-hot Radicals." Thus very often we have fallen between two stools. Nevertheless, it is a strength to the women's suffrage cause—which carries conviction to the quiet reasonable people in the country, on whose good-will a Government depends—that the Bill for the enfranchisement of women householders has been consistently supported for many years by many of the best men of all parties. A measure that has been supported by such men as John Stuart Mill, Lord Beaconsfield, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Henley, Mr. Russell Gurney, Mr. Henry Fawcett, Mr. Duncan McLaren, Mr. Courtney, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord Carnarvon, is one that is likely in

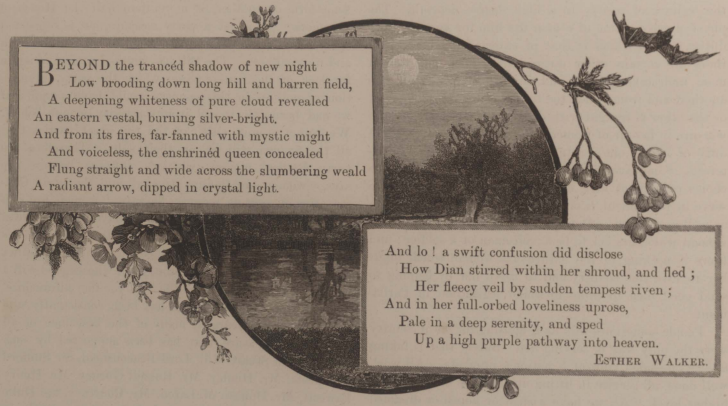
the end to commend itself to the judgment and conscience of the English people. The Bill proceeds on the same lines which have already governed the extension to women of the School Board and municipal franchises. It is not a Bill for the general enfranchisement of all women, but it is strictly a household suffrage Bill. It would complete the reform of our representative system in the direction of household suffrage by giving all women who are ratepayers and heads of households the privilege and protection of representation. The Bill would add about 800,000 women to the present electorate, and on the average it would add, if it were passed, about twelve women to every hundred male voters in the constituencies.

Some of our friends think we are wrong not to have gone further and demanded a more general enfranchisement of women, which would include wives as well as women who were heads of households. This was a matter which deserved and received very careful attention from those responsible for the Bill; and it was felt that the Bill as it now stands, limited as it is, unites the *real* supporters of the principle of women's suffrage more than a more widely extended measure would do. Many of those who urge us to go further are, no doubt, entirely sincere in their advice; but some who urge it are, perhaps, not altogether in favour of the principle we are advocating. They wish us to go further because they think we should fare worse. When Admiral Maxse and Professor Goldwin Smith express their entire disapproval of the limitation of the Bill, we must be excused if we regard their advice with something of the suspicion which would animate a farmer to whom a fox generously offers good advice as to how to guard the hen-roost. But to every one who genuinely wishes to extend to women the blessings of citizenship, we would listen with the greatest respect; and if any of them think that Mr. Woodall's Bill does not go far enough, I would only ask them to reflect that all enfranchising measures have proceeded in our country slowly and gradually; and that in an army, if we are to keep shoulder to shoulder, the quick and strong must accommodate their pace to the weakly and less rapid. It is difficult to conceive that any one genuinely in favour of women's suffrage would decline to support the Bill because it does not go far enough.

The main considerations in support of the Bill are that women are not unfitted by reason of their sex from forming a judgment on political questions; that the representation of women would tend to secure the speedy amendment of laws unjust to women, and to prevent the passing of new laws injurious to them; that it would give additional weight in Parliament to the consideration of the domestic as well as the political results of legislation; and that, if the claim of women to representation is just, the moral sense of the nation is injured by their continued exclusion.

MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

An Autumn Moonlight.



BEYOND the tranced shadow of new night
Low brooding down long hill and barren field,
A deepening whiteness of pure cloud revealed
An eastern vestal, burning silver-bright.
And from its fires, far-fanned with mystic might
And voiceless, the enshrined queen concealed
Flung straight and wide across the slumbering weald
A radiant arrow, dipped in crystal light.

And lo! a swift confusion did disclose
How Dian stirred within her shroud, and fled;
Her fleecy veil by sudden tempest riven;
And in her full-orbed loveliness uprose,
Pale in a deep serenity, and sped
Up a high purple pathway into heaven.

ESTHER WALKER.



GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S STUDY.

Guy de Maupassant.

THE AUTHOR OF "BOULE DE SUIF."

(From a Photograph by Melandri, Paris.)

SEVEN years ago a story was published called "Boule de Suif," and, although it bore the signature of an unknown writer, created a sensation in the Parisian corps of authors. This august galaxy immediately recognised in the new aspirant for literary honours a mind of extraordinary power, and a pen of no less extraordinary ability. "Boule de Suif" was followed by a book of poems, and in rapid succession appeared "La Maison Tellier," "Mlle. Fifi," "Une Vie," "Les Contes de la Bécasse," "Au Soleil," "Les Sœurs Rondoli," "Bel Ami," and "La Petite Roque." Each succeeding work not only gave the public the highest opinion of M. de Maupassant's natural talent, but demonstrated his perfect mastership in the art of literary composition. His name was mentioned with those mysterious accents which promise a future, and the Parisians discovered that the French world of letters was richer by a genius whose star had dawned with singular power and brightness. Guy de Maupassant soon became the theme in public and private circles, in high life and low, in artistic and Bohemian gatherings; his talent was discussed and his personality questioned. Who he was, whether noble or plebeian; what he looked like, and where he came from; if young or old, rich or poor; and was "De Maupassant" a real name or an incognito? No one could answer these questions, but after the electric success of "Bel Ami" everybody seemed to be acquainted with the noble author. He dined with the Princess Mathilde at her very select parties, he was constantly seen at the Baroness de Poilly's most distinguished "at-homes," and noted patrons of art in patrician and literary circles vied with each other in rendering homage to his name and ability. While the public fully recognised M. de Maupassant's powers, critics in general were divided as to his particular kind of talent. All agreed, however, that he was not only strikingly original, but an apt disciple in the style of the greatest French writers. He was compared with Stendhal, Zola, and many other celebrities, but the truest judges soon discovered that the author of "Bel Ami" and "Une Vie" more especially resembled one other whose perfection was then universally acknowledged—the author of "Mme. Bovary" and "Salammbo;" in fact, in M. de Maupassant's earlier efforts the master is as readily traced through the pupil's

performance as in the great works of Raphael we feel the force of Perugini's art. On the appearance of M. Maxime Ducamp's life of Flaubert, a spirited journalistic controversy revealed the fact that not alone was De Maupassant a disciple of the Rouen writer, but was his pupil, friend, and the loyal defender of a calumniated man. Guy de Maupassant's nature spoke clearly in this defence of one gone before, and his fidelity as a pupil is shown by conscientiously following in the master's footsteps.

Like Flaubert, no pains are too great to take; the same attention is paid to the word as to the phrase, to the leading article as to the romance. It is always interesting to notice the working methods of successful men, and that of De Maupassant is another proof that what is worth doing is worth doing well. He never writes a story until the plot, characters, and situations have thoroughly ripened in his mind. It took him three years to sketch out "Boule de Suif," his first, and by many considered his best, work; he studied seven years with Flaubert before he dared publish the simplest study. This artist used to say to him, "Take any object in nature—a flower, a brook, a bird—look at it, and then describe it, not as I see it, but as you intend me to see it."

"Occasionally," says De Maupassant, "I hit it off at once, but oftener I had to describe a thing twenty times before Flaubert considered it well done; I had to try over and over and over again before I could please the friend or satisfy the inexorable critic."

In consequence of this rigorous apprenticeship, M. de Maupassant has earned the right to be called a stylist. His long and laborious application to the trade — the mechanical part of authorship — has been such that, no matter what he undertakes, the most ungenerous of critics can find fault with neither style, language, nor expression. De Maupassant modestly says of himself, yet with a certain truth, "I am not a man of talent, but a skilled workman;" and, to quote a paragraph from the preface to "Pierre et Jean," he aptly remarks: "Whatever the thing one wishes to say, there is but one word to express that thing, one verb to animate it, and one adjective to qualify it. It is, then, necessary to hunt till one has discovered that word, that verb, and that adjective, and never be content with getting near or around or about it; and, above all, never have recourse to even the happiest artifices or tricks of language to avoid the difficulty of precise word-expression."

De Maupassant is singularly free from hyperbole, metaphor, and circumlocution; he is also devoid of humour, in the witty sense of the word; but no one surpasses him in the force of ironic shrewdness, or in scenes depicting merciless sarcasm. "Bel Ami," "Boule de Suif," and "Yvette" particularly, abound in these effects. Being a stylist, he is often obliged to impoverish the action in order to preserve the correctness of classic utterance. He is at present too young to fully emancipate himself from this artistic obligation. He sometimes errs in coldness and stilted language, but with time will have acquired such a fluency of diction that no conventionality can hamper his muse.

To be strictly critical, as a romance-writer D Maupassant is deficient in constructive power; he rarely or never describes love-scenes with tenderness or even the ordinary sentiment, and his pathos is the strong rebutting conclusion bound to follow upon situations the result of forcible objective reasoning. This is particularly noticeable in "Une Vie," which is masterful in the beginning and ends feebly; also in "Pierre et Jean," perhaps the most complete of his complete studies; but his sketches of character, description of the French bourgeois and peasant as they really exist, are unrivalled for keen analysis, truthful incident, and local colouring.

When M. de Maupassant chose the most difficult of literary methods — to wit, objective presentation — he sank his personality and realised that, unless a most accomplished workman, his own pen would be the first to betray his mind. Most novelists who can write can suppose characters and run the gamut of imaginary sentiments. This subjective argument, which brings a "Maud" or "Mary" or "Charles" into the world, and, always by giving the author's ideas, raises, educates, marries, murders, or hangs them at will, is a very common affair; but the great art in the writer is to be impersonal, to make the story tell itself by its active situations, to make inanimate objects move and dumb things talk; in short, to bring the whole artillery of Nature's forces to bear upon the scene, and show what may be gained by the triple alliance of Nature, of art, and of artifice or mechanical perfection in workmanship. M. de Maupassant's books do not appeal to the general Anglo-Saxon public. The eternal theme immortalised by Molière—the deceived husband, the faithless wife, and the triumphant lover—present most striking individual characters, but painted in their native blackness, and with a pessimistic view of life in general, they shock the reader accustomed to ethical tales, and the belief that perhaps the world holds *one* noble soul. M. de Maupassant's mental resources and habitual method of depicting only the dark side of existence are fairly betrayed in the following from the preface to his latest novel, "Pierre et Jean":—

"The realist, if he be an artist, will seek above all things, not alone to give us the ordinary photograph of life, but also to give us a more complete, striking, and penetrating vision than life or reality itself. . . . More than this, life is composed of the most varied kinds of things—the most unexpected, the most contrary, and the most mis-mated; *life is brutal, without sequence, without connection, full of inexplicable catastrophes, of illogical and contradictory events,* which must come under the head of—things in general. . . . Great artists are simply those who impose upon humanity their own particular illusion."

"Bel Ami," M. de Maupassant's most sustained and brilliant effort, is also, strange to say, the author's favourite work. Bel Ami is a being who, at the outset, represents a character absolutely denuded of one redeeming trait. He begins life a renegade soldier, through force of circumstances becomes a journalist, and, through impudence, a man of position. The other characters in

the book are on a par with this loathsome but masterful creation. I once said to Maupassant, "Is it possible there are such people living in the world, and is there a second Bel Ami on earth?" He laughed and answered, "There is not only a second, but a first, Bel Ami in person. He is a study from life, but I did not tell a quarter of what I knew about him. The fact is, truths seemed so monstrous when put on paper that they lost all their probability. I was obliged to modify them; firstly, they appeared unnatural; and, secondly, so violent in contrast with fiction in a work of fiction that they were absolutely inartistic."

It will readily be seen that M. de Maupassant does not furnish sentiment for the crowd, neither does he sacrifice himself and gratify the vanity of the crowd by a bid for popular favour. "Pierre et Jean" is dark, cruel, terrible, and repellant; but it is real. As a work of art, it is above the heads of the masses; but as a picture of suffering and agonised human nature, it cannot fail in appealing to every human being, cannot be read without bringing tears to the eyes of the most insensible.

Guy de Maupassant is a Norman of ancient lineage, and was born August 5th, 1850, in the Château de Miromesnil, near Dieppe. History tells us that his paternal ancestor was ennobled by Louis XIV., made a marquis, and given various other titles of distinction, with the fiefs of Maupassant and Valmont.

At an early age Guy was sent to the ecclesiastical College of Yvetôt in Normandy, whence, having shocked the pious fathers by having written some improper verses, he was immediately and permanently expelled. From Yvetôt the young poet was sent to complete his studies at the Lycée de Rouen, the well-known academy in the Maid of Orleans' city. At the end of his curriculum he departed with high honours, and proceeded to Paris, where he was employed for upwards of six years at the Ministry of the Marine. De Maupassant once wrote to me, "I came to Paris after the war, and saw a great deal of Flaubert, then residing in the grand metropolis. He always received me with sincere kindness and friendship, and, confiding to him that I thought of a literary career, he made me *study my profession* and *learn the secrets of style* absolutely as workmen study who learn any trade whatsoever. I laboured in this way, following his counsels, for seven long years, but not daring to publish anything until he had given me positive permission. At last, in 1880, I ventured with 'Boule de Suif' and, a month later, a little volume of poems. After these came 'Bel Ami,' 'Mlle. Fifi,' &c. &c."

M. de Maupassant lives in Paris with his cousin, De Poitevin, a fine landscape-painter, at No. 10, Rue Montchanin, Quartier Malesherbes. His house is charming, luxurious, and artistic. While the exterior is very simple, the interior is a wilderness of Genoese tapestries, Louis XV. furniture, sculptured cabinets, and rare porcelain. In the drawing-room are an admirable head of Flaubert, some charming Normandy studies by M. de Poitevin, well-lined book-shelves, and an immense bear-skin, which stretches its white length over the entire parquet. Beyond are the poet's bed-chamber, a splendid but sombrely furnished apartment, and, further on, a sort of writing-room and conservatory in one — a perfect museum of rare and interesting objects; amongst others, the author's MSS., piles of autograph letters from some of the greatest living and dead celebrities, and a magnificent statue of Buddha, representing the high priest of this religion with so benign an aspect that, were the original at all like the effigy, none could resist being a follower of this teacher and faith. Our author's favourite home is Étretat, the well-known sea-side resort in Normandy.

In personal appearance Guy de Maupassant is of medium height, solid, well-built, and has the bearing of a soldier; he has a fine characteristic Norman head, with the straight line from neck to crane which we see in the medallions of the old Conquest warriors; his forehead is low, rather too heavily lined; and his hair, brown and wavy, is now combed straight back in the fashion of the modern Roman youth. In short, M. de Maupassant has such a look of cheeriness that he reminds one of a clear autumn day—an agreeable harmony in russet colours and russet tints: dark brown laughing eyes, a shapely mouth, half concealed by a heavy brown moustache, an olive skin mantled with red and a general healthy ruddiness, give this character and warmth to his physiognomy. In France they call him a "très joli garçon," and I presume he might pass for that anywhere. With all that, one is most pleased with the expression of his countenance, which indicates simplicity, intelligence, and great good-nature. Dress this gentleman in a tweed suit—do not start!—also of russet tints, and you will see him as he stands on the balcony of La Guillette, or as I saw him one summer day at the gate, waiting for a friend who was coming down the road to the cottage. "La Guillette," the name "Guy" feminised, is a pretty place, and the author has made of it a delightful residence. Here he spends several months in each year, and here he has written the greater number of his books.

De Maupassant loves France, but he adores the tropics. His visit to Africa has resulted in some exquisite studies; amongst others, "Marocca" and "Au Soleil," two admirable and delightful works. He says that the African is the only climate which suits him, and ever since his return keeps up the souvenir by living in an atmosphere which would stifle any but himself. The hottest day in summer is never too hot for him, and the temperature in his study would be considered high in the baths of Hamam.

M. de Maupassant has travelled widely, but never visited England till the summer of 1886. He was invited specially as the guest of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, and it was at the magnificent seat of Wadesden that he was introduced to the charm of English country life. His cultured host had made up an unusually distinguished party to meet him, and, according to the French author, this visit was "one of the most interesting events of his life." After the stay in Hampshire he returned to town, and, to the general surprise, said he would not "do" London, but desired to go the next morning to Oxford. "My friend Paul Bourget" (the gifted young poet and novelist), he

said, "writes me: 'You must see Oxford, the only genuine mediæval town in the world; it will charm you. Don't fail to see it.'" The following day we took an early train thither, and, although in August, the air was raw, the wind high, and the weather atrocious. Before we arrived an accident delayed the train, a terrific storm arose, and we reached the mediæval town in anything but a cheerful humour. De Maupassant was shivering from cold, and, to quote his own words, "fainting from hunger." "I am fond of antiquities," he observed, "but first of all breakfast! breakfast! breakfast!" This meal was admirable and prolonged. In the meanwhile the rain fell with torrential fury, and the entire town seemed one vast wreckage of Nature. In spite of the discouraging aspect without, our author cried, "Ah, now for some sight-seeing I promised Bourget, etcetera!"

A guide informed us that, although the colleges were closed, neither wind, weather, nor circumstance could alter the beauty of this mediæval town. Our selection of a cab was unfortunate: the driver was intoxicated and the vehicle shattered. But we drove boldly forward. De Maupassant, with his back to the horses, was trembling and regretting Africa, when he was startled by a terrific rap at the window. The carriage stopped, and the driver, dripping, gravely opened the door. Shaking his head with one maudlin and unparalleled human gesture, he hiccoughed, "This—is—the Shel—donian!" M. de Maupassant did not understand English, but the accents threw him into fits, and I thought the rest of our party would simply go into convulsions. The classic Jehu, although not understanding the cause of our mirth, smiled responsively, waived ceremony, and began the stereotyped history of the institute.

At other stopping-places other histories were repeated in a similar manner. Finally, between laughing and choking, De Maupassant got into such a state that I feared we should be arrested for lunatics, and proposed returning to town. At the station a facetious telegram was despatched on the spot to M. Paul Bourget, and we swung into the train just as the guard was closing the doors.



LA GUILLETTE, ÉTRETAT.

Arrived at the London terminus, we informed M. de Maupassant that, having "done" Oxford, one great historical place yet remained to be visited. He was carried without demur to Madame Tussaud's. After finishing the afternoon in the Chamber of Horrors, the day was concluded by a dinner and a visit to the Savoy Theatre. Although aware of M. de Maupassant's antipathy to singing drama, we felt that, in justice to England, he must hear a genuine English operetta. At its close he professed himself really charmed. The next morning I received the following:—"I am too cold; this city is too cold; I am leaving for Paris. Au revoir! many thanks, &c.—De Maupassant."

And this is the way one French author saw England! I gave a celebrated poet a description of how he at least saw Oxford. "Was it not comic?" I added.

"Comic!" he cried; "I think it was most tragic."

BLANCHE ROOSEVELT.



New Out-door Costumes.

November Fashions.

By Mrs. JOHNSTONE.

"Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation upon thy body, clothes, and habitation."—Herbert.

THE culture which has grown with this present century has conferred its quota of happiness on the generations of to-day. Those who remember the old times know how their artistic environments have invested life with unwonted grace, creating a purer atmosphere, so that existence "seems sweetly set to a higher key."

A developed love of beauty, and a better knowledge of the fitness of things, has made itself felt in dress as much as in the other accompaniments of home life. The cut of our garments and the improved materials testify to the touch of the magician's wand, which has turned the prim stiffness and unloveliness of years ago to beauty. Higher education and mental cultivation have borne fruits easily discernible, as the quaint old poet George Herbert puts it, "upon body, clothes, and habitation."

It is possible to attach too much importance to appearances; but Massinger was right in saying that outward seeming is a tolerably sure index to the mind. The outward habit, and superficial order of garments in men and women, give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstrate the internal quality of the soul. "Disorder and slovenly attire point to degenerate blood and breeding."

Dress, then, deserves to be a study, and should be a legible index to character. There is no excuse for countenancing what is ugly by choosing it. As a nation, we are rapidly wiping away the reproach that we could neither make nor design beautiful fabrics. We are developing our talents greatly, and are establishing our reputation by weaving good ribbons, good silks, and excellent woollen fabrics, which our country people have designed.

There are two sides to current fashions, one characterised by great magnificence of material, the other as notable for extreme simplicity; and some of the richest stuffs are now being employed for mantles. The good old-fashioned brocatelle has come to the fore; it recalls the class of brocade used for furniture, but looks well, and wears well to the last, and has always a certain amount of splendour of its own. Embossed velvets in

bold patterns are suited to the large voluminous cloaks worn now. Matelassé is the special fabric of the year; it is covered with natural and conventional floral and geometric patterns, often to all appearance stitched with a colour. Velvet brocades are sometimes thrown upon a matelassé ground, and the variety is endless. Newer are the embroidered brocades, as they are called, with the principal flowers of the same tone as the ground, apparently wadded from beneath and standing up in bold relief, the foliage brocaded in black or some contrasting shade. Velvet and silk brocades are thrown on a ground of armure royale—a material just brought out, in which the weaving displays a small basket-work pattern, double-tied, and bearing ample testimony to the strides made within the few past years in weaving. Some of the velvets have a cord stripe here and there, and the frisé brocades on a velvet ground are of mediæval richness, and might have been designed for a princess of the House of Medici. Peau de soie façonné is of a leather-like tenacity, and shows handsome patterns, the newest scattered wide apart, but true to nature, some designs standing up singly like a white ox-eyed daisy in a ploughed field.

a blending of black and white, look as if they had been sketched with most downy pastels; and black patterns, on coloured ground, are among the newest materials. Plush and velours du Nord have been vastly improved upon; velours du Nord is more durable than velvet, and the new brown plushes can hardly be distinguished from sealskin; as they are made up into voluminous cloaks untrimmed, they produce a thoroughly handsome garment at a moderate price.

The very richest class of passementerie is employed on cloaks, and generally without beads. It takes the form of galons mostly, but sets of trimming are sold for the arm to slip through, which almost entirely cover the back, shoulders, and front. Other appliqués of braid and cord, with moire introduced here and there, are laid like a network over cloth and velvet. Shot silks are chiefly employed for linings, and besides fur, grebe and marabout feathers are used upon the new mantles, also ruchings, composed of narrow silk braid.

The large cloak in our first illustration is made of silk brocade with no groundwork showing—large black leaves being scattered over close-set jessamine flowers, which look as if they had fallen *en masse* from their



EVENING COSTUME.

Skeleton flowers are introduced on to some of the fabrics, and woollen goods have never before boasted of such truly artistic designs, though nearly all are conventional, large and bold. Some on a grey ground, in

stems. It fits the figure well, and is calculated at the back to develop, not conceal, the lines of the wearer's figure; the double box-pleats give ample space for the under-drapery. The long hanging sleeves (an innovation)

are bordered with black fox fur, carried also round the neck and down the fronts. The gown is invisible beneath, but the cloak is a graceful and comfortable covering.

The centre figure has a shorter mantle, the fronts and back made of woollen brocade, red on black; the sleeve-pieces black velours du Nord, trimmed with exceedingly handsome galon, which droops from the side and from the cuffs; the fronts are unusually long. The next model is made in thick beaver lined with blue-grey cloth, trimmed with shaped fur, extending in front from the shoulders; the end of the fronts, and the pendant elongated basques back and front, are bordered with wide braid, carried in a scroll-work all round. The sleeves are of medium width and trimmed with fur.

In the rear the new registered pattern jersey is shown. It is double-breasted, filled into the neck with black moire silk on red; the revers are also black moire, so is the double row of buttons. Such a bodice could be worn in-doors or out, and would brighten up a black gown wonderfully. Little cloth jackets are always in favour with Englishwomen; possibly they owe much of their success to the fact that they are of a youthful appearance, and are easy to wear. In the past generation matrons of forty resigned themselves to caps, and sank contentedly into middle age; now those of that age play lawn tennis, retain their youthful outline, and dance as lightly as their daughters. The majority of jackets worn are made of tan-coloured cloth, heavily braided in gold, or self-coloured braid; many are quite close-fitting, fastening at the side, and showing no opening; others fly open at the waist, the under-waistcoat securing the necessary warmth.

Some of the wrap-cloaks have the effect of one garment over another. The under one fits closely in front and has tight sleeves, while the outer one is gathered at the neck and falls like a Mother Hubbard cloak, a shape possibly originally derived from the mantles worn by Belgian peasants. The shot-silk lining discovers itself as the wearer moves. A very handsome travelling-cloak, unrivalled in my experience, is made of a beige and cream woollen cloth, the pattern like chain armour, lined with shot tan and white silk. It flies open in front, with very wide revers of golden otter, to show an ulster front of fine tan cloth worked in gold, a fringe of crystal and gold beads falling from the neck to the collar-band. It is just the garment with which Ouida would have clothed a heroine. There is a new circular shape pleated and drawn in to the waist and gathered on the shoulders. It looks well made in golden plush with black braiding. Green is the favourite colour of the year, and green velvet cloaks, covered with black passementerie, will be worn much during the winter, as well as woollen brocades of fanciful designs and colourings, such as terra-cotta and blue-grey with black silk trimmings.



TEA-GOWN.

For every-day wear wool has the preference over silk, though the two are most frequently combined in the same dress. But for tea-gowns and other dresses worn in the evening, rich silk fabrics have the preference, as in the illustration on the opposite page of the beautiful gown made by Messrs. Hayward, of Oxford Street. The elaborate brocade is accompanied by soft falling lace, which is introduced into the front of the bodice and the cuffs. It is a class of dress not easy to find, for it is fitted for full dress although cut high at the throat.

The tea-gown, of which an illustration is given on this page, is made on quite a new principle. The skirt is composed of soft shot silk of mignonette and dark green, gathered to the band, and in front below the waist made with seven or eight rows of close gatherings. Meeting this but quite distinct is a full skirt, and over it a coat of brocade scattered over with laurustinus blooms. The back fits to perfection; it is cut in many seams, tapering towards the waist, where it describes a point, the fulness gathered round it; the front of the bodice is cut after the order of the Figaro jacket; the sash ends tipped with balls falling on to the skirt, the collar-band particularly high. These soft silks, plush or other rich stuffs, are much employed for tea-gowns, often now made with triple collars, wide turn-back cuffs, flap-pockets, and huge buttons. Crêpe lisse embroidered and thrown over some of the same plain material, drapes well for the fronts of such dresses, falling in an unbroken line from the neck to the feet, and black and white piece lace is made wide enough for the same use. They need careful

adjusting, or the garment looks too much like a dressing-gown. The line of the waist is now a most variable position. Short waists are coming in—a mode handed down to us in the pictures of the belles, who in the early part of the century condescended to conceal and limit their charms by most unbecoming raiment. Many evening gowns are counterparts of what were worn then. The bodices, made low and plain, match the front of the straight skirt; trains falling at the back, of velvet or brocade; a broad band of embroidery covering the front of the waist, and reaching almost to the bust, thereby shortening the apparent length of a really short waist three or four inches higher than we have been accustomed to see them. There are so many materials now with interwoven brocaded borderings straight at the feet, and tapering upwards in points, as they were worn during the first French Empire. Mousseline de soie, mousseline chiffon, Japanese crêpe, crêpe de Chine, and such soft fabrics are embroidered after the same fashion, and in delicate Empire floral wreaths, and also printed. They are all used to drape the front of the dresses. Another fashion of these days are the bows made of unmounted roses, which prove mightily becoming.

When November comes it is time to think of furs, though this season many people have hardly set them aside. Every kind of fur would seem to be worn; none have gone out of fashion, but chinchilla has come in again. Curious combinations in furs have been brought out this year—chinchilla and sealskin, astrakan and sealskin, and some others. Furs are to be bought to suit most purses. Opossum has been treated in such a way that it produces a fair imitation of otter and beaver, and some unplucked beaver is very like sea-otter. Grebe is used a great deal more than it has been for years, and many bands of feathers take the place of fur, such as the Indian pheasant plumage. Capes, too, are made of



SEALSKIN CLOAK.

them, though their form is much modified. The seal capes covering the shoulders are things of the past; now they are mere collars at the back and tippets in the front, sometimes attached to long boas, all made in stiff bear-fur, sometimes with upstanding collars, like those attached to Elizabethan cloaks. Many of the boas are quite flat and reach to the feet. Foot-muffs are made in all kinds of furs, and some which hail from Austria show fur-bearing animals portrayed with their surroundings, all made of morsels of fur—unique pictures in their way.

Extraordinarily large muffs in bear and sable have been brought out for driving in open carriages, which, like the new fur over-shoes, are more comfortable than

pretty. The shoes are made of a smooth fur like fawn, lined with sheep-skin, and bordered with moufflon. How little the wearers must consider what is becoming! Such shoes make the foot look as large as when in snow-boots.

The first illustration of the season's novelties to be seen at Messrs. Jay's International Fur Store is a large sealskin cloak, which, from its necessary weight, is naturally best suited to carriage wear. It is made of extra fine skins, the long hanging sleeves bordered with pear-shaped passementerie drops, and lined with quilted satin, either brown or of a lighter shade. It has coat-sleeves beneath, and passementerie ornaments are introduced on the shoulder. It has a skunk boa, and it would be difficult to find a more graceful cloak. This year seal-skins are not much trimmed except when made up as dolmans, but there is a decided preference for the large well-covering shapes. Admirably suited to young women are the other two fur garments. One is a seal-skin cape of quite a new form, for the collar is lined with chinchilla and seal trimming, and ornaments in front complete it.

The jacket is quite original, for it is trimmed yoke fashion with astrakan, cut in points, these points also ornament the top of the sleeve, and the seal muff has a strip of astrakan down the centre. All these out-door coverings are accompanied by headgear made of fur; the shapes explain themselves, and the combinations carry out the idea of the garment with which they are worn. The hat with the cape is made of seal and chinchilla, the astrakan and seal are combined in the sailor hat. Both fur and feathers are now made up into flowers, and used in millinery. Greens are for the present the colours most worn, and the variety of shades increase, which is not surprising, seeing that they are faithful copies of nature, and that it would be almost impossible to count the tones of greens within the horizon in the country, either winter or summer.

New sleeves are being continually brought out, but they have not as yet found much general acceptance; the coat form is too popular to be quickly set aside. Where there is a mixture of material, the bodice and the sleeves are often made of contrasting stuffs, and a tight sleeve to the wrist of the plain, and an over-sleeve of brocade, overlapping the elbow, is one of many styles.

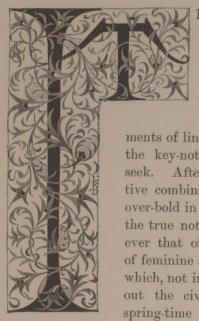


FUR HATS AND JACKETS FOR WINTER.

Astrakan fur is frequently used as a trimming for red dresses, made with a full cuff to the elbow, and a tight band of astrakan to the wrist. Fashion plates represent long hanging sleeves to most tea-gowns, but the mode is so inconvenient that it is often not carried out. I have, however, seen some light-coloured brocaded alpacas, made up into tea-gowns with pointed sleeves lined with cream silk, matching the soft folded fronts of the bodice.

Paris Fashions.

By VIOLETTE.



THIS in autumn that our great *couturières* design the coming winter's fashions. Like musicians preluding upon their instruments, they try various fabrics, various arrangements of lines and colour, ere striking the key-note of the symphony they seek. After launching a few tentative combinations—some, it may be, over-bold in their originality, lacking the true note of distinction which is ever that of restraint—the harmony of feminine attire is at last composed, which, not in Paris only, but throughout the civilised world, will until spring-time be the ruling theme of fashion, appearing and re-appearing through a thousand graceful and dazzling variations.

This year the dressmakers unhesitatingly arrived at a decision. The fashions of to-day are to be those that flourished at the beginning of the century. The extravagances of the Directoire period, the classic costumes of the Empire, the wide sleeves and flat skirts of the Restoration, are to be all revived. No more puffs and bustles, no more clouds of lace and gathered draperies, so becoming to slender women ; no more corsets or tournures lending the simulated grace of curves to figures lacking the fulness of rounded outlines.

Flat under-skirts, flat gowns, eccentric bodices giving character to the costume—this is the word of command that has gone forth, and which will influence every creation issuing from the *ateliers* of our leading dressmakers.

I have been making a round of the show-rooms of our artists in dress, and a reproduction of some of the notes taken in this tour of inspection will give a clearer conception of the coming fashion than would any commentary.

For twenty-five years the Maison Laferrière has been the arbiter of Parisian taste. In its designs this year the polonaise, or rather the straight gown, appears in all its variations. Green is a favourite colour in the Maison Laferrière, and we often find it combined with black. A skirt of emerald-green velvet was bordered with two rows of wheat-ears embroidered in black silk ; the upper, straight dress of black vicuna was opened at the sides *à la Récamier ;* the bodice, gathered and finely pleated into a round yoke of velvet, was embroidered round the throat in the guise of a necklet with a double row of ears of corn worked in black silk. A narrow sash of green velvet was fastened with an enamelled clasp ; the flat sleeves were embroidered with ears of wheat.

The revival of Directoire dresses is giving a great impetus to embroidery and braiding. The front, the edge of dresses, the collar and cuffs, are all ornamented with more or less rich and delicate needlework, as they were in the last five years of the past century. Open-work embroidery and raised embroidery in varied tints give a finish and charm to dresses made in inexpensive materials. The best dressmakers use nothing but hand-work, and an industry is being revived that will bring in a rich harvest to deft fingers. The weight of the worked or braided edge has the effect of making the material fall in beautifully graceful folds. Gold and bronze braids mixed, or braiding in which beads are introduced, are also to be very fashionable.

To return to the dresses made at the incomparable Maison Laferrière, there was a charming toilette composed of a tunic of soft woollen material of moss-green shade, slightly draped over a black velvet skirt. Open-worked embroideries in black silk adorned the sides and front of the straight upper dress, allowing the black velvet petticoat to show through. The bodice, adorned with wide straps of embroidery passed over the shoulders, was made with a plastron of black velvet. The sleeves, full and draped above the elbow, were trimmed with a repetition of the light embroidery. A narrow black velvet band formed the sash, that fell in long ends behind.

Another green velvet dress, of myrtle shade, was made with a skirt divided into three panels covered with black braiding. The bodice was gathered into a band formed by a high black embroidered corslet.

Another dress, more purely Empire in style, was composed of fresh lettuce-green satin, the round and gathered skirt veiled with another skirt of black embroidered net. The bodice, fashioned like a redingote, with two long flaps behind, was of damask silk of the same bright green shade. In front of the corsage made with crossed diagonal pleats, was a gathered plastron of black lace. The sash was of mingled lace and passementerie ; the damask sleeve, draped with lace, was surmounted by a high puff of lampas. Redingote casaques and redingotes bid fair to revive likewise the fashion of ornamented buttons. Artistic buttons adorned the coats and gowns of our great-grandparents ; such buttons are now being manufactured through France, the size of an English penny, or they are gilt or silvered and adorned with graceful paintings. There are historic sets of old silver buttons painted by Watteau and Boucher, that are heirlooms in families. I have seen exquisite miniature shepherdesses and Cupids, the original paintings of masters who excelled in the exquisite and dainty in art. These buttons adorned the cuffs, the pockets, the front of brocaded gowns and coats now long fallen into shreds—thus a branch of delicate art-workmanship promises to be revived. Some of the buttons are simply painted with a number of the most brilliant colours placed in such harmonious juxtaposition as to produce a rich and refined effect. Finely-cut steel buttons will also be in great demand ; these have an admirable effect on the sober richness of velvet and plush. A dress less suggestive of long-bygone fashions than those we have described hitherto, was composed of a black velvet under-dress, over which was very

slightly draped a cloth polonaise of the light warm grey tint warmed with a touch of brown known as putty. The polonaise was edged with an interlude of finely-wrought Russian embroidery in black silk. The lines of the folds were long and simple; those of the corsage came from the shoulders, crossing in front over a plastron of velvet; the sleeves were plain.

Another polonaise was of black velvet falling in straight folds. The bodice, covered with a gleaming embroidery of metal beads, crossed at the waist. The plain sleeves were wide at the top and very narrow at the wrist.

A floating drapery of bagnos, lost at the waist, had a fringe of the passementerie edging the panels.

The Maison Rodrigues yields the palm to none for the elegance and originality of its designs. Green in every shade appears in the toilettes composed in its *ateliers*. Other colours, however, also play their part in the harmonies created there; blue especially enters largely into its combinations of tints.

A magnificent visiting-costume was of sapphire velvet draped over gathered blue satin falling in straight folds behind. The skirt, outlined with bands of sable, was opened at the sides, displaying a petticoat covered with black embroidery. An Incroyable redingote trimmed with sable formed the bodice.



COSTUME FROM THE MAISON RODRIGUES.

The illustration on page 24 represents a gown made for the Queen of Portugal by the Maison Lipman, 2, Rue de la Paix—a rich and delicate creation in lace and soft textures. It was of ivory-white bagnos, and with guipures of the same tint. The skirt, draped with antique grace, was adorned with two panels of guipure fringed with a pretty ornament of tassels and knots in passementerie. The ample tunic fell straight on either side of the panels. The front of the bodice was of guipure; the lace, falling in foamy lightness from the shoulders, was gathered in épaulettes above the sleeves.

A dress in the Louis XVI. style recalled, by the grace of its colour and design, the days when Marie Antoinette and her ladies, clad with fantastic elegance, appeared beings of another sphere. It was a dream of water-green crape covered with a foam of lace, and touched with floating suggestions of pink. Draperies of old Venetian point lace undulated about the skirt. The lace was disposed in shell-like loops at the back; in panels, intersecting the bouillons of crape, at the sides.

Knots of pink satin ribbon, joined by festoons of ribbon, circled and shimmered rosily through crape and lace. The bodice was of pleated crape, finished off with a puff of lace and pink ribbon at the back; in front a fichu of lace, crossed over the bust, was fastened by loops of ribbon. The flat sleeve of crape was covered with lace and knots of pink ribbon.

Another gown was designed to be worn at evening gatherings in country châteaux, where, as neither silk nor satin is considered in keeping with rustic surroundings, the fair Parisian dames play at simplicity clothed in the witchery of lace and delicate textures. This dress was lilac crape and creamy embroidered net, falling in straight folds at the back; on one side was placed a floral panel, the blossoms embroidered in silks of softest hues brightened with gold threads. This embroidery was repeated in the edge of the skirt; it was partly veiled by a lace flounce headed by a bouillonné of crape, from which fell a cascade of pink and lilac ribbons. The coat-bodice was of embroidered net, the lace basques of which formed a peplum knotted behind; the lace revers of the bodice disclosed a waistcoat of the embroidery, which was barred by three rows of pink and lilac ribbon. The half-long sleeves were edged with lace and trimmed with small bows of ribbon.

Black velvet will be largely worn on morning gowns. An elegant black dress was an excellent example of the various notes of black that can be attained by the use of divers fabrics. The skirt was covered with passementerie; at the back was a panel of black velvet, by its side a loop of velvet, from which depended a cascade of black lace. A scarf of black velvet was arranged across the front of the skirt, starting on one side from a panel formed of three flounces of lace, on the other from a straight braided panel. The bodice was made with shoulder-straps of passementerie, fastened behind with floating ribbon, and crossed in front over a chemisette of finely-pleated lace.



COSTUME FOR H.S.M. THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

Another elegant visiting-dress was of striped black and blue armure. Stripes maintain their popularity; they all run perpendicularly or slightly diagonally, a fashion that adds some inches, apparently, to the wearer's height. The skirt was black, the tunic striped, edged with a transparent interlude of black embroidery laid

upon blue; the narrow front draped in long lines; the back formed of two lengths divided so as to show the black skirt beneath.

Blue in all its shades, from its most vivid to its softest moonlight tone, will be fashionable. Black is being more and more used in combination with lighter colours; it comes as a sort of bass note to the brighter harmonies.

A pale blue cloth dress was edged with a deep border of black trefoil embroidery; the tunic in black cloth, lined with blue, turned back as revers at the side. The jacket-bodice was of black cloth, with embroidered front open to disclose a pale blue plastron embroidered, like the skirt, in a trefoil pattern. The flat sleeve, with wristband of blue cloth embroidered in black, buttoned at the side.

In darker blue vicuna a quaint and original costume was trimmed with a wide band of plaid running through all the tones of orange and scarlet. The band bordered the tunic and formed panels at the back; the bodice was composed of a chemise russe of scarlet cloth, gathered at the waist with a wide sash of plaid ribbon. The blue vest might have been worn by one of the Incroyable dames of the Directoire. At the back it went into a point at the waist, and was cut away squarely under the arms, the high rolled collar rising out of the wide plaid revers. The flat sleeve of blue vicuna, terminated below the elbow with a loose plaid sleeve, buttoned at the side.

An elegant example of a walking-costume was found in a delicate green cloth of the shade known as absinthe. The straight gown was made with a number of cross-breadths piped with cream silk; it was edged with a tiny gathered flounce; the bodice was pleated into a yoke of thick *bise* guipure; at the back it was prolonged into long flaps; the cuffs and collar and sash were of guipure. A more dressy variation of this costume was of bronze faille watered over with a pattern of moons. The redingote bodice had a plastron, sash, collar, and wristbands of pink watered silk.

Head-gears are for the moment somewhat vacillating and mixed in style. Large hats with low crowns, adorned with floating ostrich-plumes, have for the present been declared the fashion by edict of the Maison Virot, absolute sovereign in matters of feminine headdress. Through many variations we recognise the original theme always recurring which has been composed by the illustrious milliners. We notice a grey felt hat wreathed with loops of silver-grey faille and satin ribbon; at the back clusters of grey ostrich-feathers.

A Récamier hat is composed of black felt, the crown very small and flat, the broad brim lifted on the left side, and trimmed with loops of black ribbon and long black ostrich-feathers.

Another, of the shape known as Mme. des Ursins, is of black velvet, large and flat, trimmed with a crest of black lace; a boa of black ostrich-feather tips twines round the crown, the ends drooping behind. The same hat made in grey velvet, trimmed with grey feathers and a crest of white lace, is very elegant.

It is curious to note the favour into which black is coming. Some charming combinations of colour are made all the more effective for the note of black that is now commonly introduced.

A black velvet boléro was admirably trimmed with ear-shaped drapings of black satin embroidered in gold; the brim formed an aureole; from loops of black watered ribbon, placed at the back, were clusters of yellow and black feathers.

The same hat can be made in seal-brown velvet, with gold braid and tufts of chestnut and absinthe-green feathers.

Another picturesque hat, with low crown and wide brim, bent *à la Marie Stuart*, was also made of black velvet. A boa of willow-green feathers, with long ends, falls at the back; it is fastened in front with a large knot of green and black ribbon.

Another hat, *à la Barras*, in black felt, with wide brim lifted on one side, carried on the crown a small black crow resting in an aigrette of black velvet and faille ribbon mingled with sprays of olive-leaves.

A large flat hat in black velvet is called the Molière hat, from its resemblance to the head-gear worn by the great comic writer. A double-pleated rabat of white lace, veiled by a puff of black lace, covered the crown.

The last hat I shall notice was most sumptuous and eccentric. It was very large, of laurel-green velvet, the crown being encircled with gold braid, and surmounted by a bird of Paradise, with dazzling plumes outspread.

The hats with their low crowns, the bonnets with their small coiffes, necessitate a complete change in the dressing of the hair. No more locks brushed up and piled on the top of the head, leaving the nape of the neck uncovered. The head now is free, the hair dressed low, scarcely an aigrette of curls rising above the forehead; long plaits or ringlets fall at the back over the shoulders. Boas, however, and fur shoulder-capes are expected to continue in favour during the approaching winter; and nothing is more inconvenient than hair dressed low in the neck in the season of muffled-up throats. Noirat, the fashionable hairdresser, has designed an arrangement of plaits and curls reaching in a line with the rim of the fur collar. This graceful chignon is fastened by a pretty *cache-peigne;* it is finished off at the top by a double loop of hair held by tortoise-shell pins.

Irish Peasant Tales.

By LADY WILDE.

A NIGHT WITH THE FAIRIES.



N a remote part of the mountain district of the West of Ireland there dwelt, once on a time, a young man named Denis Ryan, as fine a young fellow as ever lived, and as brave as he was handsome. But his home was very lonely and desolate, for hardly a human being ever came that way. So by degrees he grew weary of his life altogether, and longed to follow the clouds that went sailing away over his head on to the great wide sea, beyond which were bright, beautiful new lands where, perhaps, he might be happy. And, finally, he could bear the desolate loneliness no longer, but one day threw up his work and resolved to go down amidst the people of the plains, and see if they knew anything of joy and laughter and the free life that stirs the soul of youth.

So early one morning, before sunrise, he began boldly to descend the mountain, not knowing which path to take, but walked on and on till he was dead tired without meeting a soul, when just at nightfall, as the black darkness was coming on, he came to a rude hut in a lonely glen with nothing but bare heath all around. And the hut looked dreary and queer, but he was so pressed by hunger and fatigue that he resolved to brave the worst, and lifting the latch he entered.

No one was there but an old woman crouching over the fire, and she looked very angry, and told him to begone, for that was no place for him to find shelter and food.

"But, mother," he said, "let me rest, for there is no other place in all the country round for miles and miles, and I am weary and hungry after crossing the mountains and travelling since dawn. Let me rest in peace."

Then the old woman grew softer and gentler, and let him sit down by the fire, and gave him food. But when he was rested she told him that he had now better leave at once, as strange people were coming who would be wroth if they saw him, and certainly do him some injury.

"Yet, mother," he said, "let me stay till daylight, for I am so weary and in need of rest. Let me stay, in the name of God, and the blessing of the Lord will be on you."

"Hush!" she cried, with an angry voice—"That Name is never to be named here. There are people coming who would kill you if you uttered that word before them. Now, mind what I tell you. At midnight they will be here, and you must hold your peace, and be civil and quiet, but ask no questions and eat no food they may offer you, and beware of making the sign of the cross or naming the Name."

So he watched and waited, and at midnight a tramping was heard outside, as of the rushing of many feet, and the door flew open, and in came a crowd of little men, each wearing a red doublet and cape, and a small cocked hat on the head, with a white feather.

They stared at the stranger with bold, fearless eyes, but were not unfriendly; and when the old woman spread out the table with food, they all sat down to supper in the highest glee, and asked the young man to join them and eat.

This, however, he refused, saying he had already eaten his supper, thanks to the good, kind lady of the hut; so they let him alone, and were very merry amongst themselves. And after the food each man produced a bottle, and the drink was poured out in tiny cups with much laughter and merriment.

Now when the young wayfarer saw the beautiful red wine he longed for it so much, that when they offered him a cup he was loth to refuse, but drank it off, and then another and another, though the old woman held up her finger and made signs to him to warn him of the danger. And after they had all drank and laughed and made merry, the chief of the little men rose up and said, "Comrades, it is time we were off, the moon is up, the wine is out, and we must go and search for more. I know of a grand gentleman in the far north who has the best cellars in the whole country round, let us go at once to him before the day dawns, and while all the household sleep we can fill our bottles and be away before their morning dreams are over." And turning to the stranger he asked, "Young man, will you go with us?" "Aye, that I will," replied the young fellow, for the wine had made him valiant. "Then here's to the north!" shouted all the little men, and he shouted "Here's to the north!" as loudly as any of them.

"Then let us be off," said the leader, "but first give our friend here a red cape and a hat with a white feather." So they dressed him up just like one of themselves, and then they all rushed out into the night like a whirlwind of fallen leaves; and presently they stopped before the gate of a stately castle, and the leader just touched the lock and it opened at once; and they entered a great hall and passed down a flight of stairs till they came to a cellar underground, locked and bolted, but the leader just touched the door with his thumb and it opened freely; and they all went in and filled their bottles, and drank, besides, as much wine as they liked of the best and rarest.

"Come, now," said the leader at last, "we have had enough. Let us be off to Connaught. This is right good Spanish wine, and we'll know where to find it again, but now we must go before the day dawns."

So they all scampered off again like a rush of leaves before the wind.

But Denis had taken so much wine that he was

unable to follow them, and he lay helpless on the floor of the cellar.

So when morning came, the master of the place coming in found him there fast asleep. "Ah, my fine fellow!" he exclaimed, "have I caught you at last? And all my good Spanish wine spilled about, and ever so many bottles stolen. You shall hang for this, as sure as fate."

So the poor youth was carried off to gaol, and being fairly tried by judge and jury, was condemned to be hanged, for he had no defence to offer. It was quite evident that he had broken open the cellar door and stolen the wine, and consequently deserved his fate.

And when the fatal day came, all the town was crowded to see young Denis dance the rope-dance; and the priest walked by him saying the prayers, and the hangman stood there holding the cap to cover the face of the poor young man for his execution; and the sheriff looked on to see that all was right and proper.

"Now," said the unhappy criminal, speaking up for the last time, "I have just one favour to ask of these good gentlemen before I die. Do not put that ugly thing over my face which the hangman is holding in his hand, but give me my own red cap with the white feather that I had on when I was arrested in the cellar, and let me die with it on my head, and nothing else." Now, the sheriff was a tender-hearted man, and he pitied the young fellow, so he said, "Let him have the cap; go, fetch it for him, and let him die in peace." "Ay," said Denis, "I shall now die happy," and he took the cap with the white feather in his hand, and placing it at once upon his head, he cried out in a loud voice, "Here's for home!" And then arose a great commotion amongst all the officials round the gallows, and the sheriff and the priest and the hangman stared at each other speechless with amazement, for the young man had disappeared, cap and all, and from that hour to this no tale or tidings of him could be heard; and the sheriff and the hangman looked very foolish as they made their way home amidst the hootings and the laughter of the crowd, who shouted for joy that the gallows had been cheated, for that time at least, of so fine a young fellow for a victim as Denis Ryan.

A LEGEND OF SHARK.

On Shark Island there lived some years ago a woman named Mary Callan with her one only child. Indeed, she never had another, from the fright she got some weeks after her baby was born, and this was her strange story. Suddenly at dead of night she was awoke by the child crying, and starting up she lit a candle, when to her horror she saw two strange men standing beside her bed, and they threw a mantle over her and drew her out of the house into the dark night; and there at the door she saw a horse waiting, and one of them lifted her up and then sprang up himself, and they rode away like the wind into the darkness.

Presently they came to a great, black-looking house, where a woman was waiting, who brought her in and she found herself all at once in a splendid hall lit up with torches and hung with silk. And the woman told her to sit down and wait till she was called, as there was very important business for her to attend to. Now, when the woman left her alone, Mary began to look about her with great curiosity, and a large silver pot on the table filled with sweet-smelling ointment specially attracted her, so that she could not help rubbing some on her hands, and touching her eyes with the fragrant salve.

Then suddenly a strange thing happened, for the room seemed filled with children, but she knew that they were all dead, for some of them were from her own village, and she remembered their names and when they died. And as she watched them one of the children came over quite close, and looking fixedly on her asked, "What brought you here, Mary, to this dreadful place? for no one can leave it until the Judgment Day, and we dwell for ever in sorrow for the life that has been taken from us. And the men went for your child to-night, to bring it here amongst the dead, but when you struck a light they could do no harm; yet they are still watching for it, so hasten back or it will be too late, and the child will die. And tell my mother that I am with the Spirits of the Hill, and not to fret, for we shall meet again on the Judgment Day."

"But how can I go out in the darkness?" asked Mary, "for I know not my way."

"Never mind," said the child; "here, take this leaf and crush it close in your hand, and it will guide you safe from harm." And she placed a green leaf in the woman's hand, and on the instant Mary found herself outside the door of the great house; but a tremor fell on her, for loud voices were heard calling her back, and footsteps seemed to pursue her as she fled away. Then, just as she was sinking to the earth with fright, she grasped the leaf close in her hand, and in a moment she was at her own door, and the footsteps of the pursuers ceased; but she heard a great cry within the house, and a woman rushed out and seized her arm. "Come, Mary," she said, "come quickly. Your child is dying. Something is strangling it, and we cannot help or save him."

Then Mary, wild with fear, sprang to the little bed where lay the child, and he was quite black in the face, as if some one was holding him by the throat; but, quick as thought, Mary took the leaf and crushed it into the child's hand. And gradually the convulsion passed away, and the natural colour came back, and in a little while he slept peacefully in his mother's arms, and she laid him in his bed and watched by him all night; but no harm came, and no evil thing touched him. And in the morning he smiled up at his mother, bright and rosy as ever, and then she knew that the fairy power was broken, and the child was saved by the spell of the leaf that had come to her from the hands of the dead that dwelt in the Spirit Land. And Mary made a case for the leaf, and worked it richly, and tied it round her neck to wear for evermore. And from that day the fairies ceased to molest her, and her child grew and prospered, for the Spirits of the Dead watched over him to keep him safe from harm.

THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

THE fairies have always an earnest desire for the aid of a mortal physician in sickness, especially if a fairy baby is expected. One evening, late in summer, a servant in rich livery rode up to the house of the chief doctor of Roscommon, and handed him a letter requesting his attendance immediately for a lady of rank, who had been taken suddenly ill and was in great danger.

The doctor, with that alacrity in cases of emergency for which his honourable profession is distinguished, instantly ordered his horse; but as he was quite unacquainted with the locality mentioned, and had never even heard the name of the residence before, he requested the servant to accompany him, and they rode off together at a brisk pace.

After a couple of hours' ride they came to a fine house in a park thickly wooded, and there on the steps of the mansion was a grand stately gentleman awaiting them, like a nobleman in dress and bearing, who received the doctor with great courtesy, and led him into the house, where a number of servants in splendid livery were in attendance.

Having passed through a spacious hall, the doctor and the gentleman entered a gorgeous saloon hung with silk and tapestry, and from that they passed into the lady's sleeping chamber, when the master of the house withdrew, leaving the doctor alone with the lady, who lay on a gilded couch with rich silken curtains falling all round her.

The doctor lost no time in making use of his professional skill, and with the best results, but all the time the lady had a black veil over her face, and spoke no word. However, when all had ended satisfactorily, the doctor rang the bell and the gentleman appeared.

He made no remark to the veiled lady, but courteously thanking the doctor, handed him forty golden guineas as his fee, and then requested him to come to supper, which was awaiting them in the grand saloon.

There the doctor found many noble guests assembled, and ladies glittering with jewels, and a gorgeous feast covered the table; but he was tired, and threw himself on the sofa to rest, when all the company gathered round him and entreated him to eat and drink. And the master handed him a silver cup of ruby wine, and told him he must drink the lady's health, and he pressed the cup into his hand. So the doctor was too polite to refuse, and he rose up with the cup in his hand to quaff the wine in honour of the lady, when a beautiful young girl near him touched his foot and whispered gently, "Beware of the wine; touch nothing here; it is fatal," and she drew him down again on the sofa, and sat beside him, holding his hand. And it seemed to him nothing on earth could surpass her in beauty, with her golden hair and glittering eyes; and still she held his hand and murmured soft words in his ear till a faintness came over him, and gradually his eyes closed in a deep sleep, and he knew nothing more till the sound of his own name called in a loud voice aroused him.

He started up and looked around. The morning sun was bright in the east, but all the glory and the beauty of the festival had vanished, and he was in a churchyard alone. No, not quite alone, for his faithful servant Terry was beside him, assisting him to rise.

"Where am I?" exclaimed the bewildered doctor, "and what has brought me here?"

"Look there," said Terry, "your Honour is just lying on Father Byrne's tombstone. And lucky it is the sign of the cross is upon it, so I knew your Honour was safe when I called you; and glad I am, for I have been looking for you since daylight, and never would have thought of trying the churchyard, only the mare, poor beast, was at the gate as if trying to get in. Though how your Honour came here is a wonder, unless you were carried over the wall, for the gate was locked, and I ran myself to get the key. And it's a hard bed you've had, and a cold bolster," added Terry, rolling away a big stone that had been placed under the doctor's head for a pillow. "God protect us, master dear, but the good people must have had a hand in this work, and bad luck would have come of it, only your Honour lay down on the sign of the blessed cross, and so your Honour is safe this time, anyway."

"Well, Terry, help me up," said the doctor, who was rather benumbed and a little crestfallen, thinking of that beautiful young creature who had played him such a trick—"and, Terry, go and fetch the mare, for I must be home at once."

So while the mare was coming round the doctor put his hand in his pocket just to comfort himself with a sight of the golden guineas, but lo! nothing was there save a handful of moss, and the doctor rode home a sadder and a wiser man.

FAIRY HELP.

EVERY district in Ireland has its peculiar and separate fairy chief or king. Finvarra, as every one knows, has his palace on the hill of Knockma, at Tuam, deep under the ground, where the walls are of crystal and the floor is paved with gold. And he has power over all the fairies of that region, and is adored by them, for he is handsome and splendid, and all the fairy ladies of his court are beautiful as a garden of roses. But another chief rules over the western sea-coast of the Atlantic, whose name is Fiachra.

Now there was a gentleman of ancient lineage living in that part of the country, of the great race of the O'Haras; and Lochlin O'Hara was noted above all others for the open house and the liberal hand, for he spent his money like a king right royally; but bad times came, he got engaged in a lawsuit which carried off all his money, and Lochlin O'Hara was on the verge of despair, when at last the good news came that the cause was given in his favour, and all the land of his forefathers was to be restored to him.

So he resolved to make a great feast to all comers, to celebrate his triumph, but when he began to reckon up the numerous friends and relations who were sure to assemble to drink his health, and all the guests from the country round, he grew alarmed, for there was not wine enough in the cellars for them all; and the weather was

bad, and no boat could get to Galway. So he thought of Fiachra, the fairy chief, who was always good to the old families, especially the O'Haras; and he wrote him a letter telling of his great need, and asking for the royal help of the fairy king. And he threw the letter into the sea and waited the result.

Not long, however, had he to wait, for next day there was a storm along the coast, and a great keg of Spanish wine was flung up on the beach as if from a shipwreck. But O'Hara knew that Fiachra had sent it, and he and his friends feasted and drank right merrily, and in no man's memory had such wine ever been poured out at a feast as Lochlin O'Hara gave on that night to the assembled guests in the home of his fathers.

For Fiachra honoured the old race because they had ever been good to the fairies, and never meddled with their hunting-grounds, but always respected their raths and mounds, and the ancient hawthorns where they sheltered and lived happily, and danced all night in the moonlight to the fairy music.

THE WESTERN ISLES.

THE islanders in these remote places are firm believers in witchcraft to this day, and still practise many strange spells amongst themselves. There was a man called Ned Flaherty, who was specially suspected by his neighbours as being in league with the Evil One, for, though he had only a small patch of ground, yet he had always plenty of corn to bring to the market, and was rich and well off and wanted for nothing. So they all determined to watch by turns; and one morning the neighbour who was set to spy over the field saw something black going to and fro, each time carrying a grain of corn, which then it set in the ground and returned for more, till many grains were thus carried away and planted. Then at last the man got near, and saw that it was a hideous black insect doing all the work, and he stooped down and caught it, and put it in a horn snuff-box that he happened to have with him, and shut down the lid close and carried it home.

Now in a little while there was a great commotion, for Flaherty's wife had disappeared, and all the next day they searched for her, but without success. Then the man happening to tell the story of the insect in his snuff-box to a neighbour, "How do you know," said his friend, "but this may be Flaherty's wife you have in the box?" And Flaherty himself, hearing of the tale, came to the house and heard the whole story, after which he begged the man to come home with him and bring the box with him and open it in his presence. This the man did, before Flaherty and several of the neighbours, that all might judge of the truth of the strange story. And when the box was opened, out crawled a large black insect like a beetle, and ran direct into the woman's room as hard as it could go. And after a little while out came Mrs. Flaherty looking very pale, and with one of her fingers bleeding.

"What means this blood?" asked the man.

"Why," said Flaherty, "when you shut down the box you snapped off a little bit of the beetle's claw that was outside, so my wife suffers."

Then all the people saw that there was witchcraft in the house, and the Flahertys were shunned by every one, and finally they sailed away from the island and were seen no more.

In Shark Island they tell a story of a man called Dermot, whose wife died of a fever, leaving two children, a boy and a girl. The girl died a year and a day after the mother, but the boy throve well, until one day when the fever seized him, and he cried out that his mother had come for him, and was calling him. And he asked for a drink of water, but there was none in the house. So a girl took a can and ran down to the well to fill it. And as she was stooping down a black shadow fell on her and covered her. Then she saw the dead mother close beside her, and nearly fainted with fright.

"Never fear, Mary alanna," said the woman, "but do as I bid you. When you go home, you will see a black cock by the head of the child's bed. This is the Spirit of Death come to carry away the boy, but you must prevent him; therefore do as I tell you. Catch a crowing hen and kill her, and sprinkle the blood over the bed, and take ten straws and throw the tenth away, and stir the blood with the rest; then lay them on the child, and he will sleep and do well." On this the dead woman vanished, and the girl went home and did as she was ordered; the hen was killed, and the blood sprinkled. And the boy slept after the blood touched him, and slept on and on till the morning. Then he sat up and asked for food, and said he was now quite well and must go and play. So they let him get up, and he was as strong as ever, and no harm came to him any more.

And the heart of the father was glad that the child was given back to him through the sprinkling of the blood.

Now it happened that about three months after a child of one of the neighbours grew sick and was like to die. Then the man's wife rose up and said, "See, now, our child is like to die, but look how Dermot cured his son through the sprinkling of blood. Let us do the like." So they caught a crowing hen and killed her, and sprinkled the blood over the sick child. But lo! a terrible thing happened, for the door was flung open, and in walked two monstrous black cats. "How dare you kill my kitten?" said one of them—"my darling only kitten! But you shall suffer for it." "Ay," said the other, "we'll teach you how to insult a royal cat again, and kill one of our great race just to save your own wretched child," and they flew at the man and tore his face and hands. Then the wife rushed at them with the churn-dash, while the man strove to defend himself with a spade. But all the same the cats had the best of it, and clawed and tore and scratched till the miserable pair could not see for the blood streaming down their faces.

Luckily, however, the neighbours, hearing the scrimmage, rushed in and helped to fight the cats; but soon they had to fly, for the cats were too strong for them, and not a soul could stand before them. However, at last the cats grew tired, and after licking their paws and

washing their faces, they moved towards the door to go away, first saying to the man: "Now we have done enough to punish you for this time, and your baby will live, for Death can take but one this night, and he has taken our child. So yours is safe, and this we swear by the blood, and by the power of the great king of the cats." So they whisked out of the house, and were never more seen by man or mortal on the Island of Sark.

But many other strange things have also happened on the island, according to the narration of the islanders, who are extremely accurate in all the details they give, and never exaggerate, only tell the simple truth, which we are bound to accept unquestioned; for the people are too simple to invent, they only tell in their plain, unvarnished idiom what they have seen and heard. A man and his wife on the island had two children, lovely as angels, and were very happy. But in process of time a third child was born, a son, and he was two inches longer than any baby that ever yet was seen, and had a great head of black hair, and even something like a beard. And he went on growing up fast to three years old, and was as wise as a man, besides eating a power of food.

But after that he dwindled down, and became quite weeshee and no size at all, though he ate as much as ever. And he was queer in his ways, and with his wizened little face looked just like the sprite of an old man or an ugly dwarf.

Well, one Sunday the parents went to mass, leaving a young girl to take care of the children. And, while she was out in the garden picking flowers, suddenly she heard the merriest, jolliest dance-tune from the bagpipes, played by some one in the house.

That must be Tom the piper, she said, as she went in, but lo and behold, there was the little imp stuck up in his grandmother's arm-chair, and he playing away with all his might the sweetest music on a set of paper pipes, and with his wizened face looking fifty years old at least. "Oh, the Lord between us and harm!" exclaimed the girl, rushing out of the house and screaming at the top of her voice—"Help! help! sure it's the devil himself is sitting there, and not the child at all!" And the neighbours ran when they heard the screams, and went back with her into the house, but not a sign of the little imp was to be seen, though after much searching he was discovered behind the meal-tub, a mere little sheeoge, not the size of a sod of turf, and burned black as any coal, and quite dead, stiff and stark, with the withered face of an old, old man.

So they all knew he was a witch child. And when the parents came home they had him put outside on the shovel, and before night he was gone; the devil or the fairies carried him away. And right glad were the man and his wife to be so well rid of the imp of Satan, who was never more seen or heard of in the house from that hour.

The islanders seem to live for ever in the presence of the spiritual; and every event of their lives, whether for good or ill-luck, is attributed to the influence of unseen beings, who are sometimes good, but more often malign to mortals. Every sickness or accident or misfortune is believed to be the work of the invisible *Sidhe*, or fairy race; and all the primitive science of the people, their knowledge of herbs, and of powerful charms and incantations, is used to break the spells and counteract the sinister designs of the active sprites who haunt the house, and are especially anxious to get possession of the children and carry them off to the fairy homes. A pretty little girl was out one day weeding in the turnip-field, when a sudden blast swept over the place, and gave her a chill, so that she lost the use of her limbs for the time, and was carried home and put to bed. Six months she lay there, and grew thinner and thinner, till she looked like a little old woman. So the people saw at last that she was fairy-struck, and no doubt was away every night with the fairies on the hill, though she seemed to be lying there helpless in her bed. And they beat her and starved her to make her tell them how she got away, and what she did when with the fairies.

But the poor child cried to them, "Sure, I am little Mary, and never a foot have I stirred out since you laid me in this bed." Yet not a word would they believe. And set to work to make a powerful fairy potion of known potency against witch-work. Three drops to be poured into her ear and three drops down her throat, and the remainder to be used for washing her. And they sent for a wise fairy woman to see what could be done. But Mary said, "I will not drink the potion. Let me die, for then I shall go to heaven and be at peace."

"Well," said the wise woman, "there is one thing yet may be done to break the devil's spell that is over the child, and if that fails she must die. Let her father carry her to the bog every morning before sunrise, and dip her down for twice seven days in the name of the Holy Trinity and the blessed saints. And if that does not help and cure her, then the power of the Evil One is too strong, and I can do no more. But let her father try it, in the name of God."

So each morning for twice seven days the father carried the child to the bog, and dipped her down before the sun had risen. And gradually her health and strength returned, and at the end of the twice seven days, on the final day of the cure, she was able to walk all the way back to her own place. And the weakness passed from her limbs, and the colour and beauty came back to her face, for the spell of the fairies was broken at last, through the words of the wise woman, and her power over the spirits of evil.

ST. PATRICK AND THE WITCH.

WHEN St. Patrick came over to Ireland to convert the pagans no one would give him a lodging, for so the Druid priests had ordered. And he wandered on till at last he came to a small inn, where he was allowed to rest, the people not knowing him. And in the night he was thirsty, and asked for water, but the mistress told him she had forgotten to fill the vessels, and there was no water except at the well. Then Patrick said he would go and fill the can for himself, and fetch it home.

On this the woman wondered greatly, and asked what country he came from to be so brave, for a great enchanter lived by the well, and no one dared to go near it in the dark night. The saint, however, made answer that he feared no harm, for God and the angels would guard him. So she gave him a wooden noggin with a lid to carry the water, and bade him take care how he lifted his eyes to look at the light set on the rock where the enchanter dwelt, or he would certainly fall down dazed and die.

But Patrick, nothing fearing, went forth; and when he came to the rock by the well, he cast a strong spell over the place in the name of the Trinity, and the magician trembled and uttered a loud cry, and then dropped down dead on his face and spake no word.

So Patrick was at peace to fill the vessel with water from the well, and he returned safe to the inn.

And it was a saying afterwards amongst the Irish, if they were offended or suffered injury, "The curse of St. Patrick on the Man of the Well be on your head for evermore!"

Now, the magician had a mother—a wicked witch called Churana—and she vowed vengeance on Patrick, and turned her sorceries against him.

So he pursued her to Croagh-Patrick, where she lived, and ascended the mountain after her, though she flung down great rocks on him to stop his way. But he prayed to the Lord, who gave him strength to fling them aside, and still he went on up the mountain. Then the witch caused a great fog to arise, and he was left alone, for none of his disciples could find their way to follow him in the darkness. Still Patrick went on all alone, until, by chance, his foot struck against a bell on the mountain path; and when he rang it, his followers heard and came to him. And at last they gained the top, though all was black darkness around them by reason of the fog.

And it was the first Sunday in harvest-time, which Sunday was called ever after through all the years *Donagh-tram-dubh* ("the Sunday of Gloom").

Then they began to descend the mountain. But the witch caused water to be poured over them that was nauseous to the smell and taste; so the Sunday is also called "Garlic Sunday" ever since. Still, never heeding, they pursued her even as far as the great lake, where the evil witch plunged into the water. But Patrick struck her with the bell as she passed him and slew her; and her blood changed the water to red, so that the lake was known ever after as Lough-Dearg, or "the Red Lake."

And Patrick, in memory of his deliverance, established a station there and founded a monastery. And yet once more he ascended Croagh-Patrick, and beheld all the country lying westward; but, finding that his time was short, and that he could not visit Connemara nor the lands near, he lifted up his hands and invoked a blessing on the bays and the harbours and the shores of Connemara, even a sevenfold blessing. So ever since the fish are abundant there beyond all other places on the coast of Ireland.

Nor yet had he time to visit Erris; but, unhappily, he forgot, before leaving the mountain, to invoke a blessing on the island, so the people of Erris are still pagan in all their ways—rakish and prodigal, and given to strong drink, even to this day—for the blessing of Patrick never rested on them, nor on their land or coasts.

Birds of Passage.

("A lost chance flies owre the sea.")

"TURN, turn again!" we call, and all in vain,
"Birds light of wing, that waver over-sea,
That lit erewhile, when blind, alas! were we;
Now we behold your breasts of bronze and gold,
Swift sapphire wings, and bills of ivory."

They waver by, they gleam 'tween sea and sky;
"Turn, bonny birds! oh turn ye to the shore,
And glorify our hovels mean and poor;
Make sweet of cheer our wattled houses here,
Build 'neath the eaves, nor leave us evermore."

Afar they swing, on soft relentless wing;
They seek the Sunset Islands of the West,
The mellow low-lit meadows of the Blest,
Where poplars grey for ever sigh and sway,
And all desires and dreams are laid to rest.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.



KAFFIR HUT ON AN OSTRICH FARM.

A Visit to a South African Ostrich Farm.

"HI, Gangaleezwa! you *skellam* (scamp), how is it you have let those young chicks out without their food? A touch of the *sjambok* (whip) would do you good." These were the first words which greeted our English ears on awakening one fine summer morning at a colonial ostrich farm. Presently a very brown damsel, named Katje, appeared with our early coffee (which is quite an institution in South Africa), and informed us the *baas* (master) was ready to take us for a ride to the ostrich camps. This was enough to make us quit our beds at once. We were very soon ready, and found our host awaiting us on the *stoep* (verandah), and two rather bony-looking horses saddled up. We quickly mounted, and enjoyed a brisk canter across country which one would find it difficult to believe was a farm, as there was no sign of cultivation. At last we reached Camp I. This was occupied by a very ferocious-looking male bird, named "Satan," and his mate. "Satan" approached with a wild look in his ugly eyes. Our host would not allow us to enter, so we kept to the *safe* side of the fence. We subsequently heard there was a nest of nine eggs in this camp, which accounted for "Satan's" more than usual ferocity. Each of these eggs probably weighed about three pounds. The number of eggs in a nest is twelve as a rule; occasionally more have been found; but these are rarely all fertile. An experienced farmer can tell which are not; these are taken at once to the farm-house and used for cookery purposes. They make excellent omelettes and cakes, one ostrich-egg being equal to twenty-four hen's eggs. The shells are used as ornaments, being cut exactly in halves, and mounted on stands as vases or cups, or cut into the shape of a basket, with a handle over the top. They often have wild flowers painted on them, and readily sell as curios (curiosities). The ostriches take it in turn to sit on the nest, the hen taking day duty. The hatching occupies six weeks.

Some farmers have tried the experiment of making the ostrich a polygamist; but the male bird, or his wives, object to this arrangement, and it has not been found at all profitable. The hens fight, and frequently injure each other; or else sulk, and do not lay. As one can readily understand, this necessitates having a very large farm, as each breeding pair of birds requires about twenty-five acres of land. The farm we visited measured roughly 2,400 morgen, which is equal to double that number of acres.

Leaving "Satan" to his own devices, we "off-saddled" at another part of the farm, and amused ourselves with watching a little Kaffir boy, clothed (!) in rags, who acted as nurse to the baby ostriches, and was probably Gangaleezwa, who was the cause of our early waking. He had a brood of thirteen chicks to feed and

care for. They were curious-looking creatures, and reminded us of porcupines, their bodies being covered with tiny quills. The herd was feeding them with chopped prickly pear, which the ugly youngsters were gobbling up faster than the boy could prepare it. We next visited the "mealie hock," which is a high enclosure erected for storing the Indian corn or maize upon which the ostriches are largely fed. When the corn is ripe, the cobs are taken and stripped of their outer sheath, and the mealies are either scraped out with a piece of hoop iron, or they are put into a machine which separates the maize from the cob.

rooms lead out of this. We counted eight doors, which opened into the *slaap kammas* (bedrooms), *ate kamma* (dining-room), and kitchen respectively. One cannot be responsible for Dutch spelling, as Holland Dutch is not spoken here or read; it is a hybrid language, known as "kitchen Dutch," used chiefly by the Boers and their Hottentot servants. The furniture was very old-fashioned. Large four-post bedsteads and settles were, among other things, in the chief bedrooms. In the parlour a huge round table occupied the centre, and was literally loaded with vases, china ornaments of the shepherdess type, and various other fancy goods.



Ostriches in Camp.

We then proceeded to Camp II., which our host invited us to enter, having first provided us with a thorn-bush (a piece of mimosa), which he advised us to keep in our hands in case a bird should make a run at us. He held in his hand a pronged wooden fork of this shape, Y. The upper part would just catch an ostrich by his long neck, and would prevent his coming too near; but we were not molested. Some very tame ones came up and pecked the farmer's coat-buttons; we had been advised beforehand not to expose our watch-chains to the birds' gaze, as they are very fond of attempting to swallow such articles.

The sun had by this time become so hot we were glad to return to the homestead, which we will attempt to describe. Unlike English farms, there is no garden surrounding the house. A covered raised walk is at the front and on either side, which is called the *stoep*. The Boers sit out here, and drink coffee and smoke to their hearts' content. The front door opens into the principal room, known as the *sit kamma*. All the other

We really thought the goodwife was preparing for a bazaar, but found that this was considered quite the proper thing.

We were very much surprised to see a coffin in the loft, swung up to the roof. Upon inquiring the reason of this, we were gravely informed it was ready for "Old Ma," the aged grandmother. Nearly all the farmers who live a long distance from town provide themselves with a "box," the heat being at times so great that a speedy burial is necessary; these coffins are often utilised as wardrobes, &c.

After dinner, which consisted of fowl, mutton, and rice (no vegetables on account of drought), we were informed the horses were "inspanned," which, being interpreted, meant they were harnessed to a Cape cart.

We drove to a more distant camp. The road was extremely rough, and we had considerable difficulty in keeping a perpendicular position. Before leaving, we had been told we should see the ostriches waltz. We received this statement with many grains of salt, as new-comers

are considered fair targets for jokes; but, to our surprise, about sunset, we really did see the birds dance. They moved much more gracefully than one could expect such ungainly creatures to do; and only people who have seen them perform these antics can fully realise how the birds enjoy flapping their wings and twirling themselves about in the brief twilight.

For some time previous to our visit, there had been no rain. The cattle, sheep, and Angora goats had been sent to pastures new. The little grass left was quite brown, but the ostriches thrived, and seemed as if they could exist, at any rate for a time, without water, thus



KAFFIRS IN A "MEALIE" FIELD.

showing their suitability to this "Great Thirst-land." The ostrich is indigenous in the interior of Africa, and is still found there in its wild state.

Previous to the year 1864 there were no tame birds in the colony. All the feathers which were exported were taken from ostriches which had been first shot and then plucked. They were usually killed while on the nest. As this method threatened speedy extermination, about 1865 some gentlemen determined to try to tame these huge wild birds. They found it impossible to do anything with the full-grown ones, so captured some chicks. In a very interesting paper by a Mr. Douglass we read that in this year '65 the number of tame birds was eighty, which produced all together 120 lb. of feathers. The average weight of feathers from a good bird is one and a half pounds per year. This is obtained by two distinct pluckings, with an interval of about eight months between each.

Ostrich-farming proving a success, and the food necessary—viz., karroo-bush, lucerne, and maize—being easily obtained, many people who knew nothing of farming began trying to rear ostriches, but the loss by broken and damaged eggs and the death of young chicks was considerable. To a great extent this difficulty was met by the introduction in 1869 of the incubator, which gave a great impetus to the industry; so much so, that in 1880 there was a perfect mania all over the colony. Every one who had a little money to spare, and some who had not, invested in birds. Breeding pairs fetched as much as £200 per pair, and chicks readily sold for £10 each.

In 1882 we find the exports amounted to 253,954 lb. —valued at £1,093,989. During that year ostrich-farming reached its zenith. Ever since it has been decreasing, perhaps fortunately so, as the supply was beginning to exceed the demand, and the prices realised were too low to pay the farmer.

For some time after this, drought succeeded drought and a fever broke out among the young birds. Fortunes were made and lost by selling out or buying. Shares in farms went up and down, and there was as much speculation over "birds" as there is at the present time at the Cape over gold or diamond shares.

Farmers often sustain severe loss through accidents to ostriches; during our visit to the farm a valuable bird broke his leg by getting it entangled in the wire fence of the camp. It was ordered to be killed, which seemed to us a great pity, as it cost fully £100 not long before; but the owner assured us it would be of no more use, so it was killed, plucked, and afterwards roasted and eaten by the "blacks."

The wire fences which enclose the camps, consist of six or eight strands of thick wire (sometimes barbed) threaded through upright posts, at intervals of about five feet from post to post. The topmost wire usually only reaches to the breast of the ostrich. If they were not such stupid birds, they could easily get out of the camp; but coming in contact with the fence is quite enough to drive them back, and they never attempt to get over.

In travelling by railway in the colony sometimes the speed is very slow, especially up the steep inclines, so that it is not an infrequent occurrence to see an ostrich outrun a train for some distance. Many of the camps

run parallel to the railway, and the birds seem to enjoy the race.

Ostriches are occasionally attacked by wild beasts, so that traps which are baited with poisoned meat are often put in the camps. Strychnine is the usual agent employed. The eggs, too, do not always escape. A crow is quite capable of flying with a stone in its claws and letting it purposely drop on an unprotected or deserted nest, smashing perhaps several eggs, which are readily devoured.

It is interesting to see ostriches driven through a town. Large sacks are procured, one for each bird. A hole just large enough to let the creature's head through is made in the bottom of each bag, which is then put over the ostrich and drawn down his long neck, thus enveloping his wings, without the aid of which he cannot run very fast. A native man walks on either side of each bird, holding tightly by the sack's mouth, thus having entire control over it.

We were very anxious to see the ostriches plucked, as we had ascertained it was plucking-time at the farm for some of the birds, so the following day we went literally to the field of operation.

A plank floor, similar to those used at Highland games for dancing reels, &c, had been placed in one corner of a camp. This floor was surrounded by a fence on all sides. The ostriches to be plucked were driven into this enclosure, some of the wilder ones having a cap over their heads to cover their eyes. It is a well-known fact that an ostrich feels perfectly safe if his head is covered, and the story of his hiding his head in the sand when pursued is a true one. The feathers are quickly selected and plucked; but lately many farmers have preferred cutting them off and leaving the quill to drop out of its own accord, which is certainly a more humane method. When this is done, a feather is cut at any time it looks ready, and there is no special preparation required.

It is not usual to have a plank floor, but it has been found advantageous. When the birds are simply driven into a *kraal* (fold), many feathers fall on the ground and get trampled and broken. The native children look upon all the feathers or pieces left on the ground as their perquisites.

After the plucking, the next process is the sorting, which is done with marvellous celerity, the farmer's wife generally assisting. Each feather is felt, the thumb being pulled down the stem. A wild feather is free from notches or irregularities; tame ones have more or less; each notch is detrimental. The most valuable feathers have the fronds of equal length on either side the stem. The feathers are then classed, the white ones being the most valuable; then come feminas (tails), blacks, drabs, spadonas, &c. The female bird always has drab feathers, and is not nearly so fine-looking as her mate.

The pluckings are then sent either to the nearest feather market, or are purchased by *smousers* (traders), who go from farm to farm on purpose to buy them, or exchange other commodities for them. Many Jews get a good living in this manner; and in the early days of ostrich-farming, when the farmers were kept in ignorance for some time of the rise in the market, some fortunes were made by these people.

On our return from the camp we were very much amused at seeing the ostriches swallowing green quinces whole. We could follow the progress of the quince (which was as hard as a bullet, and as large as a big apple) all the way down the bird's long neck. Their powers of digestion are enormous; wonderful tales are told of the contents of ostriches' stomachs upon being



A Kaffir in Full Dress.

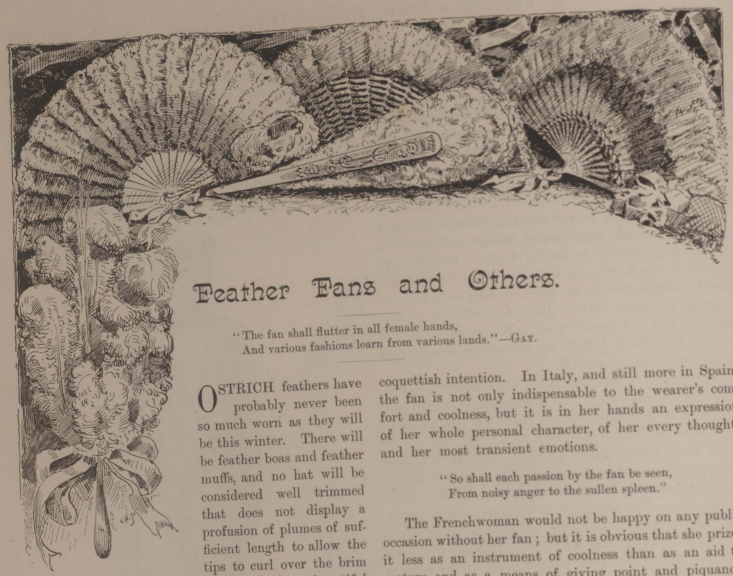
opened; they seem to look upon stones and nails as a delicacy, and do not object to watches and chains.

Any unaccustomed noise will make an ostrich very nervous; even the barking of a dog has made one race for miles.

Some venturesome people have been terribly maltreated by ostriches. They are quite capable of knocking a man down, or even pursuing him on horseback. They have only two toes on each foot, but one is remarkably strong, and will easily tear a man's leg open. If pursued by a wild or vicious bird, the safest plan is to lie flat on the ground; the worst that can then happen is to get a severe trampling. There were about 150 ostriches in Camp No. II., mostly young birds; some so tame they would eat "mealies" (maize) out of the farmer's hand.

It was with reluctance that we drove away from the friends who had treated us so hospitably, and where we had seen so much that was both novel and interesting.

Bessie Wood.



Feather Fans and Others.

"The fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands."—Gay.

OSTRICH feathers have probably never been so much worn as they will be this winter. There will be feather boas and feather muffs, and no hat will be considered well trimmed that does not display a profusion of plumes of sufficient length to allow the tips to curl over the brim and nestle upon the hair. A feather fan is too beautiful an adjunct of dress ever to be out of fashion, but the present season will probably witness one or two new developments in it, and the quality and colour of the feathers employed will be finer than heretofore.

The happy *débutantes* who so proudly furled and unfurled their airy white plumes at recent Drawing Rooms possibly imagined that nothing so lovely or so original as those fans had ever been seen before. But feather fans, like most other beautiful examples of human skill, are not new at all; indeed, they are almost the oldest kind of fan, with the exception of the palm-leaf—Nature's own hand-screen. In China and Japan fans have been made of feathers from a date beyond the record of the historian; and wherever the stream of civilisation, as we are pleased to call it, flowed, thither did it bear the fragile fan. It passed from the hands of the Etruscans to the Greeks, and from them to the Romans. From Italy, Catherine de Medicis brought numberless fans—some of ostrich, peacock, and paroquet feathers—with her into France, and thence they were carried across the Channel to this country, where they were eagerly adopted by Queen Elizabeth and her hapless Scotch rival. But as fans travelled north and west towards our own colder clime, their obvious utilitarian purpose was either forgotten altogether, or, at all events, sank into insignificance in comparison with a multitude of secondary considerations. To the Japanese or Chinese lady the fan is as essential a part of her costume as an umbrella is to an Englishwoman, and is probably as destitute to her of all coquettish intention. In Italy, and still more in Spain, the fan is not only indispensable to the wearer's comfort and coolness, but it is in her hands an expression of her whole personal character, of her every thought, and her most transient emotions.

"So shall each passion by the fan be seen,
From noisy anger to the sullen spleen."

The Frenchwoman would not be happy on any public occasion without her fan; but it is obvious that she prizes it less as an instrument of coolness than as an aid to gesture and as a means of giving point and piquancy to her conversation. She waves it gently backwards and forwards when she is agreeably entertained, she shuts it up with a sharp rattle and snap when she is annoyed, she puts the top of it to her smiling lips when she wishes to indicate some bit of scandal which she would rather not put into words, and she partially hides her face behind it to show that she is shocked.

Our own country-women, however, never seem to be quite at home with a fan. English people are not given to gesture; an absolute and almost statuesque repose of manner being considered here a mark of good-breeding. A fan is therefore of little use to them as an accessory in the social drama. An Englishwoman, if she carries any superfluous article, commonly alleges that she does so in order to keep her hands still. A muff, an umbrella, or a walking-stick fulfils this condition better than a fan, which is essentially fidgety in its character. What, then, is the reason that fans are so largely sold in this country, and that higher prices are given for them in England, probably, than anywhere else in the world? The truth is, we prize fans partly as we prize pictures and lace—for their artistic beauty; partly as we prize diamonds and bank-notes—for their intrinsic value as portable property. Our great families collect fans as they collect pictures and gems, and the exhibition held a few years ago revealed art-treasures of priceless worth. A lady may almost be classified in the social scale by the character of her fan; at least, it may safely be said that a woman who is not a lady may have a showy fan, but she never has a good one.

Any one who doubts the truth of these remarks should pay a visit to the establishment of one of our famous *éventaillistes*, and he will there see fans painted by the most famous artists; fans of the rarest old lace, studded with diamonds, encrusted with gold and rubies; fans which it seems sinful to touch, and the prices of which range up to £100, and even to £300. In the department of ostrich-feather fans alone there is the greatest possible difference between those of our best makers and the fans which are commonly seen. In cheap fans, a moment's inspection reveals to a practised eye numberless little joins in the feathers, which are thin and shabby-looking, and soon assume a draggled appearance. It is needless to say that each feather, however long (and some measure as much as twenty-six inches), should be whole; but to obtain a dozen feathers all of the same length, width, and colour is, of course, no easy matter. Fans in general are rather small at present, but ostrich-feather fans still cannot be too large. The fashion came in several years ago, when a gentleman brought home some extraordinarily fine white feathers from the celebrated ostrich farms at the Cape, and requested a well-known firm to make them up into a fan. This was done; but before the fan was sent home to the customer it was put into the window for a few hours as a curiosity. A crowd was soon collected, and before the day was over several orders were received for similarly large fans. Since that time they have been adopted by most English leaders of fashion, and the demand for them still continues. Feather fans are made in all shades, but pure white is certainly the most distinguished-looking. They are mounted sometimes upon white mother-o'-pearl and sometimes upon tortoiseshell sticks. One of the handsomest specimens that we have seen had tortoiseshell mounts. At the back was the tortoiseshell handle, upon which the wearer might have her monogram placed in diamonds or chased gold letters; and the front was adorned with a *panache* of half a dozen perfect tips, with an osprey in the centre. These *panaches* are a new feature in feather fans, which were formerly straight, and flat on both sides. In place of the osprey, a cluster of marabout *pompons* and white ribbon bows also looks exceedingly rich and effective.

Lady Lonsdale's (now Lady de Grey's) wonderful feather fan was some years ago the sensation of a season. At the time when it was presented to her by the late Lord Lonsdale it was the largest specimen of the fan-maker's art that had ever been seen, and the immense white feathers which composed it were ordered expressly from Vienna. The handle was on each side profusely set with diamonds. The monograms of the Earl and Countess, surmounted with coronets, appeared both on the top and bottom of the handle, and the studs holding the loop of ribbon were each composed of exceptionally fine brilliants.



OSTRICH-FEATHER SCREEN.

(Jubilee Offering to H.M. the Queen by the Women of Cape Colony.)

A side-view of this exquisite gift will be seen in the illustration which heads this article. It was made expressly by Mr. John Barker, of New Bond Street, whose inventive talents have more than once enabled him to introduce some novelty which has caught the public taste. From the same establishment comes the fan which occupies the right-hand corner of the group. Here the plumage of the ostrich has given place to swan's feathers, which are dyed to a rich red and bordered with a downy fringe of red marabout. From Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, in Wigmore Street, comes the graceful design, shown in the central figure, of intertwining bright narrow ribbons amidst the airy woodwork of the frame; whilst its neighbours on the left are both the manufacture of an artistic French firm near Cheapside.

Except when treated with very great care, long plumes are apt to be injured with the continual friction

caused by opening and shutting. Among the various ways which have been discovered to meet this difficulty, the type of fan known as the "Juliet" (after Ellen Terry's wonderful impersonation) is one of the most successful. For this design only five feathers are employed; each radiant is shaped like a quill, and is firmly fixed into a hole in the round ivory handle. It is said that the "Juliet" shape preserves its beauty and curl three times as long as any other style of fan. The "Lyre" pattern is too well known to require detailed description. As it relies entirely upon the perfection of its outline, it is not a fan which will stand much wear and tear; but before its first freshness has worn off, there are few styles which can equal it in distinction of appearance. The "Court" plume is something of a compromise between the "Juliet" and the ordinary shape. Like the "Juliet," it is usually made of only five large feathers, but it has the advantage that both the right and left *panache* can be folded towards the centre radiant. The friction is thus minimised, and the convenience of folding up is retained. For those who are tired of the monotony of black and white feathers, there will be several new colours this autumn. Feathers will not be dyed to one uniform tint, but will present several shades of the same colour, or two contrasting colours. A certain delicate shade of flamingo-pink is likely to be exceedingly popular, occasionally intermingled with white or fawn-colour. The feathers upon the wings of the young male bird are, as is well known, exceedingly dark and almost black at the roots, while at the tips they are often of the purest white. The darker flues refuse to take the dye of salmon-colour or rose-pink into which the fan is dipped, but the natural chocolate hue which they retain is of value as a note of rich contrasting shade in the delicate colouring, which might otherwise appear insipid. What are known as "natural" feathers —that is, the undyed plumage of the female bird—are still in great request, but they are less valuable and costly than those of the male ostrich.

Whilst we are on the subject of fans, a few notes concerning the influence of present fashions upon these dainty inutilities may not be out of place. Feather fans, as we have previously mentioned, cannot be too large; but, apart from these, there is a tendency to revive the small marvellously-painted fans of the Louis Quinze period, and many of those which have hitherto been relegated to the back shelves of wardrobes will now be brought forth into the light of day.

Vieing with these antique or pseudo-antique forms are wonderful combinations of lace and gauze. The newest fashion is to surround a lace centre-piece with a border of gauze, upon which are painted, with all the skill which French artists can command, wreaths of flowers, variegated leaves, flights of birds or butterflies. The edge of the gauze is commonly cut to the outline of the painting.

A gauze fan, or rather hand-screen, representing one large butterfly or a single autumnal leaf, is in great request at the present moment. The watches which ladies are wearing all over their persons have likewise found their way into fans, and are occasionally to be seen at the top of the ivory or mother-o'-pearl handle; but the fashion is not likely to be adopted, unless it be by weary chaperons. A more sensible innovation is the small silver vinaigrette which often forms a pretty ornament to the front of an ebony stick. In shape, a tall oval is now preferred to the semicircular form; and the radiants, which are often elaborately carved, are visible on both sides to the extreme edge. Between the latter, ribbons are frequently intertwined, with an exceedingly happy effect. The handles are this year remarkably beautiful. Mother-o'-pearl in every conceivable dazzling opalescent tint may often be seen upon these handles. If the framework be of ivory, it is frequently carved in designs of great beauty, and enriched with gilded mouldings. It is *de rigueur* that the design represented on the leaf should be followed out upon the framework. Thus, if a Cupid be depicted struggling in the meshes of a spider's web upon the gauze, upon the ivory handle he will be carved starting back in terror before his wily antagonist; or if butterflies flutter over the satin surface, a golden butterfly will appear again upon each of the tortoiseshell radiants. Fans such as these cannot be produced in England. They all come from Paris, where painters as renowned as Détaille (who received £800 for his share in decorating Princess Lætitia's wedding-gift) do not scorn to employ their brush in this manner.

"Gay France shall make the fan her artists' care,
And with the costly trinket arm the fair,"

is as true to-day as it was two hundred years ago.

The Man with the Broken Arm.

THERE are few things more terrible to witness than the spectacle of one, whom we have known strong and healthy, in the last extremity of a mortal illness, the approaching end clouding the brain and choking the speech, the curtain of death descending swiftly like a pall between him and the world, shutting him off for ever.

From such a scene, the sufferer having dropped at last, exhausted, first into incoherent mutterings and thence into the stillness of deep sleep, I stepped one night in December out into the street, to walk the short distance that divided my house from that of my dying friend.

It was a fearful night! the wind wailed, and the sleet drove in gusts along the deserted pavement; the lamps struggled to keep alight and barely succeeded. As I neared my own door a terrific squall came sweeping down, and as I stood still a moment and leant against it as

though it was an invisible wall, I heard a door shut with a deep thundering bang in the cellars of some house far up the street. I bent my head to the storm and pushed on. "God have mercy upon the houseless!" said I, as I entered my house and pushed the door against the wind to shut it. I crossed the hall and passed into my library; there stood the lamp where I had left it when I was summoned, and the clock pointing at half-past one seemed to be saying in its tickings, "What a night to die in, what a night to die in!"

I poked up the sinking embers and fell into a reverie of another and fairer passing away in the summer light of other days, of a couch wheeled to a western window, whence dying eyes could look out over the waves of the everlasting sea where the sun had gone down in glory, of stillness and darkness and peace coming down slowly, surely, over the world and over those eyes that looked then their last; and thought I, as the wind wailed without and the clock kept up its pitiless repetition, "Truly it is a fearful night for a man to die in, and the deaths of men are as different as their lives."

I was startled from my thoughts by some one ringing an imperious summons at my door. I rose and determined to see for myself who was there. I crossed the hall to the door. There was a lull in the storm when I opened it. A man was there under the portico, who at once addressed me: "Are you a surgeon?" I replied that I was; he stepped in, and I closed the door after him and led him into the library. "I wish you," he said, throwing off his loose cloak with one hand, "to doctor my arm."

I now saw that his left arm had nothing upon it but the shirt-sleeve, and hung at his side, obviously broken; the rest of his person was dressed in sombre garments indistinguishable from the books against which he stood, and in the dim light only a white arm and if possible whiter face were visible.

I opened my mouth to request him to approach the light, but either voice failed me or he did not hear me for the wind and rain that rattled the windows in their sockets, and the white arm and face remained where they were.

I took the lamp and brought it to the string-course of the book-case close to him, and rolling up the sleeve, found the arm broken a few inches above the wrist. After a careful examination I explained that it had better be set at once, to which he merely replied, "Very good," and for half an hour nothing was said on either side as I went at my task with professional promptitude. I could not but admire the perfect composure with which the stranger endured what I knew must have been at certain moments exquisite torture.

When all was completed, the arm fixed immovable, and, the cloak thrown over him once more, he passed into the hall, I opened the door and said, "It will require looking at," referring to his arm; "when will you come again?"

"I will come again," he replied, "when our friend is buried." "What friend?" I gasped. The light over my door illumined the immovable white features; the lips never stirred, but the eyes looked at me and said, "He whom you had left when I came." "In the name of God," said I, "who and what are you?" The stranger made no answer, but throwing his cloak over his mouth, strode away into the darkness!

How long I stood holding the door I do not know; my first conscious act was to hurry up the now quiet street to the house of my dying friend. The wind had gone down, and the moon seemed to be careering through loose fragments of cloud that the storm had left scattered in its wake.

When I reached the house I found that Death had been there before me; my friend had breathed his last about half an hour after I had left him. I asked whether he had been conscious at all before the end, and those about him replied that he had talked with emphasis about some matter that they could not understand, and that he had frequently mentioned some gauntlet about which, as far as they could comprehend, he seemed in great distress. This I attributed at the time to delirium, and after a last sad look at the peaceful face I returned home sorrowful.

On the last day of the year the gloomy procession of hearse and carriages started from my friend's house to the cemetery. Chill and cold seemed the chapel as we rose to follow the coffin to the grave, while the white bare walls echoed again to the horrid tramp and scuffle of those who bent under their ghastly burden. As we passed out a figure stepped from the side of the portico and joined the slow procession; in an instant I recognised the stranger whose arm I had set; he bowed gravely to me, and I returned his salutation. When we reached the grave he took up a position opposite to myself, and I had leisure to observe, in spite of the ample cloak he wore, that he carried a parcel of some size in his right hand. When all was over, one by one the others departed till the stranger and myself were left gazing down in silence upon the coffin. He came slowly round and stood by my side, but as I remained motionless and silent, he at last addressed me. "I wish," he said, "to accompany you to your house; have you your carriage?" I replied that it was waiting for me at the chapel, and we moved away together in that direction. It was dusk when we reached the carriage and got in.

The horses started for home; and, as it seemed to me in a few moments, at a very unusual pace. I noticed, however, that rain had begun to fall, and supposed that the coachman was urging them on that account; my attention was quickly absorbed by the conversation of the stranger, who displayed a marvellous power of discourse. Starting, as was natural, upon the subject of death, he spoke of its solitude, in that a man, though followed through life by troops of friends, though caressed and beloved by many or by few, must at the last, when he comes to the gateway of the grave, leave all behind him and pass down in silence, unattended and alone—and I sat and answered him nothing.

And as we went on faster and faster through the dark streets, the glimmering lamps threw flying gleams over the white face of the stranger while he talked on with increasing power of the solitude of life; how that, did we but know it, a man was as alone in life as in death,

and that none knows, nor ever can know, his neighbour's thoughts, nor his friend's heart of hearts; and I thanked God for that and answered him nothing. And the horses sped on till the steam from them enveloped and bleared the windows so that the lamps, whirling by, sent in no light; and his voice came from the darkness at my side, speaking of the solitude from which we come and to which we return before and after this life, and because of the power of his words I was afraid and answered him nothing.

And at my house door I would have bid him begone in God's name, but that a nameless fear of him prevented me. Coldly I invited him to enter, and we passed together into the house.

In the library, at his request, I examined his arm and did what was necessary to it. When I had finished this task I asked him as politely as I could whether he had any further business with me, to which he replied that he would ask this single favour of me, that inasmuch as he was leaving the country that night, it would be a kindness to him were I to take charge of a certain parcel, which perhaps I had seen he carried, until his return.

I replied that I should have no objection; and, saying he had left it in the hall, he went out.

While he was gone I turned with my back to the room and stirred up the fire; the noise I made in doing this prevented my hearing his footstep as he returned; I was stooping over the fire with my back to him when I heard his voice behind me say, "Here it is; it is a gauntlet, for which I shall come to you again."

This mention of a gauntlet brought some unformed recollection into my mind as I turned round to take it.

When I faced him I saw a sight to freeze the blood! The man was holding out towards me the parcel he had carried at the grave-side, but—with his broken arm!

I put out my hand in dumb horror to take it, I felt a sudden immense weight that my one hand could not support, and the bundle fell upon the floor between us with a crash. I glanced down at it for a bare moment, looked up and found myself *alone!*

I staggered round, caught sight of my features livid in the mirror over the fire, and knew no more till hours later my servants found me stretched at full length upon the hearth-rug, slowly recovering from a deep trance.

Before doing anything else I sent every one away and examined the bundle that still lay upon the floor of my room. It proved to contain, as he had said, an iron gauntlet, but one of such enormous proportions that it was impossible to conceive a human hand gigantic enough to wear it. Where most safely to bestow it was my first thought, for although the custody of so strange a thing was not of my seeking, I determined faithfully to fulfil my promise to keep it safe.

I remembered that there was an unused cupboard in the wall behind the head of my own bed upstairs, where it might lie for ever in perfect safety. I ascended to my bedroom, pulled out the bed, locked the great gauntlet into the cupboard and put the key on to my bunch.

Summer came and went, and the man with the broken arm never came to fetch away his strange possession; time went on, and seasons passed away, till what I have recorded was fading from my memory, when on the same day of the year, seven years later, after a terrible day's work at the bedside of suffering, I reached my house after midnight, spent and weary. I gave the coachman instructions for the morning, and then, as he drove away, turned to open the door.

Upon the steps, the light over the door falling upon his ashy features, stood a man whom I instantly recognised. I stood where I was in silence.

"I have come," he said quietly, "for that gauntlet;" and I said nothing, but opened the door and led him, as I had done on the same last day of the year, seven years before, into my library.

There stood the lamp as before it had stood, the clock pointed to the very hour and minute at which it had pointed before, and the interval of time seemed to have vanished at a stroke.

"To-night," thought I, as I rang the bell loud and long, "to-night I will not be alone."

"I will fetch it," I said to the stranger, and going out, locked the study door behind me, and waited in the hall for my servant. In a few moments he came hurrying up.

"Now," said I, "stay you at this door and see that the man I have locked in there does not come out."

I mounted to my bedroom and pulled out the bed from the wall, exposing the door of the cupboard. I took the candle and put it on the bed where it would throw its light into the place when opened, unlocked the door, and looked in. It was absolutely empty! With a cry I fled downstairs, and hardly knowing what I did, called on my servant as he valued his life not to let the man escape, turned the key and burst into the library. There was no one there! Shutters barred—door locked—lamp quietly burning—the room—empty!

"You look ill, sir," said my servant.

"Ay," I answered, "I am."

I left the house next day never to return. But one windy night, not long ago, driving past it, there, on the doorstep under the flickering light, I saw the stranger wrapped in his cloak.

"Ah, ah!" said I to myself, laughing, "they will want another tenant there soon."

As we passed on down the street, I lifted the flap behind me in the back of the carriage to take another look at the figure under the lamp, and saw, flat against the glass, close against my own, that terrible face, white and fixed!

STEPHEN COLERIDGE.



"Orationis Dominicæ Explicato."
(*Bound for Queen Elizabeth*, 1583.)

On Embroidered and Embroidering Books.

AMONG the arts wherewith high-born dames during the ages of chivalry were wont to while away the tedium of their lives, few were more useful, and none more beautiful, than that of embroidering book-covers.

There are not many mediæval remains that bring home to us the terrible dulness and monotony of the lives of the noble women of olden days so forcibly, as the immense pieces of tapestry which still line the walls of some of our old baronial and manorial residences. Many must have taken years of labour to complete, and there is reason to believe that, for every one finished, scores were commenced and flung aside from very weariness before they were half done. Embroidering a book-cover had all the advantages, and none of the drawbacks, of working a tapestry; the most elaborate folio offered some vista of completion, whereas such a hanging as that which covers some thirty square yards of St. Mary's Hall at Coventry—in the writer's opinion the most magnificent of our mediæval tapestries—meant long years of uninteresting labour. Yet, for every embroidered book remaining, there are at least half a dozen pieces of tapestry. The reasons are obvious. Whereas every residence offered a plethora of bare walls, the books to cover were very few indeed. Tapestry almost any one could work when once the design was drawn, but a cover demanded a much greater amount of care, skill, and neatness, a more correct eye, and higher artistic temperament. The materials for the one, too, were much easier to obtain than for the other; and so it came to pass that while many high-born dames worked tapestry, few, outside the walls of convents, had the opportunity of doing the more delicate and pleasant work. There is sufficient evidence to show that in the cloister it was not an uncommon employment for the nuns' spare hours, and, no doubt, the choirs of nearly every collegiate church once blazed with the gorgeous bindings of its service-books. A few, and only a very few, have been preserved. When Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries and substituted himself for the Pope, a change of service-books was required, and the old ones gradually disappeared. The dispersed monks carried away many of the smaller, and in their wanderings these were lost or destroyed. The larger were too frequently flung into vaults or vestries, and perished from damp and neglect. During the Puritan times numbers were wantonly torn up or burnt as relics of superstition, and in the debased days which followed the Commonwealth not a few were destroyed for the sake of the parchment, or used to light fires. Only a few months ago an antiquary visiting an English church discovered that some of the scarcest of our bibliographical treasures were being used as fuel! For these and other reasons there are probably not above fifty old English embroidered books in the kingdom, and not above two or three which retain ecclesiastical symbols.

Most of the embroidered books remaining to us were bound for royal or noble persons, and, following the fashion of the times, are emblazoned with the owner's coat-of-arms or cipher. Before saying anything about the method of embroidering books, it will be well to describe a few of these beautiful book-coverings, and with a view to render their identification more easy, and is ornamented with the royal arms, garter, and motto, embroidered in blue on crimson, the fleur-de-lis, the leopards, and the lettering being covered in gold thread. The Worshipful Company of Broderers possesses a New Testament in black-letter (Ed. 1565), which is interesting from its embroidered cover having been restored; raised letters on one side state that "This



"DE ANTIQUITATE ECCLESIÆ BRITANNICÆ."

(*Presented by Archbishop Parker to Queen Elizabeth*, 1572.)

the specimens mentioned have chiefly been chosen from the British Museum, which possesses a collection of finely-bound books, the like of which, for variety and completeness, has no equal in the world.

The Countess of Wilton, in her "Art of Needlework," considers that the earliest specimen of embroidered book-binding extant is "Fichetus Rhetoricorum Libri tres," a book printed in Paris in 1471, and probably bound about the same time. This book is covered in crimson satin, on which is embroidered a coat-of-arms, a lion rampant on a blue field. The lion is in gold thread, as are the minor ornaments. The book is a quarto, and is in the British Museum. The next in order is "A Description of the Holy Land," which dates from the reign of Henry VII., and is covered in maroon velvet. It is a folio, Testament was new bound and embroidered in the year of our Lord 1704," otherwise the book is not remarkable.

Henry VIII., a lover of fine bindings, preferred leather; but his daughter, Queen Elizabeth, while she inherited his taste for morocco bindings, was very fond of embroidered books, and there are several records of her having book-covers worked for her library. One, printed at Geneva in 1583, is a quarto, and is covered in black velvet. The centre is composed of interlacing geometrical forms, surrounded by overlapping leaves and flowers worked in gold and silver thread; the embroidery is slightly raised. This cover is not remarkably artistic, but is worth study from the extreme neatness and accuracy with which it is worked. By far the most widely known of her books is the copy of his "De Antiquitate

Ecclesiæ Britannicæ," which Archbishop Parker caused to be bound as a presentation copy to his royal mistress. This copy came into possession of the nation when the Royal Library was given to the British Museum by George II., and is one of the finest of the many superb books which were in that collection. The book, which was printed by John Daye in 1572, is a small folio, covered in green velvet, both the upper and under covers being embroidered. The upper cover is bordered by three lines of gold thread, within which (also in gold thread) is a representation of a field or park paling, forming a broad inner border. In the centre, at the bottom, is a closed covered gateway, within which is a wicket. The palings joining this gate are shown from the exterior, and are very neat; but the pales at the sides and top are shown from the inside, and are not so neat. This is as it would appear in a bird's-eye view, and is only mentioned as showing the thought and artistic care bestowed on the work. The centre of the cover is occupied with a rose-tree, the rose being doubtless selected as a compliment to Elizabeth, whose heraldic badge it was. The tree contains a number of flowers and birds, which are worked in coloured silks, and four branches of the tree embrace the park palings. At each corner there is a sheep, one standing, one running, one feeding, and one lying down. The bare spaces are occupied by flowers in natural colours, and by representations of tufts of grass. The under cover is very similar, so far as the borders are concerned. The centre, however, is occupied by a recumbent deer, four others being in the corners, in attitudes not unlike those of the sheep on the upper cover. In the field are a few small plants and two snakes. It has been thought by many that Archbishop Parker wished the cover to be a kind of laboured rebus on his own name, but it is more probable that he intended it to be allegorical, the upper cover being intended to represent the Church in purity and at peace, the lower as it then was; though why a deer should have been selected for the centre is not clear. The two snakes are, no doubt, meant to represent the Papacy and Puritanism, the most dreaded foes of the Church in the author's days. It was, perhaps, as delicate a compliment as the Queen ever received to represent the rose as the tree in the midst of the garden. As before mentioned, the rose was her badge, and old writers did not scruple to refer to the monarch as the fountain of the Church's life. The back is also embroidered, and consists of five panels, the panels being formed by lines of gold thread. Each is filled with a rose and two buds, except the second from the top, which bears the name in leather, and the lowest, which has a piece of leather fixed on to the embroidery, bearing the crown and the letters "EL.R." The first of these is undoubtedly modern, and although the second is much older, it has probably been attached since the book was presented. The book was re-bound in green morocco some years ago, the old embroidered cover being cleverly affixed to the new binding.

The most gorgeous books in the Museum are two large folios bound respectively for James I. and James II. The earlier one is a copy of "Acta Synodi Nationalis Dordrechti Habitæ," which was printed at Leyden in 1620, and bound in crimson velvet for James I. It was a presentation copy, and probably bound abroad. The royal arms, with supporters and mantling, form the centre, and it may be safely affirmed that no more magnificent or careful piece of embroidery is in existence. Above this is a lion on a knight's helm, crowned. The lower part is filled with a crown, somewhat flattened,



"Acta Synodi Nationalis Dordrechti Habitæ."
(*Bound for James I.*, 1620.)

the letters "J.R.," and a device of roses and thistles. The arms are surrounded by a garter, and beneath is a scroll, which respectively contain the two royal mottoes. The back is worked with roses in panels. The masses of embroidery on this book are raised, which adds greatly to the effect. The second book is a large folio Bible, printed at Cambridge in 1674, and bound for James II. This, allowing for the difference of style, is strikingly similar to the foregoing in workmanship. The centre is a crown (even more flattened or debased than the last) and the letters "J.R.," the whole being surrounded by a leafy wreath of the most delicate workmanship. This is enclosed in a band, which, from its design, shows the effect that the influence of Grolier had had upon the artist who designed the cover. In each of the corners is a cherub, the wings of which meet in the angle of the corner. The faces of the cherubim are formed of silver embroidery, the eyes being black beads,

and their wings are of gold thread. The centre of the top has a half-sun, reversed, from the rays of which are falling drops of gold. The rest of the cover, or field, is filled with leaves and flowers.

A copy of "Il Petracha" is notable for bearing the arms of Queen Katherine Parr, in gold and colours, but is very roughly worked.

The most curious embroidered binding in the Museum is a small "Biblia Sacra," 1590, bound shortly after it was printed. The green velvet cover is richly embroidered with pearls arrayed in floral forms, the stems of the flowers being worked in gold and silver thread. In the centre there is a garnet. The cover must have been extremely costly, but it is neither artistic nor beautiful. A little "Booke of Psalmes," printed in 1635, is, however, both. The binding of this tiny gem is in white satin. The upper cover is occupied by a picture of a girl sitting by a stream, and holding in her left hand a cornucopia. Behind is a castle, with hills and trees. This picture is worked in the finest of silks, and the drawing and shading are admirable. So, too, is the sparkling of the water, which is managed by tiny touches of silver thread. The picture is enclosed in a deep Renaissance frame of silver embroidery, sufficiently raised to have perfectly preserved the centre. The back has panels worked in silver thread, the spaces being filled with nondescript flowers, probably intended to represent varieties of lilies. Similar strange flowers fill up the corners of the upper cover.



"IL PETRACHA." (1544.)
(The Arms are those of Queen Katherine Parr.)

In South Kensington Museum there is a beautiful binding, executed in 1613, which is very singular in style. The centre consists of three pointed acorns, surmounted by as many conventional thistle-leaves, beneath and between which are graceful spirals, very much like those on Ionic capitals. This is surrounded by a circular band, lined inside and out by what appear to be intended to represent corn-ears. Filling up the spaces left at top and bottom are volutes, ending in conventional foliage, the top and bottom centres having an ornament more like a double beehive than anything else. The back is panelled, each panel being filled with a quatrefoil, with volutes between every lobe.

In the Bodleian Library there is a book bound in velvet by the Ferrars of Little Gidding, but, beyond the fact that it was bound by this family, it is of little interest. They were superb book-makers, but rather poor binders, and worked better in leather even than velvet.

Having described a few of the best examples of embroidered books, I would like to say a few words in praise of the art, and to add some half-dozen hints for those who may feel inclined to practise it.

Some little time ago a book was issued bound in coarse canvas, with the lettering and some pretty devices worked thereon in wool. The cover was good enough for the book—which was one to be taken up for ten minutes and put away for ever—but anything less artistic or satisfactory could scarcely be conceived. The mediæval books remaining are almost all embroidered on velvet, but a few were worked on silk or satin. These last materials wear very badly, while velvet, if good to begin with, will last for centuries. The best silk velvet should therefore be used.

Before commencing, the velvet should be stretched tightly round the book it is to cover, and, in cutting, at least an inch all round should be allowed for the necessary turning in. The exact size of the covers and the width of the back should be marked, for should the side cover overlap the back, or *vice versâ*, it will not be possible to alter it when finished. It is best to mark the necessary lines in stitching. It is also best to sew the velvet on a stiff canvas back, so that it may not be unevenly stitched, as it is before all things essential that the velvet should lie flat on the book. The pattern ought to be accurately traced on very fine paper, as in the case of common embroidery (and drawn so that it will not rub off), and the paper embroidered over, and then torn away. The canvas—not the velvet—should be firmly fixed in a frame.

The designs to be worked will of course vary with the

size of the book, its contents, and the taste of the worker. As a general rule, small books do not look well embroidered; but should one be attempted, it must not be forgotten that embroidery is incapable of fine detail, and a very simple pattern should be chosen. For small books it is best only to work a device, say a coat-of-arms, in the centre of the upper cover, leaving the back and lower side plain. For a large album, or a scrap-book, a border is essential. The embroidery should be raised where there is at all a mass—as in the shield of a coat-of-arms, or the body of an animal—and this is best done by embroidering through a piece of material, preferably silk, of the same colour as the metal, thread, or silk, which is to predominate in the device. In Italian embroidery these masses are frequently raised at least a quarter of an inch. The border should also be sufficiently raised to protect the devices on the side, and however fine the work put into the border, it should always appear stronger than the centre. A good design for a quarto album, about ten inches square, would be a broad border consisting of three or more lines of gold thread, the centre one raised, and the coat-of-arms of the owner in its heraldic colours in silk in the centre. If the centre of the back is ornamented at all it should be panelled or divided into compartments by gold thread. These compartments may be filled by a monogram or other simple device. The design chosen, however large it may be, or however many features it may contain, should *always* be simple. Conventional foliage only looks well, and animals are best depicted heraldically. Coloured silk must be used sparingly, the bulk of the embroidery being of gold or silver thread, the former for choice, as it wears better, silver soon getting tarnished, and it can only be cleaned at the risk of injuring the cover irretrievably. It is above all of paramount importance that the embroidery should be worked so as to lie perfectly flat when applied to the book, or otherwise the bookbinder will have to stretch it before putting it on the book, and so the design will be distorted and its beauty destroyed. In no case ought the under cover to be embroidered at all. The application of the work to the book had better be left to a bookbinder, as it is difficult to get velvet or cloth to adhere to the boards, and the finishing internally is so troublesome as not to be worth attempting. Religious books offer great advantages, as effective ecclesiastical devices—such as crosses, chalices, crowns, &c. &c.—are so numerous.



"Booke of Psalmes." (1635.)

Bookbinding in England is now at a low ebb; we are content if our books will hold together, and are either too indifferent or too penurious to care to have them well bound. The expense of a fine binding is certainly very great, a really well-bound folio costing anything from £5 to £100 to bind, and the writer has seen a book less in size than a two shilling novel which cost more than £100 in finishing alone. Embroidery would be much cheaper, and certainly not less beautiful, and no nicer present could be made than a book the cover of which had been embroidered by the giver. Embroidered books, too, would sell readily at fancy fairs. They have one disadvantage, they must not be tightly packed in a bookcase. If it is necessary to store them in a case at all, a pad of soft leather ought to be placed between each. It is also well to scent the cover to keep away moths.

Although it is wisest to let a bookbinder affix the cover, as some may wish to attempt the task, it may be mentioned that the best adherent is glue. If the stitching prevents the embroidery lying evenly, paper to raise the boards to a sufficient height for the purpose should be pasted underneath, and the insides of the cover should be raised in a similar manner to the level of the velvet. The embroidery should be pressed sufficiently to make it adhere, but care must be taken lest the pile of the velvet is injured.

In conclusion, let no one think this beautiful art beneath them, for, when she could snatch time from affairs of State and bear-baiting, it was the favourite household amusement of Queen Elizabeth. She was fond of working covers in gold and silver thread and coloured silks (sometimes heightening the effect with spangles), which, when they had been placed on Bibles or books of devotion, she often presented to her friends. The Bodleian Library possesses a black-letter edition of the Epistles of St. Paul, which was embroidered by this Queen.

A. C. Bickley.

A Girton for Housewives.

UNDER stress of a too plentiful feminine population, new careers are daily being devised for the British maiden. But it is likelier than not that she and her sisters, the world over, will continue a while longer to deem the most ancient calling of their sex still the supreme one; and there are cavillers ungracious enough to ask: "Why lure women's activity and ambition into so many fresh fields, until they can point to greater achievement than heretofore in the sphere uncontestedly their own?" With household matters they have had concern ever since the race put on characteristics distinctly human. The housewives who from time immemorial have plied their craft are numberless as the stars. Yet they have left us but a slender bequest of either sound theory or successful method.

One wonders at the scantiness of inherited aptitude women bring to employments, which an ever-receding vista of shadowy ancestresses carries back to nebulous ages, when acorns were pounded into flour between stones, and roots were peeled, if peeled at all, with a flint knife. In the masculine creature we see the delight and dexterity in killing wild animals, implanted in him by primeval needs, linger on so persistently, that "sportsman" and "man" may be considered almost synonymous. But there is, alas! no corresponding tendency in woman to be born with a transmitted faculty for the preparation of fish, flesh, and fowl. To cook appetisingly, clean deftly and with searching thoroughness, mend a garment, darn a stocking, repair a rent so as to "gar auld claes look amaist as weel's the new," are acquirements of the rarest, alike among the women of the people, who have no choice but to do these things for themselves, and among the maid-servant class, whose bread-winning avocation they constitute. And if from these we turn to women of higher degree, charged with the duty of organising, directing, and superintending the entire machinery of the home, in its multiform details, how small is the proportion who conceive their function intelligently, and perform it efficiently! When I read in the *Queen* the highly-wrought descriptions of the week's fashionable marriages, with their thousand and one items of cream satin and point lace, diamonds, pearls, and posies, bridesmaids "gowned" in diaphanous textures, pages with slashed sleeves and "birrettas," jewelled monograms on bracelets, "the gifts of the bridegroom," "fully choral service," "The voice that once o'er Eden," the march from *Lohengrin*, the "going-away dress," "tailor-made," by Redfern, and all the rest of it, I sometimes speculate as to how soon these young brides, launched into wedlock with so much "pride, pomp, and circumstance," will, in a neighbouring column, be hoisting signals of distress and making appeals for help out of their difficulties, somewhat in this wise:—"Will an income of £800 a year admit of our keeping five servants—four maids and a man—and hiring a brougham during the season? Family consists of self, a husband, and three children under six years of age." "My husband is a military man. We go into society a good deal, and often visit at country houses. How should I arrange my dress expenses in order not to exceed £120? Please state number of dinner-gowns, tea-gowns, &c., that would be considered sufficient for a year's wear."

"Can any one inform me how to apportion the work of four maid-servants, cook, parlour-maid, housemaid, and nurse? Ought I to insist on their always wearing mob caps and bibbed aprons? Should I allow bacon and eggs for the kitchen breakfast, as well as hot meat for dinner and a cold joint for supper?" "My servants, three in number, demand a weekly half-holiday, and ask to be allowed to receive visits from their friends and their 'young men.' I do not think I ought to agree to this, yet I should be sorry to lose these servants, who are respectable and competent. Will some one kindly tell me how to act?—Celia." Whereto "Rosalind" the following week makes reply:—"Celia should unquestionably resist the quite unreasonable exactions of her servants. I allow each of mine to attend church once on Sundays. I strictly forbid friends and 'followers.' I allow a day out once in six or eight weeks, as may be convenient. I am sure it is a bad plan to give servants too much liberty. They are seldom grateful in return for kindness shown them," &c. &c.

The *Queen* is a mirror wherein can be seen reflected a tolerably clear image of the average middle-class Englishwoman of the day. There we behold how she regards the complex problems of life, from big questions of ethics downwards to the tiniest minutiæ of house and table decoration, dress, and etiquette. Many and diverse are the trains of thought such contemplation may suggest. Me it has often led to reflect on the subject which forms my present text: the need of a more systematic training for our young girls of the educated class in the business of household management. If I cite the example of Germany to readers, who have been recently told in these pages by Louisa Bevington* how deplorably far the Germans lag behind other civilised nations in the position they assign to women, I shall naturally be asked: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" I venture to answer that in regard to methodical and skilled housekeeping, much is to be learnt from the down-trodden wives and daughters of the Teuton. Despite their civic and social disabilities, and their inferiority in point of wide interests and general culture, they have been clear-sighted enough to recognise that under some of its aspects housekeeping may reach almost the exactness of a science, and under others the elaboration and finish of an art, and that it is a craft to be mastered only by those who serve a serious apprenticeship to it. The means by which this end is pursued in Germany are various. In many families, whose English analogues would keep one or two servants, the daughters do the whole work of the

* The Woman's World for August, 1888.

household under the severely critical eye of an experienced mother. Again, girls are not unfrequently sent to the principal hotel or inn of a provincial or country town, to profit by the chef's instruction in cooking. Of late, technical schools for instruction in every kind of work required in the household have in several towns, notably in Hamburg, been established on lines similar to those of the technical schools for artisans. But one of the most time-honoured and faithfully venerated of German customs in relation to the training of the "Hausfrau" consists in sending a young damsel, soon after she leaves school, to spend a year, or thereabouts, under the roof of some "Frau Pastorin," or "Frau Landräthin," who lives in the country and is reputed a notable housewife. There the town-maiden is made acquainted with the most approved methods of baking, cake-making, pickling, and preserving; there she dons the kitchen apron, and becomes responsible for the "Herr Pastor's" dinner and digestion, and, indirectly, for his sermons; there she is taught to milk the cows and churn the butter, to attend to the poultry-yard, to wash, iron, and clear-starch, to mend and darn, to put away the linen and give it out, the care of the linen-cupboard being to the German "Hausmutter" one of the main pivots around which life revolves. In short, the adept initiates the novice into the mysteries of the housewife's craft by combining illustration with precept, much as of old the renowned painters of Italy were wont to train the pupils sometimes destined to eclipse them, or as —to take an instance of greater "actuality"—the happy man of many briefs throws open his chambers to the new-fledged barrister. After blond-haired "Gretchen" has gone through her year of apprenticeship, she is considered ready for the duties that await her, should a suitor for her hand in due time appear on the scene; and doubtlessly she will be better equipped for the task of governing her future realm, she will seize the reins with a more sustaining self-confidence, and above all, she will have a far higher standard than the poor "Celias" and "Rosalinds" who unbosom their perplexities to the public.

Prompted by the suitableness of her abode and surroundings to the purposes of such practical instruction in household management as I have been describing, an Englishwoman who resides on an extensive estate in the Midlands, with dairy, poultry-yard, laundry, bakery, and all the adjuncts of a large grazing and dairy farm close to hand, is now about to pay the German cousins the homage of imitation. There is a happy fitness in the circumstance that the first tentative essay towards a "Training College for English Housewives" is to be made in the country of the immortally notable housewife, Mrs. Poyser. As one calls up the enchanting pictures of the dairy at the Hall Farm, that "scene to sicken for with a sort of calenture in hot and dusty streets—such coolness and such purity, such fresh fragrance of new-pressed cheese, of firm butter, of wooden vessels perpetually bathed in pure water; such soft colouring of red earthenware and creamy surfaces, brown wood and polished tin, grey limestone, and rich orange-red rust on the iron weights and hooks and hinges;" and of Hetty "standing on little pattens and rounding her dimpled arm to lift a pound of butter out of the scale;" and of the butter itself, "turned off the mould with such a beautiful firm surface, like marble in a pale yellow light," one is penetrated with a conviction that "Loamshire" must be of all others the county where a benison is likely to rest on the new experiment in the "higher education of women."

The house wherein that experiment is to be inaugurated is a fine old specimen of Elizabethan architecture near Kenilworth, and is called "Goodrest." Dugdale, under the heading of "Wedgnock Park," gives an account of it in his chronicles of Warwickshire.* There, small successive groups of young ladies, three or four at a time, will be received into a pleasant home, and can gain, as nearly as may be, the kind of insight into, and training in household affairs, for which hitherto they would have had to travel to Holstein or Mecklenburg. Superadded to the parent scheme, however, they will find an element which is the outgrowth of a special, new-felt want of modern English life. English colonists are again and again debarred from marriage by the well-grounded fear that the young wife they would often dearly like to take out is pretty sure to prove more of a hindrance than a help; nay, that there is alarming likelihood of her being crushed by, and succumbing to, the formidable difficulties of settlement in that "Greater England" which fills so large a space in our thoughts. In the bush and the backwoods the aid of servants is often unobtainable, and educated women are constantly thrown on their own resources. A main feature of the course of instruction at "Goodrest" will be preparation for the emergencies of colonial life. Should the project, in which some of the great ladies of the county are warmly interested, evoke response, and ultimately lead to larger developments, we may hope that many a girl, who would otherwise, as a spinster, have been condemned to a grey, colourless life of unoccupied leisure, or of uncongenial, under-paid drudgery, will blossom out into the happy helpmate, in the full sense of the word, of some stalwart young colonist, to whose success she will be qualified largely to contribute.

But although training for the colonies is to be a key-note in the "Goodrest" programme, the lessons learnt there will be no less available for home consumption; and the future mistress of a suburban villa, or even of a South Kensington mansion, may, in days to come, have as much cause to look back gratefully to her "'prentice" time on the Warwickshire farm, as those of her companions who will be utilising their studies on some ranche at the Antipodes.

Fanny Hertz.

* "Queen Elizabeth in 14 of her reign past the inheritance of it [the Park] together with the wood called Fernhill and the Mannour house named *Goodrest* to Fulke Greville Esquire and his heirs, which Fulke, being created Lord Brooke by K. James, settled this and many other lands on Rob Greville, his kinsman, now Lord Brooke by virtue of an entail with that honour. Touching the said Mannour house called *Goodrest*, first built by Thos. Beauchamp (the second of that name) Earl of Warwick in part of Ed. III and R. II time, I suppose it was so called in respect that some of the Countesses of Warwick, to avoid much concourse of people, retired thither when they were near the time of childbirth; for 'tis plain that many of their children were born here, as I have elsewhere observed. But all further mention that I find thereof is that H. VII (the Earldom of Warwick being in his hands) granted the custody of it, with the gardens and waters in the Park to Ed. Belknap Esquire of the body for life."—*Dugdale.*

Head-Dressing.

FROM the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, the attirement of the human frame has undergone, at any rate amongst European nations, an almost ceaseless round of variation, probably in no case more so than in the matter of that pertaining to the adornment of the head. As regards the careful and elaborate dressing of the hair, and the desire to, in some form or other, decorate it, that has been, and still remains, common alike to savage races and to those who have attained to the highest known point of civilisation, for from time immemorial women have braided or curled their hair in an infinite variety of ways, and decorated their heads with all manner of metal and jewelled ornaments.



"Drawing-Room" Head-Dress, 1777.

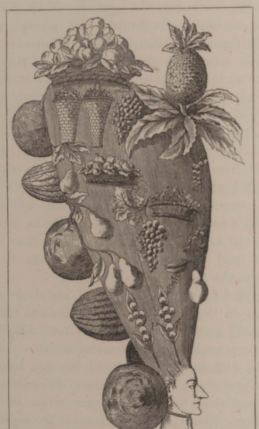
Ancient Egyptian women, upon whom custom enforced the necessity of shaving their heads, replaced their own locks by elaborate substitutes provided by the barber. Of the ponderous proportions of these Egyptian wigs, and of the marvellously intricate way in which they were constructed, we have actually an existing example, which, coming to light after thirty centuries of oblivion, may now be studied at the British Museum.

This interesting wig was discovered at Thebes, under circumstances which leave no doubt as to the period of its manufacture, and was presented to the National Collection, together with other valuable relics of Egyptian domestic life, by the Rev. Greville J. Chester, who was fortunate enough to secure these unique treasures during a visit to Egypt. It was figured in a recent number of The Woman's World.

Amongst Eastern nations the veil has been almost uniformly adopted as a covering for the female head, and even in communities where concealment of the face is not compulsory, it still, in some form or other, retains its sway. Amongst early European women the veil was also generally worn, and traces of the fashion remain in the mantilla of the Spanish ladies, and in the short but flowing draperies of some of the head-dresses worn by Roman peasants.

From statues and vases we may gain a good general idea of the coiffure fashionable amongst early Grecian and Roman dames. As a rule, their hair appears to have been closely dressed to the head, either waved or plaited; occasionally, however, variations are to be met with in the way of ringlets, or extremely long plaits, reaching almost to the ground.

Jewelled and embroidered bands and fillets, garlands of flowers, corn, or vine-leaves, and ornamental feathers adorned the heads of these classic ladies; but, almost without exception, the head-dress was kept low, a fashion, no doubt, consequent upon the general use of the veil or mantle by the female members of the community; for, though hats were worn by Grecian and Roman men when travelling, or seated in open theatres, women when abroad contented themselves with the former,



"The Fruit Stall," 1777.

and an umbrella, the latter either carried in the hand, or borne aloft by slaves.

In France and England, closely-braided hair, veils, mantles, and hoods were the prevailing fashion until the Crusading epoch, at which period the first traces of a taste for a more elevated style of head-dress become

apparent in these countries. This change in style was no doubt attributable to the warrior knights, who, probably, admiring the lofty horns and pendent veils worn by the Druse women of the Lebanon, introduced them to the notice of the ladies of their own country, by whom they were eagerly adopted and speedily exaggerated —for the single and double horns quickly assumed proportions of such prodigious magnitude that, during the



THE "ZODIAC" HEAD-DRESS, 1777.

first half of the fifteenth century, women at a distance looked like moving pillars, the horns they wore being frequently over a yard in height, with, on either side, enormous wings made of lawn stiffened by wire.

Though denounced by the clergy and ridiculed by the men, these lofty head-dresses held their own, and continued for so many years fashionable, that we are told the ceilings of the Castle of Vincennes were raised to accommodate the royal ladies who resided there; in many instances doorways were widened to enable ladies to pass through them; and architects were compelled, when forming their plans, to make undue allowance for door-space in order to accommodate these female adornments.*

A fashion of so extreme and absurd a nature, in the course of time naturally led to a reaction, which resulted in the adoption of the plainly-dressed hair, and closely-fitted velvet or silken hoods and coifs familiar to us in portraits of the Tudor and Stuart periods. These hoods, and other articles of head-gear, were however by no means either simple in construction or formed of inexpensive materials. On the contrary, they were adorned in the most lavish manner with gold and precious stones, costly lace or rich embroidery—the weight in some instances, especially when worn by royal ladies in conjunction with the crown, being most trying. In Hollinshed's description of the procession of Queen Mary in 1553, he mentions that her "*kall* of cloth of tinsell was so beset with precious stones and pearls that the value of it was inestimable, and the weight of it, in addition to a jewelled circlet of gold, so ponderous that she was fain to bear her head up with her hands."

In mediæval times, when it was quite an every-day occurrence for laws to be passed regulating the quality of the material, as well as the fashion and embellishment of clothes to be worn by various grades of society, it is no matter of surprise to find that head-dresses shared in these sumptuary laws; and that, as one instance, the Mayor of Chester issued, in the thirty-second year of the reign of Henry VIII., an edict that, to distinguish married from unmarried women, no unmarried woman was to be allowed to wear white or coloured caps, and that no woman was to wear a *hat* unless when she rode or went abroad into the country. Whether the fair dames of Chester submitted to this decree of their local magnate, or paid in default the threatened penalty of 3s. 4d., is not stated in the record of this curious promulgation; but it is quite certain that denunciations of this kind were utterly powerless to stop for any length of time the vagaries of popular fashions, most of which were introduced into England by the foreign brides of our sovereigns, and the ladies attendant upon them. One of the most absurd and continuous of these fashions was that of the Fontange head-dress, which owed its origin to a French lady of that name. Originating in a simple arrangement of ribbons, used upon an emergency to protect her locks from being dishevelled by the wind, Mme. de Fontange's coiffures became the rage at the French Court, and gave rise to an eccentric style of hair-dressing which, despite the frequent and constant tirades upon the subject by the clergy and satirists of the time, lasted for over a century. In a collection of French plays, published between 1682 and 1697, the writer, in



A LADY OF PARIS, 1786.

alluding to the Fontange, and to the absurd elevation it had attained, remarked that the birds of the air were scarcely safe against the attacks of the ladies' head-dresses. Almost simultaneously, in England, John Edwards denounced the Fontange from the pulpit, likening the wearers of them to Babel-builders, who seemed

* "History of Fashion in France," by Auguste Challamel.

with their lofty towers to threaten the skies and defy heaven itself.

In the "Lettres Persanes," written in 1717, in allusion to the towering head-dress, a statement is made to the effect that they placed the face of the wearer in the centre of her figure.

The dressing of the Fontange was an elaborate affair, and directions were constantly published in the fashion-papers of the day for the construction of them.

To facilitate this, the "Commodes" were invented, which consisted of a frame of wire covered with silk, upon which the whole head-attire could be adjusted on a bust like those which perruque-makers set upon their stands.

An amusing engraving, taken from the *Ladies' Magazine* of 1773, clearly illustrates this fashion, and affords also a good example of the caps occasionally worn on the Fontange. A contemporary writer, in the same year in which the sketch appeared, stated that "every lady who wishes to dress her hair with taste and elegance should purchase an elastic cushion exactly fitted to the head; then, having combed her hair and properly thickened it with powder and pomatum, let her turn it over her model in the recognised fashion." Of the lofty and inspiring effect of the Fontange a good idea may be gained from the illustration of a lady in full dress for the Drawing-room in June, 1777 (see p. 48), whilst a caricature, "The Fruit Stall" (p. 48), published in the same year, ridicules the absurd height to which some ladies carried this fashion, and the laughable methods of adorning it. Marie Antoinette, who greatly affected this style of head-dress, constantly invented new embellishments for it, and designated them by the strangest of names. Possibly "The Fruit Stall" may have been a parody upon the "Jardin à l'Anglais."

The "Coiffure à la Zodiaque" (see p. 49), taken from a contemporary engraving, will afford some idea of the eccentricities of a fashion which, under such absurd names as "Foaming Torrents," "Sportsman in the Bush," or "Mad Dog," absorbed the attention of the ladies of the period. In the "History of Fashion in France," from which a quotation has already been made, mention is made of the "Pouf au Sentiment," which was composed of various ornaments fastened in the hair, such as birds, butterflies, cardboard Cupids, branches of trees, and vegetables. Louis Philippe's mother wore a "pouf" in which every one might admire the Duc de Beaujolais, her eldest son, in the arms of his nurse, a parrot pecking at a cherry, a little negro, and various designs worked with the hair of the Dukes of Orleans.



PARISIAN HEAD-DRESSES, 1795.

Chartres, and Penthievre. At this period the enormous height of the head-dresses was such that the wearers were either compelled to put their heads out of the windows or to kneel upon the carriage floor in order to accommodate them, and during the royal progresses of Marie Antoinette special attention had to be paid to the height of the arches under which the carriage she rode in had to pass.

In windy weather, ladies found their towering head-dresses most inconvenient, and such erections led to many devices for keeping them, with comfort, in good order. Amongst these inventions may be mentioned that of a titled lady of Bath, described in the *Universal Magazine* of 1765 as being "neither like the simple beehive, nor the magnificent umbrella, nor yet the tail of the bathing-machine at Margate; it is called a 'caravan,' and consists of a bonnet of whalebone formed in large rounds, which at a touch throws down over the face a blind of white sarcenet. An appendage of a *pilgrim* hangs from behind by way of covering the neck." The description of this bonnet resembles very closely a curious illustration of a Parisian lady wearing a round cap fastened with a head-band tied in a loose knot, engraved for the *New Lady's Magazine* in 1786, which may possibly have been an offshoot of the Bath hood, as English modes were quite the fashion in France. In the *New London Magazine* of the same year, we

find examples of summer hats of enormous dimensions, trimmed with feathers, but evidently very low in the crown.

With the French Revolution caps "à la Corday," "à la Citoyenne," "à la Bastille," &c., became the rage; these were either combinations of tulle, feathers, and flowers, or of gauze and ribbon, and were often carried to a great pitch of extravagance, as much as 300 francs being occasionally charged by the fashionable milliners for a single cap. Wigs were worn with these caps, and were quite an essential of a Parisienne's toilette, a dozen blonde wigs being enumerated in the list of Mlle. Lepelletier de St. Fargeau's wedding trousseau, and Mme. Tallien is reported to have owned thirty, each of which had cost five-and-twenty louis.

Good examples of these Revolutionary caps and wigs are shown on the opposite page; they are reprinted from contemporary Parisian fashions.

At the close of the eighteenth century the taste for a simple coiffure and style of head-dress, which had for some years been steadily gaining ground, probably reached its maximum; and, in engravings taken from the *Lady's Magazine* for 1798, we have examples of a closely-fitting net bonnet with lace strings, and two simple muslin bonnets, trimmed with flowers, worn over hair curled upon the forehead, and very much resembling the fashion in which it is at present so generally dressed.

Of the hoods which became fashionable in the early years of the century, the above figure affords a good idea. These hoods were in general use for walking, and were also worn at the Opera. In the *Spectator*, No. 265, the following passage occurs: "As I was standing in the under part of the box, I took note of a little cluster of women, sitting together, in the prettiest hoods that I had ever seen; one of them was blue, another yellow, and another philomot; the fourth was pink colour, and a fifth pale green. I looked with as much pleasure upon this party-coloured assembly as upon a bed of tulips."

In another number of the *Spectator*, an advertisement is to be met with from "The Parish Vestry," which is to state that "all ladies who come to church in the new-fashioned hoods are desired to be there before divine service begins, lest they divert the attention of the congregation."

Sir Roger de Coverley, who happened to make his will upon a cold day, left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frieze coat, and to every woman a *black riding hood*.

These hoods must certainly have been a most comfortable style of head-gear, and it is to be regretted that some few enterprising ladies do not at present determinately set themselves to bring about the renewal during the winter season of a fashion at once so becoming and healthful. With ears and throat well covered, the risk incurred by exposure to the unavoidable draughts encountered by pedestrians and frequenters of omnibuses and railways would be minimised, and we should, I think, hear far less of neuralgia and sore throats than we do at present.

To attempt to give illustrations or verbal descriptions of the fashions of head-dresses that have prevailed during the last eighty years would be a very serious undertaking, more especially as with the increased number of fashion periodicals published since the commencement of the nineteenth century, such voluminous records exist of every fleeting change which has taken place in it. The charming plates issued with Ackermann's *Repository of Fashion*, the first volume of which was published in 1809, are full of examples of tasteful head-dresses. Similarly, the pages of its less pretentious predecessor, the *Ladies' Own Magazine*, teem with representations of the hood and of every variety of the graceful hats and caps worn whilst the century was in its teens. In *Le Follet*, *Le Beau Monde*, and other similar periodicals, we find endless examples of the fashions prevailing later, and from them we gather that, in the year 1831, the hair had again risen to an enormous height, but, unlike the Fontange, was dressed in bows and plaits of most astounding manufacture. The engraving we present (p. 52) will afford an idea of this style of hair-dressing; it is taken from the *Beau Monde* of 1831.

No account, however slight, of the ups and downs of head-gear would be complete without an allusion to the coal-scuttle bonnets worn by our grandmothers:



WALKING-DRESS.



"FULL DRESS."

1808.

these, of course, owed their origin to the style of wearing the hair just described.

Of late years some attempts have been made to re-introduce these Granny bonnets, and, turning over these quaint and pretty fashion-plates, one is tempted to regret that so far these becoming and sensible bonnets have been principally confined to the use of children, and that in the more general revival of the large hats, worn simultaneously with the coal-scuttle bonnets, milliners have overlooked the fact that almost invariably broad strings of ribbon or lace were attached to the hats, which, whilst thus securely held in position, were rendered additionally becoming to the face of the wearer.



1831.

It has been said that it is the duty of every woman to render herself as attractive as possible in the eyes of her family; is it not permissible to go a step further, and add, in those as well of the community amongst which she moves? As regards hair-dressing, the modes of the present day, taken generally, may be said to insure these desired ends, whilst fulfilling the requirements of good taste and comfort. The preposterous chignons of five-and-twenty years ago, and the no less objectionable heavy fringes worn within the last decade, have given place to a classically braided or knotted arrangement of the hair, with just sufficient freedom of the locks over the brow to enhance the charm of youth and soften off the tell-tale lines of middle age.

In respect to head-covering, much, however, remains to be desired, the tawdry eccentricities to be met with in all grades of society being commendable neither for good taste, nor as a means of enhancing the attractiveness of their fair wearers. In an able paper, written some years ago by Mrs. Haweis, on the subject of head-dressing, she wisely observes that it would be infinitely better if the quality rather than the variety of head-covering were more generally considered. It is to the constant seeking for novelty, and to the objection to being too frequently seen in the same garment, that we owe most of the absurd fashions of the past as well as of the present day. Ephemeral constructions, which are destructive to health, a parody upon good taste, and an offence to the eyes of a seeker after beauty, are constantly being introduced, and repeated *ad nauseam* amongst all classes of society. It will be a matter of infinite congratulation when we see in general use a style of head-dress calculated to afford healthful warmth in winter, and due protection in summer, to the eyes and throat of the wearer—a style of head-dress which, like the hood or close-fitting, curtained, and wide-fronted bonnet, would be suitable alike for old and young, rich and poor; the quality of material, and beauty of ornamentation, alone depending upon the purse of the wearer, but the convenient and serviceable form remaining the common property of all.

We should then no longer run the risk of *Punch* having to revive his "New definition of nothing—a lady's bonnet;" but, comfortably and suitably attired, might drive or walk with impunity, or face with confidence the inevitable draughts of omnibuses and railway stations, the source of so many of the painful ailments, daily, in these days of rushing to and fro, becoming more fashionable, but the risk of suffering from which might be materially lessened, if due attention were paid to the covering of the head at all times and in all seasons.

B. DE MONTCY. MORRELL.



A Fascinating Book.

A NOTE BY THE EDITOR.



R. ALAN COLE'S carefully-edited translation of M. Lefébure's "History of Embroidery and Lace" (H. Grevel and Co.) is one of the most fascinating books that have appeared on this delightful subject. M. Lefébure is one of the administrators of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs at Paris, besides being a lace manufacturer; and his work has not merely an important historical value, but as a handbook of technical instruction it will be found of the greatest service by all needlewomen. Indeed, as the translator himself points out, M. Lefébure's book suggests the question whether it is not rather by the needle and the bobbin, than by the brush, the graver, or the chisel, that the influence of woman should assert itself in the arts. In Europe, at any rate, woman is sovereign in the domain of art-needlework, and few men would care to dispute with her the right of using those delicate implements, so intimately associated with the dexterity of her nimble and slender fingers; nor is there any reason why the productions of embroidery should not, as Mr. Alan Cole suggests, be placed on the same level with those of painting, engraving, and sculpture, though there must always be a great difference between those purely decorative arts that glorify their own material, and the more imaginative arts in which the material is, as it were, annihilated, and absorbed into the creation of a new form. In the beautifying of modern houses it certainly must be admitted—indeed, it should be more generally recognised than it is—that rich embroidery on hangings and curtains, portières, couches and the like, produces a far more decorative and far more artistic effect than can be gained from our somewhat wearisome English practice of covering the walls with pictures and engravings; and the almost complete disappearance of embroidery from dress has robbed modern costume of one of the chief elements of grace and fancy.

That, however, a great improvement has taken place in English embroidery during the last ten or fifteen years cannot, I think, be denied. It is shown—not merely in the work of individual artists such as Mrs. Holiday, Miss May Morris, and others—but also in the admirable productions of the South Kensington School of Embroidery (the best—indeed, the only really good—school that South Kensington has produced). It is pleasant to note, on turning over the leaves of M. Lefébure's book, that in this we are merely carrying out certain old traditions of Early English art. In the seventh century St. Ethelreda, first abbess of the Monastery of Ely, made an offering to St. Cuthbert of a sacred ornament she had worked with gold and precious stones; and the cope and maniple of St. Cuthbert, which are preserved at Durham, are considered to be specimens of *opus Anglicanum*. In the year 800 the Bishop of Durham allotted the income of a farm of two hundred acres, for life, to an embroideress named Eanswitha, in consideration of her keeping in repair the vestments of the clergy in his diocese. The battle-standard of King Alfred was embroidered by Danish princesses; and the Anglo-Saxon Gudric gave Alcuid a piece of land on condition that she instructed his daughter in needle-work. Queen Mathilda bequeathed to the Abbey of the Holy Trinity at Caen a tunic embroidered at Winchester by the wife of one Alderet; and when William presented himself to the English nobles, after the Battle of Hastings, he wore a mantle covered with Anglo-Saxon embroideries—which is probably, M. Lefébure suggests, the same as that mentioned in the inventory of the Bayeux Cathedral, where, after the entry relating to the *broderie à telle* (representing the conquest of England), two mantles are described—one of King William, "all of gold, powdered with crosses and blossoms of gold, and edged along the lower border with an orphrey of figures." The most splendid example of the *opus Anglicanum* now in existence is, of course, the Syon cope at the South Kensington Museum; but English work seems to have been celebrated all over the Continent. Pope Innocent IV. so admired the splendid vestments worn by the English clergy in 1246, that he ordered similar articles from Cistercian monasteries in England. St. Dunstan, the artistic English monk, was known as a designer for embroideries; and the stole of St. Thomas à Becket is still preserved in the cathedral at Sens, and shows us the interlaced scroll-forms used by Anglo-Saxon MS. illuminators.

How far this modern artistic revival of rich and delicate embroidery will bear fruit depends, of course, almost entirely on the energy and study that women are ready to devote to it; but I think that it must be admitted that all our decorative arts in Europe at present have, at least, this element of strength—that they are in immediate relationship with the decorative arts of Asia. Wherever we find in European history a revival of decorative art, it has, I fancy, nearly always been due to Oriental influence and contact with Oriental nations. Our own keenly intellectual art has more than once been ready to sacrifice real decorative beauty either to imitative presentation or to ideal motive. It has taken upon itself the burden of expression, and has sought to interpret the secrets of thought and passion. In its marvellous truth of presentation it has found its strength, and yet its weakness is there also. It is never with impunity that an art seeks to mirror life. If Truth has her revenge upon those who do not follow her, she is often pitiless to her worshippers. In Byzantium the two arts met—Greek art, with its intellectual sense of form, and its quick sympathy with

humanity; Oriental art, with its gorgeous materialism, its frank rejection of imitation, its wonderful secrets of craft and colour, its splendid textures, its rare metals and jewels, its marvellous and priceless traditions. They had, indeed, met before, but in Byzantium they were married; and the sacred tree of the Persians, the palm of Zoroaster, was broidered on the hem of the garments of the Western world. Even the Iconoclasts, the Philistines of theological history, who, in one of those strange outbursts of rage against Beauty that seem to occur only amongst European nations, rose up against the wonder and magnificence of the new art, merely served to distribute its secrets more widely; and in the *Liber Pontificalis*, written in 687 by Athanasius the librarian, we read of an influx into Rome of gorgeous embroideries, the work of men who had arrived from Constantinople and from Greece. The triumph of the Mussulman gave the decorative art of Europe a new departure—that very principle of their religion that forbade the actual representation of any object in nature being of the greatest artistic service to them, though it was not, of course, strictly carried out. The Saracens introduced into Sicily the art of weaving silken and golden fabrics; and from Sicily the manufacture of fine stuffs spread to the North of Italy, and became localised in Genoa, Florence, Venice, and other towns. A still greater art-movement took place in Spain under the Moors and Saracens, who brought over workmen from Persia to make beautiful things for them. M. Lefébure tells us of Persian embroidery penetrating as far as Andalusia; and Almeria, like Palermo, had its *Hôtel des Tiraz*, which rivalled the *Hôtel des Tiraz* at Bagdad, *tiraz* being the generic name for ornamental tissues and costumes made with them. Spangles (those pretty little discs of gold, silver, or polished steel, used in certain embroidery for dainty glinting effects) were a Saracenic invention; and Arabic letters often took the place of letters in the Roman characters for use in inscriptions upon embroidered robes and Middle Age tapestries, their decorative value being so much greater. The book of crafts by Étienne Boileau, provost of the merchants in 1258—1268, contains a curious enumeration of the different craft-guilds of Paris, among which we find "the tapiciers, or makers of the *tapis sarrasinois* (or Saracen cloths), who say that their craft is for the service only of churches, or great men like kings and counts;" and, indeed, even in our own day nearly all our words descriptive of decorative textures and decorative methods point to an Oriental origin. What the inroads of the Mohammedans did for Sicily and Spain, the return of the Crusaders did for the other countries of Europe. The nobles who left for Palestine clad in armour, came back in the rich stuffs of the East; and their costumes, pouches (*aumônières sarrasinoises*), and caparisons excited the admiration of the needle-workers of the West. Mathew Paris says that at the sacking of Antioch in 1098 gold, silver, and priceless costumes were so equally distributed among the Crusaders, that many who the night before were famishing and imploring relief, suddenly found themselves overwhelmed with wealth; and Robert de Clair tells us of the wonderful fêtes that followed the capture of Constantinople. The thirteenth century, as M. Lefébure points out, was conspicuous for an increased demand in the West for embroidery. Many Crusaders made offerings to churches of plunder from Palestine; and St. Louis, on his return from the first Crusade, offered thanks at St. Dénis to God for mercies bestowed on him during his six years' absence and travel, and presented some richly-embroidered stuffs to be used on great occasions as coverings to the reliquaries containing the relics of holy martyrs. European embroidery, having thus become possessed of new materials and wonderful methods, developed on its own intellectual and imitative lines, inclining, as it went on, to the purely pictorial, and seeking to rival painting, and to produce landscapes and figure-subjects with elaborate perspective and subtle aërial effects. A fresh Oriental influence, however, came through the Dutch and the Portuguese, and the famous *Compagnie des Grandes Indes;* and M. Lefébure gives an illustration of a door-hanging now in the Cluny Museum, where we find the French *fleurs-de-lis* intermixed with Indian ornament. The hangings of Madame de Maintenon's room at Fontainebleau, which were embroidered at St. Cyr, represent Chinese scenery upon a jonquil-yellow ground.

Clothes were sent out ready cut to the East to be embroidered, and many of the delightful coats of the period of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. owe their dainty decoration to the needles of Chinese artists. In our own day the influence of the East is strongly marked. Persia has sent us her carpets for patterns, and Cashmere her lovely shawls, and India her dainty muslins finely worked with gold thread palmates, and stitched over with iridescent beetles' wings. We are beginning now to dye by Oriental methods, and the silk robes of China and Japan have taught us new wonders of colour-combination, and new subtleties of delicate design. Whether we have yet learned to make a wise use of what we have acquired is less certain. If books produce an effect, this book of M. Lefébure should certainly make us study with still deeper interest the whole question of embroidery, and by those who already work with their needles it will be found full of most fertile suggestion and most admirable advice.

Even to read of the marvellous works of embroidery that were fashioned in bygone ages is pleasant. Time has kept a few fragments of Greek embroidery of the fourth century B.C. for us. One is figured in M. Lefébure's book—a chain-stitch embroidery of yellow flax upon a mulberry-coloured worsted material, with graceful spirals and palmetto-patterns; and another, a tapestried cloth powdered with ducks, was reproduced in THE WOMAN'S WORLD some months ago for an article by Mr. Alan Cole. Now and then we find in the tomb of some dead Egyptian a piece of delicate work. In the treasury at Ratisbon is preserved a specimen of Byzantine embroidery, on which the Emperor Constantine is depicted riding on a white palfrey, and receiving homage from the East and West. Metz has a red silk cope wrought with great eagles, the gift of Charlemagne, and Bayeux the needle-wrought epic of Queen Matilda.

But where is the great crocus-coloured robe that was wrought for Athena, and on which the gods fought against the giants? Where is the huge velarium that Nero stretched across the Colosseum at Rome, on which was represented the starry sky, and Apollo driving a chariot drawn by steeds? How one would like to see the curious table-napkins wrought for Heliogabalus, on which were displayed all the dainties and viands that could be wanted for a feast; or the mortuary cloth of King Chilperic, with its three hundred golden bees; or the fantastic robes that excited the indignation of the Bishop of Pontus, and were embroidered with "lions, panthers, bears, dogs, forests, rocks, hunters,—all, in fact, that painters can copy from nature." Charles of Orleans had a coat, on the sleeves of which were embroidered the verses of a song beginning "Madame, je suis tout joyeux," the musical accompaniment of the words being wrought in gold thread, and each note (of square shape in those days) formed with four pearls. The room prepared in the palace at Rheims for the use of Queen Joan of Burgundy was decorated with "thirteen hundred and twenty-one *papegauts* (parrots) made in broidery and blazoned with the King's arms, and five hundred and sixty-one butterflies, whose wings were similarly ornamented with the Queen's arms—the whole worked in fine gold." Catherine de Medicis had a mourning-bed made for her "of black velvet embroidered with pearls and powdered with crescents and suns." Its curtains were of damask "with leafy wreaths and garlands figured upon a gold and silver ground, and fringed along the edges with broideries of pearls;" and it stood in a room hung with rows of the Queen's devices in cut black velvet on cloth of silver. Louis XIV. had gold-embroidered caryatides fifteen feet high in his apartment. The state-bed of Sobieski, King of Poland, was made of Smyrna gold brocade embroidered in turquoises and pearls, with verses from the Koran; its supports were of silver-gilt beautifully chased and profusely set with enamelled and jewelled medallions. He had taken it from the Turkish camp before Vienna, and the standard of Mahomet had stood under it. The Duchesse de la Ferté wore a dress of reddish-brown velvet, the skirt of which, adjusted in graceful folds, was held up by big butterflies made of Dresden china; the front was a *tablier* of cloth of silver, upon which was embroidered an orchestra of musicians arranged in a pyramidal group, consisting of a series of six ranks of performers, with musical instruments wrought in raised needlework. "Into the night go one and all," as Mr. Henley sings in his charming "Ballade of Dead Actors."

Many of the facts related about the embroiderers' guilds by M. Lefébure are also extremely interesting. Étienne Boileau in his book of crafts, to which I have already alluded, tells us that a member of the guild was prohibited from using gold of less value than "eight sous (about 6s.) the skein; he was bound to use the best silk, and never to mix thread with silk, because that made the work false and bad." The test or trial piece prescribed for a worker who was the son of a master-embroiderer was "a single figure, a sixth of the natural size, to be shaded in gold;" whilst one not the son of a master was required to produce "a complete incident with many figures." The book of crafts also mentions "cutters-out and stencillers and illuminators" amongst those employed in the industry of embroidery. In 1551 the Parisian Corporation of Embroiderers issued a notice that "for the future the colouring in representations of nude figures and faces should be done in three or four gradations of carnation-dyed silk, and not, as formerly, in white silks." During the fifteenth century every household of any position retained the services of an embroiderer by the year. The preparation of colours also, whether for painting or for dyeing threads and textile fabrics, was a matter which, M. Lefébure points out, received close attention from the artists of the Middle Ages. Many undertook long journeys to obtain the more famous recipes, which they filed, subsequently adding to and correcting them as experience dictated. Nor were great artists above making and supplying designs for embroidery. Raphael made designs for Francis I., and Boucher for Louis XV.; and in the Ambras collection at Vienna is a superb set of sacerdotal robes from designs by the brothers Van Eyck and their pupils. Early in the sixteenth century books of embroidery designs were produced, and their success was so great that in a few years French, German, Italian, Flemish, and English publishers spread broadcast books of design made by their best engravers. In the same century, in order to give the designers opportunity of studying directly from nature, Jean Robin opened a garden with conservatories, in which he cultivated strange varieties of plants, then but little known in our latitudes. The rich brocades and brocadelles of the time are characterised by the introduction of large flowery patterns, with pomegranates and other fruits with fine foliage.

The second part of M. Lefébure's book is devoted to the history of lace, and though some may not find it quite as interesting as the earlier portion, it will more than repay perusal; and those who still work in this delicate and fanciful art will find many valuable suggestions in it, as well as a large number of exceedingly beautiful designs. Compared to embroidery, lace seems comparatively modern. M. Lefébure and Mr. Alan Cole tell us that there is no reliable or documentary evidence to prove the existence of lace before the fifteenth century. Of course in the East light tissues, such as gauzes, muslins, and nets, were made at very early times, and were used as veils and scarfs after the manner of subsequent laces; and women enriched them with some sort of embroidery, or varied the openness of them by here and there drawing out threads. The threads of fringes seem also to have been plaited and knotted together, and the borders of one of the many fashions of Roman toga were of open reticulated weaving. The Egyptian Museum at the Louvre has a curious network embellished with glass beads; and the monk Reginald, who took part in opening the tomb of St. Cuthbert at Durham in the twelfth century, writes that the saint's shroud had a fringe of linen threads an inch long, surmounted by a border, "worked upon the threads," with representations of birds and pairs of beasts, there being between

each such pair a branching tree, a survival of the palm of Zoroaster, to which I have before alluded. Our authors, however, do not in these examples recognise lace, the production of which involves more refined and artistic methods, and postulates a combination of skill and varied execution carried to a higher degree of perfection. Lace, as we know it, seems to have had its origin in the habit of embroidering linen. White embroidery on linen has, M. Lefébure remarks, a cold and monotonous aspect; that with coloured threads is brighter and gayer in effect, but is apt to fade in frequent washing; but white embroidery relieved by open spaces in, or shapes cut from, the linen ground, is possessed of an entirely new charm; and from a sense of this the birth may be traced of an art in the result of which happy contrasts are effected between ornamental details of close texture and others of open-work.

Soon, also, was suggested the idea that instead of laboriously withdrawing threads from stout linen, it would be more convenient to introduce a needle-made pattern into an open net-work ground, which was called a *lacis*. Of this kind of embroidery many specimens are extant. The Cluny Museum possesses a linen cap said to have belonged to Charles V.; and an alb of linen drawn-thread work, supposed to have been made by Anne of Bohemia (1527), is preserved in the cathedral at Prague. Catherine de Medicis had a bed draped with squares of *réseuil* or *lacis*, and it is recorded that "the girls and servants of her household consumed much time in making squares of *réseuil*." The interesting pattern-books for open-ground embroidery, of which the first was published in 1527 by Pierre Quinty of Cologne, supply us with the means of tracing the stages in the transition from white thread embroidery to needle-point lace. We meet in them with a style of needlework which differs from embroidery in not being wrought upon a stuff foundation. It is, in fact, true lace; done, as it were, "in the air," both ground and pattern being entirely produced by the lace-maker.

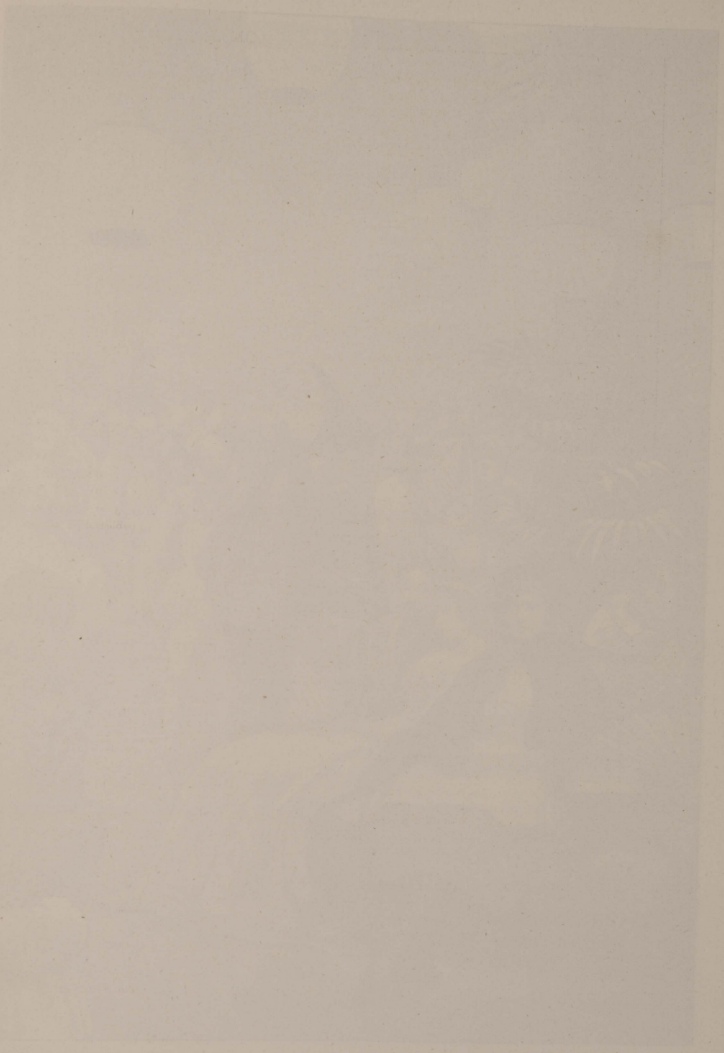
The elaborate use of lace in costume was of course largely stimulated by the fashion of wearing ruffs, and their companion cuffs or sleeves. Catherine de Medicis induced one Federic Vinciolo to come from Italy and make ruffs and gadrooned collars, the fashion of which she started in France; and Henry III. was so punctilious over his ruffs that he would iron and goffer his cuffs and collars himself rather than see their pleats limp and out of shape. The pattern-books also gave a great impulse to the art. M. Lefébure mentions German books with patterns of eagles, heraldic emblems, hunting-scenes, and plants and leaves belonging to Northern vegetation; and Italian books in which the *motifs* consist of oleander blossoms, and elegant wreaths and scrolls, landscapes with mythological scenes, and hunting episodes, less realistic than the Northern ones, and in which appear fauns and nymphs, and amorini shooting arrows. With regard to these patterns, M. Lefébure notices a curious fact. The oldest painting in which lace is depicted is that of a lady by Carpaccio, who died about 1523. The cuffs of the lady are edged with a narrow lace, the pattern of which reappears in Vecellio's "Corona," a book not published until 1591. This particular pattern was therefore in use at least eighty years before it got into circulation with other published patterns.

It was not, however, till the seventeenth century that lace acquired a really independent character and individuality, and M. Duplessis states that the production of the more noteworthy of early laces owes more to the influence of men than to that of women. The reign of Louis XIV. witnessed the production of the most stately needle-point laces, the transformation of Venetian point, and the growth of *Points d'Alençon*, *d'Argentan*, *de Bruxelles*, and *d'Angleterre*.

The King, aided by Colbert, determined to make France the centre, if possible, for lace manufacture, sending for this purpose both to Venice and to Flanders for workers. The studio of the Gobelins supplied designs. The dandies had their huge rabatos or bands falling from beneath the chin over the breast; and great prelates, like Bossuet and Fénelon, wore their wonderful albs and rochets. It is related of a collar made at Venice for Louis XIV. that the lace-workers, being unable to find sufficiently fine horsehair, employed some of their own hairs instead, in order to secure that marvellous delicacy of work which they aimed at producing.

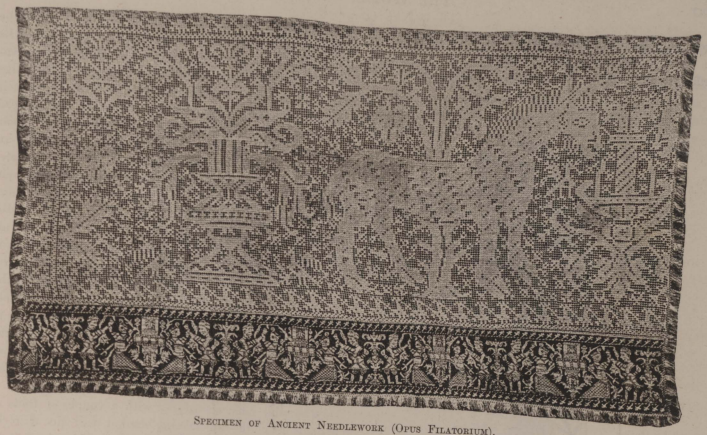
In the eighteenth century Venice, finding that laces of lighter texture were sought after, set herself to make rose-point; and at the Court of Louis XV. the choice of lace was regulated by still more elaborate etiquette. The Revolution, however, ruined many of the manufactures. Alençon survived, and Napoleon encouraged it, and endeavoured to renew the old rules about the necessity of wearing point-lace at Court receptions. A wonderful piece of lace, powdered over with devices of bees, and costing 40,000 francs, was ordered. It was begun for the Empress Josephine, but in the course of its making, her escutcheons were replaced by those of Marie Louise.

M. Lefébure concludes his interesting history by stating very clearly his attitude towards machine-made lace. "It would be an obvious loss to art," he says, "should the making of lace by hand become extinct; for machinery, as skilfully devised as possible, cannot do what the hand does. It can give us the results of processes, not the creations of artistic handicraft. Art is absent where formal calculation pretends to supersede emotion; it is absent where no trace can be detected of intelligence guiding handicraft, whose hesitancies even possess peculiar charm. Cheapness is never commendable in respect of things which are not absolute necessities; it lowers artistic standard." These are admirable remarks, and with them we take leave of this fascinating book, with its delightful illustrations, its charming anecdotes, its excellent advice. Mr. Alan Cole deserves the thanks of all who are interested in art for bringing this book before the public in so attractive and so inexpensive a form.





A FANCY DRESS BALL.



SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT NEEDLEWORK (OPUS FILATORIUM).

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How to Copy the Designs of Ancient Needlework.

SO much of our best needlework at the present day is reproduced from ancient specimens that are valued as models in proportion to their age, that a few hints on the subject of copying the designs of such old work may not come amiss to those amateurs who may be desirous of making a reproduction of an heirloom which, perhaps, is far too precious to be allowed to pass into the hands of strangers. The task is by no means so difficult as it appears at first sight, the amount of care that is usually bestowed upon anything that is worth doing at all, being all that is required. The materials needed are few in number and very easily procured: a sheet of moderately firm paper as large, or rather larger than the work to be copied, and heelball—to be had for a penny or twopence at any saddler's. Black crayon answers well, but is apt to break at a critical point of the proceedings. Some workers prefer the use of the bowl of a spoon, or a ball of metal, and powdered charcoal, but these are open to two objections—they flatten the original work in an undesirable manner, owing to the pressure needed to get a good impression, and the charcoal is disastrous in its effects should any of it chance to become scattered over the needlework. Almost any paper will answer that is not likely to rub into holes, and it must not, on this account, be too thin. Neither, on the other hand, must it be too thick, or a clear impression will not be gained. Many professional workers use the lining paper sold by paper-hangers, and which is very inexpensive.

A steady table without a cloth is most convenient to use, and upon this the model must be carefully stretched out and securely fixed. Should there be a margin to the work that will not easily be injured, the material may be fastened to the table with short drawing-pins, arranged at close intervals all round the edge, and firmly pushed home so that the work will not slip about at all. Should this be impracticable, a number of lead weights must serve to hold the work steady, but the former plan is much more efficacious. The paper upon which the rubbing is to be performed must next be smoothly laid over the work so that every portion of it is covered, and this also must be fixed into position. Unless this sheet of paper be very firm and steady when the rubbing is commenced from the top downwards, it will be found that the paper gradually slips as the rubbing proceeds until the whole is done. The unwelcome discovery will then be made that the design slants from the top to the bottom of the paper, and, in consequence, is utterly useless. Once the paper is fixed, take the heelball and rub regularly and firmly over it, doing a small piece at a time, until the outlines of the pattern are plainly marked upon the paper. When the whole surface has been thus covered, take out the pins and proceed to accentuate the lines of the paper pattern wherever they appear indistinct, by means of pen and ink or coloured pencil.

If the piece of work belongs to the worker who has

been following out these directions nothing further need be done, as, with the help of the original, this is all-sufficient as a copy. Should she, however, not be able



EMBROIDERED FLORAL BORDER.

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to keep the model by her so as to refer to it constantly while she is working the reproduction, a second copy of the outlines must be taken upon a sheet of cartridge paper, and this should have the various fillings indicated upon it so that they can be easily recognised when the embroidery has to be executed. A margin should be left at the sides of the paper, upon which notes concerning the stitches and colours may be made. The silks must be carefully matched before the original work is parted with, and some of the portions of the pattern drawn upon the cartridge paper, carefully coloured so as to correspond with those of the original; in fact, an entire and painted replica of the work should be made. Where the pattern repeats itself at intervals, only one such section need be tinted, and the marginal notes referring to the repetition of the colours should be all-sufficient. There will, however, be no necessity for all this if the model will be at hand until its reproduction is complete. In this case a tracing must be taken of the rubbed design, and this must next be transferred to the material upon which the embroidery is to be executed. There are more ways than one of doing this, according to the material to be used. Velvet and plush are the most troublesome for an amateur to manage, as the pile is so easily flattened, so I will begin with this class of fabrics before passing on to the consideration of silk or satin.

The table must be covered with a couple of folds of flannel or cloth—an ironing-blanket will do if it be smoothly folded—twice if a thin one, once only if it be thick. Lay the traced design over this, wrong side uppermost. Pin it down, or weight it so that it will not slip. Take a long, black-headed pin, such as ladies use to fasten their hats and bonnets on with, and prick all the outlines with it as evenly and regularly as possible. For straight lines the holes need not be placed so close together as for the more elaborate portions of the design. When the whole of the pattern has thus been followed, take the paper off the table and lay the material in its place right side uppermost. Then place the pricked design upon it, also right side uppermost, so that the holes have their raised ends outside, or the design will be reversed upon the fabric. Be very careful to get the design straight with the thread of the material, then pin or weight them both down firmly. The next operation is to transfer the design by means of pounce, which must be light in colour for a dark material and dark for a light material. French chalk is as good as anything for the white, and charcoal for the dark pounce. Get an ordinary wash-leather stump, such as is used in crayon-drawing, dip it into the pounce, and rub it carefully over the holes, beginning from the top. See that the pricked paper sets quite close to the material, or some of the pounce may find its way where it is not required. A stump may be easily made by rolling up a strip of flannel cut into the form of a blunt cone, and there is a small implement sold specially for the purpose which answers very well. It resembles a miniature drum-stick, and is covered with cloth. Or, again, the powder may be tied up in a piece of rather open muslin, and used in the same way. When the holes have all been well covered with the powder, remove the paper very carefully, so that none of the superfluous dust falls on the material, which is now covered with minute dots of pounce. Keep the original model before you, and in the next part of the operation work with

extra care and attention, for faults are more easily made than remedied. Mix some Chinese white water-colour with a little gum in the water, or use one of the mediums sold for painting on this material, and with a fine camel's-hair pencil work over the dots so as to connect each one, and thus render the outlines more complete and easy to follow. For light materials, coloured paint must be used instead of white. Do not allow the hand to rest upon the material, use a hand-rest or a mahl-stick, or the powdered dots will become blurred and indistinct. For velvet, a fine, stiff, sable brush should be used, or one that will penetrate well between the fibres of the material. When this is all done and the paint quite dry, the material is ready for the embroidery.

There are several other processes by which designs may be transferred to materials for embroidery, many of them being more modern and apparently simpler, but I have, from personal experience, found that there is nothing better or safer in the hands of an amateur than the one detailed here.

In the case of satin, silk, and such smooth-faced materials, an easier plan may be followed than that of pouncing. Procure a sheet of transferring paper, which may be had in two colours, white or blue, according to the colour of the material. Lay the material face uppermost on the table-top, without any blanket under it. This table-top, by the way, should be either polished or very smoothly planed, or some of the marks of the grain of the wood will be apt to leave their traces upon delicate fabrics. Pin the material well down so that by-and-by, if the transferring paper has to be shifted, the material will not slip. Over the material, place the transferring paper, and over that, the tracing paper with the design carefully outlined upon it. Sometimes if the



Embroidered Quilt (Portuguese).

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rubbed copy be sufficiently distinct it may be used without any trouble of taking another tracing, but this is rarely the case, and it is better to take a little more trouble in getting a corrected pattern than to run any risks of failure. Fasten down both transferring paper and pattern, then take a bone knitting-needle, or one of the stony pencils, cut with a sharp point, that are sold with the paper, and carefully follow all the outlines on the tracing paper. Do not be too tender with the pencil, a certain judicious pressure is needful, or a clear copy will not be obtained. The transferring paper is usually sold in rather small sheets, so it will, unless a second sheet be at hand, have to be carefully shifted, and the tracing again continued. When the whole of the outlines have been followed and the papers are removed, the material will be found ready for the embroidery.

I must caution readers against purchasing their transferring paper from any but a first-class house, or they will find, as I did on one occasion, a good piece of material quite spoilt owing to the colour of the transferring paper rubbing off where it was not required. It is useless, too, to attempt any work of this sort in a hurry; time over it is always well spent, and all first trials should be made upon a rough piece of material that is of no consequence if it be spoilt.

Space would not permit me to consider all the various stitches used in ancient embroideries, and which often offer difficulties to the amateur worker; but I have been enabled, thanks to the courtesy of Messrs. Howell and James, to figure three characteristic specimens of ancient embroidery, which contain many of the stitches that are useful in work at the present day. The quilt (p. 61) is of Portuguese origin, and is worked with floss, or untwisted silk, upon a foundation of creamy hand-made linen, which is loose, yet even in texture. Such linen is not difficult to procure now-a-days, when so great a variety of materials is woven for purposes of needlework expressly in imitation of these more ancient fabrics. The outlines of the design are simply filled in with "laid" work or "couching," as it is more usually called. The threads of floss should not be cut too long, as much of the effect is lost when it becomes roughened by continual pulling through the material. The silk is usually worked over the designs exactly in the same manner as in flat satin stitch, but care must be taken not to draw the threads so tightly that the material becomes puckered, nor yet to leave one thread anywhere looser than the others. When any small petal or leaf is thus filled up with floss, securing-stitches of finer silk of the same colour are carried at regular intervals straight across at right angles to those first laid, and each of these lines in its turn is caught down at regular intervals, between every fourth or fifth strand of floss, with a tiny stitch taken over it. The same "laid" work is very characteristic of ancient Italian needlework, and admirers of Kells embroideries will recognise it as the same as that used in the representations of "the beastie." It is usually more convenient to work in a frame when a large surface has to be covered. A round frame is more useful for smaller designs, as it is easily held in the hand, and the work can be readily shifted when a portion is completed.



[EMBROIDERED BORDER (EARLY ITALIAN).
(Reproduced by kind Permission of F. Willy, Esq.)

The principal colours in the quilt before us are gold, terra-cotta, pale blue, green, a little white, and dull rich crimson. A line of scallops worked in the last-named colour is carried round the edge of the quilt, while the most delicate parts of the design, such as scrolls, are worked in white with very good effect. The parrot in the centre has much pale blue in its feathers, which are worked in what is usually known as "feather" stitch, or *Opus Plumarium*, the stitches being sloped to accord with the direction taken by the outlines of the feathers upon the body. The figures of the deer are worked in brown in the same stitch, which is also carefully arranged in curves to give a rounded form to the body of the animal. The conventional floral part of the design is worked mainly in rich chestnut-brown —which is nearly allied to a certain shade of what we now know as terra-cotta. The portions of the quilt that are worked with gold-coloured silk are exceedingly effective, and the silk

has retained so much of its original gloss as to have in certain lights almost the appearance of actual tinsel introduced amongst the embroidery. In these days, when bed-spreads are so much used, it is a great advantage to be able to obtain such a good model, and one that offers so little difficulty in its reproduction.

The floral border shown on p. 60, the original of which is about a quarter of a yard wide, without any scrolls or animal figures, is embroidered upon a foundation of salmon-pink silk, and represents a design of flowers which, in their stiff yet natural appearance, remind one of the figures of plants we often find in the original editions of old herbals, such as that of Gerarde. The tulip, with its parti-coloured petals worked with red and yellow, is particularly noticeable, though it is not such a tulip as would please a florist of the present day. The purple and white auriculas, the picotee worked with red and white, and the smaller hyacinths are all easily recognised, true to nature, and are good representatives of the garden flowers of their day. They form, too, a notable example of what conventionalised flowers ought to be—just copies of natural specimens, simply laid down and flattened, as it were, to suit the material and purpose of the embroidery, without being twisted or distorted out of all recognition.

This piece of work is mainly executed with fine silk in crewel stitch, and the colours are still as fresh as though it were completed only last week. It is impossible to help wondering whether our colours will stand as well, and whether our work will afford as much pleasure to our descendants, as is rendered to us by the study of such exquisitely finished pieces as those reproduced here.

The second border (p. 62) is a remarkably fine example of early Italian work, now in the possession of Mr. F. Willy, through whose kindness I am enabled to figure it in these pages. It has been carefully restored without in the least detracting from its original beauty. The background is entirely covered with laid threads of white floss silk, which has become mellowed by time into a soft cream-coloured tint. The design is a very characteristic one, consisting, as it does, of conventional flowers, fruits, leaves and buds, with side branches at intervals upon which are worked figures of birds and animals. Amongst the latter a couple of monkeys are very quaint, while the artist has apparently avoided the arduous task of representing two peacocks, by limiting their colours mainly to shades of brown and blue. The principal colouring in the work is extremely rich, and consists chiefly of green, brown (for the animals), pale blue, yellow, what we know now-a-days as mauve, and very rich crimson. There is a greater variety of stitches in this piece of work than in those above described, crewel or feather stitch, satin stitch, and chain stitch predominating, while the stems of the plants are worked in satin stitch over a padding, and the outlines afterwards marked out with lines of fine chain stitch. The petals of the flowers, too, are in many cases veined with lines of this stitch. A pomegranate towards the lower part of the border is well worked in shades of red, wavy lines of fine chain stitch being carried over the centre portion to represent the inner parts of the fruit. A line of embroidery is carried down each side of the border, that has all the appearance of a twisted cord. It is very simply executed in satin stitch, slightly slanting, raised into high relief over a padding and worked in alternate stripes of brownish-yellow and gold-coloured silk. This, too, has its outlines defined with almost invisible lines of chain stitch.

Either of these two borders would lend itself admirably to any purpose in which the design is placed flat and upright, the raised portions of the one last described rendering it more particularly effective when placed upright and at a short distance from the sight. Hence either would be suitable for a border to wall-hangings, a panel of a screen, or anything similar.

The fourth piece of work (p. 59) is quite different in style from either of the others. It consists of a broad design executed in what is usually known as "darned netting," or *Opus Filatorium*. This style of work was much in vogue from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, and particularly so in the fourteenth, though the later specimens are far inferior in beauty to those of earlier date, which are often composed of silk, gold, or silver threads. The network ground, formerly known as the "Rezel," is precisely the same as that used in Guipure d'Art, the darning being, of course, the *Point de Toile* of this work. The border is worked upon coarse linen, which is afterwards sewn to the lower edge of the netted work. The design mainly consists of figures, both male and female, and is executed in red silk alone. It is partly composed of cross-stitch, partly of the small, straight stitch, known as "stroke" or "line" stitch. This is the same as what we now know as "Holbein stitch," and is worked, not as true Holbein stitch should be—alike on both sides—but is simply carried over three threads of the material, without any attention being paid to the effect on the wrong side.

Such a piece of work as this may be copied without any necessity for transferring papers, or pounce, care in counting the stitches alone being required. The cross-stitch, too, may be worked upon fine linen canvas, such as exactly represents the linen upon which the original was executed. A knowledge of netting is, of course, necessary to form the foundation of the upper portion of the work, and beyond that all is easy, especially now-a-days, when there is no difficulty in procuring the necessary threads.

The reproduction of specimens of antique embroidery, such as those figured here, will be found a much more interesting task than that of working the stereotyped designs to be obtained in our fancy shops. There is no question of fashion to be considered, as a good thing of this kind is ever fashionable; and the difficulty of copying and transferring the designs will, I trust, be greatly lessened for any amateur who carefully follows the directions above given. She must, of course, remember that these rules will be subject to modifications according to the design chosen, and the material upon which the work is to be executed.

Ellen T. Masters.

Another Voice from the East End.

SO much has been already said and written about women's work and women's wages that the subject seems well-nigh exhausted. The hardships endured by needlewomen have been fully discussed, and many plans suggested for improving their condition. How these plans succeed, time alone must show, as no startling change can take place in any class of workers all at once; improvement, to be effectual and lasting, must be gradual. However, it is a great step in the right direction to have their wrongs freely ventilated. There is another class of workers in East London whose condition is quite as pitiable as that of the needlewomen, though, up to the present, they have not excited so much interest or sympathy. I allude to the women and girls employed in the match, jam, and other factories in the East End, and also to the numbers of miscellaneous workers who make bandboxes, fans, bon-bons, hat and bonnet shapes, wash bottles, make up patent medicines, and sell all sorts of things in the streets. They are for the most part isolated workers, doing first one thing and then another according to the season, earning the scantiest wages, frequently out of work, and living the dreariest and most sordid lives imaginable.

Scattered about the streets adjoining Goswell and Whitechapel Roads and in the neighbourhood of Old Street, there are thousands of girls and women who manage to exist in some mysterious way, working late and early, or, rather, *slaving*—one can call it nothing else—earning on an average from three to six shillings a week. These women and girls live two or three together in one room, generally a garret or a basement, and they deem themselves fortunate when they can earn enough to keep a shelter of some sort over their heads, and the grim wolf, famine, from the door.

They are wretched-looking creatures, stunted, sallow, hollow-eyed, but with a sort of grim cheerfulness that is infinitely more melancholy than the loudest complaints; their hard, noisy laughter is but the very mockery of mirth and happiness. These women and girls are for the most part untidy, yet they have something distinctive about them. The women generally wear very small bonnets, tilted very far back, and shawls of a universal depressing grey; the girls affect "Ulsters," and hats of the most nondescript shape, composed of greasy, rusty velvet. A worsted muffler of some sort completes their costume, and their hair is usually cut short and very much frizzed. I once asked one of those girls, a bonnet-shape maker, how it was that she always found time to "do up" her hair, no matter how tired she was; and she replied, "Well, it's the only thing I ever do for myself from week's end to week's end; it's the only pleasure I have in my life." Another girl, a pretty, delicate-looking girl, who was very lame, worked in a very small laundry. She was over the wash-tub all day, amid steam and the horrible atmosphere of soap-suds, but her hair was always elaborately "frizzed." She said, "If it wer'n't for doin' up her hair at night, she'd drown herself, or worse."

This sort of incongruous personal decoration seems almost to have a trace of savagery in it. And, in truth, the conditions under which many women live and work in East London are very little short of barbarous; and, instead of finding fault with the unloveliness and untidiness of their lives and dress, one should only marvel how they manage to live and purchase any clothing at all, how they even contrive to keep soul and body together.

Although not nearly so large a class as the needlewomen proper, these thousands of girls, these skirmishers who pick up a living somehow, deserve some consideration. Though not strictly employed under the "sweating system," they suffer from all that system's disadvantages. They have to be able to "turn their hands to anything" in order to exist, and the wages are so low and the competition so great that existence is little short of miraculous. Even those who work in factories and have regular employment are much to be pitied. It seems monstrous that a woman should have to toil ten hours a day for *one penny an hour!* Yet thousands are doing it at this moment in the East End of London—thousands under the "sweaters" doing it for still less—while employers realise immense fortunes and middle-men grow rich. It is almost too painful to think of girls working from eight in the morning till six in the evening, in close, unhealthy factories, and earning only five or six shillings a week. It means semi-starvation, insufficient clothing, breathing a most unhealthy atmosphere night and day—for, of course, with such wages only the most miserable lodgings can be afforded. It means absolute ignorance of even the most elementary principles of health; and where health is systematically neglected or ignored, it is needless to enumerate the evils that follow. Even when the conditions are better, and wages, say, seven or even nine shillings a week, the position of the working woman is still frightfully unjust and unnatural. When life becomes such a perpetual struggle for existence, of course, "the weakest goes to the wall," and the truth of that is fully proved by the frightful infant mortality amongst working classes.

No one who takes the trouble to walk through the East End and observe the faces of the passers-by, can have many doubts concerning the amount of misery that exists; and any one taking the trouble to visit those girls and women in their homes—if such they can be called—must be convinced of their utter, unmitigated poverty; must feel that the poverty itself is not so much to be lamented as the sense of utter inability to grapple with it, to find any reasonable practical cure for it, or even mitigation.

"For every ill there must be a remedy," but how to find it out, and how to successfully apply it when found out, that is the puzzle. Unquestionably the disease is

there, the cause is also plainly discernible, but the cure is still wanting.

Perhaps I may as well mention the cause or causes why, in the richest city in the world, our working women are so badly paid. The chief cause is competition; men and women alike in London are being starved by competition — slowly but surely crushed out of existence. The overflow of foreign cheap labour is a calamity that can hardly be understood or estimated, even after a careful study of statistics published a few days ago. Nothing on paper can adequately describe the sufferings of men and women who have to compete with foreign paupers. Slowly and steadily this avalanche of cheap foreign labour is crushing our English workers out of place. Again, the minute subdivision of labour has a disastrous effect on wages; where no special skill is required, wages must of necessity be comparatively low. Few persons can cut out and make a complete suit of clothing; to do so requires long training and practice; but any average worker can press seams, or make button-holes, or work a sewing-machine. Once it took a tailor to make a suit of clothes; now it takes half a dozen men or women who know absolutely nothing about tailoring as a whole to produce it.

Over-population and the crowding into great cities are the cause of much poverty amongst the working classes. It seems hard to blame any one for exchanging the dull routine of a country life for the real or imaginary delights of a city; but there must come a time when even London will have to stand still, or more likely retrograde. It cannot go on increasing for ever, and finding occupation for the thousands of persons that come flocking into it annually. Last, but not least, we must consider the enormous proportion of profits enjoyed by the employer or capitalist and the middle-man.

Over-competition and the unequal division of profits being the chief causes of distress amongst working men, and more especially women, it seems obvious that co-operation is the simplest method of improving their condition. "Let working men and women co-operate, let them steadily and unanimously resolve to banish the middle-man or 'sweater' to the Inferno from whence he came, and insist on coming into direct communication with the employer, insist on having a fair share of the profits."

That seems simple enough on paper, but in reality co-operation, especially amongst the class of working women I am dealing with, is next to impossible without capital or credit—and they have neither. I do not see how they can co-operate in any advantageous manner; certainly, girls working in factories might "strike" for higher wages, but what would be the result? Their places would be taken the next day by others willing to work at even lower wages, so terrible is the competition! But it may be said *all* women should co-operate—all should resolve not to work for starvation wages. If such a combination were possible it might mend matters, but it is not possible. Such universal co-operation would simply create many thousand paupers in the course of a week; women and children would have no alternative between the streets and the workhouse. They have absolutely no resource but their daily toil; private charity neither could nor would assist them; and, knowing that, it is not surprising that they should rather "bear the ills they have than rush on others that they know not of."

Besides, even assuming the possibility of co-operation, there would still be the supply of foreign cheap labour. Russian and Polish Jews would come over here in battalions, and the "sweaters" would employ them without remorse. If the importation of foreigners could be effectually checked, either by the imposition of a *heavy* poll-tax, or some other stringent legislative measure, co-operation in some instances might be possible; but then, strange to say, the very persons who suffer most by this influx of foreign labour have the most liberal, or rather irrational, ideas about it. They imagine that if the rich would only *give* to the poor, there would be enough for all, forgetting that the relief would at best be only temporary, and that a better state of things founded on generosity or philanthropy would only entice over to such an earthly paradise larger numbers of foreigners to share in the plunder and divide the spoil.

Even assuming the check on immigration and the co-operation of working women, new difficulties arise at every turn. Co-operation in the beneficial sense of the word, with the object of securing short hours and a minimum rate of wages, is well-nigh impossible for girls and women who work at various occupations according to the seasons of the year, however practicable it might be where there is a constant demand for labour all the year round; and, besides, women are not easily "organised," they do not always know their own minds, and have never to any extent developed that sense which, for want of a better name, I may term "Honour," that enables a man to starve, see his wife and children starve, riot, or even steal, rather than give in, if out on a trades' union strike. Neither is woman physically constituted so as to endure the pains and penalties of trades' unionism. She will work for lower wages—any wages to escape starvation; also minute division of labour is contrary to "combination"—in fact, renders it impracticable; while, last of all, there is the almost insurmountable difficulty of getting at the thousands and thousands of women and girls who toil in the slums and alleys of the City, too ignorant and down-trodden to realise what co-operation and combination mean, and too busy to listen to explanations.

For the condition of such women—and their case seems to be the most difficult of all, for they are generally ignored—it is not easy to find a remedy; and yet no one can deny either their existence or their sufferings. It is easy to point out an evil, it is quite another matter to find an efficient cure. Perhaps, on the whole, it is easier to point out the things that will not help them. Private charity, for instance, can do little, and that little only benefits the individual, without at all improving the condition of the class; public charity only pauperises; philanthropy or benevolence can never touch the root of the disease, because no amount of kindness and generosity can atone for or excuse systematic injustice; and working women and girls do suffer injustice, inas-

much as their helplessness and poverty are taken advantage of.

Once more the question, How are those poor women to be helped? how is their condition to be permanently ameliorated? First, by bringing them into direct contact with the employer; the middle-man or "sweater" must be eliminated, and competition must be kept down. While people flock into this country in search of higher wages, and foreigners flock in willing to work for any wages, wages as a matter of fact will be low, and women, as the weakest, will go to the wall. Perhaps if public opinion were brought to bear on employers, if their sense of justice and humanity were aroused, they might take more interest in the real producers and less in the middle-man; they might be willing to forego some of their profits if they were once brought face to face with the poverty and misery of the women that work for them—perhaps even try and find some method of improving their condition. If every paper in London would only take up the cry "Justice for our working women"—justice, not for the "unemployed," but for the over-worked, under-paid, semi-starved women and girls—common justice and a share of the profits to the producer, there would no doubt be an improvement. It is, perhaps, contrary to human nature to expect a man to pay a shilling for work he can get done for ninepence; but as he would have an enormous profit at ninepence, and the worker has not even a sufficiency for the actual needs of existence, justice and humanity should constrain the employer to pay the additional threepence, especially as he would not be a very serious loser. None of his necessities, and few of his reasonable luxuries, would be seriously diminished thereby.

But though hunger and toil are the natural consequences of over-competition, they are not by any means the only, nor perhaps the worst, evils that ensue. The frightful struggle for existence in the East End is doing much to barbarise people; it is making them savages, without any of the savages' redeeming qualities or enjoyments. The women and girls are becoming what good people call "wicked." But when "living"—that is, the struggle for mere existence—is the sole aim and end of life, people must be wicked—that is, cold, hard, selfish, cruel, and unlovely in all their ways; there is no help for it, and surely those poor girls should be pitied rather than blamed by their more fortunate fellow-women. Speaking to a lady—the daughter of a clergyman, a good woman, and one who has done much work in her way amongst the poor—I remarked that the girls in a certain factory were most dreadfully over-worked and under-paid.

"Yes, poor things, they are badly paid perhaps, but they are horribly wicked," was the reply.

That is the average opinion about working girls in the East End of London. Ladies judge them from their own standard, and, no doubt, find them wofully wanting, forgetting that the "wickedness" of the Stratford factory girl is as much the result of circumstance and environment as the "goodness" of a West End lady. It is this judging from a wrong standpoint that makes it so difficult for our philanthropists to get on with working girls and women. They assume the girls are "wicked" because they are rude, ungracious, ungrateful, frequently untruthful, and entirely devoid of conventionality; while they, not unnaturally, regard ladies who have nothing to do but go about asking questions, with envy and some suspicion. The lady's ways are not as the factory girl's ways; her accent and dress create amusement, which is generally expressed with the utmost freedom; but rudeness which proceeds from ignorance, not ill-feeling, should not be confounded with wickedness. In too many instances a lesson on morals is severely given where a lesson on manners, gently offered, would prove of more real value. "Lectures" and "meetings" create a certain amount of contempt, good-natured or the reverse, in the minds of girls who have only a rough and-ready way of speaking and thinking; and those who wish to win their way to their hearts and gain their confidence should be slow to take offence, and slower still to judge from appearances. Those match-makers, jam-boilers, and other workers are, perhaps, far more uncivilised, but no more wicked, than their fellow-creatures; and, considering the terrible disadvantages under which they labour, I think they can compare favourably with other working classes. But, certainly, no women who earn their daily bread are more in need of a kindly helping hand from women, and a little common justice and consideration from the men who are their employers.

H. BROOKE DAVIES.



PLOUGHING IN THE FRANCIACORTA.
(From a Photograph by Pietro Poppi, Bologna.)

In the Franciacorta.

THE unknown lies very near the known. Even in the most tourist-trodden countries in Europe, to either side of the network of railways, whose *pieuvre*-like arms bear their human freight from city to city, from famous spa to famous sea, stretch acres on acres and miles on miles where no stranger footfall has been heard, unless, perchance, it was the heavy tramp of invading armies. The idle cosmopolitan who desires to kill nothing but time, has not been there, nor will he ever be there. The biggest rivers, the broadest lakes, the highest peaks—these are his goal; and in Italy, especially, the points of notorious interest are so many, that travellers have little leisure or inclination to strike out routes through districts ignored by Bædeker, and even by Hare and Ball. Moreover, there are practical obstacles in the way. The rural *bettola* presents few amenities to the tired wayfarer; indeed, one may say that there are still large tracts which cannot be visited if you have to depend on inns, because anything worthy of that honourable designation is not to be found in them.

Right and left of the railway line between Milan and Venice lie innumerable little towns and obscure villages, of which the very name is unknown to the ordinary, or even the extraordinary tourist. The shifting scenes beyond the acacia-hedges have nothing to say to him; he closes his eyes or reads his Tauchnitz, and he is certainly fully content with his ignorance—he would even pity one whose fate should take him to places which he deems so devoid of interest. Yet I think that had these places no other charm, they would have a powerful one in the fact of their isolation. Here you may study people who have not lost all distinguishing traits; you may watch a husbandry which will remind you of the farming of Virgil's days; you may breathe an air which seems freer, and sleep a sleep which brings more dreamless rest, than when walled in by the uniformity of modern civilised life.

Then, too, of every natural beauty you discover, you feel that it is your own—that it has not been stared into commonplaceness. Let the bearers of red-books have their enjoyment by all means, a thousand glorious sights belong to them; but this, which we have here, is our private property. If there be egotism at the bottom of the feeling, as there is, I suppose, at the bottom of most

feelings, still, when properly qualified, when giving so much and keeping so moderate a share, it may be allowed to pass even by severe moralists.

The Franciacorta is a beautiful district; it has even an old, though merely local, fame for beauty and salubrity. The land always let at a high rental, because people were glad to live there. The house where my notes were made crests an eminence, not very lofty if counted by feet, but hill-tops of no great altitude may have in store unimagined surprises. So it is with the position of this house, which was built for the view. In a sheltered spot on the lower ground of the estate stands the old deserted villa; the dwellers in which would probably have thought their descendant ill-advised to leave that quiet nook in order to pitch his tent where the four winds of heaven amuse themselves from New Year's Day till St. Sylvester's Night. Every time I return to the house on the hill-top, the first thing I do is to make the tour of the balcony, and this is something of what I see. To the east, castellated Brescia; and yet further east, the Spia d'Italia, the tower of Solferino, whence were directed the last daring movements of that long-time indecisive fight. The spread-out intervening landscape is one full page of history for him who can read it. To the north, a hundred knolls crowned each with its church; beyond, the rugged screen which hides the Lago d'Iseo; then an unending line of various peaks —Alpine sentinels on guard over the Italian border. Curving westward they become ever more distant till they meet the fires of sunset; but on this western side a nearer mountain partly arrests the view, called by those poets of the old time, the nameless name-givers, Mont' Orfano, because it stands alone, detached from the Alpine range. Up the flank of this singular mass climbs a picturesque pile of buildings, dating from the first half of the fifteenth century, and still known as the convent, though no longer turned to monastic purposes.



A GIRL OF THE FRANCIACORTA.

(From a Photograph by Pietro Poppi, Bologna.)

These are pleasant scenes, but it is the outlook upon the south side of the house which holds me longest its worshipper. Near by we have the usual little towns and villages; and dotted immediately below, rise the many campanili of the churches and pilgrimage shrines of Rovato, capital of the Franciacorta. The yellow fields of harvest lie unfolded between them, where men and women are plying the sickle (it is after St. John's and before St. Peter's Day); while here and there appears a field where the reapers have done, and the gleaners reign in their stead. Then the yellow is lost in the green of the tall hedges of oak, hornbeam, and plane, which so closely intersect the country that the whole plain seems softly green and wooded over all its expanse, stretching away, and away, and away.

I think there is nothing in nature more poetic than a great level tract, seen thus from a point sufficiently lifted above it to reveal its vastness, but not so high as to take from it its individual character and suggestiveness.

All day through, the plain under my windows has no bounds; it melts into mystery along the line of the horizon, and dies upon the eye, as the sounds of far-off music die upon the ear. Only at sunset the mists of the valley of the Po yield for a little, and there advances, at first shadowy, then distinct, and in illusion almost tangible, though in fact some seventy miles away, the profile of the Apennines from Carrara to Bologna. It has all been told, the magic of the scene—briefly and finally told, so that in looking on it one does not know which is the most living: the impression instantly conveyed to the mind through the sense of sight, or that springing from the memory of Shelley's lines:—

> "Beneath is spread like a green sea
> The waveless plain of Lombardy,
> Bounded by the vaporous air,
> Islanded by cities fair;"

and then:—

> "——the far Apennines—which lie
> Islanded in the immeasurable air."

Shelley stood more to the east than I do; but the picture might have been made as well from my standpoint as from his—a picture of what must be left to poets alone, since no brush could paint it.

It is a half-hour's walk from the house to the convent on Mont' Orfano. We pause at the pleasant villa which Cesare Cantù, the *doyen* of Italian literature, calls his "cottage." A picturesque figure is the Signor Commendatore, whose long white hair frames one of those finely-chiselled faces which were formerly commoner in Italy than they are now. In spite of his great age, he often comes over to Rovato from Milan, to take a lively part in the local concerns of the place where for half a century he has held this little property. "All the mischief of our time comes," he will tell you, "because the Signori don't live in the country or care about what goes on there." And then he will discourse with animation on his favourite theme—the re-establishment of reverence for God and respect for the father of the family. Wishing our venerable neighbour a long enjoyment of his second youth, we pass on, and proceed to ascend Mont' Orfano, which rises a good thousand feet above the plain. In 1701 Prince Eugene of Savoy, who had come to Rovato to re-victual his army, climbed this hill, and declared it to be the finest point of view in Italy. Substantially the view is the same as that which I have described, only finer on the western side, which is partly blocked from the house by Mont' Orfano itself.



In a Farmyard of the Franciacorta.

(From a Photograph by Pietro Poppi, Bologna.)

Bergamo and the Duomo of Milan are visible on clear days. The soil of the mountain is very fertile, and the convent vineyards used to be famous for the production of *vino santo*—a strong, sweet wine, made from stood-back grapes. According to tradition, a subterranean passage once ran from base to summit. If popular belief were to be trusted, such passages must have abounded, affording both a means of escape and of transmitting intelligence between friendly chiefs. No doubt, in most cases, the peasant mind has been too quick to conclude that any bit of sunken masonry indicates the existence of one of these secret ways. Legend has been busy with a natural grotto on Mont' Orfano, into which it is said that an ox was once drawn perforce, never to emerge again. The people call the grotto *Oreggina de Mar*—"Ear of the Sea," and it is a fact (capable of scientific explanation) that at times a strong wind blows out of it or into it. On the direction of this current of air local weather-prophets found their prognostics.

It is time I should say as much as is known of the origin of the name of Franciacorta. In 1265 the army of Charles d'Anjou encamped in this district between Mont' Orfano and the Lago d'Iseo on its way to obey the Pope's orders, which were to wrench Sicily from the hold of the unfortunate King Manfred. As the custom was with armies in those times, this one sowed fire and the sword along its passage. Having taken the Castle of Capriolo, great havoc was made of either sex, and afterwards, as they marched towards Brescia, the leaders of the cross-signed soldiery gave over the whole country to rapine, shame, and death for nine full days. On the last day of the nine, at twenty-two o'clock, the people rose. Rovato gave the signal, which was taken up by every village and homestead. A good deal of damage was done to the invaders, who got away as fast as they could. Hence the name of *Francia corta*, commemorating how the Frenchmen's stay was cut short by the gallantry of the inhabitants. This, at least, is the inference, since the name first appears in history soon after these events. Until 1797, when the tide of revolution washed out all old landmarks, Rovato, in memory of the episode, rang the biggest bell of its Parrocchia every day at twenty-two o'clock.

The Parrocchia is a large church, originally collegiate, and again restored to that dignity in 1695, after a temporary deposition, by the instrumentality of its prior, Monsignor Agostino Cocchetti. In the year 1580, St. Charles Borromeo here conferred the religious habit and the first tonsure on his cousin, Federigo, the hero of the Plague of Milan. Here too, in May, 1676, officiated the famous P. Paolo Segneri, one of those preaching friars who have continually arisen in Italy and moved the people to the utmost pitch of transient enthusiasm, but of whose names only a few are preserved, except in yellow and dusty chronicles. P. Paolo addressed the multitude from a pulpit raised before the church, and when he paused, they beat themselves lustily with cries of "*Penitenza!*" and "*Misericordia!*" On the last of the eight days' mission, the congregation, including many nobles clad in penitential garb, pressed round the preacher, and, after the Communion had been administered to 24,000 people, a general procession was formed, which wound its way up to La Moja (close by our house). There the crowd was reckoned at 60,000. After a sermon and an *aspra disciplina*, Father Paul gave the benediction, and all dispersed to their homes.

Nearly the same words might serve to describe what happened the other day near Pisa, on the occasion of the preaching of Fra Agostino di Montefeltro. What is left after the wave of these religious revivals passes it is not easy to say, but this one may say, that he who would understand the character of the Italian people cannot study too carefully these fitful breaks in the calm of indifferentism. Arnold and Savonarola, Father Paul and Brother Augustine—even David Lazzaretti, the crack-brained enthusiast whose madness was ended by a bullet in his head—the personal ascendency of these men forms a common bond between them, and is a recurrent phase of the same phenomenon which yet has never led up to a conclusion, never worked a change in the national life like that seemingly worked by the enthusiasm of other nations. The volcano bursts, the lava sweeps all before it, and then, before another spring, the vine-leaves have grown over the fissures, and all looks as it did. It may be argued that emotional forces, while they are pure and disinterested, are doomed to impotence, and only become effectual when taken in hand by the powers of this world, which are usually not those of light. But if that be the secret of history, it is better that it should remain unlearnt.

Besides its Parrocchia, Rovato has the overstock of minor churches which in small Italian places often provokes the question, with what possible purpose could they all have been built? Even allowing for the fact that every religious house, every lay confraternity, maintained its private chapel, still the existence of these not-to-be-counted churches must suggest the idea that at some period or other the population was more numerous, and above all, more wealthy, than at present. Two or three spacious churches are frequently to be seen in a village which now contains not a single rich inhabitant. Who could have paid for the building of them? Many of this great number of churches are now fallen into disrepair, or given up to secular uses. At Rovato we have an old one, San Donato by name, where the peasants keep their chickens—a use hardly so incongruous as that made at Desenzano of a church which has long been turned into a theatre. In other instances a mass is only celebrated on one great day in the year, the *festa* of the titular saint. Then the forsaken aisles are crowded, and the bells clang from the small hours of the morning—at least, they did so till this year, when an Act has come into force which limits the energies of the nocturnal bell-ringer. He was certainly an enemy to sleep; yet one was not loth to be sometimes so awakened; amongst other things, it was a reminder that this is a people of early risers; by three o'clock the fields in June are already full of workers. At Rome a sportsman's mass used to be said at 2.30 a.m., for the convenience of those who went out for a day's shooting. In rural Italy the voices of the bells bursting forth at every hour on every side, seem of an appropriateness scarcely

less than divine, as their several modulations bear across the plains and hills the tale of man's hope and of his sorrow. Now it is the dancing peal which summons to a *festa*, now the call of the Angelus to secret prayer; now the chiming which salutes the Sacraments, as they are carried to the dying, now the tolling to announce a soul has passed. Said a wise man, "I could never hear the Ave Mary bell without an elevation, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all, that is in silence and dumb contempt."



A Group of Peasants of the Franciacorta.

(*From a Photograph by Pietro Poppi, Bologna.*)

Rovato was one of those small Italian towns which always contrived to maintain a large measure of independence and to keep the management of their affairs in their own hands. It was considered a position of strategical importance, and its people, who would have been turbulent subjects, proved useful allies. As a reward for keeping its castle on a war-footing, the famous *condottiere* Gattamelata conferred on Rovato in 1438 a grant of privileges, afterwards confirmed by the Venetian Republic. The Franciacorta imposed its own taxes, and though at times traversed by invaders or made the theatre of internecine war, it held its own in the long run and enjoyed much prosperity. The inhabitants have a quiet, independent bearing which corresponds with their history.

Only the outer walls of the castle are still standing; they cover a large extent, all the notable families having formerly possessed a little private corner of refuge inside of them, where they could put their women and their valuables in war-time. The country round must once have been studded with castles. Of that of Capriolo there yet exist the picturesque ruins. In a chestnut-wood under the shadow of its tower, on the 20th of August, 1198, a solemn peace was made between Brescians and Bergamasques, who were at war because the Martinenghi had ceded to the Republic of Brescia the sovereign rights over their strongholds of Caleppio, Sarnico, Merlo, and Belate, of two of which there are still traces. But the most splendid of all the ruins are the magnificent remains of the Castle of Paratico, which surmount a height near Sarnico, where the river Oglio issues from the Lake of Iseo. What is standing of the old masonry is still grandly solid, and the mind easily calls up the splendour of this palace-fortress, when in the year 1311 its master, the Ghibelline Lantheri di Paratico, came forth to welcome as his guest a Florentine exile, by name Dante Alighieri. Such is the old tradition, and there seems no reason why the tradition should have grown up here in the absence of the fact. Rich in beauty, wonderful in varied and comprehensive interest as are the

stages of Dante's earthly pilgrimage, from the cradle at Florence to the grave at Ravenna, I do not know if there be any one of them where we can better imagine the framer of celestial visions than in this lofty solitude of Paratico, removed from the turmoil of modern life, where only the hand of Time has been laid on the archways over-head and the stones under-foot, and whence the face of Nature, at once sweet and severe, is just what it was six hundred years ago, only that then the woods clung more thickly to the mountain-sides, while the wolves, and bears, and wild boars that roved in them must have offered no bad substitutes for the strange beasts of Dante's own *selva selvaggia*.

By the roadside, near the house of the present Marquis Paratico, there is a carpenter's workshop which has for door-lintel a stone block, curiously sculptured with the image of a man holding a roll of papers, and an inscription of which I could only decipher the date: 1444. In out-of-the-way parts of Italy a vast number of bits of carving, both Roman and mediæval, have been built into walls, sometimes cornerwise or upside-down, either with an elementary view to ornamentation, or simply for the reason that they happened to be the nearest-lying stones which would fit.

It is pleasant to get up early and start away to explore the country in the radiant summer days, when the leaves are still vividly green, though the fawn-coloured oxen are already bringing in the harvest. Pleasant, too, to return to our roof-tree as the sunset tints fade out of the sky, and to hear the greetings of the bailiff's children, eight in number, in place of the fossilised welcome that would meet us at an inn. There is no representative at all of what in Italy is comprehensively called *la Servitù;* for one week in the year it is refreshing to leave all that behind. At these Lombard farmsteads the *fattora* (the bailiff's wife) can generally cook a chicken; perhaps she even manifests peculiar skill in the preparation of some dish, which (to her pride) you tell her that you never find so well devised elsewhere. The *fattora* at Rovato is very strong in the matter of stewed apricots. Then, again, if Paolina, the sixteen-year-old eldest-born, has been known to serve the meat before the *minestra*, are not her eyes of the softest brown, and her voice, is it not sweet and low as she pleads, "Mi scusi tanto?"

After dinner the master of the house retires to speak with a man who wants to sell a bit of land; as I learn later, it is a pitiful little story. The man was left a widower, with eight children under twelve; by dint of great efforts he dragged them up, but now they are big they wish to work on their own account, and are not content with co-operating in farming this scrap, which the father is thus obliged to sell. What will become of him afterwards I do not know, but as his health is failing, the problem may be finally solved ere long.

While this interview is going on, I look in at the cows; and then, since it is the last night of the *padrona's* visit, Bettina, aged six, a pretty doll-like child, comes with a nosegay and makes a little set speech, which she has probably been rehearsing all day—anyhow, her delivery of it would earn a prize for elocution. "Dio la benedica ovunque, l'accompagni nel suo viaggio, e non tardi molto a ricondurla a noi." So the small orator concludes, and, with a kiss, I say "Good night, Bettina, and to-morrow, good-bye, till June comes back."

EVELYN MARTINENGO-CESARESCO.

Christmas Roses.

THE wide white woods are still as death or sleep,
Silent with snow, and sunshine, and crisp air,
Save when the brief, keen, sudden breezes sweep
Through frozen fern-leaves rustling everywhere.
No leaves are here, nor buds for gathering,
But in her garden—risen from summer's tomb
To bear the gospel of eternal Spring—
The Christmas roses bloom.

O heart of mine, we two once dreamed of days
Pure from all sordid soil and worldly stain,
Like this wide stretch of white untrodden ways—
Ah that such dreams should always be in vain!
We, too, in bitterest sorrow's wintry hour,
Too chill to let the redder roses blow,
We, too, had our delicious hidden flower
That blossomed in life's snow.

O heart, if we again might hope to be
Pure as the snow or Christmas roses white!
If dreams and deeds might but be one to me,
And one to thee be duty and delight!
If that may ever be, one hand we know
Must beckon us along the way she goes,
The hand of her—as pure as any snow,
And sweet as any rose.

E. NESBIT.



Directoire Buckles.

December Fashions.

By Mrs. Johnstone.

"Neat, trimly dressed."—Shakespeare.

IT was to two persons of very opposite tendencies and characters that France owed the astonishing change in dress, from the utmost luxury and folly to simplicity, which signalised the latter portion of the last century. Powder, pyramids of hair, and ridiculous hoops gave place to simple muslin dresses and straw hats, when Bernardin de St. Pierre clothed the heroine of his successful story "Paul and Virginia" in such simple raiment. And Benjamin Franklin, the bookseller of Philadelphia, coming to Paris as an American deputy, turned the heads of the ladies for awhile by the quaint simplicity of his dress. They at once discarded their gold lace and embroidery, and flew to classic models for inspiration. After the Revolution had expended its fury, Society, exhausted by the horrors it had gone through, returned to home life and general beauty of adornment, with increased avidity; and perhaps no age has handed down to us so many ornaments of undoubted beauty as the so-called Directoire period.

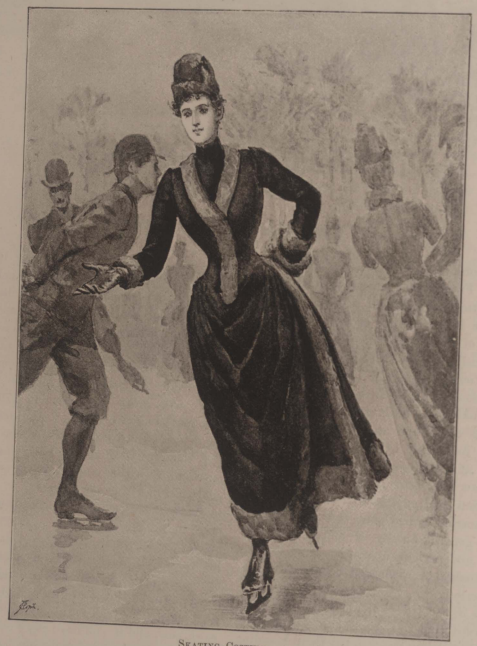
The paste made in those days has never as yet been rivalled; women were wont to replace their real gems by these admirable imitations, in order to pay their gambling debts without discovery. The collection of buckles at the head of this chapter illustrates some of the favourite shapes, which are now sought with so much eagerness; oval, square, harp-shaped—they all boast some special perfection of form or material, and are now applied to shoes, waist-belts, and to ribbon bows placed on the shoulder or on the front of the bodice, and frequently at the side of the skirt.

Many beautiful buckles have been handed down to us also from earlier periods, but the watch-pendants are more distinctive; diamonds and pearls as well as other gems were often introduced into the fine workmanship which characterised them, and most of the personal ornaments of the Directoire period bear evidence of the dominant craze for all that was classic. Pompeian designs, together with those of ancient Greece, found special favour among women who barely concealed the form of their limbs beneath gossamer drapery, through which jewelled zones and garters were too clearly visible. Happy should be the possessor of any of the enamel of that date, for at the present moment nothing is more fashionable, as indeed are all the styles of jewellery which were worn in France in 1795 and thereabout. The long-handled eye-glasses, the many pins, the clasps, the diadems and bands of diamonds which were fashionable then are fashionable now, and many of the best jewellers both here and in Paris are busy reproducing modern wares from old designs.

Perhaps this may lead to the resuscitation of cameos once more, for they take a most important position among the Directoire ornaments; and girdles will doubtless come back to us, not merely made of cord, for these are beginning to be considered an indispensable portion of a tea-gown, but jewelled girdles, gold studded with gems and cameos. At all events, buckles are most generally worn now, and if you have any family heirlooms of that kind, why, treasure and make much of them. No modern reproduction can touch them.

We wake in the morning now to see the grass white with frost, and young blood tingles with the hope that ere long there may be skating. There have been so many disappointments on this score during the past few seasons; it is possible hope will not in this case tell a too flattering tale. The accompanying dress, designed by Messrs. Redfern, is exactly suited to the invigorating exercise. The material is dark green velvet falling apparently over a skirt of fur, which in this case is otter, showing at the hem and sides. With all our looms and all our inventions, Beauty has never yet discovered anything more suitable in which to clothe herself than

the skin of the Beast. This year of grace 1888, every kind of fur would seem to be called in requisition for its special purpose; but for young women nothing is so well worn as otter or beaver, both soft in texture, and of a tone which assimilates well with most of the materials now in fashion. Nothing has as yet superseded the "Wearing of the Green" by those who follow fashion. There are almost as many tints to choose from in art as in nature. Emerald-green accords best with otter, and it is emerald that has been used for our skating-dress. The bodice is quite simple. A V-shaped trimming of fur goes round the neck, being continued in a single line to the waist; it appears again on the cuffs of the sleeves, and also on the smart becoming toque of velvet. Those who can bear the weight are having plain all-round skirts made of fur to accompany short jackets, and for travelling and long drives nothing could well be more comfortable. We are making every preparation for a severe winter, and cloaks are nearly all either entirely lined with musquash or squirrel, or liberally trimmed with fur. A winter mantle is hardly likely to become a less costly investment now than in times past, for some of the newest models are nearly a double garment. Beneath there is either a close-fitting jacket to the waist, or an ulster buttoning to the feet, with long sleeves, over which full circular fronts fall, bordered with fur and rich passementerie. The ornamentation is often also carried round a stand-up collar, which owes its name and idea to the courtier Raleigh, who laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Bess to tread upon. Every one remembers the form of the collar, which described a semi-circle, and was a part and parcel of the rest of the garment. It has the advantage that it can be turned down if desired. While, however, we continue to wear the hair drawn from the nape of the neck it is comfortably warm, protecting the back of the head. The backs of these cloaks, like the fronts, reach to the edge of the dress, and are generally shaped to the figure. One good model has a burnouse hood attached, from which falls a cluster of drops matching the passementerie carried round the shoulder-arch and down the back.



SKATING-COSTUME.

We have accepted Dame Fashion's fiat, that we are to wear wool, not only in undergarments, where the combinations, fully trimmed with lace, are banishing linen or cotton almost entirely—even cotton wadding has given place to pure wool, and special body linings for gowns are made in wool—but in dresses, bonnets, and cloaks, the well-dressed part of the community, at all events in the day-time, have consented to appear in wool trimmed with fur, and the fabrics are worthy of the preference. Dresses and cloaks alike are made not infrequently of the fine habit-cloth, brought out in every colour. But there are many special cloakings in wool covered with beautiful designs of palms and pines, generally of one tone, mixed either with black or white. A soft Angola cloth has printed borderings which are cleverly treated in many of the best cloaks, being carried in a double line up the front and back. Fringes have come back to us, and appear on woollen cloaks, as well as on the rich matelassés and brocatelles, but chiefly, as yet, border the draperies of evening dresses, being specially made to combine every tone introduced in any part of the toilette.

Dress is now a fine art, on which artists and artificers do not disdain to expend all their talents, all their experience, and all their research. Woman, upon whom so much thought and care is bestowed, fails in obedience

to the great doctrine of duty to beauty if she does not recognise the importance of fitness in raiment, and make her selection with a due knowledge of her own points, and that care and neatness in putting on her raiment, without which none of her sex were ever well dressed yet.

The craze for "walking in woollen attire" rather than silk, asserts itself in millinery as well as in the other branches of clothing. The hat from Mme. Leese is made in green felt, simply bound with green cloth. This is a new departure, but no material heretofore used has accorded so well with the texture of the felt. Silk gives a hard glittering edge, and velvet though softer attracts the eye unduly, whereas the cloth merges into the material itself. The shape of this hat is original in several particulars: the cloven point over the face, the one side of the brim almost flat, the other raised and curved. The crown is encircled by green surah, and there is a large tied bow on the crown. It is not extravagantly large, and comes between the very broad-brimmed shapes now worn, and the toques.



GREEN FELT HAT AND BROWN STRAW BONNET.

Many very large hats are sent over here from Paris, and young women with a liberal share of good looks have taken kindly to them; but close shapes find more general favour, and toques are very much worn, and pointed crowns with all-round brims, which just fit the head. In London and large towns hats are worn almost as much as in the country; we have quite forgotten any old prejudices which used to prevail against hats for town wear. A new introduction is a rough kind of felt intermixed with white hairs on a dark ground. These have high-pointed crowns, a treble row of stitching round, and a ribbon bow. They will stand any amount of wear and tear. Bonnets no longer tower above the face so that from the top to the chin is almost as long as from the chin to the waist, and consequently quite out of proportion. The accompanying bonnet in the sketch is a close shape of brown straw; red and brown are the tones most worn, though green is most fashionable. The bows are of striped brown and white ribbon, with a *soupçon* of osprey introduced. However dark the rest of the toilette may be, a certain element of relief is introduced into the bonnet; for so many entertainments are given in the afternoon during the winter, and rooms are apt to look dull unless the bonnets are enlivened by some touch of brightness. The front is bound with velvet, and a little bird nestles at the side. The strings are narrow; and on one side only, the ribbon peeps through the straw. A quaint metal ornament is placed in the centre of the coronet, and these, after various old Directoire designs, play a rather important part in the new millinery. Inventors seem to be sorely puzzled how to maintain a constant stream of novelty, and while some of the new bonnets owe their shape to the Puritan headgears, they diverge far from Puritan primness in the gold embroidery and the cock's feathers, which adorn the favourite cardinal velvet with which the simple shape is bedizened. Sometimes one of the sides of the bonnet is turned upwards, while the other is untouched. Sometimes the entire crown is covered with ribbon. Chenille and velvet are extensively used.

There is one decided revolution in the evening dresses for this winter, for they are trimmed with fur. When the Duchess of Edinburgh came amongst us as a bride from her Northern home, a few of the dresses worn at the Drawing-room held in her honour, displayed trimmings of sable and otter, and some ermine, but the ground-work was a heavy make of velvet or silk of dark colourings; now, on satin, soft crêpe de Chine and crêpe fur are accepted as a suitable combination, and a very beautifully arranged cream crêpe de Chine has been draped over a half-skirt of otter. Narrow bands of various kinds of fur are placed as a bordering on spangled tulle and other gossamer materials, but the notion savours more of eccentricity than beauty, and will find favour but slowly, though tea-gowns and dinner-gowns show to the best advantage thus treated.

Young girls naturally wear tulle, light silks, gauzes, and crêpes in the ball-room, while matrons have often preferred to appear in brocades and richer stuffs; but a feeling is growing against anything but what is really diaphanous for those who dance, the more simple

the make the better. Only there must be a quantity of material used, so that one skirt floats over another. The dress in the sketch is made of spotted net or tulle, pure white, trimmed with yellow ribbons and Maréchal Niel roses. The bodice is made of white silk draped with the net. The charm of this particular gown is that it is so thoroughly and strongly made—the foundation of substantial silk—that it will keep in good condition through a succession of dances; and, with a fresh outer covering from time to time, will present a good appearance for a season. This is an exceptional virtue in ball-gowns, and it is rarely that such gowns leave the ball-room in the same condition in which they arrived. The bodices should always lace at the back; and at present the sleeves are infinitesimal. The old Court bodice off the shoulder is coming in again, though some prefer to draw them up above the shoulder, which is only well when the neck is thin. Mousseline de soie makes very light and pretty skirts, but is, of course, expensive; unlike the soft Oriental silk, which costs little and lasts long. Both these materials are used for wedding-gowns, embroidered with sprays of orange-flowers. The trains would be of more substantial material.



BALL-DRESS.

To look well in a ball-room it is also necessary to have the hair fashionably dressed. The group of heads (sketched at Mr. G. Lichtenfeld's, Regent Street) illustrate three styles. No. 1 is especially designed to facilitate the dressing of the hair when the throat is thin; then the united double coil gives an appearance of size. The front is arranged with a natural crop toupeé, the interstices filled in with loops made of weightless coils. In No. 2 the hair is combed upwards from the nape of the neck and secured to the crown of the head, a light fringe falls on the forehead, and the space between the two is filled up with bows and loops of hair placed along the head. No. 3 is suitable for young ladies in evening dress. The hair is divided into three strands at the back. The side ones are fastened on the top of the head, the centre forms a bow low in the neck after the catogan style, tied with a ribbon bow and long ends. There is a narrow pointed strand over the forehead. We are gradually giving up the fringes of curled hair at the nape of the neck, and there is a disposition to dress hair generally lower in the neck, and to raise it above the forehead. Many young girls have quite given up fringes, and turn the front hair up over a cushion. The prevailing Directoire styles

assert themselves in hair-dressing, as well as in dresses and millinery; and erect bows placed at the back of the head recall the pictures of the past generation. With this style, the tiny Directoire wreaths, made of small blooms, are poised on one side of the head, or a coronet rests on the forehead, as we see them in the portraits of Queen Hortense.

Wool principally, and sometimes silk, have almost ousted the linen and cotton under-wear; and the woollen vests and combination garments are constantly being



NEW COIFFURES.

improved upon. Messrs. Edmonds, Orr, and Co., of Wigmore Street, have patented many admirable inventions; for example, the slender waists introduced into both silk and woollen vests and combinations. No additional warmth or thickness is needed just at the waist; too much material merely creases beneath the stays, while to be slender is a universal ambition. The fabrics are woven with a far finer thread to the depth of some inches; and this improvement has been warmly appreciated by the public. Another difficulty has been equally cleverly met to insure the most comfortable warmth. High bodices and long sleeves are necessary in these under-garments, but it is often undesirable to have to change them when the exigencies of evening dress demand that the neck and arms should be uncovered, consequently the high neck and long sleeves are made separately as a spencer, and just meet the top of the other garments, and can be slipped off in a moment. Woven corset-covers replace petticoat bodices, and these are made of thicker textures over the neck, and thinner where the stays begin. Every kind of woollen and silk garment is now to be had to suit all purses and all figures; some are quite plain, and others elaborately trimmed with lace. The royal ladies of nearly every reigning house in Europe have, from time to time, patronised this firm for such articles of apparel, and for babies' and older children's clothes; for here nothing but the best materials are used, and the finest hand-work given. In these points England has no rival.

Another school of hygienic theorists advocate the wearing of cellular tissues. The result aimed at is identical with that which the followers of Jaeger place before themselves. In each case the importance of allowing free play to the pores of the skin is emphasised. The supporters of the cellular system hold that the more porous a fabric is, the greater is its hygienic value. Cellular cloth is made of cotton instead of wool. In a pamphlet published by the Cellular Clothing Company, 75, Aldermanbury, a description of this new invention may be found.



Design for a Fan.

Paris Fashions.

By VIOLETTE.

FRENCH society dressed extravagantly and in a variety of styles towards the close of the eighteenth century and the early days of the present era. We have returned to the fashions of those days, and once more we are surrounded by a medley of splendid and bizarre tissues, of embroideries, of costumes original in design, now quaintly simple, now overladen with trimmings. Lampas brocaded with blossoms of marvellous hues, Genoa velvets heavy with gold, pearl trimmings and embroideries, discordant hues and beautiful harmonies of tone, audacious and eccentric combinations of colours and stuffs, all whirl past us in the pageant presented by the Vanity Fair of to-day.

The inclination of the present style towards exaggeration tends to deteriorate taste. The rage for dazzling colours, for wealth of ornamentation, the constant striving after effect, enhance the difficulty of producing that harmony of *ensemble* which constitutes the basis of true elegance in costume. Parisian women, and with them all those who look upon dress as upon an art, must use taste in choosing amid the vagaries of the present fashions, and beware of the bad taste towards which they incline.

Our renowned dressmakers and milliners are unrivalled in the disciplined skill with which they control and subdue extravagances of line and colour, and understand how to create costumes instinct with the actuality of fashion, yet marked by a refined moderation.

I have lately made a tour of the show-rooms of some of those foremost leaders of taste, and I cull somewhat hap-hazard, from the notes I made at the Maison Laferrière for the benefit of my readers, the description of two charming ball-dresses. (See page 80.)

The first dress, in its tints of delicate green and white, its suggestions of many-tinted flowers, is fresh as a spring morning. The round skirt of white Indian gauze is hemmed with an interlude of lace, through which runs a water-green ribbon; above it is placed a delicate embroidery of blossoms in variegated tints. A narrow tablier of Pompadour lampas, where the flowers are repeated on a cream ground, covers the front of the skirt. Straps, of the Pompadour lampas, frame in the low gauze bodice, the embroidered front of which is crossed with bars of green satin ribbon; the short sleeves are also of green satin.

The second figure shows another charming combination of white and green, warmed with a flush of rose-colour. The skirt of cream gauze, falling over a slip of old pink satin, is edged with a thick bouillon of pale green satin. A tunic of crêpe de Chine, embroidered at the hem, is draped in long festoons, held in place with knots of the same delicate green. The bodice, like that of the last dress, has straps and an embroidered plastron crossed with bars of green ribbon. The straps are of embroidered crêpe de Chine.

Black trimmings on coloured gowns are much in vogue, and black with green is a favourite combination, so is chaudron with black. A rich and elegant morning visiting-dress (see illustration on p. 81) was of dark green armure, brocaded in relief with a pattern of black velvet flowers. The skirt was round and gathered. The redingote, of black velvet, opened in front like a polonaise; the back of the redingote, the plastron, and revers were of armure; the sleeves, sash, and sides of the bodice were of velvet.

An elegantly simple gown was composed of a pearl-

grey crêpe de Chine tunic, embroidered with fuchsias in black silk; the flowers were scattered over the fabric, and worked in a garland round the hem. The tunic was draped over a black velvet skirt; the bodice was pleated into a yoke of similar velvet.

Another dress—a good example of simplicity of cut and richness of fabric—was a straight gown of sapphire-blue plush, the skirt gathered, the front of the gown, from throat to hem, adorned with black embroidery, the sleeves all embroidered. A broad sash of black faille run through the embroidery formed a corselet, and was knotted at the side.

Brick-red is rising in favour as a colour; a very simple dress was of brick-red woollen stuff, the skirt straight behind, and draped in front between two panels of black velvet. A sleeveless jacket of black velvet, embroidered at the hem, opened over a loose plastron of the brick-red material.

Embroideries, it will be seen from the models quoted above, are immensely worn in Paris. Deft fingers of trained workers are busy adorning velvets, silks, woollen stuffs, gauzes, and muslin. Some of the dresses are original and artistic, the stitches fine and varied, the colours beautifully harmonious. Gold and silver embroideries are worked for evening wear, and enrich the diaphonous textures of ball-dresses.

We must not omit the "at-home" dresses. A daintily fine tea-gown was composed of white matelassé silk, opened slightly in a point in front, over a fichu of white crépon. A drapery of thick Venetian lace closed the front of the bodice; at the back from the shoulders depended a large Watteau pleat in white crépon. The half-long and pleated sleeves were finished off with a cuff of Venetian lace.



TEA-GOWN FROM THE MAISON LAFERRIÈRE.

The Maison Morin-Blossier rivals the Maison Laferrière in its display of beautiful and original costumes. Here, too, we find embroidery taking the lead in trimmings, and here also the outline and cut of costumes are simple, the materials used sumptuous and varied.

The first dress I have noted down is a decidedly pretty visiting-costume of heliotrope poult de soie. The skirt, very narrow, is edged at the hem with blue fox; above the fur is placed a broad band of cut-out embroidery of velvet and gold. A visite composed entirely of this new cut-out embroidery edged with blue fox completes the costume.

Another toilette is of brocaded velvet, pale fawn and golden-brown; the skirt straight, opening at the sides, displaying an under-skirt of plain gold-brown velvet; the hem edged with a broad band of beaver. The bodice is of the brocaded velvet, with sleeves of the plain velvet; a belt in varied tones of metal fastened in front.

Réséda-green is another favourite colour. A carefully thought-out dress, trimmed with the new embroidery of mingled silk and gold, was of réséda cloth brocaded with a design of raised flowers in velvet. The quaint redingote of réséda cloth was made with a conventional waistcoat and immense revers, all trimmed with embroideries in black and gold.

Shot velvets—red and green, and amethyst and green—are holding their own among the rich textures used. A brilliant dress of this phosphorescent velvet, amethyst shot with emerald-green, was made in Polish style, trimmed with blue fox and embroidered with gold passementerie. The back of the bodice was embroidered, the sleeves were loose and wide.

Our leading dressmakers understand the value of the sleeve in giving character to a costume; they are also skilful in adapting it to the general style and appearance of the wearer. Variety in the shape and set of sleeves is a feature of the present fashions. The Gigot or leg-of-mutton sleeve may be worn by slender women, but no stout Frenchwoman would increase her proportions by adopting it. This newly resuscitated sleeve has some graceful variations. It often appears in a modified form gathered somewhat below the elbow into a deep cuff, which buttons up from the wrist. The fashion, also, of making the sleeve of a material differing from the bodice, of plain material when the polonaise is of figured fabric, or *vice versâ*, is picturesque and becoming.

The new embroideries, where silver or gold mingles with silk stitches, are much worn on woollen dresses. A soberly radiant dress of Indian grey cashmere was embroidered all over with palms in shaded grey silk brightened with silver. The polonaise opened in front

and was slashed at the side, displaying an under-skirt of grey bouillonné velvet. A narrow ribbon enriched with silver was fastened in front at the waist.

Two coquettish gowns for morning walks (our Parisiennes are following the example of their English sisters and taking walking exercises) are worth describing. One was of marron vicuna, striped with broad black lines; each stripe edged with a narrow net-



BALL-DRESSES FROM THE MAISON LAFERRIÈRE.

work of silver. The straight skirt fell in flat folds; the bodice opened over a waistcoat of black velvet.

Another walking-costume was of brick-red woollen material, edged with a broad band of black cloth striped with gold. The Directoire vest, made with wide revers, opened over a shirt of black surah; the scarf-sash was of black surah trimmed with gold tassels.

We have referred to the important part the sleeve may be made to play in carrying out the idea of a costume consistently thought out through its details. In the tea-gown—the most picturesque of garments—the sleeve may be of almost any shape. Sometimes it is open and nearly touches the ground, sometimes it is puffed at the shoulder, and loose to the elbow, where it is gathered into a deep cuff. A touch of the fantastic is admirable in tea-gowns, and high Medici collars finished off with a miniature ruff are in favour. A lily-white tea-gown was made of a supple creamy wool material; the sleeves, pleated in flat folds, swept to the ground, being edged with a delicate film of gold embroidery. The pleated bodice opened over a plastron of white velvet, sprinkled over with gold spangles. A belt and sash-ends of the white velvet brightened with gold fell over the skirt, which was pleated in deep folds from the waist.

The mantles are distinctive and varied; fur plays a great part in their adornment. The ample pelisse of sealskin, plain, or trimmed with skunk or beaver, remains in high favour. There is nothing so becoming to the complexion as the warm golden-brown of sealskin, and there is nothing more suggestive of elegance on a cold day than a long mantle of that fur, enveloping the wearer from her throat to the hem of her gown. The redingote—a somewhat masculine-looking coat—is very *recherché*. The redingote with high collar and straight coat-sleeves is the favourite model. It can be made in two portions, if I may thus express myself—with a redingote skirt which may be buttoned at will on to the jacket, and a collar that may be worn or not, according to taste. This redingote—like all garments savouring of masculine influence—is very practical and comfortable. The sealskin jacket, opening in front, and displaying a waistcoat either of matching or contrasting colour, is not so warm, but it is a useful coat.

Short jackets still hold their own among all innovations, doubtless because they are becoming to youthful and slender figures. The craze for embroidery—that is, perhaps, the most marked feature of the new winter fashions—finds expression in the lavish braiding, ornamenting these natty little coats. I saw one of dark blue cloth, that peculiar shade of blue painted by the old masters, bordered with Astrakhan fur, and braided with dull black gimp. Another, also of cloth, was green of that delightful shade, "verdigris," edged with sealskin, and braided with green gimp brightened with reddish-gold. The epaulette was of the green gimp and reddish-gold embroidery.

The little Astrakhan jacket remains undisturbed in

its hold on popular favour; the long cloth mantle is also much worn. The Duchess X—— wears one of Venetian red cloth lined with old-pink-coloured satin, the cloak fastened at the side with large horn buttons. The sleeves are flat; the wide collar and the pockets are of beaver; the mantle opens at the back from the waist downwards.

A very original pelisse, made for one of the leaders of French society, is of purple cloth, moulded to the shoulders and at the back, falling straight and loose in front, displaying an under-front of tender pink velvet trimmed with white Thibet fur, a thick boa of this white fur forming the collar. Another pelisse is of sapphire-blue plush, adjusted at the back, falling straight in front, lined with fine satin of the same shade; the sleeves—a modified gigot sleeve—fastened at the wrist by a cuff of beaver; the deep collar also of beaver. A mantle fit for a queen is of ruby velvet lined throughout with blue fox, the deep collar and the cuffs of blue fox; passementerie of gold forming the agraffes.

To match all these splendid cloaks and pretty gowns are an array of really charming bonnets, the most fantastic and original of which are to be seen in the show-rooms of that artist in millinery, Mme. Virot. The choice appears endless. The head-gear is the most expressive part of the feminine toilette; it has a sort of intimate connection with the wearer's mood. A gay bonnet with a sad face is intolerable, a sad bonnet with a merry face is ridiculous. Mme. Virot has manufactured out of feathers and flowers, velvets and delicate fabrics, hats and bonnets suited to every whim of a capricious sex. Bonnets are small in shape, hats are immense.

I will begin with the hats. Here is one of cloth of the tender, faded old-pink shade, the wide brim lined with cabbage-green cloth. The crown rises shaped like a pair of donkey's ears, surmounted by peacock's feathers.

A vast Tosca hat is of laurel-green velvet; on the crown are embroidered three birds in gold; green feathers, knots and streamers of green satin bordered with floral embroideries, are heaped upon this hat. A smaller Tosca hat is of moss-green velvet, the crown trimmed with olive-green satin bows and an aigrette of feathers of the two shades of green. Between the hat and the bonnet is the flat "casquette," the gathered crown of which is finished off at the top by a large button. One hat is of light grey cloth trimmed with strings and knots of grey velvet; another is of pink velvet trimmed with gold-embroidered rose-coloured satin ribbon.

Capotes are legion in form. Here is a delightful one of the "bonne-femme" shape. The crown of pink satin is veiled with Chantilly lace; a golden bird nestles at the side. A thick ruche of Chantilly lace lines the bonnet; over it falls an edge of pink satin cut in points; the strings are of emerald velvet. An aigrette of tiny pink satin bows rises in front from a round bow of black lace.



INDOOR COSTUMES FROM THE MAISON LAFERRIÈRE.

Another of the same shape is of moss-green velvet trimmed with sealskin; a wide bow of cabbage-green satin resting over the forehead; strings of satin of the same shade.

The turban-capote is of all bonnets usually the most becoming. The Maison Virot has a variety of these dainty turban-bonnets, which will be much worn.

Music as a Profession for Women.

THE revival of England's early distinction as a musical country, and the education of artistic sense and critical intelligence in its people, has advanced the profession of music to a high position of honour and responsibility. The days of obscurity and neglect are happily past. Now, less than ever, is there fear that the power of genius will fail to make itself felt. Artists of merit are sure of unstinted praise from the public, and generous appreciation from their co-workers, which is the better worth winning for being tempered by cool and cultivated judgment. There are causes arising from the varying conditions of national life, and the mysterious laws of supply and demand, which affect art as well as trade, and make it impossible to predict with any certainty whether fortune and fame alike shall follow success; but these questions, though serious enough to be well considered by aspirants to honours in any profession, cannot detract from the gratifying proofs that the past progress and present prospects of music are most hopeful and satisfactory; that its influence is daily extending; and that woman's share in the work being done is of increasing value and importance.

The exception to the rule of prosperity may perhaps be found in the outlook of opera, now passing through an uncomfortable transitional stage. There is but one recognised company in England, namely, that of Mr. Carl Rosa, the seasons of Italian opera having been of late years very transitory and uncertain. Still, though by some declared to be dying, and by others asserted to be dead, the ghost of Italian opera reappears again and again with extraordinary persistency, as if totally unabashed by being confronted with its own epitaph. Unless this phenomenon can be explained as the unnatural revival which sometimes takes place when a fashionable vogue is at the point of extinction, it would not be so hard to believe that it possesses an indestructible essence of vitality, which inhabiting another form may renew its glories in the future. Be that as it may, the love of dramatic representation wedded to music is still strong in the hearts of the people, and will not be "willingly let die." Of so great force is this humanising quality of sympathy, that later composers have allowed its influence to be felt in the more elevated and heroic strains of oratorio.

To give in outline an account of the institutions at present existing to which artists must look for their chances of renown, there are in London several standard societies which maintain the highest interests of musical art, by engaging proficient instrumental and vocal performers. The Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts have an immense *répertoire* of compositions for strings, vocal solos and duets, and occasionally for wood wind instruments. At the Albert Hall, oratorios are performed with full orchestra, organ, chorus and solo singers. The Crystal Palace supports an orchestra and gives concerts weekly throughout the season; while the Philharmonic Society, the Richter and Henschel Concerts, employ a large number of instrumental players and soloists. The Ballad Concerts offer to the public the attraction of songs old and new enhanced by all the charm that can be given to them by popular singers. At the performance of these representative associations, virtuosity, or at any rate exceptional talent, is essential to success. Many of our native artists entitled to claim a position among performers in the front rank have there found a hearing. Given the opportunity, they have been enabled to measure their strength with the best, and in some cases to establish their reputation as lifelong favourites with the public.

In addition to these and other metropolitan bodies, there are considerably more than two hundred provincial choral societies, which give on an average two public performances a year. There are appointments for teachers in schools and for experienced professors in the official ranks of the academies, the chances of earning a living by private tuition depending upon social influence or conspicuous success in some speciality. Reviewing these different departments of musical work, there are at least three in which the highest prizes are open to women. As violinists, pianists, and singers, they not only can hold their own, but may shine unrivalled. It may be remarked *en passant* that the number of pianoforte works to be "got up" by an ambitious student is enormous. The technical skill lately exhibited might seem to be unsurpassable did not still more marvellous experts arise to eclipse the last in brilliancy of execution. The violin possesses a *répertoire* less extended as to solo pieces, but rich in concerted music. The concerto form, of which the best-known examples are by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, is perhaps the highest test of manipulative art, combined with rare musical qualities, that the whole range of musical composition can offer. The artist stands on the platform with her tiny instrument, and by it produces the component parts of melody and form—viz., time, tune, tone, and expression—and blends them into one perfect whole. Who, that has felt it, can forget the delight of hearing such a performance by Mme. Norman-Néruda?

The status of women as teachers is greatly improving, and the profession of teaching acknowledged to be of more importance than it was formerly considered, requiring, as it does, both natural aptitude and special preparation. When artists of the standing of the late Mme. Lind-Goldschmidt and Mme. Schumann have

cheerfully devoted to it the ripe fruits of their experience, its value to art is beyond question. There have been clever lady conductors; but as circumstances have not permitted their public appearance, except as a pleasing novelty, their claim to supremacy in this capacity is not yet proven, though the faculty for training sight-reading classes has been exhibited over and over again with splendid results by mistresses in the High Schools. The management of a large orchestra is very rough work, involving great mental and physical fatigue. Again, the heavy duty attached to organ and choir management prohibits the engagement of women in any but small churches, though much useful work can be done by them as amateurs and voluntary helpers. In the department of composition there is no reason why distinction should not in the future be won. Women, till now, have entered the lists only as writers of songs. It seems right and fitting that they should be rewarded by marked approval in this lyrical form, for many of their settings have been singularly happy, while, considered practically, a facility in song-writing is a valuable possession, and provides an occupation not only pleasant, but profitable for those who are trained to use their gift with ease.

The means of education at present available in England are in all respects admirable. The Royal Academy has been enabled for years to carry on efficient work by the hearty co-operation of its staff of professors, and is now—though undergoing a dynastic change—in full force of life and vigour. The Royal College, a development of the scheme successfully inaugurated by the National Training School for Music, encouraged by the special favour of Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is able to offer unique advantages to the student. For the information of those about to enter upon the period of preparation, a few details of the plan pursued at these leading institutions may be worthy of acceptance.

The Royal Academy, situated in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square (two minutes' walk from Oxford Circus), was founded in 1822, and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1830. The entrance fee is five guineas; the fee for the entire course of study, eleven guineas per term. The instruction includes two weekly lessons in a principal study, one in a second study (when deemed desirable by the Principal), one in elocution for singers, and the advantages of the sight-singing class, the violin quartette and accompaniment classes, and the orchestral and choral practices. All payments are to be made in advance, and no student can enter for less than a year. The scholarship and prizes awarded are for the most part available only for competition by students of the Academy. Such are the Sterndale-Bennett and Lady Goldsmid Scholarship (for pianists), the Hine Gift (composition), the Kelsall Prize (violinists), Parepa-Rosa (vocalists), Santley Prize (accompaniment), &c. By this judicious method, pupils who have proved themselves to be worthy of help receive valuable assistance towards their further progress. Other scholarships, open to all British-born subjects within the restricted limits of age (usually from fourteen to twenty-one), bestow upon the successful candidate a certain sum a year, to be appropriated towards the cost of instruction in the Academy. The Parepa-Rosa Scholarship, founded by Mr. Carl Rosa in memory of his wife, is open for competition biennially in April, by female vocalists between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two; and the Welsh Scholarship (vocalists or instrumentalists) for promising performers, who are Welsh by birth or descent. (The next election of a vocalist will be in September, 1890.) The Mendelssohn Scholarship, on account of the distinguished musicians who at different times have held it (among whom it will be enough to mention Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Eaton Faning), ranks as the highest distinction of the kind in the country, and has occasionally been won by women. Particulars of these and other exhibitions, as they fall due, can be ascertained from the Secretary, Mr. John Gill.

The Royal College was opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on May the 7th, 1883. It is situated in Kensington Gore, S.W., on the west of the Royal Albert Hall, in the building presented to the country by the late Sir C. J. Freake, Bart. Pupils can enter at the beginning of any term or half-term as paying students, and will be examined on entering the College, though the examination is not competitive. Students are not admitted for a shorter period than a year. The education fee is £40 per annum, payable in one sum on entrance, or in three equal instalments at the beginning of each term. The College regulations set forth, "that it is open to any person to provide or assist the education of a student by paying the fees, either wholly or in part. Thus, by payment of £300 the education and maintenance of a student may be insured for three years (nine terms); and similarly the payment of £120 will insure musical instruction without maintenance for the same period."

For those who are not so fortunate as to possess friends rich enough to confer these substantial benefits, the College offers to promising talent the chance of winning an exhibition or scholarship. These competitions are publicly announced, and a full account may be obtained of the same by communicating with the authorities. Female candidates are eligible up to the following ages, which must not be exceeded at the date of their preliminary examination:—Composition, 21; Pianoforte, 19; Organ, 20; Harp, 19; Violin, &c., 18; Singing, 17 to 22. The scholarships are of two classes: open, and close or local.

Open Scholarships, as a rule, are tenable for a period of three years, and, except when otherwise prescribed, are open to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects. A certain number—for example, the Courtenay, Wilson, Morley, and Elizabeth Pringle Memorial Scholarships—provide not only for the musical education but also for the maintenance of the scholar during the College terms, and in these cases provision is made under the supervision of the Director, Sir George Grove, for board and residence, in houses approved by the Council. These houses are also available at fixed payments, so far as the accommodation may extend, for holders of scholarships which do not include maintenance, and for students

who, not being resident in London, may desire to be accommodated in them.

For the close or Local Scholarships—such as the South Province (for natives of Victoria), South Australasian (for natives of South Australia), Montreal (Canada) and near neighbourhood, the Gilstrap (for natives of Suffolk), the Liverpool (for residents within twenty miles in the county of Lancaster), the Heywood-Lonsdale (for residents in Shropshire), &c. &c.—a preliminary examination is held in the locality, but the final examination takes place at the College. In the case of the Colonies, the examination in the locality is final.

In addition to these liberal provisions for successful competitors, there are various exhibitions voted by the Council; and occasional prizes presented for excellence in pianoforte-playing by well-known firms of musical instrument makers. From an exhaustive list of subjects the student is recommended, with the consent of the Director, to adopt the whole or part of the following course:—

WEEKLY SCHEDULE.

1. *Principal Study.*—Two lessons of one hour each (in conjunction with two other students) in either singing, violin, piano, organ, harp, or composition (the last if sufficiently advanced in harmony).
2. *Second Study.*—One lesson in one of the various branches named in the preceding section.
3. *Harmony.*—One lesson of one hour in class. This is obligatory, unless under very special circumstances.
4. *Counterpoint or Composition.*—One lesson of one hour in class, after the pupil has passed the requisite grade in harmony.
5. *Italian.*—One lesson of one hour in class; provided that singing is taken as a principal study.
6. *Declamation.*—One lesson of one hour in class; provided that singing is taken as a principal study.
7. *Sight-Singing, Dictation, &c.*—One lesson of forty-five minutes.
8. *Choral Singing.*—One lesson of an hour and a half.
9. *Oratorio and Opera Singing.*—One lesson of an hour.
10. *Ensemble Playing.*—Two hours' practice in class.
11. *Orchestral Practice.*—Two hours, if sufficiently advanced.
12. *Deportment.*—One lesson of an hour.
13. *History of Music.*—Lectures as announced from time to time.

Public concerts, of both chamber and orchestral music, are occasionally given; and an opera has been produced in each of the past three years.

Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 have provided a site close to the College for the "Alexandra House," erected by the liberality of Sir Francis Cook, Bart., for the accommodation of female students in art, music, and science, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. The fees are sixty guineas per annum, payable per term in advance, and cover all payments for board, lodging, and attendance. Each student will have a separate bed-room, and share a sitting-room with one of her fellow-students. A drawing-room, with library, dining-room, gymnasium, practising room, and a concert hall, are also provided. For students requiring medical attendance, an infirmary is provided; and for such students, medical attendance with proper nursing may be had without extra charge. Application for admission is to be made in writing to the Lady Principal, who will submit it for the consideration of the Council. This benevolent institution is admirably arranged to serve a double purpose: it secures for students every convenience and comfort, that no favourable auspices shall be lacking to insure the very best use being made of their time; and by associating with music other interests of art and science, assists their general culture and promotes the healthy development of the mind.

These details will have served to show that the lot of a musical student of to-day is cast in a peculiarly happy place. The notion that a sound education is obtainable only on the Continent is now proved to be false. If the advantages of foreign travel and contact with other schools of thought can be superadded (especially in the case of singers, to whom reference will presently be made) to the opportunities available in England, the chances are by so much the more in favour of the expectant artist. The Conservatoires of Leipzig, Stuttgart, and Berlin have turned out very fine performers from time to time. Their scale of charges is rather less than that of our own academies; their course of study not at all points so efficient. Free concerts (the twenty-two Gewandhaus concerts for which Leipzig is famous, for example) and the cheapness of board in Continental towns, give to students who go economically to work every opportunity to husband their resources.

The range of work to be done, and the several methods of preparation, having been fairly considered, the difficult duty of choice devolves upon each one who hopes, by music, to earn a sufficient livelihood. For amateurs the way is pleasant enough; but intending artists must look their difficulties straight in the face. The advice once given to an inquirer by a well-known authority in musical matters amounted to this: "Don't go in for it, if you can keep out of it." This wise oracle, though expressing himself in words that were perhaps painfully matter-of-fact, knew that he spoke in the best interests of art, as well as of the young aspirant who came to him with the question. A conspicuous gift, marking its owner out as one among hundreds, accompanied as it generally is by a strong natural bent towards an artistic career, is the best of all reasons for adopting it. Such spontaneous instinct will out, and had best be guided by proper training at the earliest possible moment. Second to this is the call that comes from necessity, and is justified by a full measure of talent and earnest desire to attain to a high standard of excellence. It is not by genius alone that good work has been done, and for those who mean to cultivate to the utmost the capacity that is in them, there is wide scope for employment, both desirable and pleasant. To prevent disappointment in the long run, it is well to make the mind up early as to the class of work selected, taking into account all natural advantages on the one side and impediments on the other. For singers, no detail is unworthy of attention; the strength, compass, and flexibility of the organ of voice; physical vigour; the degree of quickness in receiving musical impressions; and the more superficial, but still inestimable, attraction of a good presence. It is not one single gift, but a happy blending of many gifts, that goes to make a Patti

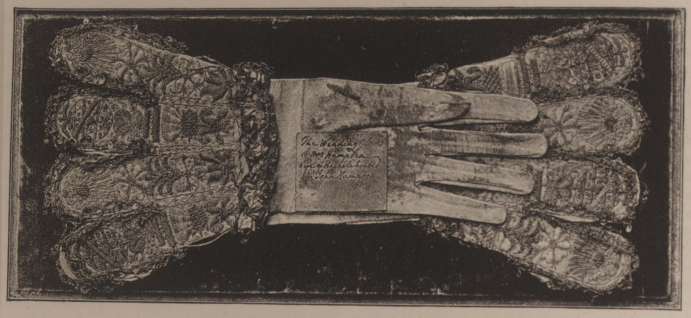
or a Nilsson. Sometimes a voice of rare beauty is unattended by ordinary ability to discriminate between difference of sound; in other words, the "ear" is defective. In such cases, unless phenomenal powers of perseverance can be counted on, the labour of the teacher will be expended in vain.

Where all conditions are favourable, it is worth while for strenuous efforts to be made, for there is likely to be increased demand for sopranos and contraltos of the first rank for the dramatic oratorios and cantatas which continue to be written. That the voice may be developed to its utmost perfection, the plan of residence abroad, before mentioned, may be found desirable. If a voice is of delicate timbre, the routine of work done in the principal London academies is exceedingly severe. In the interests of the singer, it would not be right to abate one jot of the thorough training which is to make her a musician as well as a vocalist; but the difficulty remains that in a trying climate where east winds succeed to fogs, and rain is frequent all the year round, the wear and tear is a heavy tax upon the strength. The skilful teacher often has to see the process of gradual development, which he fosters with such care, very seriously retarded. The majority of singers who are being trained to sing in our climate are content to accustom themselves to the conditions under which their work will be carried on; it is only a question for those who are conscious of possessing exceptional qualifications, whether the effort of self-denial involved in an extended period of probation abroad is not worth the making. There are already too many regrettable reasons—the premature necessity for earning a livelihood, for instance—which force students to commence their career before they are ready. It may be as well to remind beginners that there is no going back after they have once been launched as public performers. They may learn much by experience; but their period of uninterrupted study is over for ever, and by their first efforts before a critical public must they stand or fall.

Music is socially so seductive that there is a lurking danger of forgetting how lofty is the ideal for which artists must strive. It is not a calculation of *how little* skill they can manage to get along with, but of *how much* by hard striving they can manage to produce. The intrinsic beauty of musical sound, and in a marked degree the sound of the human voice, is magnetic in its effect. This is why comparatively insignificant efforts will please, and success of this kind with a friendly audience may beguile students into mistaken notions of their own powers, unless they bear in mind that their purpose in training is to prepare at all points to please the public, and that nothing but the best will do. The public is a mysterious quantity; its characteristics are totally different from those of any roomful of selected individuals; it knows how to be indulgent, but insists upon its right to be exacting. Artists, like poets, succeed best who are most in sympathy with the age they live in; they find their way to the hearts of the people by understanding their wants, and giving expression to their emotions.

Of the delight of exercising a talent for music, of the happiness bestowed upon others, it is not necessary to speak; these things are already well known. Lest the present writer may have appeared to dwell upon the difficulties on the road to success rather than upon the glory which awaits its triumphant consummation, let it be urged in excuse that a forewarning of the rocks and shoals, upon which in starting it is so fatally easy to split, may be of more real help than a glowing description of the smoother waters that lie beyond. One cannot but be struck—in books—by the rapidity with which a briefless barrister finds himself at the head of his profession; or the amateur actress having a grievance at home strikes out a line for herself and arrives at the goal, without let or hindrance from anybody, unless it be from some rival who, after figuring as a foil for two volumes of the story, drops into obscurity in the third. In novels this is all very well. To read details in fiction of petty annoyances, when each reader in fact has as many as she wants, would do no good—rather the reverse; but in dealing with realities it is only fair to represent things in the order in which they usually come in this world: *i.e.*, difficulties first; success afterwards; and hard work all through.

Annie Glen.



The Wedding-Gloves of the Wife of John Hampden.

(By kind Permission Lt.-Col. Godwin Austen.)

Gloves: Old and New.

AFTER the manner of a happy epigram upon books and reading, it may be said that gloves were once put aside to be worn, but are now worn to be put aside. Not that gloves, any more than books, can be regarded lightly or with indifference; for the frequency and use of them is as favourable an indication of national well-being in one direction, as is the love of literature in another. Visitors to the Glasgow Exhibition might see written above an extensive collection of paper-making materials, "The consumption of paper is the measure of a people's culture," and although the sentiment is not new, paper may fairly be considered as good a rough-and-ready test of progress as gloves are of refinement. Gloves, according to a modern French philosopher, spell civilisation; but indulgence in, and a habit of wearing them, indicate a long remove from barbarism, and so much the more when the habit becomes more general, while the glove is made less and less predominant in costume. There is nothing striking about modern gloves, except the wearer makes them so by stuffing the hand into one much too small for it; and a collection of gloves would be a rather monotonous affair nowadays. The bride of the Duc d'Orléans in 1837 was provided with 180 varieties of gloves, "some richly adorned with blonde and lace and tissues of gold and silver," besides "numerous boxes of mittens;" the late Princess Metternich left 156 pairs of gloves in her wardrobe at her death; and at the unseemly sale of the effects of the Duchess of Somerset in 1880 there were no less than 2,000 pairs brought to the hammer; but gloves in quantities like these would have to be bought now by the dozen, assorted, and would have no more claim to respect than a library furnished with books by the yard.

It is not difficult to trace the course of fashion in gloves. An old Provençal poem includes "Ivaine the inventor of gloves" in a group of fine heroes of chivalry; but Ivaine, so far as originating gloves was concerned, must have been a rank pretender. Our geologists can find graven records of gloves among the remains of men of the most remote periods; and the historians of costume discover that the Syrian enemies of Israel wore gloves or gauntlets reaching nearly to the shoulder, so touching nearly, in point of time, the fantastical claim that Rebecca first made gloves when she fashioned "the skins of the kids of the goats" to fit the hands and arms of her favourite son Jacob, so that he might obtain the blessing intended for Esau. It may have been that Ivaine acquired his distinguished reputation by lifting gloves out of the rut of mere utility, making them so splendid that they served as much for pride as protection. This is the more likely, in that he is said to have also invented "other articles of elegance in dress;" so that we may reasonably set him down as a dandy-knight, more quick than others to appreciate the advantages of finery and niceness. Of one thing we may feel certain—the gloves of Ivaine would not offend any artist or physiologist of his day by being unreasonably tight, for it was not until quite recent times that there was any thought of making gloves by sizes. Some rough measurement would perhaps be taken; the song of the mercer in the thirteenth century ran:—

> "J'ai beax ganz à damoiseletes;
> J'ai ganz forrez doubles et sangles."

But beyond such broad distinctions as those between "damoiseletes" and full-grown people, there was little attempt at fit; and when we read that Elizabeth kept pulling her gloves off and on, so that attention was directed to the delicate hands of which she was in-

disputably proud, we assume a facility of size which actual measurements of old gloves amply confirm. Instinctively consistent, they were in most instances cut



GLOVES OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
(*Ashmolean Museum.*)

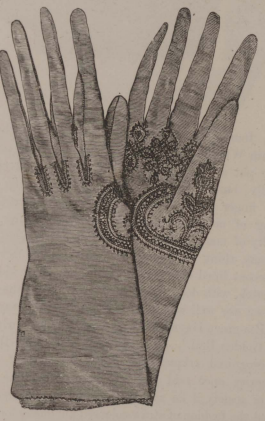
throughout on a liberal scale; and the deep wide-mouthed cuffs with which they were very properly finished, afforded so good an opportunity for decoration that they furnish some of the finest examples of mediæval embroidery and ornament. What could be more excellent of its kind than the beautiful gloves of the bride of John Hampden, once in the possession of Horace Walpole, and endorsed in his handwriting? It is possible that any lady would feel uncomfortably conspicuous in such a glove to-day, unless with a motive like that of Walpole himself when he received a party of guests at Strawberry Hill with another pair of elaborate gloves, once owned by James I., on his hands. But when John Hampden took to himself a wife, gloves such as these would arouse more envy than astonishment, all radiant though they must then have been in designs of needle-work, worked with coloured twists and gold thread upon a ground of bright pink silk heightened with spangles. The cuffs are still fresh and beautiful, although the silk foundation has faded, and they have edgings of lace to each of the eight points in which they are finished, with a frilling of silk edged with tinsel and spangles at the wrists. "Women," said an enthusiastic friend of the sex, "have a hundred ways of being beautiful;" and gloves in Mrs. Hampden's day must assuredly have been one of them.

In the hurly-burly of the Civil War gloves of this gorgeous character were lost to sight; and when dress again became subject to fashion under the Stuarts, no attempt was made to revive them. Perfume took the place of ornament, and gloves appealed to the sense of smell rather than that of sight. It is not until 1658, when perfumes in their turn were coming to be neglected, that any mention of change in the form or appearance of gloves is met with, and then

"Curious powdered periwigs
And new-cut fashioned gloves"

are announced as on sale in the New Exchange. In 1695 a remarkable book which endeavours to portray "The Excellent Woman" by giving, as its title-page promises, "A Just and Instructive Representation of the Virtues and Vices of the Sex," shows that gloves had, in another way, become an object of solicitude and care.

Thenceforward gloves became indispensable to every woman of fashion, without being made very remarkable at any time. Sixteen dozen of pairs yearly were allowed to each princess of the family of George II., at eighteen shillings the dozen, but no stipulation was made as to the quality or style of them in the memorandum making the allowance; and in an account setting forth the wardrobe expenditure of the Royal household during two quarters of 1729, the price paid is returned at thirteen shillings the dozen; and "plain gloves" for her Majesty the Queen at the modest sum of thirty pence the pair. At the same time gloves for the prince appear to have cost eighteen shillings the pair; and this substantial difference in price illustrates exactly the relative position of men and women at this time in point of costume. We hear very little then of feminine indulgence in rich dress. The size of women's hoops, the



LADY'S GLOVES (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).
(*From "Gloves, their Annals and Associations."*)

colour of their hoods, the disposition of their patches, their readiness generally to take up any new freak of fashion—all these are commented on freely, but with a

significant absence ot complaints about their prodigality or thoughtlessness. It is the men in their silks and velvets, their laces and frills, their cravats and canes, and all the innumerable niceties of dress and toilet in which they studied to be each more exact than the other, who are brought up before the bar of public opinion charged with these offences. Nothing is heard of women's gloves, but the men wear them heavily fringed with gold and silver. It is a pair of silver-fringed gloves that make the most conspicuous feature of the fortune-hunting young jackanapes of the 311th *Spectator*. Modern philosophers point out how man alone, of all the masculine creation, is more sober than his mate; but it is only in recent times that man has become an exception to the rule. In the *Guardian* of 1713 there is an entry in an imaginary milliner's bill, supposed to be found upon the table of a young man about town, of "six pair of white kid gloves for Mistress Sally, fourteen shillings." But the white gloves of Captain Whiffle in "Roderick Random" "did not seem to be put on with an intention to be pulled off occasionally, but were fixed with a curious ring on the little finger of each hand." This may seem, for the saving of modern philosophy, and still more for the dignity of man, a mere record of many years ago. But we may think of young Disraeli in his black velvet dress-coat lined with white satin, and white kid gloves to match, with deep black silk fringe round the wrists; and we are well within memory of the D'Orsay school, of "Pea-green Hayne," and Hughes Ball, popularly known as "Golden Ball." In Beau Brummell's time there was a recognised etiquette of gloves; and that eminent authority once said that any man should be scouted out of society if he rode in kid gloves. D'Orsay introduced the fashion of straw-coloured kid gloves for evening wear in 1839, displacing white Berlin gloves, such as coachmen and policemen now are seen in; and, still nearer modern philosophy, "a gentleman belonging to the English fashion" in 1865 was, on the statement of Sir C. F. Lascelles Wraxall, obliged to use six pairs per day—"in the morning to drive his dog-cart, reindeer-skin gloves; when hunting the fox, chamois-leather gloves; on returning to London in the tilbury, beaver gloves; on going later to walk (or ride) in Hyde Park, coloured doeskin gloves; on going to dinner, yellow dog-skin gloves; and for the evening, the ball or the rout, gloves of white thread embroidered with silk."

These particulars not only prove that man's moderation in "garmenture" is something almost too young to boast about, or be made an illustrious example, but also serve to show how it is that the gloves of William of Orange, those worn by him at the Battle of the Boyne, come to be so daintily ornamented and finished. The gloves are of brown leather, the cuffs embroidered in gold thread upon black satin. The gloves of Lord Kilmarnock carry with them their own certificate of identity, and we see again in them how general it was for gentlemen in that day to have their gloves embellished. The unhappy occasion with which these relics are associated brings to mind the gift of "her gloves and handkercher" by Lady Jane Grey to her maiden, Mistress Tilney, when she, too, was brought to the scaffold in the Tower; and recalls the touching distribution of keepsakes by Mary Queen of Scots to her attendants in her last moments at Fotheringay; and the leave-taking of the Earl of Derby with his faithful servant Prescott when he was executed at Bolton in 1651. He gave Prescott, we are told, his gloves, his hat, and his band, together with a Queen Elizabeth sixpence, the only coin left in his pocket. What a touching chapter these incidents, and others like unto them, make in the history of costume!



THE PERCY GAUNTLETS.

(By kind Permission of Capt. Palmer Douglas.)

Associations of another sort cluster about the fine Percy gauntlets, of which I am indebted to Mr. Walter Haddon, of Hawick, for the following description:—"Each side of both gauntlets is embroidered in the same manner, and according to the same design, with silks of several colours and gold and silver thread. The lions are covered with small pearls, and in bringing out the floral design pearls are also used. The fringe, originally round both gauntlets, is of gold and silver filigree half an inch in depth, but this has been stripped from

one of them." What need to tell again the tale of the old border-feud between Percy and Douglas; the forays, first on this side, then on that; the fierce engagements between the old foes, each worthy of the other's steel, when they came within striking distance; what need "to tell what woful wars in 'Chevy Chase' befell"? It is necessary, however, as has been already pointed out, to distinguish between the hunt of Chevy Chase and the fight by moonlight at Otterbourne, both of which are mixed up in the grand old ballad. It is of this last encounter that these gauntlets are so eloquent, and they probably were the inspiriting cause of the hasty and unprepared pursuit which ended in the capture of Hotspur and his brother Ralph Percy. Tradition asserts that these gauntlets were the gage and token of Hotspur's lady-love, and nothing is more likely. It is only necessary to remember the chivalric devotion of a knight of old to his "dearlyng," and the care with which he kept the favour which she bestowed on him—sometimes a scarf, sometimes a sleeve, more often a glove—looking upon it almost as a talisman and safeguard against all evil, and it is easy then to realise the bitterness which Hotspur would feel, not even so much in being personally defeated, but at losing his banner and the treasured token which had been hung from his spear or worn upon his helmet, when Douglas overthrew him in the hand-to-hand tussle before the walls of Newcastle. The triumphant Douglas waved on high the trophy he had won, and swore that he would carry it home to Scotland and keep it there. We can, again, imagine easily enough Hotspur's fury and despair, his desperate resolution to hasten after his foe, the hurried collection of his available forces, the ride for revenge—first in haste, then with stealth—the surprise of the Scots, their recovery, the fluctuating fortunes of the fight, the shouts and rallying-cries and still more dreadful sounds which broke upon the night, the final effort and the sorrowful end, which brought disaster to the one and an empty victory to the other of those engaged. All this we see and hear through these splendid gauntlets, which were, after all, carried jubilantly across the border, and have been treasured there ever since at Cavers.

S. WILLIAM BECK.



LADY'S EMBROIDERED GLOVES (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).
(From "Gloves, their Annals and Associations.")

My Great-Grandmother's Jewels.

A GHOST STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

IT was certainly cold, very cold even for Christmas, and therefore it was not to be wondered at, that as the twilight deepened, and the stars began to shine in the clear frosty sky, the young people should leave the deep bay window where they had been discussing the probability of another day's skating on the morrow, and should gather round the fire at the end of the large old-fashioned library in which they were congregated, a happy, merry party of ten, ranging in age from twelve to eighteen.

The large logs of wood crackled and blazed on the open hearth, and sent great tongues of flame dancing up the chimney, the bright flickering light playing hide-and-seek amid the shadows in the room, now lighting up its distant corners, now adding increased gloom and mystery to the heavy folds of curtains and portière. The walls were mostly hidden by tall book-cases, whose well-filled shelves told of the accumulated learning of generations; but here and there heavy-browed and plume-bedecked ancestors looked down in grave rebuke or supercilious disdain on the young life below, so full of eager hope and untried strength, so forgetful that the originals of "the old buffers up there," as one of the boys disrespectfully called them, were once as young and light-hearted as themselves.

A long and animated discussion had been going on as to the merits and demerits of different kinds of skates, interspersed with comments on the day's performances, when one of those unaccountable silences fell on the group which are often noticeable in general conversation.

"How jolly the old room looks, doesn't it?" said a tall bright-looking boy of about fourteen. "One could imagine all kinds of ghosts and hobgoblins in the shadows."

"Don't! how can you be so horrid, Alf?" replied his sister Alice, as she curled herself up on the rug, a little closer to the feet of her favourite cousin, whose slight figure was almost hid in the depths of a large arm-chair. "How can you talk of ghosts in the twilight? it makes one feel quite creepy."

"Why, you surely do not believe in them, you little goose," said Bertha, as she stroked the curly head resting against her knee.

"No, not exactly, Bertha; but I would rather talk about them in the day-time; I think——"

A shout of laughter greeted this confession, and ere it had subsided, the library door opened and the tall, slightly bent figure of an old lady appeared on the threshold.

"Why, young people, all in the dark!" she exclaimed; "but you seem very happy, notwithstanding, to judge by the noise you are making; I fear I have interrupted some pleasant game."

"Not at all, granny," replied one of the girls; "we were only talking of ghosts!"

"And what did you find to say about them?" said the old lady with a smile. "Have any of you had experiences to recount?"

"Granny, *do* you believe in ghosts?" broke in little Alice.

"It depends upon what you call believing in them, child, and what you understand by ghosts. That spirits of the dead have, and do appear occasionally to survivors, no one, I think, can doubt, when so many well-authenticated instances are on record."

"Yes, but we mean haunted houses, and all that kind of thing," interrupted Alf.

"I certainly do not believe in all ghost stories, and think that many of them, if thoroughly sifted, would be found very material indeed; but now and then things do happen which seem impossible to account for, except by referring them to the supernatural."

"Then, granny, you do believe in ghosts and haunted houses after all?" said Bertha.

"To a certain extent, I suppose I must answer yes, darling," replied her grandmother. "Indeed, I had in my youth too curious an adventure to answer otherwise; and if you like, I will tell it you. I think there is still time before the dressing-bell rings."

"Oh, how delightful!"

"A real ghost story!"

"Is it very dreadful?" exclaimed all her listeners at once.

"Well, I hardly know how to reply to that last question," she said, smiling; "but you shall judge for yourselves," and her grandchildren having gathered around her, she began the following story:—

"As you are aware, children, my grandfather had been a staunch supporter of the Stuarts, and when the ill-fated Prince Charles Edward attempted to regain the throne of his ancestors, there were none among his followers more truly loyal or more thoroughly devoted to the cause of the rightful King.

"No sooner had the news of the Prince's landing at Borodale become known, than my grandfather, then a young man and lately married, gathered a band of retainers together and was amongst the first to join the Royal standard. You know, my dears, for it is a matter of history, how prosperously things went with the Prince at the first; many brave and devoted adherents rallied round him, and everything seemed to favour his cause—the King of England away in Hanover, and the much-dreaded Duke of Cumberland fighting the French in Flanders.

"All might have been well had the Prince been able to follow up these advantages immediately, but the ship

containing troops and arms having been obliged to put back into Brest, after an encounter with the English, caused some delay; yet, for a time, Fortune seemed to smile on him, and to grant to the son the success she had denied to the father. The proclamation of King James at Perth, followed quickly by the occupation of Edinburgh, put all the Royalists in the highest spirits, and many of the wives and daughters of the officers gathered round the Prince to grace his Court and to offer their congratulations on his success. Amongst the youngest and loveliest of them all my grandmother was conspicuous for her grace, cleverness, and charm of manner, so that her house became a favourite resort whilst the troops remained in Edinburgh, and the place where all met to discuss the latest news from the army.

"I need not dwell on the advance into and retreat from England, and the subsequent alternations of hopes and fears as successes and reverses succeeded one another, or the final overthrow of the Royal cause at the Battle of Culloden in April, 1746, for the story is too well known to you all, as well as the wanderings and adventures of Prince Charlie before he and a few devoted followers, of whom my grandfather was one, were at last enabled to make good their escape to France. Sad indeed was the news awaiting my grandfather on his arrival. His wife, together with other ladies and refugees, had reached France some months before, after having narrowly escaped shipwreck, and the exposure and fright connected with it, together with the continued anxiety on her husband's account, proved too much for her strength, and she died in Paris a few days after having given birth to a son. My father's boyhood and early youth were spent partly in France, partly in following with my grandfather the wanderings of his Royal master, during which time, though he travelled much, he never once visited his native land. Shortly after his father's death, however, he came to Scotland, having succeeded to a small fortune from his maternal grandfather, together with an old house in Edinburgh, which had been in the family for generations. It was at this time that he first met my mother, and their marriage took place in 1790. She was an orphan, more than twenty years his junior, and possessed of a few hundreds a year of her own, besides a small farm in Fife, which now became their home—my father having, at her earnest entreaties, given up all thoughts of returning to France. They had several children, but as all of them died within a few weeks of their birth, my arrival at the end of ten years, followed the year after by that of my sister, was a source of rejoicing to them both. Very uneventful and happy were our childish days, and little we recked of the cloud which oftentimes gathered on our mother's brow, or our father's prolonged absences; we had food and raiment, and as the manner of children is, we were therewith content. As years rolled on our play was varied by such book-learning as my mother and the village schoolmaster could impart; practical lessons in house and farm management, together with the finer arts of embroidery and lace-making, which my mother had acquired in the convent in which she had been educated, for I forgot to say that she, too, had spent her early years in France.

"When I was barely sixteen this happy life came to an end. Our father, who had been some weeks absent from home, returned late one winter evening, looking and feeling very unwell, and before many days had passed his illness proved to be the much-dreaded smallpox. We children were removed as soon as possible to an adjacent cottage which had once belonged to the head man on the farm, but which for some time had remained empty, and, strange to say, we escaped infection. My mother and our old nurse Elsie were unremitting in their care of my father, but he was now close upon seventy, and all their skill could not avail to prolong his life, for after a week or two of intense suffering he sank peacefully to rest.

"The last time I saw our mother's sweet face was when she came to the open window of the sitting-room, that she might herself tell the 'bairnies,' as she always called us, of their loss. In a day or two we heard that she had taken the disease, and, being worn out with nursing, in a week she followed our father to the grave.

"Even at this distance of time, I can well remember the crushing weight of sorrow and the sense of utter loneliness which overwhelmed us as my sister Janet and I clung to one another in our grief, feeling that each was to the other the only thing left in the world to love. Our parents having had no brothers or sisters, our position was peculiarly desolate; and our home was so far from a town that the visit of the minister, doctor, or casual passer-by was an event from which we dated for months. I suppose Elsie must have known more of our family affairs than we did, or perhaps our mother had given her instructions what to do in the event of her death, for after the funeral we were surprised by the arrival of a little old man who took possession of everything, and whom we found she had summoned to our aid. We soon discovered that he was the family lawyer, Mr. McClean, and a very great friend of our father's, yet even he was unprepared for the state in which his affairs were left, so you may imagine what it was to us, when, in the course of a few days after his arrival, he called us into the sitting-room which had been our father's, and gently broke to us the fact that we were not only orphans but well-nigh penniless. Long and earnest discussion followed as to our future, and it was at last decided that we should remain at the farm till a tenant had been found for it, and a sale effected of stock, furniture, and other things, and that on his return to Edinburgh he should thoroughly go into our affairs and try and find out some way in which we could add to our very small income. Our education, as I told you, had been limited, but he thought that my thorough knowledge of French and my sister's exquisite embroidery and lace-work might be turned to account in the great city, so that it was with very hopeful faces we saw him at length depart with some of our best productions packed up in his large black bag; and proud indeed we were when in due time a packet reached us containing money and an order for more embroidery.

"The spring and summer passed, yet though we worked hard and spent little, the money melted away, so that with all our care and the kindly help of neighbours we found it hard work enough to live, and it was with

no little joy that one bright September morning we again welcomed our old friend. He was the bearer of the good news that at last the farm was let; our gladness, however, was somewhat damped when he informed us that the rent was only £30 a year, and that he had discovered that our father had wasted all his own and most of our mother's fortune in vain efforts to recover his ancestral property confiscated in 1747, so all that remained for us was the old house in Edinburgh and an income of £60. After some hesitation Mr. McClean proposed that we should move to Edinburgh and save ourselves house-rent by occupying this house, which had for many years stood empty except during our father's occasional visits to that city.

"Thus it came to pass that one wet September evening the coach deposited Elsie and our two selves, weary, bewildered, and frightened, on the steps of a house in —— Street, whose dirty windows and paintless, dilapidated appearance was anything but cheering to our already drooping spirits. Nor was the interior more lively, as the opening door revealed a wide stone corridor, its dark recesses dimly lighted by a flickering rushlight held by a slatternly old woman, who appeared in answer to our summons, dragged the two boxes containing all our worldly goods into the hall, and closed the door with a bang which echoed through the deserted house, and seemed, in our nervous state, to be shutting us into a living tomb.

"We followed our guide, passed the old staircase, with its heavy oaken balustrade, and steps worn by the feet of generations, passed tall massive doorways, and down narrow passages, till she ushered us into a room, half kitchen, half parlour, where a bright fire was burning, a kettle singing on the hob, and preparations for supper on a table drawn near to the hearth. Our spirits rose at the cheering sight, and by the time that we had refreshed and warmed ourselves, the gloomy impressions of our arrival had given place to the pleased excitement of youth in the novelty of our position and surroundings. It was with feelings of curiosity that we prepared to explore the upper regions, as Mrs. McNab led the way to the room where she and Elsie had already carried our boxes.

"We mounted flight after flight, and at last found ourselves in a room on the second floor. Very gloomy it looked by the dim light, with its oak wainscot, and carved chimney-piece nearly touching the heavy beams of the ceiling; while from a deep alcove the outlines of a large four-post bedstead loomed indistinctly, so we were glad enough to find that Elsie was to occupy the small closet adjoining. It was indeed a contrast to our room at home, where woodbine and roses clustered round the window, and dimity curtains vied in whiteness with the fleecy clouds in summer and the snow in winter, while the scent of rosemary, lavender, and pot-pourri pervaded all.

"The next morning, to a great extent, dispelled the gloom of the preceding evening, but revealed such depths of dust and dirt, to say nothing of clouds of cobwebs, that it plunged poor Elsie into despair, and it was not till my sister and I had made a vigorous attack upon the window-panes 'to let the sunlight in,' as Janet said, that a ray of comfort seemed to steal over her, and she set to work in earnest to rout the enemy with brush and broom. Before night we had, by the aid of soap and water, and a few pieces of furniture which had been sent from our old home, succeeded in giving a more comfortable appearance to the apartment. On the morrow we were employed in the same manner in the downstairs room, which we decided to use both as kitchen and sitting-room, when Mr. McClean arrived to see how we were getting on, and to say that he had secured me two pupils to begin with, and more orders for Janet.

"We soon settled down to our new life, and for a time all went well. My pupils increased, Janet had as much embroidery as she could do, and poor old Elsie succeeded in getting the washing of fine linen and laces for several families. As the winter advanced, our troubles began by Janet pricking her finger, rendering her unable to work for some time owing to inflammation which ensued, we presumed from poison in the dyed silks. Then sickness broke out amongst my scholars; and we found it hard work to struggle on in the numbing cold of those bitter winter days, when the wind moaned and howled through the empty house, and candles had to be burnt nearly all day in the large gloomy rooms. Mr. McClean was very kind, but he was poor himself, and had a family of grandchildren dependent on him, so he could not do much for us; but he got me papers and MSS. to copy, and did all in his power to help. Yet to my repeated entreaties to sell or let our house, he invariably answered that no purchaser or tenant could be found, as it was in such an old-fashioned, out-of-the-way part of the city.

"I think it must have been in the early part of February that Elsie was taken ill with a cold and a sharp feverish attack, and it was whilst nursing her that I first noticed any of the peculiar noises which afterwards culminated in the adventure I am about to relate. I remember well that Janet and I were sitting over the small fire in our bed-room, warming up some gruel for the invalid, when suddenly we were both startled by hearing what sounded to us like the opening and shutting of doors on the floor below; but, as perfect silence followed, we concluded that we must have forgotten to close those of the living-room on leaving it for the night. After that date both Janet and I were constantly hearing unaccountable noises, sometimes like footsteps on the stairs, at others like distant music, and again the banging of doors and clanking of metal, but to all our remarks Elsie and Mr. McClean turned a deaf ear, and declared the sounds, if any, were made by rats, or existed solely in our imaginations.

"So things went on, till one evening, about the end of March, I had been sitting up late copying some law papers for Mr. McClean, and as I was mounting the old staircase I had that indescribable feeling of being followed which makes one sometimes look round without knowing why; but, though I held my candle up and peered into the surrounding darkness, nothing was to be seen. Again I hurried on, and then it seemed to my excited nerves as if there was the rustle of a dress, and

a sound of footsteps on the stairs behind me. I almost ran as I passed the door of the saloon on the first floor, and began to climb as fast as possible to our rooms. The staircase was a curious, old-fashioned square one; there were three flights to get from the saloon to the floor above, the second flight bringing one exactly opposite its doors, and as I gained it, again that irresistible feeling came over me to pause. Again I raised my candle high above my head, as I leant forward and gazed over the banisters into the gloomy depths below. The light fell full on the oak doorway of the saloon, and standing against it, as if in a frame, I saw, as distinctly as ever I saw anything in my life, the figure of a woman, her lovely face turned full towards me, one hand seemingly on the handle of the door, the other raised as if beckoning me to her!

"For a moment I stood spell-bound looking at her; another, she was gone, and I, breathless and trembling, fled to my own room. But, oddly enough, after the first feeling of surprise had passed, I experienced no sensation of fear at what I had seen; only a fixed determination to say nothing about it seemed to come upon me, almost in spite of myself. As you may imagine, I *thought* all the more; and though at one time I would shut my eyes and rush past the saloon doors, at another a strange longing seized me to see that beautiful face again, to know the meaning of the wistful, loving look she gave me, and to follow where she would lead. One night—it was the 16th of April—this feeling was so strong upon me, that I made some excuse to remain downstairs after the others had gone to bed, and a sudden impulse seized me to enter the saloon, though I had only done so once since we had come to live in the house. I mounted the staircase quickly for fear my resolution should fail, and, opening the door, stood within the long, low room.

"The moonbeams streamed through the unshuttered windows, illuminating the distant corners with her pale, clear light, and throwing fantastic shadows from the heavy carving which adorned the walls and ceiling, and shone full on the fireplace, with its large old-fashioned dogs, and high chimney-piece, whereon, in bold relief, stood out the coat-of-arms of some departed ancestor. A few chairs, very broad in the seat and straight-backed, were scattered about; an octagon and several smaller tables in different stages of decrepitude balanced themselves on the uneven floor; here and there one or two quaint pieces of furniture against the walls seemed to be like sentinels keeping watch and ward over the remnants of departed grandeur; while above all, Father Time waved his banner of victory in the shape of moth-eaten draperies, which hung in limp and tattered folds over the entrance to the latticed oriel window in the corner of the room. I paused for a moment on the threshold, and then crossing it, gained the oriel window, and stood for a few seconds looking out on the deserted street.

"An involuntary shiver passed over me as I turned to leave the room, when all power of motion deserted me, for there, standing between the fireplace and the door, with her back towards me, was the figure of the lady I had seen once before on the landing! The most curious part of the adventure was, however, still to come, for, as I sank into the window-seat, the saloon seemed suddenly to be filled with ghostly visitants and ablaze with ghostly light. An awful silence reigned over all. Not a voice was heard, though many of the groups appeared to be in earnest conversation; not a rustle of a dress, or clank of sword or spur, though the light shimmered on silk and satin, and glittered on polished steel or jewelled hilt, as the phantoms flitted to and fro, or gathered round the central figure.

"Whilst I was wondering what would follow, the door was flung violently but noiselessly open, and a soldier hurriedly entered the room. He was evidently the bearer of bad news, for sorrow and confusion seemed to prevail for some moments after his arrival; then, as instantaneously as they had appeared, the guests faded from my sight, and I was alone once more with her whose face I had so longed to behold again. Strangely enough, all through the scene I have just described I had been unable to do so. Now, however, as she turned slowly towards me, I recognised the same lovely features, but clouded by an expression of sorrow and distress, and I noticed for the first time the splendid diamonds and emeralds which sparkled on her neck and in her hair, and nestled amid the folds of lace which adorned her satin bodice. She stood as if in uncertainty; then, moving to a large oak chest by the side of the fireplace, seemed to open it, and, unclasping her jewels, to lay them within. As she did so, it appeared to me that she turned towards the oriel window in which I crouched, raising her hand in the same beckoning attitude as when I first beheld her. Without a moment's hesitation, I rose to obey, but my limbs refused to support me; I clutched vainly at the empty air, and then fell forward senseless on to the floor.

"There Janet and Elsie discovered me in the grey dawn of early morning, for Janet waking and not finding me by her side, roused Elsie to look for me; together they had descended the stairs, when, seeing the saloon door open, they entered, found me, and carried me to my room.

"For a few days I was very ill and in a high fever, brought on, the doctor said, by the cold of the empty room, following on long-continued anxiety and overwork, and my talk of beautiful ladies and glittering jewels in oaken chests passed for the ravings of delirium. Indeed, it was some time after I had resumed my usual employment before I could persuade Elsie to listen to the account of what I had seen—or dreamt, as she would persist in affirming—and still longer ere I could induce her to produce the key of the saloon, which she had carefully hidden since that eventful evening; and when she did so at last, she insisted on entering the room with me.

"How different it looked in the bright sunshine, which revealed only too plainly all its dilapidations, but not a trace of ghostly revelry! It was difficult for me to conjure up in broad daylight, and with the noise of the outside world sounding in my ears, the scene of bygone days which had been so vividly impressed on my brain in the silence and solitude of the night.

"I was roused from the reverie into which I had fallen by Janet's laughing voice at my side saying, 'Well, Maggie, in which cabinet did your beautiful lady hide her jewels?—for I must say I should very much like to find them; I think diamonds would suit me very well!' and the saucy girl, whom no trouble could subdue, seized me round the waist and pirouetted me round the saloon.

"Now, though I had never confessed it, for fear of being laughed at, still my one aim and object since my recovery had been to get into the room alone, and to hunt in the oak cabinet by which I had last seen the figure stand. Hitherto I had been frustrated in carrying out my intentions by the ingenuity with which Elsie had hidden the key of the door, baffling all my attempts to find it. Janet's random words gave renewed strength to the impression that there was some purpose in the scene I had witnessed, some discovery that I was to make.

"I accordingly approached the cabinet, and with trembling hands tried to undo the doors; the key was still in the lock, but so rusty from age that it required repeated efforts on our part before we could succeed in making it turn. The doors creaked on the hinges at last, and Janet and Elsie pressed eagerly forward to see the inside. There was nothing remarkable about it; the lower part contained three deep drawers, the upper was fitted with smaller ones on each side of a recess, once adorned with a looking-glass, pieces of it still remaining in it, and surmounted by carved woodwork, supported on each side by columns: this and the drawer-handles were the only ornamental work inside, though the outside carving was somewhat elaborate. It had evidently been used for a writing-table, stains of ink being visible on the slab which drew out to form a desk. Anxiously we opened one drawer after another, but always with the same result; nothing was to be seen except occasional small heaps of wood-dust caused by insect ravages, and accordingly I had to endure a good deal of raillery from Janet, till we attempted to draw out the last one on the right-hand side, which, either from damp or age, refused to open. For some time we in vain shook, and knocked, and pulled at the handle, and our excitement rose to the highest pitch when a more vigorous blow of mine had the desired effect, the drawer yielded, and we beheld—nothing!

"I think we almost cried with disappointment, and it was some minutes before we attempted to replace the drawer, which proved as difficult a task as to make it open, till, on examining the cavity, I perceived what appeared to be a small nail projecting from the inner side. On my attempting to remove it, what was our astonishment when the columns on either side of the recess flew open, disclosing narrow secret drawers, and in another second the jewels we sought lay exposed to our view!"

Here the silence with which the old lady's narrative had been listened to, was broken by little Alice exclaiming, in rather a frightened tone of voice—

"Oh, granny, how dreadful! What did you do? Were you not afraid to touch them?" and then many and eager questions followed from her listeners as to what they were like, what became of them, and whom they had really belonged to, so it was not till the excitement had somewhat subsided that she continued—

"Surprise for a time overcame every other feeling and deprived us of all power of speech, as we looked from the diamonds into one another's awe-struck faces; and, indeed, Alice, it *was* long before we ventured to lift them out of their hiding-place. Janet's curiosity at length overcame her fear, and she took them one by one in her hand and placed them on the writing-slab: necklet, stomacher, earrings, brooches, all as I had seen them sparkling in the hair and on the dress of the beautiful lady on the night of the 16th of April. I turned quite dizzy and faint with the remembrance, and the door of the saloon opening at this moment, the expectancy of the supernatural was so strong upon me that I should have fallen had not Elsie dragged me to the seat in the oriel window and thrown it open, when a burst of tears relieved my overwrought brain.

The new-comer proved to be Mr. McClean, and great indeed was his astonishment at our discovery. He pronounced them at once to be our grandmother's jewels, which, he remembered hearing in his boyhood, were supposed to have been lost on her escape to France, and a list of which he still had among the family papers in his office. Of course, in our position, it was impossible to retain them; we therefore gave them over to him to make what arrangements he thought best for their sale. When the time came the great size and purity of the gems, together with the manner of their discovery, having got noised abroad attracted many bidders, so that the proceeds realised several thousands, and restored us again to comparative ease and independence."

"Did you ever see the ghost again, grandmamma?" asked Harry, as she paused as if the story were ended.

"No, child, nor though we lived for nearly two years in the house, were we again disturbed by noises of any kind. That was the most curious thing of all, for after we had found the jewels, Mr. McClean confessed that the real reason why the house could never be sold, was the reputation it had long borne of being haunted. Once or twice many years before, it had been let for short periods, the tenants having in each case thrown up their lease owing to the unaccountable sounds they heard, and the figures they also affirmed they had seen in the passages. All agreed that the disturbances were worse in the spring, and it is a strange fact that the night I passed in the old saloon was the 16th of April, the date of the Battle of Culloden, and of my grandmother's flight into France."

"How sorry you must have been to have parted with her jewels!" said Bertha. "Can you remember, granny, what any of them were like? I do so wish I could have seen them."

"Many of them I have forgotten, but I can describe the necklace. It was composed of single diamonds, set solid in silver, linked together by flowers in the shape of forget-me-nots, formed of smaller stones with pearl centres and emerald leaves; and from it hung a pendant with a very large diamond in the middle, surrounded by six uncut emeralds, from which hung a fringe of diamonds,

pearls, and emeralds, the whole surmounted by a coronet of seven fine pearls."

"But, granny, you have got that now!" said several of the young people at once, and Bertha continued—

"Why, that is the very necklace you lent mother when I was presented last spring!"

Their grandmother smiled at their astonishment, and answered—

"Quite true, children, but it was sold with the rest, for all that, though it was not long before it found its way back into my possession. A few days before the sale, Mr. McClean was sent for by one of his clients, a very rich old gentleman, over ninety years of age, who had seen the jewels at the goldsmith's where they were exposed to view previous to the auction, and the man had told him their history. It turned out that he remembered both my grandfather and grandmother, indeed, had, I believe, been one of her youthful admirers, and either from some remembrance of a bygone romance, or from pure kindness of heart, he commissioned Mr. McClean to secure the necklace and pendant for him at any price, and to bring me and Janet to see him on the morrow."

"What a dear old man! and he gave them to you?"

"No, he did not," said the old lady; and after pausing to enjoy the look of disappointment and inquiry on the face of her listeners, she went on—

"No, for what good would diamonds and emeralds have been to us, situated as we were? However, he did much better than that; he made many and searching inquiries into our ways and means of living, and interested himself in getting us employment amongst his numerous friends, and from that moment to the time of his death at the age of ninety-six, his kindness to us both was unfailing. When in Edinburgh he would come and see us, and we passed many happy days with him *here*; for, children, you may well look astonished, but this 'dear old gentleman,' as one of you called him just now, was your uncle many times removed, and on the morning which was to make me the bride of his heir, it was his hand which clasped round my neck your Great-Grandmother's Jewels."

LAURA HAMPTON.



The Shepherd.

THAT calm, heroic time I picture oft
When in the quiet vales of ancient Greece
The shepherd sang, and on the hills was peace,
And with content blithe maidens carolled soft.
Then men were strong and simple, free from art,
And loved the mountain-tops and murmuring shades
Where crescented Diana and her maids,
The modest-robèd stars, did chase the hart
That westward ever fled, himself to save;
While from each bubbling spring and gnarlèd tree
Naiad and Dryad crept; and in the sea
Nereus' daughters tossed the moon-tipt wave;
But of their songs no mortal ear might know
The purport—nought save sea and streamlet's flow.

DOROTHY HOLLINS.

Madame de Maintenon.

THE life of Françoise d'Aubigné, afterwards Mme. de Maintenon, and ultimately wife of Louis XIV., King of France, is a story full of so many extraordinary adventures, that probably no other woman ever had such an eventful career.

She was the granddaughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné, a staunch Huguenot, who was the friend of Queen Jeanne d'Albret and the King of Navarre, and afterwards Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber to the latter when he became King of France, under the title of Henri IV. Agrippa d'Aubigné was a brave and intrepid soldier, but at the same time such a lover of letters, that he took a press with him when going to battle, to print his "Histoire Universelle." He was the son of Jean d'Aubigné of Pons, in Saintonge, who claimed to be descended from the ancient family of D'Aubigné of Anjou, and his wife, Catherine de l'Estang, dame de la Lande.



MADAME DE MAINTENON.
(From an old Miniature.)

The father of Mme. de Maintenon was Constant d'Aubigné, a gambler, a *débauché*, and a traitor, who, being accused of intriguing with the English Government, was thrown into the prison of Château Trompette at Bordeaux about the year 1625. There her mother, Jeanne de Cardilhac, daughter of the governor of the prison, who was at that time only sixteen, either from pity or infatuation, married Constant and shared his imprisonment. This was in 1627, when he was in his forty-eighth year, but still a very clever and attractive man. They had two sons, who were born in the Château Trompette. The eldest died young, but the second son, Charles, who had inherited all the vices of his father, lived to the age of sixty-nine, and was all his life an incessant cause of worry and anxiety to his sister. In 1634 Constant d'Aubigné was removed to the Prison de la Conciergerie du Palais de Niort; his wife accompanied him, and it was there that Françoise was born, on the 27th of November, 1635. She was baptised in the Roman Catholic faith, her mother's religion; but while quite an infant she was sent to her aunt, Mme. la Marquise de Vilette, the favourite daughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné, and a strong Calvinist, who took charge of her, and brought her up as a Protestant.

At the death of Cardinal de Richelieu in 1642 all the prisons were thrown open, and Constant d'Aubigné regained his liberty, after an incarceration of nearly seventeen years. Three years later he was given the governorship of the small island of Marie Galante in the West Indies, where he proceeded with his family; but finding life unendurable, there being none but savages on the island, he got, in exchange, a small post in La Martinique. Here Françoise spent two years—but her reminiscences could not have been pleasant, for she never would speak of that time.

Her father died in 1647, and the family then returned to France. They lived at La Rochelle for a few months in abject poverty, being even obliged to accept food for their subsistence from the Jesuits. It was, therefore, a great boon to Mme. d'Aubigné when the Marquise de Vilette once more offered to take Françoise to live with her. However, this time the poor girl's happiness was destined to be but of short duration. Her godmother, Mme. de Neuillant, a strong Roman Catholic, represented to the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, the enormity of this girl being brought up as a Protestant when she had been baptised in the Roman Catholic faith, and at last prevailed upon the Queen to let her take Françoise away from Mme. de Vilette. Mme. de Neuillant, however, very soon found that she was quite unable to change the girl's religious principles, notwithstanding the hardships she inflicted upon her for her obstinacy, and therefore sent her to the "Couvent d'Ursulines" at Niort; where the conventual teachings at last prevailed, and she was induced to conform to their religion. After this she was allowed to return to her mother, who by this time had taken lodgings in the Rue des Tournelles du Marais in Paris, and lived on an allowance of 200 francs a year made to her by a relative, the Baron de Durmeau, and what

she could earn by her needle. Under the burden of trials and disappointments, Mme. d'Aubigné's health quite gave way, and she died in 1650, leaving Françoise altogether without resources. It was, perhaps, in this sad and dependent condition that she acquired that coldness and dissimulation which afterwards so characterised her life.

After her mother's death Françoise returned to Mme. de Neuillant, who adopted her and introduced her into society. Here for the first time she moved in her proper sphere, and the contact with cultivated people brought out the powers of her mind, her natural tact and vivacity. The burlesque poet, Scarron, whom she met about this time, was so touched by her beauty and misfortunes that he offered to marry her. He was clever and witty, but not refined, as the way he proposed well illustrates.

"Mademoiselle," said Scarron, "I hope you will not think me too blunt; but you know I do not affect refinement. In a word, if you determine upon taking the veil, I will pay the expenses of your admission; if you prefer matrimony, I will marry you myself. But do not misunderstand me. You know what I am; a thing made up of smiles and misery—a cracked instrument, that, instead of the deepened tones of music, emits only tuneless shrieks of laughter. I can offer you nothing but a small fortune, and a disabled and paralytic friend. You shall be my daughter under the name of wife, for I have no other means of adopting you; and I shall look to you for nothing more tender than the cares of a nurse."

The heart of a beautiful and accomplished girl of sixteen was not likely to be touched by such an offer from a man of more than three times her age; but she was induced to accept it by Mme. de Neuillant, and they were married in 1652. Her charming manners and brilliant conversation soon formed round them a circle of all who were most distinguished in literature, art, and politics. At Scarron's death, which took place in 1660, she again felt the reverses of fortune, for he left little behind him; but she was not deserted by the many influential friends she had made during his lifetime. The Queen Regent, who had always patronised Scarron, extended her protection to his widow; and when petitioned by Mmes. de Navailles and de Montausier, granted her a pension of 2,000 livres a year, which,



MADAME DE MAINTENON.
(From an Old Print.)

however, was to cease at the Queen's death. This occurred in 1666; and Mme. Scarron then addressed a petition to the King, praying that the pension might be continued. An old friend of Scarron's and afterwards of her own, Le Maréchal de Villeroy, interceded for her, and obtained from Louis XIV. the continuation of this much-needed annuity. Her numerous friends did all in their power to alleviate her difficulties, and she remembered them later on, when, through the strange turn of fortune, she attained the exalted rank for which she was destined.

When Mme. de Montespan was in search of a *confidante*, who should be both discreet and submissive, to look after her children by Louis XIV., she recollected the widow Scarron, whom she had met at the house of the Maréchal d'Albret. She offered her the charge of her two children, the Duc du Maine and Mlle. de Nantes; but, before accepting, Mme. Scarron made one condition, which was that she should only receive orders from the King himself. On this being acceded to, she joined in 1669 the household of Mme. de Montespan. Thus began her acquaintance with the King, who was soon attracted by her simulated piety and devotion, in strong contrast to the manners in fashion with the ladies of his Court. Mme. Scarron was not long in forming a just estimate of his character, and, being endowed with more than common understanding, she at once discovered that Louis XIV. was satiated with frivolity and wanted repose; she, therefore, preached religion to him. There still lingered in him something of the devotee, which she developed with consummate skill by her pretence of piety and austerity.

From the time Mme. Scarron assumed her charge she dropped her marriage name and adopted the title of Marquise de Surgères, which Mme. de Montmorency, with pointed wit, pretended to find a difficulty in pronouncing, calling her Mme. de Suggère. This latter name was very applicable, as she was often the suggester of the King's resolutions even then.

In 1674 she bought the château and property of Maintenon for 250,000 frs., the money presented to her by the King in recognition of the services she had rendered Mme. de Montespan, and the care and devotion she had bestowed on their children. The following year the King conferred upon her the title of Marquise de Maintenon, which was soon changed by Ninon de l'Enclos into the appropriate nickname of Mme. de Maintenant. This name was the more applicable, as day by day she rose higher in the King's favour. He gradually abandoned his former mistresses in obedience to her counsels, and she became his *confidante* and adviser.

In 1680, Mme. de Maintenon was made Lady-in-Waiting to the Dauphine, and held that appointment until 1683, when she was selected as one of the ladies to accompany the Queen Marie Thérèse in the triumphal visit she and the King paid to La Franche Comté and Alsace. Her manners and the way she fulfilled her duties so pleased the Queen that when seized by her last illness, shortly after returning to Fontainebleau, she selected her to be chief attendant, and would not allow her to absent herself for any length of time. The Queen's illness was very short, and on her death Mme. de Maintenon simulated the deepest affliction and did her utmost to comfort the King, who, in the early days of mourning, sought for sympathy. By her prayers and exhortations she soon consoled him, and brought out all the latent religious feelings of his weak nature. In this way she acquired so much influence over him that he sought her society continually, and, to insure her always being at hand, he gave her the Queen's rooms.

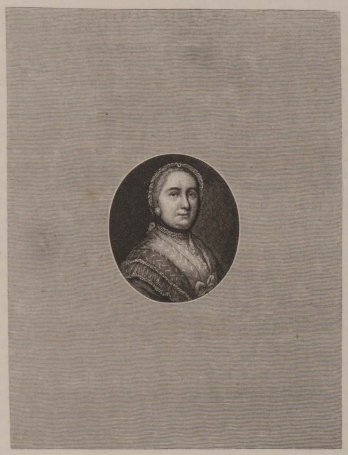
Mlle. d'Aumale, who was amanuensis to Mme. de Maintenon for several years, says, in her "Mémoires," that Louis held councils and transacted the greater part of the affairs of State in her *appartement*. Mme. de Maintenon used to sit at the end of the room, apparently busy with her distaff, but within sight of the King, who consulted her with looks, and she, with a glance or gesture, decided the fate of nations.

When she felt quite certain that she was indispensable to the King, she intimated her intention of leaving the Court and retiring to a convent, on the plea that her position had become a very false one. She was far too clever to consent to be the King's mistress. She had far higher aspirations than that, and, with great acuteness, she saw the only way to induce Louis to marry her was to threaten to leave the Court. Her ruse was completely successful, and the King, feeling that he would be stranded without her hand at the helm to guide him, determined to marry her, this being the only means by which he could insure her constant presence. She yielded, with apparent reluctance, to a private marriage, which took place at Versailles in January, 1684. A small altar was erected in a room in the Palace, and at midnight the ceremony was performed by Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, the witnesses being Bontemps, the King's valet, M. de Louvois, and the Marquis de Montchevreuil. Having thus achieved part of her ambition, it was not long before she tried to attain the goal which seemed so nearly within her reach. She immediately began to use all her powers of persuasion to prevail upon the King to publicly acknowledge their marriage and have her proclaimed Queen. Prior to the ceremony, however, Louis had pledged his word to his ministers that if they did not oppose the marriage he would not proclaim his wife Queen of France, and they had sufficient influence over him to make him keep his promise. Her next move was to get the King's confessor to try and frighten him into acquiescence with her views. Failing in this, she intrigued with the Pope, whose endeavours, however, proved equally unsuccessful. Her next and final stratagem was to work on the King's superstitions by getting a man to come forward and declare that he had dreamt many times in succession that she should be proclaimed Queen. Louis consented to see the peasant, and was apparently much impressed by his story; but the influence of his ministers was too strong to be overcome in this manner, and Mme. de Maintenon had to submit to the frustration of her highest ambition.

At this time the King was in his forty-sixth year, and his wife three years older, but, in spite of her age, she still retained everything of beauty but its freshness.

Her height was majestic, her form beautifully moulded, and the mature development of her mind gave to her dark eyes depth of expression, and to her smile a charm that won the hearts of all around her.

It is surprising that so clever and cultivated a woman should have been so narrow-minded on religious subjects, for her bigotry surpassed all bounds, and now that she had the power she most persistently persecuted all whose views differed from her own. Her animosity towards the Huguenots was so determined that she induced the King to sign the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, so terrible and far-reaching in its results, a stain never to be obliterated from the history of the reign of Louis XIV. She was kept well informed of all the confiscations, tortures, and horrors inflicted on the poor Huguenots to force them to renounce their religion, but she held that the worse they were treated the sooner would they be converted to what she considered the only true faith. She showed no pity or mercy to these martyrs, which proves how unfeeling she really was, and how black was the heart under so fair an exterior. The tortures inflicted upon the unfortunate Huguenots were the most cruel that relentless ingenuity could devise, and their history is very pathetic, showing what real true Christians they were, and how nobly they gave their lives rather than renounce their form of worshipping God. No one can read of the persecutions they suffered without admiring their courage and the heroic way in which they died.



MADAME DE MAINTENON.

(From a Miniature formerly in the possession of Lady Blessington.)

Unaffected by the terrible miseries inflicted on the Protestants, the gaieties of the Court were as brilliant as ever, and poetry and the arts received all the encouragement that royal patronage could give. Racine, at this time, wrote his celebrated tragedy of *Esther* for the young ladies of St. Cyr, who played it with the greatest success in 1689. The character of Esther he intended for Mme. de Maintenon, while those of Vashti and Haman were known to represent Mme. de Montespan, who had only just quitted Versailles, and M. de Louvois, who then was still a powerful minister. He next wrote *Athalie* for the same convent, and it was twice played at Versailles; but it was a long time before the public recognised and appreciated this *chef-d'œuvre* of Racine's.

The Convent of St. Cyr was founded by Louis XIV. at the instigation of Mme. de Maintenon. He had presented her with the Château de Noisy, situated about three miles from Versailles, as a marriage gift, for the development of her favourite scheme, which was the founding of an educational institution for the daughters of noblemen in poor circumstances.

At first only 100 young ladies could be received, but in 1685 the King had the old château pulled down and the magnificent "Couvent de St. Cyr" erected on the same site. It took a year to build and cost 1,400,000 livres, but when completed was a very great improvement on the ancient convent. Mme. de Brinon was appointed lady superior, and the Abbé Gobelin, director, but the real management was in the hands of Mme. de Maintenon herself. There were about 250 young ladies in the institution at this time, and she took the greatest interest in their welfare, visiting the convent almost daily, and writing a good many instructions for the benefit of both teachers and pupils, most of which have been preserved and published.

Mme. de Maintenon retired to St. Cyr two days before the King died, deserting him at the time of his greatest need —as might have been expected from her character — pretending that she wished to join in the prayers for his soul. Her motive in reality was to get away from the Palace before his death, knowing full well that her position would be very different after that event. She took up her abode at St. Cyr in 1715, and spent the remainder of her life there. In 1717 she received a visit from Peter the Great, who was anxious to see the famous Mme. de Maintenon, of whom he had heard so much. He went to St. Cyr, and, being admitted to her room, sat down by the head of her bed and talked to her for a few moments. She was then very old and weak, but still retained all her faculties. Before leaving her room the Czar caused her bed-curtain to be drawn aside a little, so that he might see her and satisfy his curiosity.

Mme. de Maintenon died very peacefully at St. Cyr on the 15th of April, 1719, aged eighty-four, and was buried in the choir of the church.

Thus terminated the career of this remarkable woman, who attained her ambitious ends, although she had to pass through wonderful vicissitudes of fortune before reaching her exalted position.

EMILY A. R. SHAND-HARVEY.

The American Girl in Fiction.

EVERY one who has made at all a comprehensive study of American novels of the modern school, must have been struck with the curious undertone of melancholy which pervades them. It is curious because, on the surface, these little books are lively and amusing enough; the story is slight and shallow, the dialogue is particularly witty and sparkling, the *mis-en-scène* is bright and picturesque, and the social atmosphere is generally perfectly cheerful, and often extremely frivolous. Yet the impression left upon the reader by American novels is of something sad—there is a subdued questioning in their tone, a subtle aroma of regret and doubt in their atmosphere. Most people call them "unsatisfactory," because they have no plot, and no definite settlement of the characters and their fates at the end. But it is not so much that they are unsatisfactory as that they are sad.

It is not at all difficult to discover the *raison-d'être* of this sadness in the American novel. It is centred in the heroine; it hovers round her—and her only, her character, her conduct, and her destiny.

It must be admitted at the outset that she is a very charming creature, this girl of American fiction. No one is more in love with her than the American novelist himself. He worships her, he thinks there is no one like her, no one so dainty and so delicate, so pretty and so pure. And his pride is justified, for, indeed, it would be difficult to find pictures of girlhood more enchanting than those presented to us in some of the novels of Mr. Howells and Mr. James. An ideal loveliness of face and form, an ideal freshness and simplicity, an ideal innocence, an ideal grace and charm—over and over again we find these fascinating characteristics in the girl of the American novel; and the fact that they are so often repeated, and the fact that the type is nearly always the same, points to the conclusion that this charming creature is not merely a figment of the novelist's imagination, but that the American girl of fiction has her counterpart and original in the American girl of reality.

This being so, why does the American novelist weave round the bright familiar figure of his heroine a vague suggestion of something amiss? Why does he linger and puzzle over her life as if it were a problem, and not a simple and delightful fact to be rejoiced over by every lover of youth and beauty? The attitude of the American novelist towards his heroine is a very singular one. Those who have read "Daisy Miller," or "A Foregone Conclusion," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," or "A Fearful Responsibility" with any care must have become familiar with the peculiarities of this attitude, peculiarities which it is difficult to define. It is an attitude in which admiration and disapproval, love and pity, worship and compassion are curiously blended. The American novelist is nothing if he is not subtle and analytical; in the American girl he appears to have found a subject over which he can subtilise indefinitely, and be as analytical as he chooses. Is this merely because he is an American—that is, one who is more critical and speculative than his neighbours? Or is it because there really is something baffling about the problem of American womanhood, something really amiss with the pretty American girl and her *entourage*?

In studying American girl-life as represented in American fiction, many points of contrast to girl-life at home strike us, but three of these force themselves upon our observation with special distinctness. They are, first, an amazing frivolity; second, the want of anything like an ideal of home-life; and third, the absence of due parental influence.

The frivolity of American social life is not frivolity as we sober English folk understand the word. We certainly know—or we thought we knew, until we became acquainted with the details of American life—what frivolity means, but it appears we have only a vague glimmering of the word's significance. Our London season, and the career of the girl who goes through it—participating in all its gaieties and distractions—we have hitherto regarded as a tolerably complete ideal of frivolity. But this whirl of dissipation (as we consider it) is a mere mill-pond compared to the maelström of American fashionable society, and the London girl's existence is stagnation compared to the career of the American *belle*. The London season, as its name implies, is the matter of a season; when it is over, country life is resumed, and a period of, at any rate, comparative quiet ensues, which—with certain intervals for autumn or Christmas festivities—is continued over seven or eight months of the year. Her "fun" over for the season, the English girl goes to her country home, and there vegetates and takes a rest generally contentedly enough. But the American girl's fun is never over, and every season is a "season" to her in the social sense. There is a town season, which is evidently a whirl of festivities by night and by day, a wild dream of balls and dinner-parties, of supper-parties and luncheon-parties, of theatre-going and driving, of triumphs, and bouquets, and *beaux*. Then there is an exodus to some fashionable seaside or mountain resort, where the same round of gaieties—with a few variations to suit season and locality—is resumed at a rate faster and more furious than ever. "Fun" is not the mere affair of a few weeks to the American girl, it is a matter of all the year round; and when she is not driving or picnicking with her numerous male admirers she is skating, or sleighing, or yachting, or theatre-going in their company. She takes her gaieties as a matter of

course, she has no scheme of life apart from them. One of the prettiest and most pathetic scenes in Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "Through One Administration" is that in which the heroine, Bertha, is made to declare her *naïve* terror at the mere idea of not having "a good time" all her life long.

This brings us to our second point: the want of an ideal of home-life in the American girl's existence. If there is home-life in America (and of course there is, and must be), we hear very little about it in American novels; and the American girl, as she is depicted in these novels, is as little under its influence and control as any one could possibly be. Her life is without the solid foundation of home-pursuits and home-cares. She never falls back upon home-life, as the girl of European training can do, and does, when social enjoyment fails her. Our average English girl, once she tears herself away from London, falls back into the routine of home-life with perfect ease, and often with real pleasure. She has innumerable occupations and resources, apart from social life: they may be trivial, but at least they occupy her mind and make her contented and happy. She has her music, her work, and her books: she has her garden, and often a whole menagerie of pets. A sense of the minor responsibilities of life is impressed upon her when she is quite young, and she is early taught that youth, like property, has its duties as well as its rights —duties towards others, duties especially towards the poor, for whom, at a very early age, she begins to make flannel petticoats and comforters. All this is good, and all this, apparently, the American girl lacks; duties and responsibilities form no part of her youthful education. She is dismissed at the threshold of her schoolroom, with the kindly injunction to go out into the world, and think of nothing but having a "real good time." Further, all readers of American novels notice the fact that American novelists very rarely elect to lay their scenes at home; they are nearly always laid in Europe. This is partly, of course, because these novelists, like other Americans, are bitten with the European mania, and conceive that a background of Italian cities and German watering-places is more picturesque than a background of New York or Boston —in which they are partly right. But in usually representing their characters as wanderers upon the face of a foreign continent, these writers have an actuating principle beyond the mere love of the picturesque. They do it on purpose; they do it because it is true to life, and because the wandering existence they describe is a significant peculiarity of their countrymen and countrywomen—having a particular significance in relation to the latter. Such girls as Daisy Miller and Florida Vervain (in "A Foregone Conclusion"), and Angela Vivien (in "Confidence"), with their equally remarkable and characteristic mothers, could not be adequately described unless they were described as wanderers—and wanderers of the most vague and aimless description. It is an indispensable characteristic that they should be entirely without anchor, or any thought of a place to anchor in. They are homeless, and there is something purposely pathetic in the descriptions of their aimless flittings; their perpetual changing from one foreign town to another; from one hotel there, to another here; always comfortless, and generally friendless and alone. But even in novels where the scene is laid in America, and the characters are beheld in the midst of their native surroundings, the absence of anything like an ideal of home or family life is equally obvious. In Edgar Fawcett's novels, and in others of the same class, the heroines are generally described as living at home; that is to say, they live in the house of their parents, enjoying all the luxury and *status* which wealth and a gorgeous residence in a fashionable quarter can give. But as for cultivating the "art of staying at home," or cherishing any tenderness or fondness for the home itself, that is a phase of feeling utterly non-existent in the more fashionable classes of American society, from the ranks of which the heroines of the better-known American novels are selected. Even the humbler heroines, those charming young girls fresh from New England villages, of whom Howells especially is so fond—even they are singularly deficient in what may be called home sentiment, though they have lived at home all their lives. When the time comes for them to go out into the wide world, they seem to leave the old homestead with but little compunction or regret, and plunge into the Unknown with a pathetic eagerness for change and pleasure, a pathetic ignorance of disappointment or danger. This fondness for change in American youth is, of course, partly attributable to the restlessness of race. Americans are proverbially restless and eager; the current of their desires seems always to be outward bound, and never homeward—outward bound to those vague and distant European shores where "their life began to beat," and towards which they seem drawn by a sort of magnetic and almost fatal attraction.

Arising out of this peculiar deficiency in the matter of home-life—a part of it, in fact—is that similar deficiency in respect of parental control, which every one must observe who has made American life, as depicted in American novels, a study. It is a deficiency that is brought into startling relief in many—almost in all—of these novels—which seems to point to the conclusion that it is at the root of much that is unsatisfactory to the American novelist in the character and conduct of his heroine. This age is said to be everywhere "the age of obedient parents," but it is only in America that that age has really begun. In Europe the parent has still a certain assured position; he has dignity, he has authority, he has influence, he has the right to offer advice to his children, and occasionally the power to enforce it, he can generally claim to be consulted in their affairs, and there is still, to put it mildly, a distinct prejudice in favour of the supposition that, as a parent, he is a person of importance in his own family. But in America they seem to have changed all that, and there, to say the least of it, the parent occupies a position of extreme insignificance. "The American mother," we are somewhere told, "who remains in the room where her daughter is receiving company is an oddity." She retires, apparently as a matter of course, that her daughter and her daughter's friends (generally of the male sex) may

enjoy themselves in their own way; and a similar meekness appears to characterise all the actions of American parents in all classes of society. They have but one object in life in regard to their children, which is that the said children may enjoy themselves and have the immemorial "good time." With this object in view they sacrifice everything else, themselves and their own convenience included. They efface their own claims upon the duty, the consideration, and even the affection of their children, with a submissive readiness that is really touching. Their patience is wonderful, their indulgence inexhaustible, their leniency infinite. It is little wonder that the children of such parents are sometimes a little spoilt; the wonder is that they are not more so. It is not their fault if they are undutiful and disobedient, for the ideal of dutifulness has never been held up to them, and they have never been taught or expected to obey.

"*In our civilisation youth commands its own fate and trusts entirely to itself.*" That sentence is the key-note of Mr. Howells' "Modern Instance," one of the most earnest and elaborate of modern American novels, and it is an excellent summing-up of the points under our consideration just now. That in a civilisation like the American—a civilisation that is founded upon democratic ideals—youth should be endowed with this peculiar freedom, this unique independence of the advice or the restraint of age, is perhaps natural. To have liberty—liberty "to be and to do" according to every natural and healthful impulse of youth—to have free scope for inclination and enjoyment, and thus every advantage for the development and cultivation of individuality—all these, to the American, are simply the divine rights of youth. And, to a certain extent, no one can deny it is good that they should be so regarded. Liberty is beautiful, and youth and liberty are a divine combination. But there is an important difference between liberty and anarchy, though sometimes they are only divided by a step. It is, there can be little doubt, a primary object with the American novelist to point out how frequently American parents forget this, and with what disastrous results. They seem to forget the chaos of youth, the helplessness of young and inexperienced beings left to no guidance but that of their own impulses; they forget the twilight of young minds unillumined by the beacon of a set purpose, or a philosophy of life, or a sense of duty. They provide for that enjoyment which they consider the inalienable perquisite of youth, but they overlook its great need for guidance and discipline. It is a cruel kindness. The rod is spared, but only to descend with greater force in after-days, and wielded then, not in merciful parental hands, but in the hands of that relentless disciplinarian whose name is Life. This will usually be found to be the substance of the moral of the American novel and the secret of its melancholy.

The "Daisy Miller" of Mr. Henry James is perhaps the novel in which the general peculiarities of American girlhood are brought into most startling relief, and in which are most vividly illustrated those special peculiarities we have been engaged in defining. Every one knows the story of "Daisy Miller;" it is a perfect idyll in its way, though a painful one. It is the story of an American girl travelling in Europe with her mother, in the usual aimless fashion. She has all the salient characteristics of the American type; she is charmingly pretty, delightfully *naïve* and fresh, utterly frivolous, and hopelessly indiscreet. A nameless, indefinable pathos is drawn about her little fluttering figure; she is such a pretty, innocent, helpless creature. She does indeed "command her own fate," and her youth is entirely in her own hands, to make or to mar—with what pitiful results! With a sort of tender rage the author depicts for us the tragic comedy of her little life, gradually unfolding the series of exasperating, because utterly unnecessary, indiscretions by which the poor little creature first innocently loses her character, and finally her life. It is with a pang that we see the pretty girlish figure, decked out in its dainty furbelows and laces, walk down into the grim Valley of the Shadow, and we involuntarily exclaim, "*The pity of it!*" because it might all so easily have been prevented. A little common prudence, a little timely help, a little sense on the part of the girl's mother, and the whole tragedy might have been averted. But the mother stands aside through it all, an inactive spectator, and witnesses, with apparently characteristic apathy and helplessness, the destruction of her child.

A word must be said here about the American mother as she appears in the American novel, for no study of the American girl would be complete without the mention of her mother. In nearly all these American novels the heroine has a prophetic shadow behind her, which shadow is the figure of her mother. As surely as the girl herself is brilliant and charming, so surely is the mother, or elder female relative, or friend who accompanies her, silly and ridiculous—in vulgar *parlance*, a perfect goose. She is generally characterised by a vague physical feebleness, and is a mere mass of nerves, headache, dyspepsia, and hysteria. She is generally lady-like, elegant, and amiable in a feeble way, but she is exasperatingly foolish, exasperatingly vague, helpless, senseless, and addle-pated. The natural chivalry of the novelist almost deserts him as his wit plays round the peculiarities of this, to him, apparently intensely familiar feminine type, the existence of which he seems particularly anxious to emphasise, as if it were an important characteristic of the civilisation he describes. Is it possible not to infer that he is here pointing a moral, and telling us in as plain words as possible that in this faded and sickly type of older womanhood he sees the American girl as she will be when she is no longer a girl? Is it his dismal conviction that the type of beauty and charm, personified in the girlhood of his race, is as fragile as it is exquisite, and that when the beauty and charm evaporate from it the fragility alone remains—fragility of intellect and capacity, as well as of physique? Is this the secret of his melancholy?

Yet, as we began by saying, the American novelist is over head and ears in love with his heroine, and would on no account have her changed in the smallest particular. He knows that her upbringing is frivolous, he knows that her life has no solid foundation and no sober

background, and he knows that the liberty which she enjoys has its dangers as well as its delights. He perhaps wishes that these peculiar conditions of her life could be changed or modified, but yet he struggles—and so does his reader—with a semi-consciousness of the conviction that it is to these very conditions of her existence that the American girl owes much of the unique charm of her character. Her *piquant* freshness, her daring simplicity, are, doubtless, part of her dower as the daughter of a New World, of a civilisation which has not had time to grow effete or *blasé*; but they are also the result of her freer life, her liberal taste of pleasure and success. She escapes much of the somewhat stunting, or at any rate conventionalising, influence of family tradition and parental supervision. She also escapes much of the dreary monotony of nursery and school-room life, which is too often the bane of our youth—that deadly routine which includes everything most distasteful to the youthful palate, and deadening to youthful buoyancy, from rice-pudding to weary plodding over lessons in a stuffy school-room under the rule of one inferior, overworked, and worried governess. She escapes all this, and is the fresher for it; and escapes also that preaching down of the heart, that sacrifice of the impulses to the proprieties, that enforced obedience to the "petty hoard of maxims" from older lips—which has been the bane of European maidenhood from the days of Lucy Ashton to those of the luckless heroine of "Locksley Hall." In all these escapes she is fortunate.

What then would the American novelist have?—What would he be after? Is he a believer in the nostrums of higher education, and does he think that by providing his heroine with an "object in life," and an interest in literature and the sciences, he may prevent her withering prematurely into that frivolous, foolish middle-age which he is always describing with such merciless accuracy? Alas! So far from putting faith in the higher education of women, he is a confirmed sceptic in regard to everything which concerns that movement. There are no more deplorable types in fiction than the strong-minded women who appear occasionally in American novels—as, for instance, in "The Bostonians." The American novelist is uncompromisingly of the opinion that the female brain is not calculated to endure the strain of much learning, and that putting knowledge into it is like pouring new wine into old bottles, with the familiar Scriptural result. In a word, he utterly declines to see, in the gospel of higher education, any salvation for woman, or any solution of the problems of her existence.

The truth is that the American novelist, though not exactly a cynic, and anything but a misogynist, is still vaguely of the opinion that there is something amiss with the "eternal feminine," or at any rate that it has fallen on evil days. His pity for the young girl of his own country is really only a part of his pity for the womanhood of modern times, in the conditions of which he sees something indefinably unsatisfactory and sad. These times are times of doubt and difficulty, of discarded faiths and shattered ideals, of uncertain aims and indistinct desires and aspirations. Woman stands, as it were, among the broken gods; looking vaguely about her, feeling for the old supports and missing them, looking for the old comfort and not finding it, and yet pathetically unconscious of the change.

The analytical and introspective temperament so distinctively the characteristic of the American novelist is generally tinged with melancholy, and is certainly so in his case. His view of things is

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;"

and his process of intellectual analysis is so minute and so slow that it becomes morbid, especially so in the direction of feminine character. We who live, in our fiction as elsewhere, in a less rarified, perhaps, but more human and more hopeful atmosphere, are gladly aware that the hope for womanhood, and the belief in its high destiny, never throbbed with fuller and more passionate life than now. CHARLOTTE STEWART.

Fancy Dresses for Children.

THERE is hardly a prettier sight in our social life than a children's fancy ball. The "living jewels dropp'd unstained from heaven" are so graceful in their movements, so unconscious of themselves, so natural in all they do. Their arch looks and laughing eyes accord well with the motley garments donned for the moment, and "the motion of their dancing limbs is swayed by the unceasing music of their lives."

In choosing suitable fancy costumes for the little people, to whom the morning of our own lives is passed, we find the field only too wide a one. Authentic portraits of real children painted by great masters are among the most successful reproductions. A child clad in the raiment of past days has always the peculiar charm of quaintness. Where can we find better models of life, grace, and truth, than in the children which Vandyck, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Gainsborough have handed down to us? The engravings of many of these masterpieces are familiar among our household gods, and are by no means difficult to reproduce. It would require but little ingenuity to carry out the simple white muslin gown, with its low rounded neck and elbow-sleeves, bordered with ruched ribbon, matching in colour the sash round the short waist, which Gainsborough selected for the dress of Lady Barbara Yelverton. The most elaborate part of the costume is the cap, somewhat heavily trimmed with lace and ribbon.

Sir Joshua Reynolds has left us many family groups

which might serve for a merry party of brothers and sisters. The Angerstein children, for example, the boys with the hair cut across the forehead and hanging in curls at the back, their simple suits fitting closely, and adaptable to the necessities of everyday life at the present time, with or without the lace frills or turn-down collars, bordered with lace. The girl's fine head of curling hair is surmounted by a straw hat, trimmed with ribbon; the dress has a coloured sash tied at the side, the ends of the little shawl encircling her shoulders tucked into it. "Feeding the Chickens" and the "Affectionate Brothers" are as well known and as easy to copy.

De Largilliere painted a charming portrait of Princess Louisa Maria, daughter of James II., at a very youthful age. The gown, covered with lace in front, reaches to her feet, and is sewn to the pointed bodice cut as a low square, having a pointed lace stomacher in front. The elbow-sleeves are bedecked with lace, and from the shoulders comes a heavy pleated silk train. Had she been sixty or seventy instead of perhaps six or seven, she would have adopted exactly the same style of garments, even to the high commode head-dress with its double tier of pleated lace rising in a point above the face.

Vandyck's picture of the children of Charles I., at the Berlin Gallery, depicts the three little girls in long skirts, also sewn in heavy pleats to the waist, the sleeves puffed to the wrist, with cuffs of the lace which owes its name to the master who painted those long points. The tippets of lace are to match, and the quaint lace cap recalls the close skull shape worn by infants twenty or thirty years ago. The full wide apron has little that is childlike about it, and heavy silks or satin would be the proper materials to use, in yellow, blue, peach, or brown. The boy wears the close habit and breeches, the slashed sleeves and deep collar, and the long curling hair of a period when the male garb has seldom been rivalled. Such a dress is well suited to a page's costume either for a wedding or for a fancy ball.



PAGE'S DRESS.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Robinson, Regent Street.)

An equally charming page's dress, savouring of the Elizabethan period, has been worn by Lady Londonderry's two sons. The exact make of the costumes, with the capes and hats adorned with handsome feathers, will be best gleaned from the accompanying sketch. They are made in white or light-coloured satin, braided in silver and trimmed with point lace; the bows on the cape, the sashes, and the swords should be carefully noted.

But children's fancy dresses need not necessarily be confined to historical costumes. The plays of the period afford many suitable characters; there is only too great a choice. A girl from seven to seventeen could not fail to look well in the long coat with the lace-betrimmed muslin fichu, and elbow-sleeves, worn in *Dorothy*, over a skirt of contrasting tone; the large hat lined beneath the brim with full-blown poppies, poised on a head crowned with curling hair.

Iolanthe and Strephon are a most effective couple for a little brother and sister. Iolanthe may be represented, as in the picture (p. 106), by a loose short dress composed of water-weeds and water-lilies, on a light but invisible silk foundation, the fair flowing hair confined with a wreath of water-flowers, a trident in the hand. Or she may be arrayed in the soft silk or woollen robe she dons afterwards—its lightness, and the freedom it allows to the limbs, according well with the childish wearer. It has long wing-like sleeves, and a diamond belt carried across the shoulders, a wand being held in the hand. This is a good model, with some slight variations, for a number of similar dresses answering for Galatea, Psyche, a Greek, and various classic goddesses. An Arcadian shepherd has seldom been arrayed in a more perfect dress than that worn by Strephon (p. 107), from his pointed shoes with their dainty bows, his silk stockings, the striped satin breeches with ribbons at the knee, to his powdered hair surmounted by a tricorn hat, the flowered waistcoat with revers, and the short open coat, ruffles, and ribbon loops on the shoulders, his pipe well in hand.

The Marguerite dress worn by Miss Ellen Terry is unrivalled as a child's character, especially if as faithfully carried out as the great artist copied the most authentic models of the costumes of the period: the full white chemisette, the brown velvet laced bodice,



"BUTTERCUP."

with its curious ornaments, the front of a lighter shade, the skirt trained, a large muslin apron, the satchel pocket and rosary, the close-fitting velvet coif cap, the hair hanging in long plaits.

Floral realisations in fancy costumes accord well with the little beings, "fresh like the young spring's first green." Almost any flower can be adapted with the exercise of some ingenuity. "Buttercup," for example, in a yellow satin skirt draped with gold-flecked gauze, the bodice green satin, fringed round the waist with buttercups, a garland of buttercups round the throat, a cluster of buttercups and yellow ribbons placed on one side of the skirt, the cap yellow satin with a green calyx to represent the flower. In all such dresses a screen fan formed of twigs covered with the bloom is a capital

adjunct, for it distinctly shows what the dress is made to represent. The foundation of these fans appears to be made of twisted rose-stems, but is really of gutta-percha tubing painted to resemble the actual stem. The material is so plastic it can be bent to any form, and small incisions are made here and there for the stalk of the flower, which is inserted and peeps out naturally.

The companion to this is "Daisy," a dress made somewhat after the classic model, in crêpe de Chine—a fabric which, beyond all others, lends itself to statuesque drapery. The edges should be fringed with the "wee modest crimson-tippet flower," as Burns calls it; and many of them may fall carelessly from the lap. The necklace is composed of daisies, strung together by the stalk—like the daisy-chains that children weave; and a deep network of daisies and grass may be suspended from the waist, further bouquets dotted about the bodice, and a wand with a bunch of daisies carried in the hand. The powdered hair will look all the more in character if surmounted by a cap of the Tam-o'-Shanter order, with loops of ribbon carried round like daisy-petals, a green tassel in the centre. The make of this simple, graceful dress might be adapted to many other blooms—bluebells, forget-me-nots, violets, apple-blossom, or any other that may suggest itself. It is a newer rendering than the old familiar tulle frock smothered with flowers, and more in keeping with the æsthetic feeling of our time.



"IOLANTHE."

Like Mrs. Gilpin, wife of the famous citizen "of credit and renown," many parents, though "on pleasure bent," have "a frugal mind," and desire that the fancy garment shall be able to pay a double debt, serving for future wear on less festive occasions. Accordingly, our illustration shows the pretty dress inspired by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's charming tale, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (sketched at Messrs. Samuel Brothers'). It can be made in black or in any coloured velvet, with a soft silk sash fringed at the ends knotted about the waist, the lace collar and cuffs contributing the picturesque element. The breeches button at the knee, and should be accompanied by silk stockings and buckled shoes. Plush is suitable for this dress, or fine poplin, and for a fair child it is extremely pretty carried out in light blue poplin. A similar dress in the same stuff might be made with a short jacket without the sash; or this might be tied beneath it over the full white cambric lace-trimmed shirt, having a pointed bib of lace in front. Many changes may be rung on this, perhaps the favourite evening dress of the season for little boys, and which is as well suited for a costume party as for an ordinary one.

One of the latest Paris designs is a girl's costume, which could be easily adapted to a Scotch, an Irish, or many other national dresses, as well as to a flower or a bird. It is made of cream serge, having upon it a wide design like a Paisley shawl pattern, well suited to many Oriental characters, or for a Scotch dress to be replaced by plaid. The cream serge bodice is gaged above an insertion which matches the skirt-trimming; a sash of a delicate grey tone crosses the bodice, like a military sash, and this could be replaced by a Union Jack or some other national flag, which at once gives a most effective character dress. It is continued round the waist, where it is finished with a bow on the right side in front and on the left side at the back. The sleeve has a puff on the shoulder with a band of the insertion, the cuffs being gaged to match the bodice and trimmed with a band of the colour. Any bird that it might be desired to typify could be added on the shoulder and in the hair. A quadrille might be organised, in which each of the little dancers represented a different bird. Boys especially delight in such characters if they are allowed to wear the bird's head for a cap, the feathered wings attached to the side. Canaries, parrots, and robin redbreasts are often represented by dresses covered with feathers, and never fail to be particularly noticed. A couple of love-birds would suit sisters; the skirt made in green silk with overlapping flounces, each cut into long-pointed vandykes, a tunic of feathers, the bodice also feathers. Caps like the bird's head, beak and all; a small love-bird perched on the shoulder.

Even children follow in fancy dresses the prevailing fashions of the moment; hence the Incroyable costumes

are frequently chosen now. The long coat, the waistcoat peeping beneath the closely-buttoned bodice, with its wide lapels, the cocked hat over powdered hair, a couple of watches with dangling chains hanging from each fob,



"STREPHON."

when made in miniature for a little maiden of, say, seven summers, is far more bewitching than any adult raiment, be it carried out in the richest materials or with the utmost care.

A cocked hat suits boys' and girls' faces well; and the success of a famous children's fancy ball was a Napoleon Bonaparte aged four, with the Little Corporal's uniform faithfully reproduced. "The Armies of Europe," in red, white, and blue satin, had the same piquant merit worn by a girl of five, small for her age. The skirt was red, white, and blue striped satin; the double-breasted coat had long tails of red satin turned back with white; the black cocked hat showed a sheaf of national flags in miniature, and about the waist was a sash representing the flags of Europe. This is somewhat of an improvement on Britannia, with her metal helmet, and shield and trident, the white cloth skirt bordered with red and blue, and caught up on one side by a laurel crown, behind which floats the Union Jack. The low bodice was of quilted red, white, and blue satin; the hair floating about the shoulders. It is not so much a quite new thing that would seem to be desired in fancy costumes, as novel and uncommon renderings of old familiar characters. A Magicienne, it must be admitted, has no element of novelty about it; but a Princess robe of black velvet, with a cock, bat, cats, and the sun, moon, and stars appliqué in their natural colouring, charmed from its originality when worn by a girl of fourteen, whose raven tresses were entwined with deadly nightshade and one lissom snake. The pendent sleeves fell to the hem of the skirt—showing the full rounded arm—with two broad gold bangles, one above the wrist, the other below the shoulder, united by gold chains. A large bat with wings outstretched, made in plush, formed an important-looking coronet. It was very well carried out, as it should be, to escape being bizarre.

"Manuscript Music" is a marked improvement on all the old hackneyed renderings of music. The petticoat, white silk with black velvet bars, on which the "Dreamland Waltz" is set. Over this falls a white silk redingote, box-pleated at the back, but showing the whole of the front of the under-skirt, bordered with the bars and notes of music, which also surround the long gloves. In the powdered hair is a white ostrich-feather and an aigrette, formed with black wire in the semblance of a treble clef. This costume could be worn by a little child. "Gavotte and Minuet" make an excellent pair; the girl in powder, patches, hoops, and quilted skirt; the boy in the satin dress-suit with which we are wont to associate Charles Surface; the colourings in both should be identical.

There are always too many peasants, too many gipsies, and too many men-cooks; so in place of the gipsies there is a new "Card costume." The short skirt is entirely made of a cotton printed all over with playing-cards, which is to be bought of the drapers who deal in theatrical materials. Over this is a tunic and full loose low bodice of red silk, confined by a gold



"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

belt with enamelled cards, more playing-cards being scattered round the neck of the bodice; and they form an aigrette in the hair. The necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets consist of red and black velvet clubs, spades, diamonds, and hearts.

ARDERN HOLT.

A Note on Some Modern Poets.

BY THE EDITOR.

"IF I were king," says Mr. Henley in one of his most modest rondeaus,

> "Art should aspire, yet ugliness be dear;
> Beauty, the shaft, should speed with wit for feather;
> And love, sweet love, should never fall to sere,
> If I were king."

And these lines contain, if not the best criticism of his own work, certainly a very complete statement of his aim and motive as a poet. His little "Book of Verse" (David Nutt) reveals to us an artist who is seeking to find new methods of expression, and who has not merely a delicate sense of beauty and a brilliant fantastic wit, but a real passion also for what is horrible, ugly, or grotesque. No doubt everything that is worthy of existence is worthy also of art—at least, one would like to think so—but while echo or mirror can repeat for us a beautiful thing, to artistically render a thing that is ugly requires the most exquisite alchemy of form, the most subtle magic of transformation. To me there is more of the cry of Marsyas than of the singing of Apollo in the earlier poems of Mr. Henley's volume, the "Rhymes and Rhythms in Hospital," as he calls them. But it is impossible to deny their power. Some of them are like bright, vivid pastels; others like charcoal drawings, with dull blacks and murky whites; others like etchings with deeply-bitten lines, and abrupt contrasts, and clever colour-suggestions. In fact, they are like anything and everything, except perfected poems—that they certainly are not. They are still in the twilight. They are preludes, experiments, inspired jottings in a note-book, and should be heralded by a design of "Genius making Sketches." Rhyme gives architecture as well as melody to verse; it gives that delightful sense of limitation which in all the arts is so pleasurable, and is, indeed, one of the secrets of perfection; it will whisper, as a French critic has said, "things unexpected and charming, things with strange and remote relations to each other," and bind them together in indissoluble bonds of beauty; and in his constant rejection of rhyme Mr. Henley seems to me to have abdicated half his power. He is a *roi en exil* who has thrown away some of the strings of his lute, a poet who has forgotten the fairest part of his kingdom.

However, all work criticises itself. Here is one of Mr. Henley's inspired jottings. According to the temperament of the reader it will serve either as a model or as the reverse:—

> "As with varnish red and glistening
> Dripped his hair; his feet were rigid;
> Raised, he settled stiffly sideways,
> You could see the hurts were spinal.
>
> "He had fallen from an engine,
> And been dragged across the metals.
> It was hopeless, and they knew it,
> So they covered him and left him.
>
> "As he lay, by fits half sentient,
> Inarticulately moaning,
> With his stockinged feet protruded
> Sharp and awkward from the blankets,
>
> "To his bed there came a woman;
> Stood and looked, and sighed a little,
> And departed without speaking,
> As himself a few hours after.
>
> "I was told she was his sweetheart.
> They were on the eve of marriage.
> She was quiet as a statue,
> But her lip was gray and writhen."

In this poem the rhythm, and the music, such as it is, are obvious—perhaps a little too obvious. In the following I see nothing but ingeniously printed prose. It is a description—and a very accurate one—of a scene in a hospital ward. The medical students are supposed to be crowding round the doctor. What I quote is only a fragment, but the poem itself is a fragment:—

> "So shows the ring
> Seen, from behind, round a conjuror
> Doing his pitch in the street.
> High shoulders, low shoulders, broad shoulders, narrow ones,
> Round, square, and angular, serry and shove;
> While from within a voice,
> Gravely and weightily fluent,
> Sounds; and then ceases; and suddenly
> (Look at the stress of the shoulders!)
> Out of a quiver of silence,
> Over the hiss of the spray,
> Comes a low cry, and the sound
> Of breath quick intaken through teeth
> Clenched in resolve. And the master
> Breaks from the crowd, and goes,
> Wiping his hands,
> To the next bed, with his pupils
> Flocking and whispering behind him.
>
> "Now one can see.
> Case Number One
> Sits (rather pale) with his bed-clothes
> Stripped up, and showing his foot
> (Alas, for God's image!)
> Swaddled in wet white lint
> Brilliantly hideous with red."

Théophile Gautier once said that Flaubert's style was meant to be read, and his own style to be looked at. Mr. Henley's unrhymed rhythms form very dainty designs, from a typographical point of view. From the point of view of literature, they are a series of vivid concentrated impressions with a keen grip of fact, a terrible actuality, and an almost masterly power of picturesque presentation. But the poetic form—what of that?

Well, let us pass to the later poems, to the rondels and rondeaus, the sonnets and quatorzains, the echoes and the ballades. How brilliant and fanciful this is! The Toyokuni colour-print that suggested it could not be

more delightful. It seems to have kept all the wilful fantastic charm of the original :—

"Was I a Samurai renowned,
Two-sworded, fierce, immense of bow?
A histrion, angular and profound?
A priest? a porter?—Child, although
I have forgotten clean, I know
That in the shade of Fujisan,
What time the cherry-orchards blow,
I loved you once in old Japan.

"As here you loiter, flowing-gowned
And hugely sashed, with pins a-row
Your quaint head as with flamelets crowned,
Demure, inviting—even so,
When merry maids in Miyako
To feel the sweet o' the year began,
And green gardens to overflow,
I loved you once in old Japan.

"Clear shine the hills; the rice-fields round
Two cranes are circling; sleepy and slow,
A blue canal the lake's blue bound
Breaks at the bamboo bridge; and lo!
Touched with the sundown's spirit and glow,
I see you turn, with flirted fan,
Against the plum-tree's bloomy snow . . .
I loved you once in old Japan!

"Envoy.

"Dear, 'twas a dozen lives ago;
But that I was a lucky man
The Toyokuni here will show:
I loved you—once—in old Japan!"

This rondel, too—how light it is, and graceful!—

"We'll to the woods and gather may
Fresh from the footprints of the rain;
We'll to the woods, at every vein
To drink the spirit of the day.

"The winds of spring are out at play,
The needs of spring in heart and brain.
We'll to the woods and gather may
Fresh from the footprints of the rain.

"The world's too near her end, you say?
Hark to the blackbird's mad refrain!
It waits for her, the vast Inane?
Then, girls, to help her on the way
We'll to the woods and gather may."

There are fine verses, also, scattered through this little book; some of them very strong, as—

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole.
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."

Others with a true touch of romance, as—

"Or ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a King in Babylon,
And you were a Christian slave."

And here and there we come across such felicitous phrases as—

"In the sand
The gold prow-griffin claws a hold."

Or—

"The spires
Shine and are changed."

And many other graceful or fanciful lines, even "the green sky's minor thirds" being perfectly right in its place, and a very refreshing bit of affectation in a volume where there is so much that is natural.

However, Mr. Henley is not to be judged by samples. Indeed, the most attractive thing in the book is no single poem that is in it, but the strong humane personality that stands behind both flawless and faulty work alike, and looks out through many masks, some of them beautiful, and some grotesque, and not a few mis-shapen. In the case of most of our modern poets, when we have analysed them down to an adjective we can go no further, or we care to go no further, but with this book it is different. Through these reeds and pipes blows the very breath of life. It seems as if one could put one's hand upon the singer's heart and count its pulsations. There is something wholesome, virile, and sane about the man's soul. Anybody can be reasonable, but to be sane is not common; and sane poets are as rare as blue lilies, though they may not be quite so delightful.

"Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow,
Or the gold weather round us mellow slow;
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare,
And we can conquer, though we may not share
In the rich quiet of the afterglow,
What is to come,"

is the concluding stanza of the last rondeau—indeed, of the last poem in the collection, and the high serene temper displayed in these lines serves at once as keynote and keystone to the book. The very lightness and slightness of so much of the work, its careless moods and casual fancies, seem to suggest a nature that is not primarily interested in art—a nature, like Sordello's, passionately enamoured of life, and to which lyre and lute are things of less importance. From this mere joy of living, this frank delight in experience for its own sake, this lofty indifference, and momentary unregretted ardours, come all the faults and all the beauties of the volume. But there is this difference between them—the faults are deliberate and the result of much study, the beauties have the air of fascinating impromptus. Mr. Henley's healthy, if sometimes misapplied, confidence in the myriad suggestions of life gives him his charm. He is made to sing along the highways, not to sit down and write. If he took himself more seriously his work would become trivial.

Mr. William Sharp takes himself very seriously, and has written a preface to his "Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy" (Walter Scott), which is, on the whole, the most interesting part of his volume. We are all, it seems, far too cultured, and lack robustness. There are those amongst us, says Mr. Sharp, who would prefer

a dexterously turned triolet to such apparently uncouth measures as "Thomas the Rhymer" or the ballad of "Clerk Saunders," and who "would rather listen to the drawing-room music of the Villanelle than to the wild harp-playing by the mill-dams o' Binnorie, or the sough of the night-wind o'er drumly Allan water." Such an expression as "the drawing-room music of the Villanelle" is not very happy, and I cannot imagine any one with the smallest pretensions to culture preferring a dexterously turned triolet to a fine imaginative ballad, as it is only the Philistine who ever dreams of comparing works of art that are absolutely different in motive, in treatment, and in form. If English Poetry is in danger—and, according to Mr. Sharp, the poor nymph is in a very critical state—what she has to fear is not the fascination of dainty metre or delicate form, but the predominance of the intellectual spirit over the spirit of beauty. Lord Tennyson dethroned Wordsworth as a literary influence, and later on Mr. Swinburne filled all the mountain valleys with echoes of his own song. The influence to-day is that of Mr. Browning. And as for the triolets, and the rondels, and the careful study of metrical subtleties, these things are merely the signs of a desire for perfection in small things, and of the recognition of poetry as an art. They have had certainly one good result—they have made our minor poets readable, and have not left us entirely at the mercy of geniuses.

But, says Mr. Sharp, every one is far too literary; even Rossetti is too literary. What we want is simplicity and directness of utterance; these should be the dominant characteristics of poetry. Well, is that quite so certain? Are simplicity and directness of utterance absolute essentials for poetry? I think not. They may be admirable for the drama, admirable for all those imitative forms of literature that claim to mirror life in its externals and its accidents, admirable for quiet narrative, admirable in their place; but their place is not everywhere. Poetry has many modes of music; she does not blow through one pipe alone. Directness of utterance is good, but so is the subtle re-casting of thought into a new and delightful form. Simplicity is good, but complexity, mystery, strangeness, symbolism, obscurity even, these have their value. Indeed, properly speaking, there is no such thing as Style; there are merely styles, that is all.

One cannot help feeling also that everything that Mr. Sharp says in his preface was said at the beginning of the century by Wordsworth, only where Wordsworth called us back to nature Mr. Sharp invites us to woo romance. Romance, he tells us, is "in the air." A new romantic movement is imminent. "I anticipate," he says, "that many of our poets, especially those of the youngest generation, will shortly turn towards the ballad as a poetic vehicle, and that the next year or two will see much romantic poetry."

The ballad! Well, Mr. Andrew Lang some months ago signed the death-warrant of the ballade, and—though I hope that in this respect Mr. Lang resembles the Queen in "Alice in Wonderland," whose bloodthirsty orders were by general consent never carried into execution—it must be admitted that the number of ballades given to us by some of our poets was perhaps a little excessive. But the ballad? "Sir Patrick Spens," "Clerk Saunders," "Thomas the Rhymer"—are these to be our archetypes, our models, the sources of our inspiration? They are certainly great imaginative poems. In Chatterton's "Ballad of Charity," Coleridge's "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," the "La Belle Dame sans Merci" of Keats, the "Sister Helen" of Rossetti, we can see what marvellous works of art the spirit of old romance may fashion. But to preach a spirit is one thing, to propose a form is another. It is true that Mr. Sharp warns the rising generation against imitation. A ballad, he reminds them, does not necessarily denote a poem in quatrains and in antique language. But his own poems, as I think will be seen later on, are, in their way, warnings, and show the danger of suggesting any definite "poetic vehicle." And, further, are simplicity and directness of utterance really the dominant characteristics of these old imaginative ballads that Mr. Sharp so enthusiastically, and, in some particulars, so wisely praises? It does not seem to me to be so. We are always apt to think that the voices which sang at the dawn of poetry were simpler, fresher, and more natural than ours, and that the world which the early poets looked at, and through which they walked, had a kind of poetical quality of its own, and could pass, almost without changing, into song. The snow lies thick now upon Olympus, and its scarped sides are bleak and barren, but once, we fancy, the white feet of the Muses brushed the dew from the anemones in the morning, and at evening came Apollo to sing to the shepherds in the vale. But in this we are merely lending to other ages what we desire, or think we desire, for our own. Our historical sense is at fault. Every century that produces poetry is, so far, an artificial century, and the work that seems to us the most natural and simple product of its time is probably the result of the most deliberate and self-conscious effort. For Nature is always behind the age. It takes a great artist to be thoroughly modern.

Let us turn to the poems, which have really only the preface to blame for their somewhat late appearance. The best is undoubtedly "The Weird of Michael Scott," and these stanzas are a fair example of its power:—

"Then Michael Scott laughed long and loud:
'Whan shone the mune shint yon cloud
I speered the towers that saw my birth—
Lang, lang, sall wait my cauld grey shroud,
Lang cauld and weet my bed o' earth!'

"But as by Stair he rode full speed
His horse began to pant and bleed;
'Win hame, win hame, my bonnie mare,
Win hame if thou would'st rest and feed,
Win hame, we're nigh the House of Stair!'

"But with a shrill heart-bursten yell
The white horse stumbled, plunged, and fell,
And loud a summoning voice arose,
'Is't White-Horse Death that rides frae Hell,
Or Michael Scott that hereby goes?'

"'Ah, Lord of Stair, I ken ye weel!
Avaunt or I your saul sall steal,
An' send ye howling through the wood
A wild man-wolf—aye ye maun reel
An' cry upon your Holy Rood!'"

There is a good deal of vigour, no doubt, in these lines; but one cannot help asking whether this is to be the common tongue of the future Renaissance of Romance. Are we all to talk Scotch, and to speak of the moon as the "mune," and the soul as the "saul"? I hope not. And yet if this Renaissance is to be a vital, living thing, it must have its linguistic side. Just as the spiritual development of music, and the artistic development of painting, have always been accompanied, if not occasioned, by the discovery of some new instrument or some fresh medium, so, in the case of any important literary movement, half of its strength resides in its language. If it does not bring with it a rich and novel mode of expression, it is doomed either to sterility or to imitation. Dialect, archaisms, and the like, will not do. Take, for instance, another poem of Mr. Sharp's, a poem which he calls "The Deith-Tide":—

"The weet saut wind is blawing
Upon the misty shore;
As like a stormy snawing
The deid go streaming o'er:—
The wan drown'd deid sail wildly
Frae out each drumly wave:
It's O and O for the weary sea,
And O for a quiet grave."

This is simply a very clever *pastiche*, nothing more, and our language is not likely to be permanently enriched by such words as "weet," "saut," "blawing," and "snawing." Even "drumly," an adjective of which Mr. Sharp is so fond that he uses it both in prose and verse, seems to me to be hardly an adequate basis for a new romantic movement.

However, Mr. Sharp does not always write in dialect. "The Song of Allan" can be read without any difficulty, and "Phantasy" can be read with pleasure. They are both very charming poems in their way, and none the less charming because the cadences of the one recall "Sister Helen," and the motive of the other reminds us of "La Belle Dame sans Merci." But those who wish to thoroughly enjoy Mr. Sharp's poems should not read his preface; just as those who approve of the preface should avoid reading the poems. I cannot help saying that I think the preface a great mistake. The work that follows it is quite inadequate, and there seems little use in heralding a dawn that rose long ago, and proclaiming a Renaissance whose first-fruits, if we are to judge them by any high standard of perfection, are of so ordinary a character.

Miss Mary Robinson has also written a preface to her little volume—"Poems, Ballads, and a Garden Play" (T. Fisher Unwin)—but the preface is not very serious, and does not propose any drastic change or any immediate revolution in English literature. Miss Robinson's poems have always the charm of delicate music and graceful expression; but they are perhaps weakest where they try to be strong, and certainly least satisfying where they seek to satisfy. Her fanciful flower-crowned Muse, with her tripping steps and pretty wilful ways, should not write Antiphons to the Unknowable, or try to grapple with abstract intellectual problems. Hers is not the hand to unveil mysteries, nor hers the strength for the solving of secrets. She should never leave her garden, and as for her wandering out into the desert to ask the Sphinx questions, that should be sternly forbidden to her. Dürer's "Melencolia," that serves as the frontispiece to this dainty book, looks sadly out of place. Her seat is with the sibyls, not with the nymphs. What has she to do with shepherdesses piping about Darwinism and "The Eternal Mind"?

However, if the "Songs of the Inner Life" are not very successful, the "Spring Songs" are delightful. They follow each other like wind-blown petals, and make one feel how much more charming flower is than fruit, apple-blossom than apple. There are some artistic temperaments that should never come to maturity, that should always remain in the region of promise, and that should dread autumn with its harvesting more than winter with its frosts. Such seems to me the temperament that this volume reveals. The first poem of the second series, "La Belle au Bois Dormant," is worth all the more serious and thoughtful work, and has far more chance of being remembered. It is not always to high aim and lofty ambition that the prize is given. If Daphne had gone to meet Apollo, she would never have known what laurels are.

From these fascinating spring lyrics and idylls we pass to the romantic ballads. One artistic faculty Miss Robinson certainly possesses—the faculty of imitation. There is an element of imitation in all the arts, it is to be found in literature as much as in painting, and the danger of valuing it too little is almost as great as the danger of setting too high a value upon it. To catch by dainty mimicry the very mood and manner of antique work, and yet to retain that touch of modern passion without which the old form would be dull and empty; to win from long-silent lips some faint echo of their music, and to add to it a music of one's own; to take the mode and fashion of a bygone age, and to experiment with it and search curiously for its possibilities; there is a pleasure in all this. It is a kind of literary acting, and has something of the charm of the art of the stage-player. And how well, on the whole, Miss Robinson does it! Here is the opening of the ballad of Rudel:—

"There was in all the world of France
No singer half so sweet:
The first note of his viol brought
A crowd into the street.

"He stepped as young and bright and glad
As Angel Gabriel.
And only when we heard him sing
Our eyes forgot Rudel.

"And as he sat in Avignon
With princes at their wine,
In all that lusty company
Was none so fresh and fine.

"His kirtle's of the Arras-blue,
His cap of pearls and green,
His golden curls fall tumbling round
The fairest face I've seen."

How Gautier would have liked this from the same poem!—

"Hew the timbers of sandal-wood,
And planks of ivory;
Rear up the shining masts of gold,
And let us put to sea.

"Sew the sails with a silken thread
That all are silken too;
Sew them with scarlet pomegranates
Upon a sheet of blue.

"Rig the ship with a rope of gold
And let us put to sea.
And now, good-bye to good Marseilles,
And hey for Tripoli!"

The ballad of the Duke of Gueldres' wedding is very clever:—

"'O welcome, Mary Harcourt,
Thrice welcome, lady mine;
There's not a knight in all the world
Shall be as true as thine.

"'There's venison in the aumbry, Mary,
There's claret in the vat;
Come in, and breakfast in the hall
Where once my mother sat!'

"O red, red is the wine that flows,
And sweet the minstrel's play,
But white is Mary Harcourt,
Upon her wedding-day.

"O many are the wedding guests
That sit on either side,
But pale below her crimson flowers
And homesick is the bride."

Miss Robinson's critical sense is at once too sound and too subtle to allow her to think that any great Renaissance of Romance will necessarily follow from the adoption of the ballad-form in poetry; but her work in this style is very pretty and charming, and "The Tower of St. Maur," which tells of the father who built up his little son in the wall of his castle in order that the foundations should stand sure, is admirable in its way. The few touches of archaism in language that she introduces are quite sufficient for their purpose, and though she fully appreciates the importance of the Celtic spirit in literature, she does not consider it necessary to talk of "blawing" and "snawing." As for the garden play, "Our Lady of the Broken Heart," as it is called, the bright bird-like snatches of song that break in here and there—as the singing does in "Pippa Passes"—form a very welcome relief to the somewhat ordinary movement of the blank verse, and suggest to us again where Miss Robinson's real power lies. Not a poet in the true creative sense, she is still a very perfect artist in poetry, using language as one might use a very precious material and producing her best work by the rejection of the great themes and large intellectual motives that belong to fuller and richer song. When she essays such themes she certainly fails. Her instrument is the reed, not the lyre. Only those should sing of Death whose song is stronger than Death is.

The collected poems of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" (Macmillan and Co.), have a pathetic interest as the artistic record of a very gracious and comely life. They bring us back to the days when Philip Bourke Marston was young—"Philip, my King," as she called him in the pretty poem of that name; to the days of the Great Exhibition, with the universal piping about peace; to those later terrible Crimean days, when Alma and Balaclava were words on the lips of our poets; and to days when Leonora was considered a very romantic name.

"Leonora, Leonora,
How the word rolls—*Leonora*.
Lion-like in full-mouthed sound,
Marching o'er the metric ground,
With a tawny tread sublime.
So your name moves, Leonora,
Down my desert rhyme."

Mrs. Craik's best poems are, on the whole, those that are written in blank verse; and these, though not prosaic, remind one that prose was her true medium of expression. But some of the rhymed poems have considerable merit. These may serve as examples of Mrs. Craik's style:—

"A SKETCH.

"Dost thou thus love me, O thou all beloved,
In whose large store the very meanest coin
Would out-buy my whole wealth? Yet here thou comest
Like a kind heiress from her purple and down
Uprising, who for pity cannot sleep,
But goes forth to the stranger at her gate—
The beggared stranger at her beauteous gate—
And clothes and feeds; scarce blest till she has blest.

"But dost thou love me, O thou pure of heart,
Whose very looks are prayers? What couldst thou see
In this forsaken pool by the yew-wood's side,
To sit down at its bank, and dip thy hand,
Saying, 'It is so clear!'—and lo, erelong
Its blackness caught the shimmer of thy wings,
Its slimes slid downward from thy stainless palm,
Its depths grew still that there thy form might rise."

"THE NOVICE.

"It is near morning. Ere the next night fall
I shall be made the bride of heaven. Then home
To my still marriage-chamber I shall come,
And spouseless, childless, watch the slow years crawl.

"These lips will never meet a softer touch
Than the stone-crucifix I kiss; no child
Will clasp this neck. Ah, virgin-mother mild,
Thy painted bliss will mock me overmuch.

"This is the last time I shall twist the hair
My mother's hand wreathed, till in dust she lay:
The name, her name given on my baptism day,
This is the last time I shall ever bear.

"O weary world, O heavy life, farewell!
Like a tired child that creeps into the dark
To sob itself asleep, where none will mark,—
So creep I to my silent convent cell.

"Friends, lovers whom I loved not, kindly hearts
Who grieve that I should enter this still door,
Grieve not. Closing behind me evermore,
Me from all anguish, as all joy, it parts."

The volume chronicles the moods of a sweet and thoughtful nature, and though many things in it may seem somewhat old-fashioned, it is still very pleasant to read, and has a faint perfume of withered rose-leaves about it.



MADAME GRAND (PRINCESSE DE TALLYRAND).

(From a Portrait by Gérard at Versailles.)



Some Characteristic Fans from the South Kensington Museum and from M. Thibaudeau's Collection.

Fans.

"A FAN," says Swift, "both for its gaudy show and its perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman;" and the sterner sex, anxious to rid themselves of all share in the creation of anything so frivolous, have ascribed its invention to the Cumæan sybil.

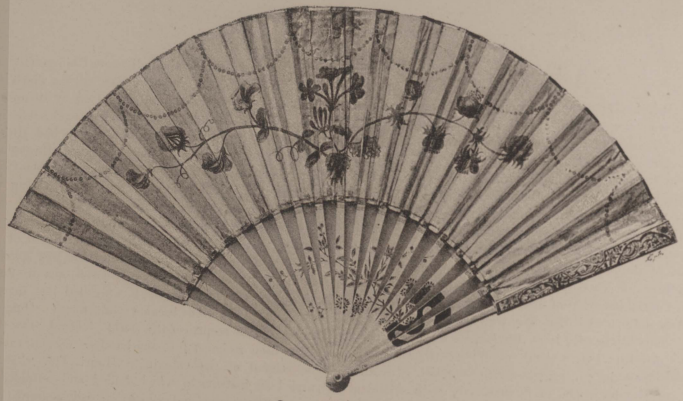
The Cumæan sybil may, perhaps, have been the first woman held worthy of the honour of carrying a fan, but kings and other dignitaries availed themselves of its prettiness and coolness years before the sybil spoke—so long ago, indeed, that the first fan is lost in the deep shades of the prehistoric age. Fans are depicted in the sculptures at Thebes, and a wooden fan-handle, with holes for the insertion of feathers, was found in the tomb of Amenhotep, who died seventeen centuries before our era. This fan-handle is at Boulak, so we accept it by an act of faith; but, without travelling further than the British Museum, we can see a representation of feather fans in the bas-relief of Sennacherib, with attendant female figures. Fans, indeed, with umbrellas, were among the Egyptian insignia of royalty: and in ancient India also the fan was an attribute of men in authority, and sometimes a sacred emblem; and it made its appearance in Europe not as the "graceful toy" of the poets, but as an adjunct to ecclesiastical functions, for it served to keep flies from alighting on the sacred element, especially during processions and out-of-door celebrations of the mass.

Authorities tell us that it is still used in certain rites of the Eastern Church, and in the Western it still holds an occasional and subordinate place, for large feather fans are carried in the State processions of the Pope of Rome, though they are no longer made of use during mass. But all these fans—Egyptian, Indian, and ecclesiastical—are the screen-shaped fans generally of feathers, and more especially of those bright iridescent peacocks' feathers whose peculiar beauty has succeeded in maintaining their popularity in every age, and among every people, from the remote and fabled age when the first merchant vessel landed at Ceylon, and the delighted navigators saw and captured the indigenous birds.

The screen fan is also the indigenous Chinese fan, and the folding fan of the shape we now call fan-shape was invented by the Japanese, and imported by them into China, whence it found its way into Portugal some time during the fourteenth century. Screen fans had already begun to be used for secular purposes throughout Western Europe, for they were well known at the Court of Richard II.; and a fan is enumerated among the possessions of Charles V. of France, but it was not until Catherine de Medici brought various Italian manners with her that they became really popular north of the Alps. Once acclimatised they made their way quickly, even in cloudy England, for twenty-seven fans are noted in the effects of Queen Elizabeth, who died just seventy years after Catherine became wife to the Duke of Orleans. "The sceptre of the world" seems by this time to have been resigned into the hands of women, though it is related of the effeminate Henri III. that he "carried an instrument which folded and unfolded at a tap of the finger, and which we call a fan." The artistic and deft-fingered French soon ceased to import their fans, but began making small fans which, when open, expanded to only a third of a circle; but in the early years of Louis XIV. a fan twelve inches in diameter, and opening to a perfect half-circle, was introduced from Spain, and before the close of the seventeenth century Paris became the chief fan manufactory of Europe, and exported fans for the English, Italian, and even the large Spanish market. The sticks were made of wood or ivory, the mounts of carefully prepared vellum, commonly though incorrectly called chicken-skin, more or less elaborately decorated. Some of the exported mounts were left plain to be decorated by native Spanish or Italian painters, but many were entirely finished in Paris, where numbers of able but unknown artists devoted themselves to the embellishment of coach panels and fans. Such an one must have been that Martin who, during the reign of the Grand Monarque, invented the famous *vernis Martin*, a colourless lac varnish, which he and his school employed in the decoration of so many fans. These *vernis Martin* fans are generally of Dutch

manufacture, imported in what the French taste declared an unfinished state to Paris: they are of ivory, and of the kind called "broken," that is to say, without mounts, the sticks being so shaped as to form the entire fan. The form was probably copied from the little carved Chinese ivory fans which are still to be seen in every Oriental shop, and from these to the uncarved ivory adorned with landscape or genre painting, fine as a miniature, was but an easy step.

In Holland the ground of the fan is left of unstained ivory, and the decoration confined to one or three medallion pictures; but this effect was deemed crude in France, and the plain surfaces were covered by the subordinate though not less artistic decorations of Martin and his school. France kept the Northern fan trade chiefly in her own hands until about 1685, when



ITALIAN-JAPANESE FAN.

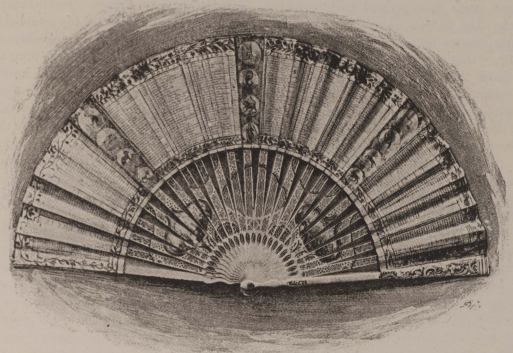
the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove Bordice and many other Protestant workers to England.

Up to this date English-made fans had been curiosities rather than works of art, but the industry was quickly acclimatised, and during the eighteenth century many beautiful and elaborate fans were made in this country. Still Paris maintained her supremacy in this as in so many other *articles de toilette*, and as the taste for luxury increased fans became more and more exquisite, every possible richness of art and of material being lavished upon these popular toys. Sticks were of ivory, mother-of-pearl, or tortoiseshell delicately carved, gilded, set with jewels, and inlaid with precious metal; and the mounts of silk, taffetas, or chicken-skin, were painted by great artists, even by such men as Boucher or Watteau. It was in this age of female pre-eminence that the fan became "the sceptre of the world," and its management an art as important and as difficult as the wielding of the sceptre of more difficult if less esteemed empire. It no longer sufficed a woman to be good and lovely, witty, gentle, graceful, well-dressed and rich; she might be all these things, and mistress of the affectations of her day, but if she could not handle her fan with the proper air, she remained a nobody, and by the fan one could tell the princess from the countess, and discern between the marchioness and the mere graceful, well-dressed parvenu. The fan had a thousand arts and served as many purposes, and least among its functions were those inherent to its nature. It had its code of signals that were known to all, it had its eloquence that was the creation of its owner, in whose hands it became coquette or prude, and was cordial, chilling, insolent, or obsequious. At her will, too, it bestowed many an encouragement, and gave and covered many a cruel slight. The eyes of the Spanish ladies afforded them unfair assistance in the language of the fan, for we read that the "ogle and the flutter are proper complements to one another, and the two form one complete language;" but if the pale and candid glances of the English belles prevented them from competing with the gazelle-eyed beauties of the South, they were little behind them in the language of the fan. "Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them," says Addison; and in his feigned character of Master of the Art, he describes the Academy that he has erected for the training up of young women in the *Exercise of the Fan*, according to the most fashionable air and motion practised at Court. By dint of daily drill, proficiency can generally be attained to in a year, and the art mastered. "There is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a well-disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs or frowns or blushes."

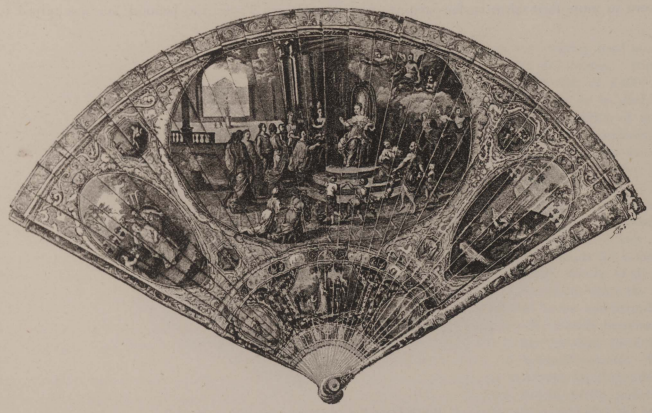
The cudgels of the fan were playfully taken up by Gay, who, in a poem that is rather heavy to the modern

taste, shows how Corinna was brought to a right state of mind by the lessons her fan-paintings read her, learning through the pictured woes of Procris, Narcissus, Aramanta, and many others to value truth and virtue above more dazzling qualities; and turning towards the faithful Strephon she

"——learns Leander's passion to despise,
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.
* * * * * *
Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,
And Hymen's torch diffused the brightest flame."



SPANISH ALMANAC FAN.

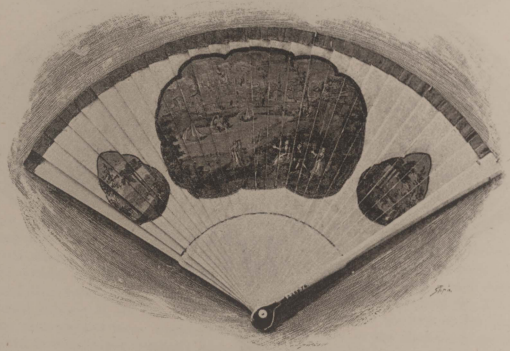


DECORATED *VERNIS MARTIN* FAN.

Possibly this gallant defence of their most powerful weapon won the gratitude of the fair, for Gay became the hero of many fans, and the phenomenal success of his *Beggars' Opera* was celebrated and probably increased by the fashion of "the ladies carrying about with them the favourite songs of it on fans"—a proof of devotion that, we hope, was never conferred on those writers who, like Addison and Swift, were blind to the moral teachings of fan-paintings. These *Beggars' Opera* fans came into vogue in 1727, and, so far as I can trace,

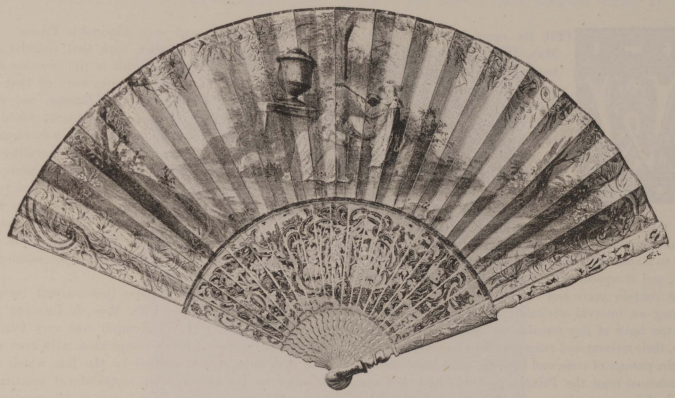
set the fashion of "musical" fans, though topical fans had made their appearance in France eight years earlier, when cheap fans treating popular events, successful plays, or pretty actresses, were first printed from engraved sketches by Gillot. The fashion was constantly changing. "Small fans are no longer fashionable," writes Richelieu in 1729; "they are carried nearly as large as last year—you know that for many years ladies use them winter and summer." Not only the mount but the ribbon depicted subjects pretty, amusing, or scandalous, and some idea of the frivolity of the age is given in the fact that all three were woven in black and white for mourning.

The cheap topical fans were introduced to beat the paper fans of China and Japan from the field, and as their subjects were known to every one, were momentarily amusing, and were constantly changing, they achieved their object: they were extremely cheap, for fans at two sols each, representing the actors, were sold in the theatres. Suddenly the fashion changed, social subjects were replaced by foreign politics, treated somewhat after the manner of our cartoons in *Punch*. The liking for subject fans appears to have spread far and wide, for South Kensington possesses a very beautiful Spanish almanac fan dating from about the middle of the century; but decorated by hand, and beautifully made. By this time cheap fans were "out" in Paris, and the most splendid era of fan-making—the most prodigal in talent, when Canaletto, Le Brun, Boucher, Watteau, Greuze, A. Kauffmann, and even Reynolds, did not scorn to waste their talent on fan-painting—was at its height, and the fashion for cheap fans remained entirely and utterly forgotten until the enthusiasm evoked by the invention of balloons in 1783 produced numerous varieties of *Éventail au globe*. The age of luxury was by this time drawing to a close; printed figures emblematic of Law, Justice, and Reason, began to replace the costly hand-painted shepherdesses and mandolin-players, and the *Taking of the Bastille* in 1789 marks an era in the history of fan-making as decisively as in the history of France. Fan-making as a fine art was extinct; from that day till the establishment of the Empire the *Bastille* fans had a tremendous success, and were followed by the *Nation* fan, the *Constitution* fan, and endless varieties of *Marat* fans, which retained their popularity until the day when Charlotte Corday, "holding a 'Constitutional' fan in her hand," obtained that fateful interview with the tyrant, from which she came out, still with her fan in her hand. The Marat fans had achieved tremendous popularity that was unequalled by their immediate successors, and the next really successful political fans were those designed to celebrate the victories of young General Bonaparte; indeed, as early as 1794 we find that of the two hundred engravings lodged in the Bibliothèque Nationale during the year, a hundred and fourteen were fan designs, most of them in praise of the youthful General. The Bonaparte fans soon eclipsed all rivals, and the fashion continued until the first years of the Empire, not only Napoleon's real triumphs affording subject-matter for the fans, but sundry prophetic events, including the Invasion of England and the destruction of the English Fleet. Then, as now, we borrowed our fashions from the French; our victories were set forth on fans, we had our fans *à la* Wellington, and a large number of such subjects, more or less palatable to the Spanish fan-buyers, were printed in London and exported. Meanwhile, in France the political fan was turned to the baser use of inflaming party bitternesses; there were the landlord's fan and the citizen's fan, fans on which fish-wives bestowed halfpence on distressed aristocrats, fans busy with Imperial bees, and fans strewn with Bourbon lilies. The effect of the use of these rival, and oftentimes very insulting, fans may well be imagined; they



DUTCH IVORY FAN (EIGHTEENTH CENTURY).

contributed as much to social peace as fans setting forth the rival atrocities of Captain Moonlight and the Crowbar Brigade would do to-day in mixed London society. From bad the topical fans fell to worse; they became the Turin matchbox of their generation, and thus brought about their own destruction. Scented fans, straw fans, fans now made on which skill, and art, and time, to the value of £100, have been expended. The exhibition at South Kensington eighteen years ago gave great impetus to the English fan trade, and such an one as the eighteenth-century Italian imitation Japanese (2,226) could be reproduced by the trade, or the mount



FRENCH FAN (EIGHTEENTH CENTURY).

and anagram fans, had each their day of popularity, and there were also ball programme fans—an invention worthy of a longer fashion—whereon ladies wrote the names of their partners. These fans suggest the recent autograph fans, but this later idea is more probably of Chinese origin, for among the Celestials it is customary to ask a distinguished friend or guest to write a sentiment upon a fan, and forgeries of this kind are the commonest of trivial offences. Every one in China has his fan, and holds to it as manfully as Charlotte Corday clutched her "Constitutional" weapon, even the artisans fanning themselves at their work. French fan-makers have made one or two efforts to do away with the unworthy prejudice of the Western male against this toy, and, during the hot summer of 1828, they had some hopes that their patrons would include both halves of the human race. But the promise died with the first touch of frost, and the Parisian beau returned to his malacca.

Artistic fan-making was among the industries that perished in the revolutionary upheaval, and the Directory and Empire fans, of more pretensions than the humble squibs and prints, are ugly and in bad taste; but as the world fell into something like its old way of living the demand for costly toys grew up again, and fan-making revived with many kindred industries. The old taste and the old skill were still to be found in French brains and French fingers; Paris fans soon regained their old supremacy, and in Paris alone are painted by any art amateur, and nothing need be more charming in the hand of a graceful woman. But we have not yet reached the French cost of £100. Let us congratulate ourselves on this; let us be glad that, as a nation, we are not wasteful enough either of money or of art to squander fine painting on a parchment ill-designed to set forth its beauties, and that must be marred at the first folding, and ruined in a few times of using.

A hundred pounds for a fan! Not for an old fan of historic or artistic interest; not for a relic to be preserved, and to show new generations something of how their forefathers lived; but a hundred pounds for a modern fan to be carried, soiled, and ruined. Surely, of all vanities this is the vainest; of all luxurious waste the most wanton. The art of the painter is not encouraged but degraded, and no one and no art is really benefited by the extravagance; look at it how we may, there is no plea to be raised for this. A hundred pounds! What education it might bring to untaught aspiring talent—what pleasure to a hundred fanless, pretty girls! To how many who are dying its price would give the breath of fresh air, the glowing fire they need no screen to shade their faces from! But no, it does not do to think of all that could be bought and saved with the price of a Paris fan, or we shall feel as ill-disposed to spend a hundred pence as a hundred pounds on our sceptres, and what would fan-makers do then—poor things?

F. MABEL ROBINSON.

The Princesse de Tallyrand (Madame Grand).

"I love everything that's old—old friends—old times—old manners."

WITH the opening of the month of May, 1888, the fifty years' embargo laid by the Prince de Tallyrand upon the publication of his private memoirs became invalid, and, if rumour is to be believed, such literary matter as he left behind is at last to be made public.

There are many persons still living who will remember the death of the great diplomatist in 1838, and the interest then excited when the restrictions concerning his memoirs were made known. Half a century was to elapse before the Prince authorised their publication, and it appeared at that time, that these memoirs must contain grave and compromising matter, to make so long an interval advisable. Whether they will ever see the light of day remains an open question; in any case, their interest and poignancy will be greatly modified by the passage of time, and even the most acrid *chronique scandaleuse* from the Prince's pen will have lost something of its savour, from our being out of touch with his age and surroundings.

It is not, however, to the memory of that remarkable man, Charles Maurice de Périgord, whose life embraced so long and so brilliant a period, who, in his own words, said he had composed a trilogy of three dynasties—the Empire of Bonaparte, the House of Bourbon, the House of Orleans—and at whose age, when he died, the world stood astonished, so much had been crowded into his eighty-four years—that this short monograph is devoted; but rather to that most beautiful, most fascinating, and most contradictory woman, Mme. Grand, Princesse de Benevento and de Tallyrand. Well may Michaud speak of her "*rare et nonchalante beauté*," for at no period, and under no more varying circumstances, has any woman more fully exercised the power of beauty and fascination, or ensnared those of higher degree in her toils. About her name there has always lingered the mystery of incompleteness; for as her nationality has been constantly disputed, so too, has her character been the theme of lively argument and contention.

Tallyrand's faithful secretary, the late M. Colmache, speaks of her extraordinary effect upon the Prince at their first interview. She had come as a stranger to his famous Rue St. Florentin house, and after waiting five hours for his return, fell asleep, and was only aroused by the closing of a door. "She started to her feet surprised and terrified to find herself thus discovered by a stranger, whom she instantly knew to be M. de Tallyrand. Mme. Grand was at that time in the full zenith of her beauty, and of the kind of loveliness most rare and most admired in France. She was tall and slight in person, with that singular ease and languor in her carriage which is the peculiar attribute of Creole ladies. Her features were of that soft and delicate mould seldom seen in Europe, her eyes, large and languishing, of the deepest black, while her hair played in curls of brightest gold upon a forehead of dazzling whiteness. M. de Tallyrand, in describing the scene, observed that when she first threw aside her hood and disclosed to view that lovely countenance—all blushing with shame and surprise—the effect was such that even he—man of the world, *blasé* and *disillusioné* as he was—felt himself completely deprived of his self-possession, and stood before her almost as abashed as she."

Of the remarkable likeness that existed between Tallyrand and his future wife, Mme. de Remusat says in her memoirs: "He (Tallyrand) was very fair, of most brilliant yet delicate complexion, with eyes of a soft dark blue, much covered by the lids, which contributed to the air of quiet *recueillement* habitual to him. His hair was considered one of his greatest attractions, being of the bright golden hue so uncommon even in the North." And we are also told that "Mme. Grand's fair golden hair was of proverbial beauty."

Varied and conflicting are the accounts given of the first actual acquaintance between Tallyrand and Mme. Grand; M. Colmache, as above quoted, gives us his testimony; but Michaud again, in his biographies, vouches for his accuracy in stating that she came from Homburg to Paris with Tallyrand early in 1796; that at that time Tallyrand was poor, and still under Pius VI.'s sentence of excommunication. His companion was shortly arrested as suspected of conspiracy in an *émigré* plot, and the following letter, written by Tallyrand, was the result. It is addressed to Barras, the Director, and is peculiarly interesting, as showing Tallyrand's estimate of Mme. Grand's character at that time:—

"Citoyen Directeur,—On vient d'arrêter Mme. Grand comme conspiratrice. C'est la personne d'Europe la plus incapable de se mêler d'aucune affaire. C'est une Indienne, bien belle, bien paresseuse, la plus désoccupée de toutes les femmes que j'aie jamais rencontrées. Je vous demand intérêt pour elle. Je suis sûr qu'on ne lui trouvera pas l'ombre de prétexte pour ne pas terminer cette petite affaire à laquelle je serais bien fâché qu'on mît de l'éclat. Je l'aime, et je vous atteste à vous, d'homme à homme, que de sa vie elle ne s'est mêlée et n'est en état de mêler d'aucune affaire. C'est une véritable Indienne, et vous savez à quel dégré cette espèce de femme est loin de toute intrigue.

"Salut et attachement,

"Ch. M. Tallyrand."

Before going farther into this woman's remarkable career, let us take a glance backward into that past,

which has caused so much controversy, and in which the name of Sir Philip Francis, Chief Justice of India, the reputed author of "Junius," became as conspicuous as it did in his duel with Warren Hastings. And in thus taking up the tangled skein we will confine ourselves to the official reports preserved among the archives of the Calcutta High Court. Of the lady's family in this *cause célèbre* little is known, but that little goes to prove her nationality as Danish; her birth in a Danish settlement at Tranquebar, on the Coromandel Coast, being registered for November 21, 1762. Her mother's name was Lawrence Allaney, her father being a M. Werlée, Capitaine du Port; the daughter's Christian names were Noël Catharine. In 1776 there arrived at Calcutta a Mr. George François Grand, a native of Lausanne, and a member of the Civil Service. He was at once received into the house and friendship of Warren Hastings, and it was during his residence there that he met Mlle. Werlée, and became violently enamoured of her. Their marriage was facilitated through Mr. Hastings, and in July of 1777 the young people were united by a double ceremony—the lady being a Catholic. In the register at St. John's Church, Calcutta, the entry is still extant, signed by William Johnson, Chaplain. Mr. Grand in his "Narrative," the first book published in English at the Cape of Good Hope, says: "Never did an union commence with more brightening prospects." The young bride was barely fifteen years old, but was even then distinguished for her rare beauty, and that peculiarity of expression which afterwards marked her likeness to Mme. Recamier. Even Lady Francis—years later—writes: "She was the most beautiful woman in Calcutta;" and Zoffany's portrait of her, painted soon after his arrival in India, in 1780, is the presentment of a specially lovely face and form.



PRINCESSE DE TALLYRAND.

(*From the Portrait by Gérard at Versailles.*)

Of the personality of the other actor in the drama, Mr. Philip Francis, we have contemporary assurances of his being "strikingly handsome; tall, erect, well-proportioned figure, classical features, delicately moulded ears, and soft shapely hands," all of which characteristics had earned for him the sobriquet of "*le bel Anglais.*" At the time when he signalled out Mrs. Grand as the recipient of his attentions he was eight-and-thirty, and had all the fascinations and experiences of a worldly, successful man, which, with his exalted position, combined to flatter and gratify the self-love and vanity of a young girl, who, though a wife, was scarcely out of childhood, and render her peculiarly open to his gallantries.

At the famous ball given by Mr. Francis in November, 1778, Mrs. Grand received from her host the most marked attentions; indeed, so very *impressé* was his devotion that a climax would soon seem to have followed, judging from an entry in his note-book, under date November 24th, which runs as follows:—"*Omnia vincit amor;*" and on December 8th he accentuated it by the laconic sentence, "At night the *diable à quatre* at the house of G. F. Grand, Esq."

It was indeed on this night that affairs reached their culmination, for, as Mr. Grand tells us—"On December 8th, 1778, I went out of my house the happiest, as I thought, of men, and returned the same night as miserable as any being could well feel." It is unnecessary to follow the story in detail; it is sufficient to say that Mr. Francis, though forcing himself into the presence of the lady in a manner and at an hour most compromising to her, always maintained her innocence: an opinion in which Lady Francis frankly expressed her belief. But the curse of suspicion had fallen upon the sixteen-years-old wife, and Mr. Grand would neither believe her protestations, nor condone the frivolities and imprudences of girlhood. He sent immediately for her sister, and his wife returned with her to Chandernagore. He granted her a final interview of three hours, after which they "parted with a sorrow approaching to distraction." Mr. Grand brought his grievance into a court of law, before Sir Elijah Impey, at Fort William, and in his suit against Philip Francis, Esq., demanded the prodigious damages of 1,500,000 sicca rupees (£160,000). The hearing was begun on January 18th, 1779, and was finally concluded on March 6th, judgment being pronounced for the plaintiff, damages 50,000 sicca rupees, and Mr. Grand thus came off victorious. Mr. Francis in his diary briefly alludes to the decision:—"March 6th, judgment against me in Supreme Court," and follows with his estimate of the man he had injured —"*à la fin ce scélérat est écrasé.*"

During eight or nine months subsequent to the decision of the Court, Mrs. Grand lived at Hughley, where Francis visited her till December, 1780, when the *Bengal Gazette* gives as an item of news "the sailing of Mr. Samuel Tolfrey [one of Francis' attorneys at the trial] for Europe, in the Dutch ship that carries home Mrs. G—d." A few days later Francis also sailed for England in the *Fox*, and here all connection between the two was definitely severed. Mr. Grand followed his quondam friend home in the same year. Sixteen years elapsed after the appearance of Mrs. Grand in Europe before her name again became public property—sixteen years—all of which are a blank regarding her life; but in those sixteen years her beauty greatly increased and developed, and during which time, according to Lady Francis, she lived an obscure and circumspect life, winning "the friendship and protection of Josephine."

In 1797 Tallyrand, as we know, became Foreign Minister under Napoleon, and it was soon after this that M. Colmache fixes the date of his first meeting with Mme. Grand. This visit, he tells us, was ostensibly undertaken by her to entreat the interference of the Foreign Minister in her behalf, for having learned on good authority that Napoleon intended invading London, and pillaging the Bank of England, wherein lay all her portable property, jewels, &c., she had applied to her friends for advice, and they, with M. de Montroud at their head, urged her appealing in person to the Minister. Tallyrand saw through the practical joke, but gravely accepting the situation, gave her an authorisation, duly signed and sealed, for the safe delivery of her possessions should Bonaparte's army ever enter London. And Napoleon it was who took upon himself to reprove his Minister for his *liaison* with the beautiful Indienne. He sent for him, owing to Fouché's representation, in a great rage, and said, "No wonder we are vilified in England, when we expose ourselves to it by the conduct of our public Ministers; the Envoys and Ambassadors for Foreign Courts are, I understand, compelled to wait upon your mistress; this must not continue." "Neither shall it," retorted Tallyrand; "they shall henceforth wait upon my wife." And accordingly he married Mme. Grand—where, is uncertain—on September 10th, 1802. Mme. de Remusat gives a different version of the interview, but with a like result.

In the preceding year Tallyrand had received Pius VII.'s revocation of excommunication, and a sanction for his return to secular life; but nevertheless, and with reason, his Holiness was greatly incensed at the marriage, and would never consent to receive "*cette dame*," as he called the Princess. Nor was Napoleon any more gracious to her; he treated her always coldly, and as rudely as he dared, since, while disliking Tallyrand, he could not do without him. When Mme. de Tallyrand first appeared at Court after her marriage, Napoleon remarked, with his accustomed impertinence, that he "hoped the future good conduct of the Citizeness Tallyrand would cause to be forgotten the indiscretions of Mme. Grand;" to which she wittily replied, that "in this respect she could not do better than follow the example of the Citizeness Josephine." And, indeed, from the day of her marriage to her death, she had but one desire, to uphold her husband's honour and position at all times; even after their separation her respect and admiration for him knew no bounds. They lived principally at Neuilly, and it was here that Sir Elijah Impey visited them, and became "sufficiently intimate with the extraordinary diplomatist, her husband, to be one of the Englishmen most frequently invited to his table." Strange, indeed, must have been the reflections of the old ex-Indian judge, as he recalled his legal judgment against his beautiful hostess; and often must he have laughed in his sleeve at the remembrance of Sir Philip Francis' sicca rupees! Sir Philip Francis, indeed, saw her here the only time after his Calcutta intrigue, and, according to Lady Francis, hurried his departure from Paris in response to an appeal from the *ci-devant* Mme. Grand, begging him not to seek her out, on M. Tallyrand's account. Here, too, we get one last glance of Mr. Grand, who came to Paris in 1802, and used his utmost endeavours to obtain from the Tallyrands some lucrative appointment out of Europe, and received, in consequence, the Batavian Government mission at the Cape.

But even as the Princesse de Benevento, Mme. Grand

was not destined to enjoy long or continuous happiness. Tallyrand soon grew tired of her beauty and her *naïveté*, and in 1815 a separation was effected between them, she agreeing to retire to England, on a yearly pension of 60,000 francs. She returned shortly, however, to France, installing herself in the Villa Beauséjour, at Auteuil, and modelling her house and establishment in exact imitation of the Prince's; the memory of those other days being always very dear to her. "Everything in her apartment bore witness to her constant remembrance of the days of her happiness and grandeur; the rug before the fire, the embroidered cushion upon which her feet rested, the lawn handkerchief in her hand, the clock upon the mantelpiece, all bore the impress of the arms of the Tallyrands. '*Ré que Dieu*' shone forth conspicuously on each;" and she herself wrote that "the remembrance of the tender and sincere affection of that amiable friend (Tallyrand) made her the happiest of women."

Much has been said of her affectations, her stupidity, and her silliness; while the ready acceptance of *bon-mots* and *naïvetés*, accredited to her, leaves it open to doubt if hers was not that foolishness which knows how to conceal cleverness under *des bêtises*. Certain it is that even the most favourite *racontes* against her—the Robinson Crusoe anecdote, and Lemercier episode—tell rather in her favour than against it, while M. Colmache assures us that "she dispensed politeness to each and all alike, contenting every one;" and Mme. de Remusat admits that "she was one of the most charming women of her time;" and Moore recounts her pleasure in "Lallah Rookh," and her "praising Bessy's beauty" to him. Indeed, many of the stories told of her are but pathetic instances of her efforts to please her husband, and keep his wavering fancy. She died in 1835, and even at her last hour was an actor in a dramatic scene. She had given, in her dying moments, a casket to the Archbishop of Paris, with instructions to hand it to the Countess d'Estignac. The Archbishop proceeded to fulfil these directions, when a person representing the Prince interfered, declaring the casket should be given to him. Mme. d'Estignac's friends would not permit this; whereupon a violent dispute ensued, which was only settled by a *jugé de paix* taking the casket into his possession until legal right was decided. The casket was said to contain the Princess's jewels, valued at £40,000, which she wished Mme. d'Estignac, a niece of the Prince, to possess. Tallyrand afterwards paid 200,000 francs for the casket, but the nature of its contents was never revealed.

The Princesse de Tallyrand lies buried at Mont Parnasse, but without even "the modest inscription" on her tomb she had craved; the memorial thereon being so worded, according to the Prince's wishes, as to perpetuate as slightly as possible their marriage. She was to be described only as "the widow of Mr. Grand, afterwards civilly married to M. de Tallyrand;" and this brief epitaph well accords with the entry in the records of the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin—"On the 12th December, 1835, there was presented at this church the body of Catharine, widow of George François Grand, *connue civilement comme Princesse de Tallyrand*, aged 74 years." And now even this recognition is denied her, for on the flat stone marking her grave, overgrown with weeds and briars, neglected, deserted, not a trace is to be found of any epitaph; and she, whose beauty was famed from the Ganges to the Seine, rests in a nameless tomb, dependent on the hand of charity for even a withered wreath of immortelles! *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

In connection with these pitiful details, Tallyrand's own death-bed rises up before one, and with it that bitter comprehensive digest of the man given by Victor Hugo—"He was of noble descent like Machiavelli, a priest like Gondi, unfrocked like Fouché, witty like Voltaire, and lame like the devil: the nobility he placed at the service of the Republic; the priesthood he dragged through the parade-ground, then cast into the gutter; his marriage he broke off through a score of exposures; his understanding he disgraced by acts of baseness."

Of the two portraits of Mme. Grand, reproduced here, the full-length is from that painted by Gérard, which hangs forgotten and unknown at Versailles, between those of Mme. de Recamier, whose successful rival she proved, and Prince de Tallyrand, whom she sincerely loved. In it are preserved all the characteristics of her wonderful beauty, from the golden curling hair, the high-bred features, the blue eyes, the Grecian nose, the small, full mouth, to the tiny slippered foot, beneath the straight scant lines of the *Directoire* dress. The other is taken from an earlier portrait by Gérard, also at Versailles.

And so ends the career of one of the most famous beauties of a time when beauty reigned supreme. She conquered Napoleon's cold cynicism, who even in his disparagement admitted "*elle était très-belle femme;*" and she captivated and won the most *difficile* and most admired man of three dynasties, against whose chilling indifference the charms of Mmes. de Staël, Recamier, and Tallien had fallen harmless. Truly, as Tallyrand said, "it was the *naïveté* which gave so strong a tinge of originality to all that Mme. Grand did or said, so unlike the slavery to forms and etiquette which must ever influence women of the world, by whom he was surrounded," that enthralled him, and rendered him an easy victim.

Once again, we are promised the publication of the Prince's private memoirs. Will they throw any further light upon the checkered career of Mme. Grand? Be that as it may, it can well be said of her, as of another equally fascinating and maligned woman—

> "If to her lot some human errors fall,
> Look in her face, and you'll forgive them all."

A. DE GRASSE STEVENS.

Romany Songs.

"So we had the song, wild and wonderful like all of its kind, given with all that delightful *abandon* which attains perfection only among gypsies."—C. G. Leland.

"Que ce soit une nation de parias, qu'importe à l'art?"—Liszt.

PERSECUTED and maligned as the race of gypsies has ever been, it has yet been able to invoke and retain an amount of interest that more favoured people have failed to attract. In the case of a few brave champions of the Romany cause, this interest may be said to have developed into a life's devotion; and one can scarcely mention the name of gypsy without our thoughts reverting to such men as George Borrow, C. G. Leland, George Smith, of Coalville, and others, who have been pioneers in the attempt at gypsy redemption. So much has been written on the subject of the origin of these wandering people—known in almost every clime—so many attempts have been made to trace the source of their language, customs, and characteristics, that it is quite unnecessary for me to touch upon either.

The researches I have made into Romany history have had but one object in view, namely, the collecting of any specimens of Romany songs that I could find; these researches and their results I now offer, in the hope that they may add one more link to the too short chain of sympathy that exists between the lords of the land and the outcast Bohemians; who may be truly termed the vagrants of every country, whose only rest is the green earth, whose roof is the broad heaven, and whose only home is the tent that "they fold like the Arab, and as silently steal away."

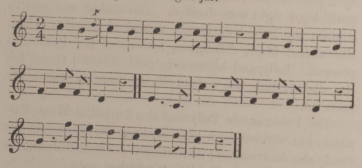
Chorley, that eminent authority on national music, is evidently not an enthusiast on that of the gypsies. He says: "Gypsy music is of limited value if disconnected from the gypsy performance of it, and from the impression made by it on those who, for the sake of sensation, will endure and relish anything, no matter how eccentric it be. Comparatively few gypsy tunes—save a Russian or Hungarian dance or two, which possibly own some such parentage—have passed into the world's store of melody." Schubert, Haydn, and Liszt, perhaps, alone of the great *maestros*, have given us in their works true examples of Romany harmony. In the "Rhapsodies Hongroises" of the latter, we are carried away by the Magyar wildness and impetuous passion that have become synonymous with Hungarian music; and if Hungarian, then Romany, since the principal elements in Transylvanian melody are of gypsy origin. "The so-called Hungarian style of music," says a writer in the *Monthly Musical Record*, "cannot by any means be regarded as indigenous; but may most properly be briefly defined as the product of a commixture of several races. More than one-fourth of the population of Transylvania consists of Magyars, the descendants of the ancient Scythians of the Tartar-Mongolian stock, who—after wandering from the Ural Mountains to the Caspian Sea, and thence to Kiov—established themselves in Hungary in the ninth century. The remainder of the population is made up of Slavs, Germans, Wallachians, Jews, and gypsies; of this mixed population the Magyars as the dominant lords of the soil, and the gypsies as the privileged musicians of the country, are in the main to be regarded as the joint originators of the national style."

The union of these two latter races resulted in the combination of their musical characteristics. That of the Magyar music is the peculiarity of its rhythm; and that of the gypsy the presence of turns and embellishments and grace-notes, added to the melody: a characteristic that is clearly to be traced to the Oriental origin of the Romanies, for we must look to India, the nursing-home of nations, as the fatherland also of the gypsies.

That there is a freemasonry existing amongst the gypsies scattered over the world, and a cosmopolitanism in the Romany tongue—whether heard on Wandsworth Common, on the steppes of the kingdom of the Czar, or in the valleys of the Transvaal—is very apparent; since it is possible for a Hungarian gypsy soldier and an Italian Zingara to understand each other, if not perfectly, at least intelligently. But this freemasonry does not extend to the Romany music; and I am afraid there is little worthy the name amongst the songs Gypsy John amuses himself with whilst at his occupations in England; whereas there is intrinsic merit and real melody in those of the Tzigany of Hungary and the Gitanos of Spain. The two following are well-known favourites among the Hungarian gypsies:—

"Kis Szekeres.

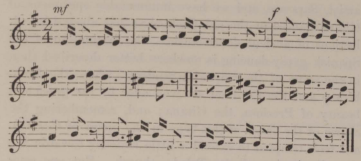
"Kis szekeres nagy szekeres,
Mind Megiszsza a ruit keres:
Mig a vásárra oda jar,
A peuzinek végire jár."



"Juhászlegény Szegény.

"Juhaszlegény, szegény, juhaszlegény
Téle pénzzel ez a Kövér erszény
Megveszem a szegény séget töled
De rádásul add a szeretödet!

"Ha ez a penz lenne czak foglaló
S meg száz annyi lenne borravaló
S id adnád a világot ráadásnak—
Szeretömet ngysem adnám másnak!"



The gypsies have a set of words which they sing to their celebrated "Racoczy March;" they are as follows:—

ROMANY VERSION.

"Dyal o pañi repedishis
M'ro pirano hegedishis.

"Dyal o pañi tale vatra,
M'ro pirano klanelaha.

"Dyal o pañi pe kishai
M'ro pirano tsino rai."

ENGLISH VERSION.

"The stream runs on with rushing din,
As I hear my true love's violin;

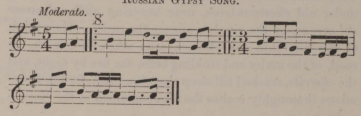
"And the river rolls o'er rock and stone,
As he plays the flute so sweet alone.

"Runs o'er the sand as it began,
Then my true love lives a gentleman."

Mr. Leland's description of the Russian gypsies' singing is so perfect that I cannot refrain from quoting it:—"I listened," he says, "to the strangest, wildest, and sweetest singing I have ever heard—the singing of Lurleis, of syrens, of witches. First one damsel, with an exquisite, clear firm voice, began to sing a verse of a love-ballad, and, as it approached the end, the chorus stole in softly and unperceived, but with exquisite skill, until in a few seconds the summer breeze, murmuring melody over a rippling lake, seemed changed to a midnight tempest roaring over a stormy sea, in which the basso of the black captain pealed like thunder, and as it died away a second girl took up the melody very sweetly, but with a little more excitement—it was like a gleam of moonlight on the still agitated waters—a strange contralto witch-gleam, and then again the water's chorus and the storm; and then another solo, yet sweeter, sadder, and stranger, the movement continually increasing, until all was fast and wild and mad—a locomotive quick-step, and then a sudden silence—sunlight—the storm had blown away." And he adds: "I could only think of those strange fits of excitement which thrill the Red Indian, and make him burst into song." Those who have been accustomed to consider the gypsy as a wandering outcast, incapable of appreciating the blessings of a settled and civilised life, may be surprised to learn that amongst the gypsies of Moscow there are not a few who inhabit stately houses, go abroad in elegant equipages, and are behind the higher orders of the Russians neither in appearance nor in mental acquirements;* and even in the midst of a nation by whom song is more cherished and cultivated, and its principles better understood, than by any other of the civilised globe, the gypsy choirs of Moscow are, by the general voice of the Russian public, admitted to be unrivalled. The following is a specimen of an old Russian gypsy song, of which the words have long since passed into oblivion:—

* From Borrow's "Zincali."

RUSSIAN GYPSY SONG.



The song of the Troika, with its plaintive haunting melody, is familiar to all lovers of Russian music; but it is, perhaps, not generally known that the verses are of gypsy origin—

SONG OF THE TROIKA.

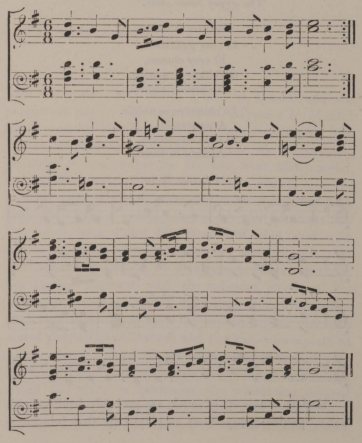
"Hear ye the Troika-bell a-ringing,
And see the peasant-driver there?
Hear ye the mournful soughe's singing,
Like distant tolling through the air?

"'O eyes, blue eyes, to me so lovely,
O eyes, alas! ye give me pain;
O eyes, that once looked at me only,
I ne'er shall see your like again.

"'Farewell, my darling, now in heaven,
And still the heaven of my soul;
Farewell, thou father-town, O Moscow,
Where I have left my life, my all!'

"And ever at the rein still straining,
One backward glance the driver gave;
Sees but once more a green low hillock,
Sees but once more his loved one's grave."

Other feet besides the gypsies' might lightly tread a measure to the strains of the gypsy dance which I give next:—



George Borrow has familiarised us with many characteristics of the Gitanos or Spanish gypsies. Any one in Spain who has been fascinated by the gypsies is called one of the *aficion*, or "affection," and there are few genuine Spaniards who are not at heart true Bohemians. They feel the charm of a wandering life, and of camping under old chestnut-trees, near towering cliffs, *al pasar del arroyo*, by the rivulets among the rocks. They think of the wine-skin and wheaten cake when hungry on the road, of the mules and tinkling bells, the fire by night, and the *cigarito*, smoked till sleep o'ertakes them, for the Bohemians thoroughly realise the idea contained in the lines—

"Musicke, tobacco, sacke, and sleepe,
The tide of sorrow backward keep."

Then, too, they remember the gypsies who come to the camp, and the black-eyed Gitanas who tell them their fortune, and all that follows in the rosy dawn and yet onward into starry night—

"Y se alegre el alma llena
De la luz de esos luceros."

"And his heart is filled with rapture
At the light of those lights above."

The following is a specimen of Spanish gypsy music, but the words supposed to be sung to it do not seem to me to be exactly suitable. However, I give them as they are, and as they are to be found in Scene V. of Longfellow's "Spanish Student," in the camp-scene in the forest:—

"GYPSIES SINGING AT THE FORGE.

"Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran—
'God send the gypsy lassie here,
And not the gypsy man.'

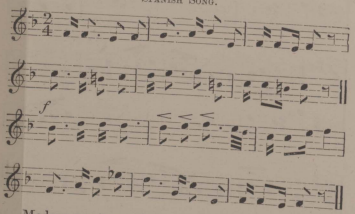
"At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no gypsy man—
The gypsy lassie came."

SPANISH VERSION.

"El eray guillabela,
El eray obusno,
Q'abillele Romanela,
No abillele Caloro.

"La chimutra se ardela,
A pas-erachi,
El Calo no abillela,
Abillela la Romi."

SPANISH SONG.



Modern amateurs of music are probably familiar with many Spanish gypsy tunes as played by that inimitable artist, Sarasate, and we have innumerable specimens of Gitana dances in the old Cachuchas that abound in collections of ancient dance-music. The fascination of the Spanish gypsy-dancing is nowhere better described than in the scene of the "Spanish Student" where the Archbishop and the Cardinal are won over by the grace and beauty of Preciosa, the Gitana; and, remembering the charm of the dance of this type in the opera of *Carmen*, one feels tempted to extend a little leniency towards the two dignitaries of the Toledo church. But one song seems to have attained any degree of what may almost be termed national popularity amongst the Anglo-Romanies, and that is the Whittling Song one may sometimes hear in the environs of London—"Mi-kraulisky gav," or "Royal Town," as the gypsies call it. This song, in terseness and expressiveness, is perhaps equal to anything in the whole circle of Gentile poetry:—

"Can you speak the Romany tongue?
Can you play the fiddle?
Can you eat the prison loaf?
Can you cut and whittle?"

ROMANY VERSION.

"Can you rokra Romany?
Can you play the bosh?
Can you jal adrey the staripen?
Can you chin the cost?"

I have chosen this specimen of Romany lullaby in preference to any of the songs of the English gypsies I have been able to find, not so much for its own refinement, as for the want of it in the others:—

"GYPSY LULLABY.

"Sleep thee, little tawny boy,
Thy mother's gone abroad to spae;
Her kindly milk thou shalt enjoy
When home she comes at close of day.

'Sleep thee, little tawny guest,
Thy mother is my daughter fine;
As thou dost love her kindly breast,
She once did love this breast of mine."

"ROMANY SUTLER GILLIE.

"Jaw to sutlers, my tiny chal,
Your die to dukker has jall'd abri;
At rarde she will wel palal
And tute of her tud shall pie.

"Jaw to lutherum, tiny baw,
I'm teerie deya's purie mam;
As tute cams her tud canaw,
Thy deya meerie tud did cam."

These verses are set to any lullaby or nursing-tune that the singer knows; and the old women, who seem to be an indispensable part of a gypsy camp, may often be heard crooning them over the tawny scions of the tribes, as they rock their cradles at the entrance to the camp. There are some very spirited English gypsy choruses known as "tinklers'" songs, and one or two good specimens of drinkers' chants; but we must not expect to find any degree of beauty in the gypsy music of the English tribes. The very titles will serve to show the style that finds favour amongst them. "The Poisoned Porker" is surely not suggestive of any degree of musical refinement, nor does "The Stolen

Cow" lead one to look for any harmonious excellence. Space does not permit me to go any further afield in the world of gypsy song; and I must leave to my reader's imagination the half-impudent, wholly entrancing strains of the Italian Zingara, as she wends her way over the Campagna; the lovely songs of the Zigeuner in the Fatherland of Germany; and the impetuous wildness of the Mexican Romany, as he wanders across the unending plains of his most tropical country, verily the El Dorado of a Bohemian life.

LAURA ALEXANDRINE SMITH.

Fontarabbia.



GENERAL VIEW OF FONTARABBIA.

WHOEVER seeks vainly, in these days of universal tramping, for one spot sacred from the hordes of Cook, for one old-world nook, forgotten in the march of progress, let him visit Fontarabbia, a small town on the Spanish frontier. Where the Bidassoa widens almost to the proportions of a lake before casting its waters into the sea, in the heart of a grand amphitheatre formed by the mountains of La Haya, Les Trois Couronnes, the Rhone, and the Jayzquibel, on the right bank of the river, rise the spires and the Castle of Fontarabbia. A long, narrow street of palaces, with heavily barred windows and great doors surmounted by the elaborate coats-of-arms of the hidalgos, who fled before the thunder of the French guns from the opposite shore, Fontarabbia preserves the type of an old Castilian tower of the sixteenth century. Dismantled and ruined it stands to-day, inhabited by a people in whose veins runs the purest Basque and Spanish blood, and who cling with a passionate attachment to their birthplace, while they struggle with the poverty and pride of ancient descent and unprosperous days. The train from Bayonne to Madrid leaves you at Hendaye, an old Basque town on the French side of the Bidassoa, opposite to Fontarabbia. Hendaye is remarkable for its fine wine and cordial, and for the beauty of its women. Here may be seen the loveliest type of the Basque race, with warm, fair hair, large dark eyes, a complexion which the Southern sun has burnt into a tint like burnished gold, and with figures which are models of symmetry and strength. As you descend the street of Hendaye towards the river, the Basque boatmen, with the splendid physiques for which they are celebrated, meet you, and with a few strokes of their strong arms the boat in which you have seated yourself is pushed off, and you can contemplate at leisure the exquisite beauty of the scene around you. In the distance the white waves of the sea, towards which the river is hastening, the mountains covered half-way up with farms and houses, and clothed with the richest verdure; at the foot of the Trois Couronnes,

the old Spanish town of Irun; Hendaye behind, Fontarabbia before you, the mountain which shelters it crowned with a large sanctuary, near which is visible a great dark wooden cross, standing out boldly even at that distance, and marking some tragedy of Spanish border-life. You land presently, and ascend slowly a short hill, shaded with trees, and, keeping by the remains of the ramparts,



THE GATEWAY, FONTARABBIA.

you reach the gateway, and glance first at the elaborate coat-of-arms it bears, for in the matter of architecture it presents no particular interest. Stop here a moment, though, while what it leads to is hidden by a sharp angle, linger an instant on the threshold which divides the present from the past, the bright sunny landscape without from the chill and fallen grandeur within; then turn and enter the Spain of former days.

It is true you see only one long narrow street, but it is unique, there is nothing like it left anywhere. Look at its palaces, with the proud escutcheons on their doors, their deeply-set windows opening upon balconies, over which hang great wooden jalousies of subdued but deep colouring, set off by the sombre masonry of the old walls. Surely where no sun can penetrate into this shaded street they are not necessary, but they give that air of secrecy so characteristic of Spanish life. Look at the Basque houses, with great sloping eaves and curiously wrought iron balconies! We ascend the street very slowly, nothing hurries here, and we seem already to have entered into the spirit of the place, and forgotten that we belong to a busy practical civilisation which they know not of. Some dark-eyed children come out and stare at us with no shyness, but only a curiosity, which seems to say—"You are not of our world." How silent the street is! We begin to wonder is there any life here, when we look up and see a woman lean from a balcony; presently she is joined by another who chatters to her, and we hear the Basque language, whose descent is as hidden and as secret as the grave of Moses. There is a large palace opposite, which bears an immense coat-of-arms, and the name of "Joseph de Zuloaga," a Spanish noble. The doors are open; we look in, and see the fine marble staircase leading to great chambers, silent and forsaken. We gaze up at the balconies, and people them again. We can almost see the lovely dark Castilian, her face hidden by the mantilla which envelops her figure, glide out from one of those empty chambers, and with her speaking fan send a tender message, and with yet more eloquent eyes cast a perilous glance upon the lover who rides beneath, and Spain, with its duels, loves, and vengeances, is before us. All the secrets and intrigues which guarded the honour and deep passion of proud Castilian blood we can understand here, as the lovely phantom our imagination has called up disappears behind the trembling jalousies, and returns to her grave in the old church above. Still we ascend, and we notice the great plants in curious old pots in the windows of some of the Basque houses; and more women come out and lean idly on their balconies; and at last we sit down on a low wall which separates the entrance of the church from the wonderful street which we look down now, almost to where we entered. We soon dream again, and draw our wraps closer around us, for in spite of the brilliant sunshine which bathes the tower none enters here, and the air is sharp. Presently a Spaniard glides out from a house near with that swift, light step and shy glance which speaks of secrecy and intrigue, though her errand is a harmless one. She has gone over to while away a tedious hour with her friends the Basques, but she has the blood of a thousand romances in her veins, and it still shows itself in her air.

The great clock of the church strikes the hour, and startles us. How the time has passed! And as its solemn sound echoes through the silent street which speaks so pathetically and vividly of its past, we enter the church. It is very typical Spanish, with a mixture of Basque, as the tribune or gallery set apart for men shows. It is of the sixteenth century, the date of the street when it was rebuilt after being almost demolished by the general of Francis I. The wall towards the river has narrow barred windows; indeed, the whole building is very dark; all the rays of light seem to concentrate upon the gaudy clothing of the Madonnas and saints. There is little to linger over here, but we suddenly discover that the floor seems uneven, and almost sinking beneath our feet, and looking closer we discover that we are standing on a multitude of coffin-lids; in fact, the whole church is a cemetery. Two or three planks are raised at a funeral, and the body deposited, and with this scanty partition between them, the living kneel to pray upon the dead.

Leaving the church, we ascend a few yards, and find ourselves on the top of the hill. Here is a square used as an arena for bull-fights, shaded with trees, and a number of small obscure buildings, evidently the dwellings of the humble in the days of the nobles. Below this stands the castle, which could tell us such a history of wars and sieges, and of all the royal and celebrated company who have lodged within its walls, of the twenty tragic years, when it sheltered the poor insane Joan, the mother of Charles V. Like the church,



A STREET IN FONTARABBIA.

the side which the castle presents to the river is one huge blank wall, now richly covered with creeping plants. A few narrow windows, irregularly placed, give light to the great gloomy halls within. The donjon and court are in the best preservation, and belong to the fourteenth century, but some of the building dates back to the tenth century, when the first castle was commenced by a King of Navarre. Charles V. is supposed to have spent a good deal of time here; we will hope he solaced the misery of that sad mother. There is a fine terrace called after him, which commands a splendid view of the country below, upon which no doubt the unfortunate Queen wandered, and the legends of the place tell us how her wailings and cries were borne away over the river, as she mourned incessantly the faithless Philip, whom she loved so distractedly as to lose her reason when separated from his side. Beyond the donjon there is a building that has suffered terribly from the cannon of Hendaye, which is said to have been the rooms occupied by the Queen.

Fontarabbia was at one time very strongly fortified. A great ditch protected it on the side of the river, besides its being surrounded by an immensely thick wall crowned with parapets and defended by towers. It stood many a brave siege, one by Condé. Francis I. took it, and in the Peninsular War it played an important part, as the pages of the "Subaltern" describe so graphically, when for weeks the British soldiers were lodged in its street.

We regretfully leave the famous terrace, with its sad memories, and the glorious prospect it commands. Now, as we retrace our steps towards the gateway, we are less carried away in a rapture of the past, and we notice that the ground floors of some of the Basque houses contain shops, which supply the humble wants of the present inhabitants. We also notice some narrow alleys opening off the celebrated streets, the slums of Fontarabbia, and as we near the gateway we see one line of small houses *au plein midi*, as the French say, the inmates of which are all sitting laughing and talking in the sun, Spanish peasants of to-day, who work for the idlers of the palaces, and are burdened with no hereditary claims to sadden and cramp them, nor yet with any modern notions of cleanliness and sanitation. We pass out under the gateway and down the hill, and notice an old Basque, who has been fishing in the river, and is now resting by the wayside. He wears the Basque head-dress, a square cap of some blue woollen stuff. He tries to converse with us in his own tongue, which they themselves say is quite impossible for a stranger to learn. Failing to make us understand by speech, he points to a building close to where we landed, and which we had overlooked in our eagerness to reach Fontarabbia. It is the Casino, which is open or shut, according to the caprice of the Spanish Government; it is generally the former, and though the stakes are low, a good deal of money is sometimes won there at roulette, so our boatmen tell us.

We have different men on our return voyage, less strong, perhaps, but more communicative—at least, their French is more intelligible. One is a Spanish Basque, the other a French Basque. We take much longer crossing than before, as during the hours which we have loitered at Fontarabbia the tide has become lower, and we are more than once cast firmly upon a sandbank.

On reaching Hendaye, we find that we have time for a glance at the old Basque church. We enter a large porch, which supports a square tower. The floor, as at Fontarabbia, covers a number of graves, but is of stone, and less terribly suggestive of coffin-lids. Here we have the true Basque type. Three galleries of polished wood, rising one upon the top of another, form the tribunes, the place set apart for the men to worship in. A large square of black cloth with a white cross in the middle, spread in the nave, is reserved for women. There are some ancient tapestries of value here. Close to the church we observe a space of ground, where the very favourite *jeu de paume*, a Basque game, is played. We were not fortunate enough to see anything of it.

As we walked towards the station, we met one of the lovely blonde Basque women. She has a large square of thin spotted muslin, with long, flowing ends, fastened by heavy gold pins on her hair, for she is in festal array. The rest of her dress is such as the French peasants wear, but what a figure! what grace! She fully carries out the phrase "walks like a queen." We stare at her perhaps rudely, yet surely we may be forgiven, for travel where we may, we can never see her like. She passes back to the river, we to our railway and civilisation, though for days afterwards we can think of nothing but Fontarabbia and *la belle et blonde Basque*.

ANNA S. F. HARDY.



The Latest Fashions.

By MRS. JOHNSTONE.

"Her feet beneath her petticoats,
Like little mice, stole in and out."

"THERE'S folk who make bad butter and trusten to the salt to hide it," quoth famous Mrs. Poyser. Ah! but the salt does not hide it. Mere beauty will not conceal shallowness of mind and heart if it exists, nor will any amount of smart dresses disguise the innate lack of refinement that renders ill-fitting or shabby boots and shoes possible. Good boots and shoes are essentially durable. A well-fitting pair must be thoroughly made, and this insures their wearing well. There is so much in cut, and in style also, and while care should be taken that no fashion is adopted that does not give free play to the muscles of the foot, or that in any way impedes free movement in walking, we should not ignore the necessity of a perfect fit. Our headpiece above shows Messrs. Gundry and Son's newest introductions. The crocodile-skin has been utilised for a shoe, red in tone, and mixed with patent leather Pazienza; the lizard-skin may in time come to the fore as foot-covering, as well as an ornamental appendage for a boudoir table. The heel is of the Louis XVI. order, the toe pointed. If it is long enough, this is ornamental, and need not hurt the foot; but if too short, it cramps as in a vice. The only ornamentation is a paste buckle, the most fashionable kind of buckle, but it must be small.

"There's nothing like leather," you know on the best authority, and Russian leather is dyed for shoes to match any dress; it has been specially applied to the "Countess shoe," which also has a very pointed toe and overlapping sides. The "Boudoir shoe" by contrast is made in the natural tone of Russian leather, the embroidery on the toe is introduced in a pointed form, and there are open straps carried across the foot, through which the stocking is visible. Much pains are bestowed on the embroidery, which shoemakers deem necessary, and some savour of Egyptian designs, having blue, red, and gold colourings which are subdued. Suède, like Russian leather, is to be had of almost any tone, but just for the moment red shoes find most general favour among those women who dress smartly. Important-looking, but not perhaps so dainty, is a red Cromwellian shoe, with very large buckles. It has a powerful rival in the "Prince Charlie," a walking-shoe of patent leather, but brogued and embroidered all over with quaint stitching, which recalls the Stuart fashions. It has a substantial sole, and is stitched round.

Boots for smart occasions are made with patent leather toes, and the rest of Russian leather; they are very pointed, with the buttons coming high up the leg. We used to associate this natural yellow tone with sand-shoes, rather in favour at Margate and Ramsgate than in more fashionable, but perhaps less healthy, localities. Now, however, Fashion has adopted them as her own, men have not disdained them, and the younger Princesses of our Royal House are ordering several pairs of this particular kind. The mixture of black patent leather therewith makes them rather less common of aspect.

The boots for the present season are made with straight sides, straight button-flaps, and straight goloshings. Shooting-boots have projecting soles. Ladies who do not shoot (there are many who do) wear them in their walks through country lanes. The soles project, and they are made of leather intended to be blacked. More ornamental boots are brogued.

From boots and shoes the transition to gloves is a natural one. Mr. Gregg, of 92, New Bond Street, has a number of useful kinds which meet the many difficulties that most of us experience when we desire to obtain a well-looking, well-wearing glove that will not disfigure the hand. For the moment, a warm glove is the desideratum. A thoroughly serviceable kind is the "Nantwich," with four large horn buttons, and a general appearance of strength. The chevrette Suèdes are more generally useful, chevrette dressed as Suèdes and made as Mosquetaires, viz., to slip over the hand, with only two buttons at the wrist. Every woman does not care for the trouble that many buttons entail. These gloves can

be had in a long range of tan and beaver shades, the beaver the exact tone of the fur, and for the moment perhaps the most fashionable colour in vogue. The "Biarritz" is the cheapest glove of the day; very solid and durable; slips over the hand and has no buttons. It is to be strongly recommended for travelling and country wear. Very small matters make a difference where gloves are concerned, and one point is the sewing on the back of the hand. The heavy crochet lines which occur on some of the good makes are apt to give a clumsy appearance. To obviate this, a double line only has been introduced in black and self-colours—the exact tone of the glove itself. In quite a new make of glove, there is no sewing on the back of the hand at all, viz., the lined stockingette with leather palms. Fur cuffs are attached to many lined kid gloves, with elastic at the wrist, so that no buttons are necessary. Sometimes these fur cuffs are made in such a way that, if worn with a small dress or jacket cuff, they can be turned over for the fur to show, being placed on the inside; with a larger sleeve, the fur is next the arm and clings to it closely.

Kid is now more popular for every-day wear than Suèdes, in six, eight, ten, and twelve-button lengths. For evening, kid is also worn as well as Suède; sometimes the gloves are of eighteen-button length, either fastening or of the Mosquetaire shape. White is the best-worn, but tan is more durable, and has many patrons.

A word as to stockings. At Hatfield there is preserved still the first pair of silk stockings brought over to England for Queen Elizabeth, who showed her appreciation of them, for she wore them into very decided holes. They are of a bright yellow colour, apparently knitted in an open-work stitch, and have a broad band of ribbon sewn at the top. They are coarse, but the pattern of the fronts is not so different from what is worn now. Silk stockings have, of course, no rival, if the purse will but admit of their use, but they do not stand hard walking. Coloured silk stockings, as well as black and white ones, are made with what our grandmothers used to call "economy tops," but in their day, whatever the rest of the stocking might be, these tops, made of cotton, were always white; now they are less assertive, and exactly match the silk in colour. Spun silk stockings, which can be had of any colour to match dresses, are embroidered, and Lisle thread are either embroidered, or have open-work fronts; they are a good substitute for silk for every-evening wear. Ribbed spun silk stockings are excellent, with double cotton toes and heels; and Balbriggan, in black and colours, are to be recommended for hard wear.



CHILDREN'S DANCING-DRESSES.

While on the subject of the adjuncts of dress, which

after all are important, the change in fashion with regard to handkerchiefs should be mentioned. They are no longer worn in the front of the dress, and coloured borders are on the wane. Sometimes the entire handkerchief is of one colour, but it is considered better style to carry white with embroidered white borders, often edged with narrow but fine Valenciennes lace.

The industries of Ireland are all important to England. The growth of Irish linens dates from the reign of William III., when woollen manufactures were suppressed in the Emerald Isle. It is at Belfast, the commercial capital, that the proofs of present prosperity are best tested. No better damasks can be found, and great are the constant improvements in the mode of manufacture. As a proof of what can be done, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver have presented Her Majesty with some damask doyleys, seventeen inches long by fifteen broad, with their new and magnificent buildings faithfully portrayed, woven as a design. To accomplish this masterpiece of weaving, 3,060 threads of warp and 4,012 of woof have been employed; the finest yarn, specially spun, was used; and the preparation of the design occupied seven months. Each loom wove four at a time; 20,000 cards were needed for the Jacquard looms. It is a wonderful undertaking, likely to be handed down as specimens of what Ireland could do in 1888-9.

But it is not only in linen that Ireland is coming to the fore. This large firm is one of many that deals in a variety of articles: hand-worked and hand-loom embroideries on muslin and linen, initial embroidery, lace curtains, and Irish lace goods of all kinds, tapestry curtains, under-clothing, quilts, tea-cloths, crumb-cloths, shirt-making and repairing; stays, hosiery, millinery, haberdashery, collars, blankets, flannels, Shetland wool, and silk shawls. Those who wish to help Ireland have a wide field; and, while helping Erin, they are serving themselves. Woollen dress materials are sold at wholesale prices, and every difficulty of choice is done away with by means of the pattern post. Real Irish poplins are so durable and so well suited to the present style of making gowns, it is a matter of wonder that they are not more in demand. There is every variety of colour, and there are three leading classes—Single, Duchesse, and Royal poplin—width twenty-four inches. Few fabrics can boast of so rich a sheen or of such everlasting wear. The cords are of varied thickness.

Woollen dresses are now so simply made, that they come well within the reach of the home dressmaker, and the jerseys and shirts simplify it. For a few shillings a comfortable, well-wearing gown in Irish frieze can be secured in any neutral tint, the weaving diagonal, and the Killarney frieze is even cheaper. Plain striped and



NEW SMOCK AND OPERA-CLOAK.

fancy tweeds are more costly and better wearing, no doubt, but still singularly inexpensive. Drap Amazon, of which most of the best gowns are now made, is offered at ridiculously low prices, plain and striped, with plain to match, in all the newest designs. Merinoes, cashmeres, and French twills are well suited to useful tea-gowns and morning gowns, as well as every-day dresses, the material is brought out in such good colourings, and so cheap. The mourning fabrics are equally tempting; indeed, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver have woollen goods of every conceivable class for dresses. Some of the striped robes are as good as any of the latest Paris models.



TEA-GOWN.

With the new year come all kinds of pleasant social gatherings for children, rather too many sometimes for their health's sake; but dress has to be considered. The group of dancing-frocks (p. 132) prepared by Messrs. Peter Robinson gives suitable models for various ages. The tallest figure wears a ruby velvet skirt and bodice, draped with soft cream silk, the drapery arranged in pleats from the left shoulder; this is carried round to the back like an upper-skirt. There are folds of silk round the waist forming a sash, loops of ribbon falling from it loosely tied. The sleeves are slashed in such a fashion that a wide puff of velvet is introduced at the top of the arm, a velvet cuff at the wrist. Children rarely, if ever, appear now in low dresses, which is well, for they catch cold easily; and it is difficult to make them understand how important it is to avoid draughts when leaving a hot room. This particular frock might be made in poplin, nun's cloth, Sicilienne, or in plush and silk. The youngest child wears a costume of soft, tender green silk, with a broad kilt-pleated skirt, and a wide sash about the waist. Lozenge-shaped tuckings in red are placed on the back and front of the bodice, and the full sleeves are gauged also. The frock next in order is grey and white, with a band of white watered ribbon round the skirt, and revers on the bodice meeting the gathered fulness of the bodice. There is one decided puff at the top of the sleeve, and numerous bows and ends of ribbon fall from the waist. The last frock is of delicate peach silk trimmed with guipure embroidery, which borders the square loose jacket and the waistcoat; the sleeves are quite short, barely coming below the elbow.

Smocks are so essentially suited to children, that it is not to be wondered at that they continue to be worn. There is often something new in their details, and our illustration (p. 133) shows one of many pretty kinds intended to be made in the thin Oriental silk for even-

ing parties. The opera-cloak is such a simple shape that it would do equally well for children or for their elders. It is made in cashmere bordered with white fur, and worked in gold.

In fashionable tea-gowns the choice would seem to lie between very light-coloured soft silk, or heavy rich materials. Mme. Lili's model (see opposite page) is quite distinctive of its kind; it is made of black plush with a high Medicis collar, a V of jet at the throat, the front of the skirt being a complete coat of mail in jet. At the waist there is a semicircular jet belt. The sleeves reach to the elbow, and are bordered with jet. The sleeves, in some of the new tea-gowns, reach to the ground, under the name of "Angel sleeves."

The group of hats illustrate what Mr. Heath, of Oxford Street, is supplying to the Princess of Wales and his numerous customers.



THE ESPAGNOL. THE NEVA. THE LAUSANNE.

SOME NEW HATS.

Felt is *par excellence* the material for travelling, and to render it still more useful, it is trimmed with a galon that will not spot with rain—a recent invention. The shapes of the hats are smaller and more pointed, and the brims turn up in various ways all round, rarely all alike. The turban hat is coming back to us again, improved by the addition of a higher and more pointed crown. Beaver has been much improved upon and so cleverly treated that it is used this winter for some of the best hats. It is very light, fits the head closely, will fold up in the pocket without spoiling, and the rain shakes off it, just like water off a duck's back, a homely but faithful simile. The silky beaver is appliqué on to a felt surface before using for hats, and is really beaver, not a clever adaptation. The hats made of it are wide in the brim, and can be had in well-nigh any colour, but black and tan are most popular. The "Gainsboro'" and "Duchess" shapes are peculiarly well suited to beaver hats. They serve for older women as well as for young girls.

The "Neva" is a good specimen of the new sealskin hat; it has a sort of battlement to the brim on one side, behind which comes either the eagle or heron's plume —both are fashionable; indeed, the demand for the speckled brown eagle's plume is so great that they are most difficult to obtain. Wings of all kinds are placed on the side and front, together with the heads and breasts of many gaily-coloured birds. The form of the bows will be gathered from the illustrations. Simplicity is a characteristic of the hats, which accord best with tailor-made garments, and they are specially chosen according to the style the wearer adopts for arranging her hair.

When a hat is to be selected, the costume with which it is to be worn should always be considered. With cloth costumes young girls wear toques, made of the same cloth as the dress, trimmed with either velvet or fur. Older women follow the same rule, and wear cloth capotes lined and trimmed with velvet. There is a rumour that the crownless bonnet or turban of ninety years ago is to be revived and arranged as headgear for wearing at fêtes. But this rumour may be as false as the prophecy that we are going back to the ungraceful Empire styles. We are not slavishly copying the actual modes of that period, but simply introducing some of the ideas that characterised them into our modern fashions.



Paris Fashions.

By VIOLETTE.

THE two weddings celebrated on the morning of the 30th of October last—that of Mlle. de Versainville with the Duc de la Roche-Guyon, and that of the daughter of General Boulanger with Captain Driant—brought the greater part of the Faubourg St. Germain to the beautiful Château Versainville, near Falaise, and filled with a mixed and curious crowd the little church of St. Honoré. The social papers were filled with descriptions of the two weddings. There remains to me, therefore, to chronicle only some of the dresses worn at both gatherings. These costumes were in perfect taste, and gave an excellent clue to the accepted winter fashions.

Mlle. de Versainville's bridal dress was a charming example of what such a dress should be. Its simplicity and delicate richness of effect had that true stamp of elegance which more elaborate costumes too often lack. To my mind, a bridal dress should not suggest a ball-dress; it should have a *cachet* of its own, distinct in its virginal grace from every other sort of gala attire. It might be likened to a snowdrop amid tulips and dahlias. This wedding-gown was of white satin; a few orange-blossoms held here and there the foam of white Alençon lace draperies falling over the front of the skirt. On the fair hair, gathered high over the brow, was placed a small garland of orange-blossoms; a long veil of Alençon lace enveloped the bride like a cloud.

The dress worn by the bride on the evening of her *contrat de mariage* was marked by the same apt and graceful simplicity. The colour was pink. I always feel (perhaps it may be owing to my youthful belief in the efficacy ascribed to rosy spectacles to take a cheerful view of matters) that pink is the colour of luck, and that a rosy gown is the very dress a bride should wear on the eve of her wedding. Well, this dress was deliciously pink—just the colour of a moss-rose when it emerges from its cosy crumpled-up bud state. It was made in Louis XV. style; the upper dress of brocade was draped over a skirt of faille of the same exact shade of pink; the hem was bordered with a thick ruche. Clusters of roses formed epaulettes at the shoulders. The hair was unadorned.

The bride's mother, the Marquise de Versainville Odoard, looking as young and pretty as her daughter, wore, on the auspicious evening of the *soirée de contrat*, a picturesque dress. Imagine a gown made in that picturesque Louis XV. style, of silver-grey lampas brocaded with roses; this upper dress circled in festoons over a skirt of pink faille; an aigrette of delicate pink and silvery plumes, and gleaming jewels in the hair, and more jewels round the throat and arms. For the bridal ceremony the lady wore a Directoire costume of moss-green satin, with an under-skirt of white brocade embroidered with silver tulips.

The young Duchesse de la Roche-Guyon is a very accomplished lady. At eighteen she composed some remarkable music, two pieces of which—an "Ave Maria" and an "O Salutaris"—were sung at her wedding by the choir of her village church.

As for Mlle. Marcelle Boulanger, now Mme. Driant, she is reported to be a young woman of sterling merit. She brings to her husband a dower of qualities of

heart and head exceeding that of her large marriage-portion.

The distinction of her taste is apparent in every detail of the trousseau she ordered from the celebrated



MME. DRIANT'S INDOOR DRESS.

lingère, Mme. Lipman. Her name "Marcelle" appears embroidered on every personal article of linen, her initials on the house-linen. Embroidery was the only trimming of her trousseau; scarcely any lace enriched its delicate details. Every article of her under-clothing was of linen and lawn, none were of silk. The bride's favourite plant is the ivy. She sees an emblem of her nature in the clinging evergreen. It was interesting to see the more intimate articles of personal attire in the trousseau, as well as the showy gala dresses, bearing the trace of this predilection for the creeping foliage. Ivy is embroidered on the hem of the white petticoats, round the chemises; it twines about the sheets, the table-cloths, the serviettes—all the odds and ends of household linen. It spreads its graceful garlands about the morning wraps; it edges the pocket-handkerchiefs, and here every miniature leaf carries the name "Marcelle" worked in fairy stitches. As for the gowns, they were all elegant, and were all adapted to meet the various claims made upon costume by the different scenes of feminine life.

The dress worn on the evening of the *soirée de contrat* was green, of the light-responsive tone known as Nile-green. Next to pink, I think green, the colour of hope, most suited to wear on the eve of plunging



MME. DRIANT'S EVENING DRESS.

into the matrimonial abyss. Mlle. Boulanger chose green. Wavy draperies of silk muslin of the same tint veiled the front. On one side of the skirt was placed a panel of ivy-leaves. The back was of watered silk mounted in deep accordion pleats. The bodice, opening in front

in a point, was draped with a fichu of silk muslin; a spray of ivy was fastened crosswise from the left shoulder to the right side at the waist.

In France the religious ceremony, as you know, is preceded by that of the civil marriage before the mayor; on this occasion the bride again wore green. Her dress was a charming Directoire gown. The under-skirt, of that new peculiar shade known as nettle-green, was covered with fine silk embroideries of the same shade; the over-dress, exquisitely fitted and finished, was of poult-de-soie, also of that delicate greyish nettle-green shade. At the evening family dinner the upper Directoire gown was replaced by a bodice, cut heart-shape, made of folds of fine embroideries, matching those on the skirt, which was encircled at the waist by a wide sash of tender blue surah silk. The favour in which green was held last season has resulted in the manufacture of the most charming verdant dyes; and the colour which was at one time the least becoming is now so delicate in its varied tints that almost every complexion can find some shade suited to its idiosyncrasy.

Mlle. Boulanger's wedding-dress, like that of Mlle. de Versainville, was elegant, simple, and richly white as a lily's vesture—if we can apply the epithet "elegant" to a flower. This dress was of watered silk, the front breadth almost straight, bordered with white feathers; the train also edged with feathers; the softness of feathers round the throat; a single spray of orange-blossoms at the waist; a diadem of orange-blossoms resting upon the hair; and a tulle veil thrown over the head and covering the figure.

The bride, it will be seen, wore few orange-blossoms. The scarcity of the conventional floral trimming on her own attire was made up for by its plentiful use in the decoration of the coachmen and horses. Whips, button-holes, bridle and harness, were made gay by garlands and sprays of the nuptial flower.

The travelling-dress was of that dragon-green shade which is deeper and less metallic than the lizard-green. The draped skirt was edged with black embroidery. The bodice was made with folds coming from either shoulder, and crossing each other at the waist, where it was gathered by a high sash of embroidery. The green cloak was covered with black embroidery. The little muff and toque were of black velvet.



THE "DAISY" FANCY DRESS.

Quite a poetic bridal *déshabillé* was of soft ivory-white crépon, striped with gold. A drapery of white silk embroidery fell in a billowy cascade from the throat to the hem of the front breadth; it was intercepted at the waist by a wide scarf of corn-coloured surah fringed with gold. The full sleeves had wristbands of silk embroidery. Another *déshabillé* was of crimson surah trimmed with black lace.

A somewhat sober dinner-dress for a bride was black enriched with gleams of gold. The black watered silk skirt was entirely covered with pleatings of silk muslin; the bodice, covered with folds of the thinner material laid crosswise, was held in its place by a high Empire band of gold embroidery. The sleeves were wide; the head-dress of golden ornaments.

Perhaps the most distinguished of these gowns was a Polish dress of blue cloth. Two panels of black watered silk framed in the draped front breadth. The bodice was made with a waistcoat of jet, and a wide sash of black watered ribbon.

The trousseau contained a number of small silk and satin petticoats, of every shade of tender colour: sky-blue embroidered in cream, grey watered silk trimmed with white lace, black watered silk trimmed with Chantilly lace, &c.

Always an interesting figure at a wedding is that of the *quêteuse*—the young friend of the bride, who wanders through the congregation asking alms for the poor. The lady is preceded by the imposing figure of the *Suisse*. This important church official is clothed in scarlet and silver. He wears knee-breeches and white silk stockings, and a tri-cornered hat. He strikes the ground with his silver-headed cane. The *quêteuse* for Mlle. Boulanger was the charming Mlle. France de Mandres.

Passing from dress as it is worn on the social stage to that of our actresses on the boards, we find Mlle. Bartel in "Pépa" at the Comédie Française wearing two dresses that are models of coquettish elegance. I think the first gown, in Louis XVI. style, is pretty enough to excuse any woman at sight of it breaking the tenth commandment.

From theatrical costumes to those for fancy balls the transition is easy. Every year our fair ladies devote some time to designing some fantastic apparel, to be worn at gatherings where they figure in the guise of characters that have struck their imagination. The dressmaker submits to the will of her *clientes*, instead of, as usual, directing their course. Fancy dresses are always influenced by the prevailing fashions. This year we shall see them playing modulations on the Empire style, the Duchesse de Berri style, and the classic draperies dear to the Directoire. This cycle, from which our ladies borrow the fashion of their every-day trappings, will also rule their masquerading apparel. The ball-dresses of to-day, charming in their simplicity, need very little alteration to transform them into costumes of fantastic grace. Two years ago the monstrous dress-improvers, the exaggerated trimmings, and flat bodices were difficult to adapt to any charming design. The straight narrow gowns now in vogue, veiled with gauze, and made with bodices *à la Sappho*, can easily be made the expression





NEW HATS FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

of some poetic conception. I was struck by this at sight of a "Marguerite" costume. This "Daisy dress" was composed of light clouds of white crêpe, a tablier and panels of white satin fringed with daisies. The bodice of crêpe tulle was garlanded with daisies; a cluster of daisies held back some of the cloud-like draperies; a thicker cluster, fastened high on the right side, fell in a graceful trail across the front of the tablier; an immense daisy, like a fantastic hood, covered the top of the head. A necklace of flowers was the only feature that distinguished the dress from that of ordinary ball-room apparel.

I have left myself but a small space to speak of bonnets. The Maison Virot, as usual, leads the way, and there are the most tasteful and uncommon shapes, trimmings, and assortment of colours to be seen in the headgear on view in its show-rooms.

I especially noted a dainty cloth hat. It was of the shape known as "The Admiral" (No. 1). The colours were old-pink and frog-green—the crown pink, the undulating band green. A cluster of black feathers and scarf of black Chantilly lace gave a sober touch to the somewhat brilliant tints. A *chapeau kouroukou* (No. 2), thus named after the bird that forms the principal part of its trimming, was of emerald-green velvet; on a large black satin bow rested the kouroukou. A delightful *capeline Lamballe* (No. 3) was of orange velvet, trimmed with a cluster of black feathers placed in front, and two long black feathers drooping behind.

On Woman's Work in Politics.*

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am honoured by the invitation that has been given me to meet you here to-day, and to address to you such few remarks as I may be able, in furtherance of the political work of women, and, indeed, of all women's work having for its object to ameliorate the condition of our fellow-creatures, to lessen and lighten the terrible burthen of suffering, and stay the torrent of sin, of crime, and of vice, from which all suffering originally springs. You will expect me, on this occasion, to speak to you mostly of women's political work, and of the great and wide-spread good which they can do on that line; but before turning to that special point I wish to say a few words with reference to women's work in general, and to one or two dangers which attend it.

Probably all will acknowledge that it is as much the duty of every woman as of every man to make the best use of every gift she may possess; and the best use we can make of any gift is to devote it to the elevation of the human race.

Woman's emancipation, her freedom to work for the world's good in any way for which her abilities most fit her, is still in its early stage; and it is at the risk of saying what must be already in the minds of many of my hearers that I utter certain warnings which seem to me most important.

The first is that in all our work we must keep our minds fixed on the single object of the good we can do, no matter what the consequences to ourselves. Some of us know by experience that boycotting is not confined to Ireland, nor to men, but that women who venture to do, in obedience to the dictates of their conscience, anything that is displeasing to any section of their countrymen and countrywomen, must expect to be met by what is commonly called a cold shoulder. To enable us to endure this treatment with equanimity we must meet it in a quiet spirit of devotion to the sacred object we have set before us, and a pure feeling of disinterestedness; even of self-denial and self-sacrifice. We must beware of the entrance into our souls of any thought of personal advantage; the gifts, the talents entrusted to us we must use simply and conscientiously, just doing our best. Our endeavour must be, not to shine for our own credit, but to give light to others for their help and guidance.

The second point on which I would speak is one which is often brought forward, and sometimes I fear with reason, against our work. Some men, as well as women, complain that the present strong tendency in women to enter on public work interferes with the sacred, primary duties of the home; that children are neglected, husbands companionless, domestic affairs ill-regulated. Now this certainly should not be. Any woman who has taken on herself the sacred duties of wife and mother must not put them aside for any other cause; neither husbands, children, nor home must suffer. If she is capable enough to think of undertaking any public work, she is probably capable enough to render assistance in many ways to her husband, and her children must not be left constantly or exclusively in the hands of either servants or teachers. I have heard some young mothers of the upper classes say, "My nurse understands the management of children much better than I do; they are perfectly happy with her;" not reflecting that in so speaking they are uttering a sad truth, and making more than one grave mistake. If they knew how much of good depends to the mother, as well as to the child, on the true, full, wholesome development of the divine parental feelings, and on the devotion of the children to their father and mother, they would never repeat that saying; but they would lose no opportunity of learning, whether from an experienced nurse or by other means, all that can qualify them to take the principal charge of their own little ones. Is it not sad also that children should be happier with any one than with their own mother? I am quite certain that in proportion as we neglect any of our own natural duties we lose the moral and spiritual benefit that they are intended to convey to us. A neglected home also implies a home where extravagance, waste, and disorder reign, and these are not only productive of trouble, inconvenience, and discomfort, but they are sinful in themselves. If we could abolish extravagance and waste, how much more might we do, in a thousand ways, for the suffering poor around us! You will observe that what I have said is not intended to prevent any woman becoming a member of an association or attending any meeting she can find time for, or doing any other little thing she can to assist the cause, without neglecting other and, to her, more important avocations. But I have mentioned this objection because it is a real objection, and because if it can be proved against us it will certainly do our new movement much harm, and I think it ought to be known that we recognise that such results of our work, detrimental to family life, would be a grave misfortune and error.

But when this class of useful, devoted, loving wives and mothers are, for the time (while these sacred duties last), placed on one side as regards public work, there remain an enormous number of intelligent, capable, active women, of every grade and of every degree of education, available for it. There are those who, like myself, are no longer needed for the performance of the home duties of which I have spoken. Our work of that kind has been brought to a close, and we are free to devote ourselves to a wider sphere of action. There are also those who, for one reason or other, have not taken upon themselves the domestic ties. These are in great numbers; many from choice, many also doubtless because of the preponderance which we know exists

* Address delivered at Cambridge before a Political Society.

numerically, in this land of ours, of females over males. This preponderance is increased by the fact that so many men leave England very young, and find wives in the countries to which they migrate, so that the aggregate of young single women among us is very great indeed. Now why should not these women devote themselves to the public good, to the enlightenment of our people, to the study and practice of medicine, and to many other professions, as well as various trades? I believe one great reason for promoting the higher education of women is not only to enable them to earn an honourable livelihood, but also to insure to them the best compensation for the want of the companionship, the duties, and the happiness of the home life that is denied them. With these few remarks—some of which, I fear, may have been distasteful to certain individuals among my audience—I turn to the consideration of women's work in politics and the manner in which they may do the most good.

First let me speak of the enormous good that may be done, the immense influence that may be exercised in this field by those very women who, by the necessities of their home occupations, are precluded from taking part in public work. We know the proverb, used originally in a very different sense from that in which I now intend to apply it: "A continual dropping wears away a stone." This proverb is true all round; you may apply it to what you will, and it will serve your turn; I apply it thus. Every woman who desires thoroughly to fulfil her home duties must train, must educate her own mind on true and righteous principles. She must work back to the foundation of things and see out of what they grow. She must, therefore, study political principles. If she has married an intelligent, an unselfish man, he is sure to take an interest in politics, because they are the means by which national good can be done; good not only to himself and his family, but to his countrymen. If, on the other hand, he has not begun to turn his attention to such matters, she must lead him to do so, and she must be prepared to train her children, girls as well as boys, on the same lines of thought. For this purpose she must read, of course, to a certain extent, but it is much more important that she should think; and thinking, to a woman busy with ordinary domestic affairs, needlework, &c., is much more easily done than much reading. Such women can always find time for thinking, provided they have something that interests them to think about. Men say smoking conduces to deep thought; I say needlework, knitting, or crochet, if rightly used, does the same. These occupations bring with them a surrounding influence of quiet which predisposes the mind to work. It is better by far that these minds should deliberate on the principles of politics than on little worries and troubles, or on the characters and the affairs of our neighbours.

Then comes the question, how to think? "Politics," people say, "open so wide a field, its ramifications are so perplexing, so unending, so wearisome! How am I to judge among our public men who is right and who is wrong, or among the measures they advocate which are wise and which are unwise?" But, pardon me, you who think thus, are you not beginning at the wrong end? Wait to study political measures till you have mastered political principles.

Now, what are true political principles? First, the foundation of the whole edifice, the root from which all good springs, whether for this or for a higher world—unselfishness—"not to think only of our own things, but also of the things of others:" love to our neighbour, no matter how poor, how ignorant, how wicked, how degraded. It is the good of all equally—the good of the masses that we have to seek; but it must be *real* good; not learning without spiritual and moral education; not riches or competence without justice between man and man; not prosperity without happiness. If a wife, the mother of a family, will first make the principle of real unselfishness the basis of her own life, every word she utters, every act she does, will be as the continual dropping which will wear away the stones of selfishness, exclusiveness, bitterness, and wrong out of the souls of those with whom she lives, and among whom she constantly moves. The good she does will be incalculable; she will be unconsciously training a generation of Liberals, to whom the main errors of Conservatism will be impossible; her earnest thought, and whatever amount of reading she is able to combine with it, will also be gradually preparing her to take part later in life herself in work of a more public nature. So the lives of our best matrons will be one with that of those men and women who are free to come forward with the same objects in other ways.

Women of all ranks, and of all positions and occupations, can do so much by cultivating a really intelligent, enlightened interest in all, or in any topic of public importance, whether it be those purely political, or others into which the same great principles can be carried. And what is there into which they cannot be carried? What is there in life of which unselfish effort is not the main-spring, the root? If we would all take it as such, the disappearance of evil would be only a matter of time: its destruction would be well begun, and the final blessed consummation insured. For then we should be prepared to forego anything, to sacrifice anything, rather than injure another, and we should never put temptation to evil in any one's way.

I must not detain you too long. I think we are all agreed that we are all bound to work to the best of our ability for the common good; therefore, if a woman has a gift of writing she should write; but she must take care that what she writes is really elevating. There have been, alas! so many cases in which brilliant writing by women has been anything but elevating, that I may be excused for making this remark. It seems to me so strange that any one, whose acknowledged capability it is to be

> "A perfect woman nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, to command,"

should ever put her hand to any work which is not tender, pure, and true; that any woman should, probably by bad training, reach a point when she can bear to turn her abilities to base, and foul, and ignoble uses! It is time at least for those who have high principles and

sympathies to come forward in all the paths of literature which are open to them, and for which they are qualified, and to counteract the evil that some have done.

Then if they have the power of speaking, let them speak; many useful subjects are open to them; but whether they will write or speak, politics (not political measures, perhaps, unless they have specially fitted themselves for their discussion, but the broad lines of politics, the principles, the right and wrong of politics) are most useful subjects. Let them take any topic of the day and show the righteous side of it. For this kind of effort there can be no theme more valuable than the great question which hinders at the present moment all true progress — the Irish difficulty, how to give peace, prosperity, and happiness to Ireland, and true unity to our Empire.

On this subject no one who has trained their mind and conscience on the lines that I have mentioned can have any difficulty in deciding as to the right and wrong. We look back through seven centuries, and what do we see? Where is our great principle of unselfishness? Have we, from first to last, ever made a persistent effort to govern Ireland for her good? Have we given up anything for her? Have we sacrificed any interest of our own for her benefit, or to show our love for our sister? Has not precisely the reverse been the case? Has not Ireland with her true interests been sacrificed to a false, short-sighted expediency; to English prejudices, to narrow, ignorant ideas of English material prosperity? Ideas which, from their want of truth and breadth, have cost England more than she can well bear, and exposed her to a strain which has been nearly fatal. Can it be right to tyrannise over any nation committed to our charge? Can robbery, oppression, unequal laws, with administration of them miscalled justice, be worthy of England's rule? Can persistent severity, disregard of all her traditions and customs, pacify Ireland and make her loyal to the British Crown? You know that these things will not, that these things cannot, subdue the Irish people, cannot quench their spirit; we have tried all these and we have failed, signally failed. I do not know how you feel about the present position of our Government, but it appears to me that the game of Coercion is nearly played out, and that they know it.

Ladies and gentlemen, there is one policy that has never been fairly tried. I mean a persistent policy of justice, unselfishness, and brotherly love: that still remains to be tried, and when it is tried it will succeed. The results may not follow all at once; the work of reversal may be slow, but the end is sure and certain, the blessed end of reciprocal good feeling. It is not only brotherly love that will be needed, but the tender, considerate, protecting feeling of the elder and the stronger brother, that we must be prepared to offer to Ireland; our attitude will have to be one of patient watchfulness; we cannot expect a nation any more than a child to walk at once alone, without stumbling or making a false step. Doubtless, when the day dawns —and I believe it is near at hand—that Home Rule for Ireland comes under serious discussion, the needful measures will be carefully framed and safeguards arranged to prevent any evil effects from the jealousies or prejudices of parties; but the best and surest safeguard will, I believe, be found in the generous nature of the Irish people. There is a race, it is said, into whose language the word "gratitude" cannot be translated, and in whose hearts and lives no trace of it is found; but this is certainly not the case with the Irish nation, and any one who knows them will tell you that there has already commenced in their hearts a growth of gratitude and love to Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals of the United Kingdom, which, please God, will never die, but live for ever, bearing the eternal fruit of peace and mutual goodwill.

This any Christian man or woman can see at once, when they think of it in this light, is the righteous policy; it is therefore the policy to be pursued, and there are many ways besides those I have mentioned in which it can be commended to the interest and support of the public. Women can be of great use in promoting the circulation of good pamphlets; there are many good pamphlets and leaflets written, and we have more than one office for distributing them, from which they can be obtained. A very great difficulty with these offices is to find means of circulating such papers among all classes. In these matters all our associations should do their best, and that will be much; but numbers of individual women can do more, infinitely more, if only they will undertake it. You have all, I am sure, heard of the Home Rule Van, the good that it has done and is doing. I should be so glad to hear of many others being started; there ought to be at least one for every county, and more for the large counties, and they should be kept constantly at work. Those among us who have money could scarcely do better than help in this undertaking. It seems to be the best plan yet devised for taking political knowledge into the villages, the homes of the largest class of voters.

Women have the credit of having a great facility of talking; it is also said, and I fear with considerable truth, that this talent, for it is a talent, degenerates into gossip, even into ill-natured gossip and scandal with all their attendant evils. But there is no reason why this need necessarily be. The power of talking is a gift, and a good gift; it is our fault if we use it wrongly; we should develop it into *conversation*, not let it be lowered into chatter and gossip. What companion is so charming as a man or woman who talks well? and it is the glory of any social gathering, whatever its form, when a high level of conversation—kindly, pure, refined, and on worthy subjects—can be maintained. Yet what do we find is generally the case? Is it what I have described? Does our conversation usually tend to any good purpose? Are we generally the better, or really the wiser, politically, morally, spiritually, or in any other way, for our social hours? I think not, as a rule. I do not say that there may not be brilliant, clever talk, but this is a different thing. Depend on it, by calm, quiet conversation, gentle and kindly argument on the question of the day, whether spiritual, moral, or political, we may do immense good, and certainly we can do this without straining any point of our usual position or the habits of any society.

There is yet another thing we can do. We can steadily set our faces against harsh and bitter personalities; we are bound, of course, to say openly and strongly that we think this or that minister's, this or that person's views or acts, absolutely and entirely wrong, if we are of that opinion; but we must not credit them with motives unless we can find good ones. We may speak as strongly, as incisively as we know how, against evil thoughts, evil reasonings, and evil deeds, but we must leave the doers of them in higher hands. I hold this to be one of the most important points we women, and men of course as well, can take in hand; let us fight the battle well and strongly, but let us avoid all bitter judgments, even as regards our most dangerous enemies.

I alluded briefly just now to the manner in which a good and wise wife can help to keep up her husband's interest in politics. It seems to me to be a most important point which all women, whether as wives, sisters, relations, or friends, should keep in mind. Many men work hard, and return home more or less weary, and naturally more inclined to be quiet and idle than anything else, not realising that to a healthy man or woman, change of thought, change of employment, a little reading, or bright interesting talk, is the truest rest.

Our people, whether men or women, are apt to think politics are somebody else's business, and so I, for one, think political *measures* are. I, individually, only wish to furnish the masses of our people with the means, the knowledge necessary to know how to choose good men who will formulate right measures—men whom they can trust; but politics, in the sense of political principles, is a quite different thing, and is absolutely everybody's business: every man's, because he has probably a vote, and his responsibility is directly and most gravely involved; and every woman's, because she is affected by every law, and because, though she has at present no vote, she has the responsibility of her influence, which, if she would have it so, might be immense, almost paramount.

Do not imagine that I want to see all life grave, dull, and serious—far from it; if young people wish to amuse themselves, let them do it; if they wish to dance, let them dance, or let them find their amusement in some other way; but let them realise also (as seems difficult to a certain innocent class) that life is not all amusement; that there are duties and serious objects before us all, waiting to be taken up and carried out by those who have leisure, and that the very word "recreation" presupposes a certain amount of exhaustion from some kind of toil. It is part of my faith that every one, in every class, should work at something. We all have some abilities, some gifts, and the possession of a power carries with it and in it an injunction for its honest use. It is part of my faith that no one can know true happiness in this world who does not thus in some way work for good. Who enjoys amusement so much as those who have earned the right to it by a few hours of exertion? Perhaps there is no one here to whom these kind of remarks apply, but there are probably a few who are in a position to exercise influence over some young minds exposed to the temptations of an idle life: and this principle applies to all persons and all classes. The nobility of work, no matter what, so that it is necessary for some worthy object, or some help to our fellow-creatures, and done in an honest, faithful spirit, is not sufficiently inculcated either in our schools or in our homes. Work of a humble, unattractive kind is the livelihood of the majority among us. There is much work that must be done by somebody, even of an unpleasant kind, repulsive to our tastes and feelings; all honour to those who do such duty conscientiously and well! The world cannot get on without them; they deserve and should receive consideration and respect from all. My point is that no life among us, whether of man or woman, should be given up to frivolity, amusement, or pleasure alone. Let us seek happiness, and if we seek it rightly, whether individually or as a nation, we shall find it not in selfishness, but in self-devotion.

I have now set forth as well as I can what I think women's work should be. I feel it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance of it, whatever line they may desire to take up. Looking at the present condition of the world, no matter in what class, the evil, the need of redemption and of re-organisation, is appalling. Let us fit ourselves for the struggle in the way I endeavoured to point out; but let us do this conscientiously, thoroughly, and let us not attempt to take on us the responsibility of teaching until we have learned our own lesson. Let us be content at first with what may seem to us humble efforts, and only care that what we teach shall be true—true in principle, true to ourselves, true to the people, true to the Great Teacher of all truth.

Margaret Sandhurst.



THE CANDIDATE AND THE LADIES' COMMITTEE.

Political Women.

A STUDY FROM THE M.P.'S POINT OF VIEW.

AFTER three weeks of the most intense excitement, of visits, of meetings, of small speeches and great ones, of nights spent in answering letters, and of unending endeavours to be courteous to every one and to conciliate every crotcheteer and "faddist," the election is over, and I am returned the duly-elected member for South Barnshire. My own politics do not matter here. The majority was a very narrow one, and as I look back on the causes which contributed not only to win the day for me, but to render the contest so close, I am bound to say that it was on account of the part that the women took in it. True, they have not yet got their own votes—though it will not be long before they have—but their political energies are now thoroughly aroused and must have some healthy outlet. While men are arguing the *pros* and *cons* of woman's right to exercise the franchise, women have quietly, and by some almost unseen process of mutual agreement, taken upon themselves to demonstrate their faculties of political judgment and power. While men merely form small local committees and often flounder about in the utmost difficulty to find suitable helpers, the women are members of great national organisations, working upon almost Masonic lines, and ready to send down talented and efficient aid for reproof, for correction, and for sound doctrine politically. Supposing that an election is to be fought out on the clearly-defined lines of Salisburian Conservatism and Gladstonian Liberalism, the Primrose League and the Women's National Liberal Federation are far-reaching centres of political nerve systems that vitalise and direct feminine movements in the great active life of the State. Even if a more subtle distinction of parties be drawn, women can meet it, and the League of Women Liberal Unionists contains some of the highest of living female intellects. All this is rather humiliating to men. We had always thought, and, indeed, all magazine articles had taught us, that women could grasp the narrow concretes that lay within the small individual knowledge that they derived from their personal ken, but that great abstractions and undefined generalities did not appeal to them. Certainly the experience of recent elections has shown that this is not the case. For the future it looks as if on such occasions the women will work, while the men may weep over their incompetency and consequent deposition from the ultimate heights of refined canvassing.

Speaking generally, it may be said that the political woman is an essentially modern type of her sex. History gives many isolated instances in which they have entered into the public interests, from the daughters of Zelophehad, who, when they appeared before Moses, Eleazar, and the princes of the tribes of Israel, may assuredly take rank as the earliest of agitators for the equal rights of their sex, in their unqualified appeal: "Why should the name of our father be done away from among his family because he had no son? Give unto us a possession among the brethren of our fathers." Some of the patrician dames of ancient Rome were intimately involved in the movements of their day, and notably among them may

be mentioned Livia, wife of the Emperor Augustus. Of queens there are plenty, but such, by virtue of their high rank, could command consideration as political factors. Then there are those of the intriguing, calculating order, as Sarah Churchill, first Duchess of Marlborough; or the keen, able thinkers and intelligent critics of events, as Mme. de Maintenon or Mme. de Staël, as Mary Wollstonecraft or Harriet Martineau. But, with a few such exceptions, politics have been merely the pastime or the pleasure of the *grande dame*. The Lady Palmerstons and the Lady Hollands, and even their prototypes of to-day, among whom it might seem invidious to mention names, were politicians more from circumstance than from choice. Brought up and living in the constant society of the men who make parties, it is little wonder that such women developed an influence in Court and Cabinet so masterful that is only to be realised by those actually "in the swim" of the tide of Parliamentary life.

But that same barrier of aristocratic exclusiveness, which once held back art and beauty, education and pleasure as the prerogatives of a small and privileged class, has been imperceptibly undermined by the onward and resistless march of democratic—using the word in its highest, purest sense—progress. Women of all classes have risen to a better sense of their dignity, and in an age when the struggling little art student can look as charming and be as *well* dressed in her guinea gown as my Lady Guinevere Fitz-Rufus is in her hundred-guinea Parisian *confection*, it is only right and fit that they should annex a share in the political vineyard. The old order changes, and in place of the spectacled, ringleted, Gorgon-like *bas bleu* of a former generation or a French farce, and who looked generally like the principal out of work of a select seminary for young ladies, we now have well-organised, well-read bodies of women, whose own views are moderate and demands strictly reasonable, who step in and fill up the woeful blanks in man's schemes of electioneering tactics. "'Tis true," and, perhaps, from the man's own point of vantage, "'tis pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Now a ladies' local committee, "formed to promote the return of Mr. ——," is really a very serious matter. Men may join political committees from self-interest, from vanity, and for amusement, but a woman is not only in earnest over it, but is intensely conscientious in the matter. I must confess that my own motives in seeking to represent the important constituency of South Barnshire seemed very selfish and inadequate before the searching questions put to me by the ladies who did me the honour to promise me their support if my assurances were deemed satisfactory. I knew that the broad basis on which I claimed their suffrage was sound enough, but the women canvassers exact more delicacy of detail than do men. And herein is the point that justifies the assertion that women recognise individual grievances and personal claims rather than the less definite ultimate welfare of the community. They go to the elector and ask his vote; he may demur to promising it. They question him, and find that he has reasons which have



RIVAL CANVASSERS.

little or nothing to do with the main subject at issue; and then the woman becomes sympathetic and confidential at once. The elector, maybe, feels strongly on the subject of Infant Life Protection. Well, so does she, naturally. To a woman it is one of the most important questions in modern legislature, and she took pains to ascertain that the candidate's views were unimpeachably sound upon it. Or she goes to an elderly couple, most of whose income is dependent upon the little bit of house property possessed by the wife. There are points, maybe, which press hardly upon them, and she listens with a patience and a tact which few men would manifest, and promises, in all sincerity, that she will bring their personal trials directly under the candidate's notice. In social, sanitary, domestic, and temperance matters she is at home, and she shows her readiness to be the ambassadress of wrong and the champion of distress, with a warm and direct enthusiasm which promotes trust between those who are to be represented and him who would represent.

Another point on which the male sex must honestly accord their obligations to women is to be found in the far gentler manners which, thanks to their presence, have crept into electioneering tactics. One need not be very old to remember the time when riot and row, bruises and broken bones, entered into every contest. A man must indeed be an unspeakable blackguard who insults in any way the lady who courteously entreats his support of her party. Even Bill Potts, the burly bricklayer, who, in the public-house, would threaten to beat out the brains of any one who expressed political views dissentient from his own, is, as a sheep before his shearers, dumb when the fair canvasser on behalf of the Primrose League, on the one hand, and the passionately logical and excitedly economic exponent of the Radical school on the other, arrive simultaneously and ask his attentive consideration of the pamphlets they bring for his perusal, setting forth the necessity for increased national defence, or the crying claims of peace, retrenchment, and reform in the naval and military departments. He stolidly puffs away at his short clay pipe, and sticks his mortar-stiffened thumb into the arm-hole of his waistcoat, and grunts out, "I've made up my mind how I votes, and that's for the right party. Noa, thankee; you needn't leave me none of them papers." The irate Tory householder would refuse point-blank to see the Liberal candidate, but his sanctum is invaded by the "Two ladies as has called to see you, sir," who follow upon the little maid-servant's heels, and are cool, calm, collected, and reasonable before his furious denunciations of everything ever done by their party. He cannot avoid them, and they are in no hurry, so they sit down and deliberately argue. Of course they do not get his vote, but they have called upon him according to the plan drawn up of visiting every voter upon the register, which is more than a man could have done. This must be an enormous satisfaction to the feminine mind.

The activity, too, of a lady canvasser is marvellous. No matter the weather, no matter the place, in which a doubtful voter may be interviewed and probably converted, there she will go. "Wherever duty calls me," might certainly be her motto. If her district be in a town, she will penetrate dismal slums, climb rickety stairs, and sit in stifling garrets, or go to railway extension works, or into factories with equal alacrity. If she has to woo the rural swain, a wet field of mangels on a drizzling September morning offers no deterrent features. The charming young countess—who, in London drawing-rooms, discourses on the occult and the mystical in the most poetic of tea-gowns—puts on the roughest of home-spun dresses and caps, and goes to old Giles Bungay when he is engaged in weeding the turnips. The integrity of the Empire does not appeal to a soul whose "genial currents" have been somewhat frozen by "chill penury." The "Church in danger" is only realisable to him in the sense that the parson has hitherto been responsible for the care of the material fabric upon the hill, and for which he has a kind of



THE PERSISTENT RADICAL CANVASSER.

instinctive affection, because "my poor w'old fayther was clerk thur for varty year," and his children were all christened there, and he remembers a few words out of the sermon on the Sunday after he had laid his hard-working old wife in her humble grave; and he only looks at her in a puzzled way as she enlarges on these topics. But she ventures on the "cheap loaf" cry, and Giles understands that. "Ah," he says, as he shakes his old head, "I do mind th' time when I was a bwoy, and bread wus two shillun the loaf." Giles, however, will not promise his vote. He has attended meetings on the other side, and has got a very vague and misty idea that after much talk, wholly incomprehensible to him, about Cobden and Protection, the orator left him with the impression that if the Tories only dared, they would, for their own personal gratification, raise the price of every commodity from 200 to 500 per cent. The sweet Primrose dame can remove some of these prejudices, and even the rustic politician may be led to believe, from his own observation, that a Conservative is not necessarily imbued with a bitter antipathy to the working classes.



THE PRIMROSE AMONG THE TURNIPS.

It is often said that the Primrose League merely buys its votes in the rural districts by soup and blankets. This is exaggeration. If the ladies at the great house and the clergyman's family choose to get up concerts, and have magic-lanterns to illustrate Constitutional history, as well as philanthropic clubs, the village voter is the gainer, but he is not thereby induced to change his political coat. He is not independent yet in his views. He is Radical or Conservative because such-and-such men of light and leading among his private circle of acquaintances hold those views. When he has learnt to think for himself, the lady canvasser will have a better chance in the shires.

The old reproach that women know nothing of economics, and cannot understand legislature, pales before modern education. They can argue soundly upon Pitt's policy, and trace the influences which led to, say, the Reform Bill of 1866. And witness now how they are endeavouring to master the intricacies of Local Government and County Councils. Occasionally we meet still with the fair would-be exponent of our principles who requires assiduous "coaching," and every candidate and election agent knows the type of young lady who finds difficulty in understanding the difference between party and social questions. But far more often are we led to feel, when the canvasser comes to us, *Times* in hand, having waded through the whole debate upon the important question as to whether it would not be advisable to appoint a Select Committee to inquire into the subject of spelling reform, asking "How do you intend to vote upon orthographical revision?" that she does so from an intelligent grasp of the various complications which might ensue from any ill-advised tampering with a matter of such widespread importance.

The political woman on the war-path is a more or less familiar figure, but the political woman at home has not been seen by many. That is only the other side of the shield. The irreverent would, no doubt, instance a political Mrs. Jellyby, with a profound concern for the principles of the voters at her Borrioghoocla at Puddle-ditch, as the domestic type of the lady. The only difference which they would make would be in describing her as unmarried; for there is a current and highly popular belief that married women find that they have plenty of definite interest and pleasure, without embracing an abstraction. Moreover, even the most uncompromising of agitators for female suffrage scarcely demand a vote yet for a wife, so that the whole question has a still more shadowy interest for those in that position.

The modern female politician begins her education while she is in short frocks. She carries off a prize at school for her essay on Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern Policy, and can draw character sketches of the chief members of the Long Parliament. At a later or University period she belongs to debating societies, who pass resolutions to the effect that "this House endorses the ethical basis of Socialism," or draw up schemes of Imperial Federation. Her day is well marked out, and if she resolves to devote two hours a day to the study or furtherance of politics, even the most fascinating lawn-tennis party, or the most absorbing Agnostic novel, will not divert her from the path she has set for herself. And so there is routine and method in her plans. She does not permit the Primrose League to oust the mothers' meeting from its accustomed time, nor is she engaged in addressing electoral circulars when the bell sounds for dinner or

family prayers. It is altogether such a well-ordered existence that the mere masculine machine, wound up to the performance of a certain quantity of daily political work, is amazed at it.

Lastly, there is the political woman upon the platform. It is here perhaps that she is the least at home. Nevertheless, there are a few notable exceptions among living women who are direct, clear, forcible, vigorous speakers; and who by their grace and charm, as well as by the quality and substance of their speeches, can impart some of their own bright, fresh enthusiasm of political warfare to the vast crowds they frequently have to address. There are plenty of men in Parliament, as well as out, who could learn a great deal about public speaking from either Lady Sandhurst, the Countess of Aberdeen, or Mrs. Fawcett, not to mention many more who can brilliantly plead special social causes in which they are concerned. If the average political woman is at a disadvantage here, compared with the rest of her valuable work, it is only because the same prejudice against a woman in a pulpit exists in a modified degree regarding one on a rostrum; and the opportunities for her to acquire the art of, and the confidence for, public speaking are few and far between. It is only another of the curious anomalies of the day, which allows the most aristocratic and exalted and exclusive of dames to appear anywhere to sing or play or recite, or even to act or to dance, but is not yet accustomed to hear speeches from them; and it will melt away before the clear light of logical reason, just as other obstacles to their due political recognition have done, or are doing. Of course, men don't care about seeing them as speakers. They know at what a personal disadvantage they would often stand beside the elegant, well-dressed, self-possessed woman, whose silvery tones would command quiet and respect from the most "packed" of meetings. But for all that they will appear there. The pioneers—saving the valiant few who can do precisely as they like—will be the women who have gone past the stage of caring for what a man thinks of them. They will smooth the way, soften down antipathies, and be precedents for a yet greater assumption of feminine powers in the great political battle-field. As yet, it is idle to surmise on the part that women will take in the warfare when they have got, as they surely will get ere many years are over, the Parliamentary Franchise for themselves. The evidence of present things, however, is that they are fitting themselves in good time by study and by organisation to be worthy of their privilege. In some senses, it is the apathy of men to their own best interests that has sent women thus prominently into politics, and has forced them to show that they are really deserving of consideration as capable factors in the well-being of the State.



"HOW ARE YOU GOING TO VOTE, SIR?"



THE UMBRELLA IN GREEK ART.

(*From Vases in the British Museum.*)

The Umbrella.

NOTWITHSTANDING the state of rapid progress and transition from one condition to another, under which we of this nineteenth century exist, yet so imperceptible is the growth of some fashions and customs, that they become, almost before we are aware of it, blended with the course of our everyday life.

To the present generation of youthful Londoners the underground railway is an inseparable condition of existence in the Great City, and it would be difficult for them to realise a state of things in which facilities of locomotion were limited exclusively to private or very indifferent hackney coaches, and clumsy as well as costly omnibuses. Yet, scarcely a quarter of a century ago, the introduction of the sub-roadal traffic was viewed by many with consternation or undisguised ridicule, and the possibility of penny fares in roomy vehicles traversing all the principal thoroughfares of the City would, if suggested, have been deemed visionary in the extreme. Less recently, but still of comparatively modern date, an innovation which has materially affected the comfort of the entire nation has been the introduction of the umbrella into general use. But little over a century ago the appearance of an umbrella in the streets of Bristol caused the greatest possible excitement, and Jonas Hanway—the first man in England who ventured to carry this useful article—when he first did so, in or about the year 1786, was regarded probably as more than slightly eccentric; and though Hanway lived to see the merits of his favourite generally acknowledged, he can scarcely have formed any adequate conception of the universal adoption it was destined to meet with at the hands of all classes of the community.

Though so tardily having its merits duly appreciated in England, the umbrella may lay claim to a pedigree of the highest antiquity, it having, amongst Eastern nations and the Classic ones of Greece and Italy, held almost from time immemorial a most important position in State functions. In China the umbrella was in constant use fully two centuries before the Christian era; but anterior to this, representations of it may be found upon the ancient slabs of Nineveh, and the frescoes of Thebes and Memphis. Upon Etruscan vases—preceding by some centuries the Roman period—umbrellas distinctly figured are to be met with, but always, as on Grecian vases and engraved gems, in connection with the attributes of Majesty. Bacchus was especially favoured in this respect, and in the processions in honour of this deity the umbrella always formed an important feature. Aristophanes mentions the white umbrellas and baskets, which signified joy and pomp, as being intended to recall to men the acts of Ceres and Proserpine, and as such they were constantly borne by virgins at all religious ceremonials. The same writer, when describing the desire of Prometheus to shield himself from the glance of Jove, causes him to urgently command a slave to hold an umbrella over his head, so that the gods might not perceive him in passing by.

In the Roman period the umbrella, according to Pliny, came into general use on rainy days, when the velarium could not be used; but it still formed a leading part of State ceremonials, for Heliogabalus—when he, in his insane love of display, attired himself as a woman, and caused himself to be carried by female slaves on

a litter through the streets of Rome—had borne over his head a magnificent golden umbrella covered with diamonds, whilst two smaller ones were carried on either side. Amongst the matrons of Rome, so prevalent was the use of the umbrella, that dames of high degree would have considered their establishments incomplete had they not included a due complement of umbrella-bearers; and it was the usual custom for these ladies to be attended when abroad by two slaves, one of whom bore a fan, and the other an elegant linen parasol stretched upon light sticks, and mounted upon a long handle, which enabled the bearer, at the slightest sign from his mistress, to direct it in any position agreeable to her. In form, these Classic umbrellas strongly resembled those now in constant use in Japan, and, like them, they were fitted with long handles, to which, in some cases it would appear, a movable adjustment was attached, which permitted the bearer with facility to direct the shadow in the requisite position. Sketches of an umbrella of this kind, and several others, taken from vases in the British Museum, form the subject of our headpiece, and afford an excellent idea of the sunshade in general use in the Classic days of Greece and Rome—the earliest of European parasols.



A LADY OF PARIS, 1686.
(From an Old Print.)

As regards the derivation of the name of the umbrella, it would appear to be taken from the Italian word *ombrello*—"a little shade." We have it thus rendered in Bailey's English Dictionary, 1736: "Umbella, a little shadow; also an umbrella, a bougrace; also a screen which women wear over their heads to shadow them." In a dictionary published a few years subsequently to Bailey's the following derivation is met with: "Umbrello, a sort of wooden frame covered with cloth, put over a window to keep out the sun; also a screen carried over the head to defend from sun and rain."

Though deriving its name from a Latin source, the introduction of the umbrella into Europe was originally from the East; and, before passing to its use in the Middle Ages, it will be interesting to note some particulars of the very important position it holds in all royal and courtly Eastern ceremonial. For ages, amongst Oriental potentates, the umbrella has been a most important factor of their royal State, typifying, as it is supposed to do, the almighty power of the sovereign. Chardin, in his "Voyages," relates how, in early Persian bas-reliefs, the Kings of Persia, long anterior to Alexander, are frequently represented in the act of mounting on horseback, surrounded by lovely female slaves, the duty of one of them being that of holding an umbrella over the monarch's head; this service being intended, not only to protect the sovereign from the powerful rays of the sun, but also to demonstrate his absolute right of life and death over his prisoners and subjects. In India, as in Persia, the parasol has invariably been used as an attribute of royalty, and is upon all occasions of ceremony borne over their rulers. These Eastern parasols or umbrellas were and are, as a rule, composed of the richest materials, frequently being literally covered with encrustations of precious stones, pearls, spangles, and gold and silver filagree.

So fully are these umbrellas recognised as being the insignia of royalty, that when the Prince of Wales visited India, it was, we are told, found necessary for him to be placed beneath a golden umbrella on an elephant, in order that the people might identify his princely person. Amongst the numerous presents brought from India by the Prince of Wales, and subsequently exhibited at the Kensington Museum, twenty State umbrellas aroused considerable interest. Of these may be specially noted one sent by the Queen of Lucknow, which was covered with blue satin woven with gold, and literally covered with seed pearls. Other very noticeable examples were the State umbrella of Indore, simulating, in form, that of a mushroom, and those which were covered with the plumage of the rarest tropical birds. All these State umbrellas were furnished with long handles of gold, silver, or ivory, more or less richly enamelled or damascened, and the consideration of them forms an interesting link in the history of the regal sunshade.

Occasionally, from old engravings, we may gather some idea of the variations of form which the umbrella was subjected to in divers countries. In a print representing the procession of the Great Mogul, the capacious umbrella borne over his head is provided with a deep curtain or fringe, which not only must have added to its beauty, but also considerably to its merits as a shelter from the powerful rays of an Eastern sun. In another engraving a similar fringe is shown bordering the square-shaped, two-handled umbrella which is being carried over the head of a princess of the Mogul Empire, who, contrary to the recognised ideas one forms of the privacy enforced upon these Eastern dames of high degree, appears to be walking in familiar and friendly contact with her dependents.



1803.

(From a Contemporary Print.)

Fixed umbrellas of considerable size, and fitted with deep falling curtains, were an important feature of the two-wheeled sedans formerly used by Japanese ladies of quality. These remarkable-looking conveyances were propelled from behind by an attendant, who bore, passing over his shoulders, a long bamboo handle, the ends of which, held in either hand, enabled him, no doubt, with but slight fatigue to accomplish his duty.

In Sierra Leone the regal umbrella was of a decidedly conical form, and was fitted with a handle that permitted it, similarly to those alluded to as of Classic origin, to be held obliquely over the king's head.

The importance attached to the use of the umbrella in Eastern countries, and the degrees of rank recognised by their number, may be gathered from the fact that amongst the long roll of titles borne by the rulers of Ava and Peru, was that of "The Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas;" and we are told in Mons. de Uzanne's admirable monograph on "L'Ombrelle," that the King of Dahomey holds his court in a barn lined with twenty-four umbrellas, the outer ones of which are white, but the central ones, marking the spot occupied by his Majesty, are of the gaudiest hues imaginable, such as orange, blue, scarlet, and purple.

The Kings of Burmah were invariably in the habit of addressing their brother-potentates as "The Great Umbrella-bearing Chiefs of the Eastern Countries," and the omission of this courtesy would, no doubt, as implying inferiority of rank, have been considered a cause of mortal offence.

In the Land of the Sun the umbrella has long played an important part in the domestic life of its people, and its use does not by any means appear to have been there so exclusively the prerogative of royalty as in other Eastern countries. It is stated to have been known, at least, for two centuries prior to the Christian era, and a pretty legend ascribes its invention to the wife of the celebrated carpenter Lou Pan, who conceived the idea of making one, and, whilst so engaged, thus addressed her husband: "You very cleverly construct houses for men, but it is impossible to render the shelter afforded by them movable, whilst the object I have in hand may be borne for thousands of miles." *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.* Certain it is that the little portable shelter has proved an inestimable boon to all who have become familiar with its use; and who, it may be asked, is not so in this year of grace, 1889? In all parts we have umbrellas and parasols galore, from the dainty lace *confection*, almost too fragile and transparent to fulfil the purpose for which it is destined, to the substantial gingham, familiar to us as the prerogative of the genus Gamp, or of those elderly females who, despite the denunciations of the stern representatives of the law, are still occasionally to be met with dispensing Pomona's precious gifts from beneath its sheltering ægis.

It is perhaps a little strange that, notwithstanding the extreme antiquity of the umbrella, and the important position it has held, apart even from the interest attached to it, as the now almost inseparable companion of our out-door life, so little literary attention has been directed to it. It would appear as though it had either escaped, or been deemed beneath, the notice of writers upon costume; for, with the exception of one or two *résumés* of this subject in periodical publications, and Uzanne's monograph* — to which I am indebted for much of my information — the allusions to the subject in books treating of costume are of the most meagre description.



1808.

(From a Contemporary Print.)

In Planché's otherwise admirable and exhaustive dictionary, the umbrella is totally overlooked; and though, in one instance, Planché gives an illustration of

* "L'Ombrelle." Uzanne: Paris, 1883.

the form of it as borne in the procession of the Doge of Venice in 1591, it is without any descriptive reference, and the word "Umbrere, umbril (*ombre*, French)," only appears armorially in connection with the peak or shade worn on the front of the head-piece. Planché's omission



MAY, 1809.

(*From "La Belle Assemblée."*)

is remarkable, since he by no means confines himself to English costume; and, quite apart from Classic use, the umbrella held in the Middle Ages an important position in Spain and Italy, and, though at rather a later date, was an equal favourite in France. At this early period the use of the umbrella was, however, still recognised as a privilege belonging to the upper classes, and it was principally in request for religious ceremonies or State processions, and like, later on, the daïs, specially reserved for kings, nobles, and the clergy. The Doge's umbrella has been already alluded to; this was in use as early as the year 1176, and it would appear that, until the special permit granted by Pope Adrian III. to Venetian nobles to carry the umbrella in processions, it was the sole prerogative of the chief member of the State. A curious instance of the dignity expressed by the umbrella, may be gathered from the fact that in the Italian mysteries played in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, in representations of the Deluge, the first Person of the Trinity was represented walking about the stage, umbrella in hand.

The size as well as the weight of these early umbrellas appears to have been considerable, many of them being large enough to cover three or four people. These were, however, of course, borne by attendants, and the smaller ones, far from having obtained the excellence and almost feather-weight of their modern descendants, were so cumbrous that they were said to tire the hand more than they relieved the head. Italian *cavaliere* were in the habit of carrying leather umbrellas on horseback, holding them in the hand, but relieving the weight by resting the handle on the hip.

The Italian *ombrello*, or Spanish *quita solé*, found its way, it is said, into France with the fan and other objects favoured by Catherine de Medicis; and though at first, as in the former countries, supposed to appertain only to the higher ranks of the community, the parasol gradually became popular with all classes. Of the general form of the parasol in use at this period, a good idea may be obtained by reference to the illustration of "A Lady of Paris," which is reproduced from a scarce engraving published in 1686. An example of the style of those used by royalty, said to have belonged to Henri IV., was for many years preserved in the old Hôtel de Sully. It was a magnificent parasol of large proportions, covered with blue silk powdered with elongated *fleur-de-lis* worked in real gold.

In the seventeenth century parasols appear to have been used by women in England as well as in France, for Ben Jonson mentioned them in a play acted in the year 1616; and Drayton, sending some doves to his mistress in 1670, wished that their wings might, as parasols do, shelter her for ever.



OCTOBER, 1809.

(*From "La Belle Assemblée."*)

Many years, however, elapsed before the *petits bourgeois* of either country were conceded the general use of the parasol, or *parapluie*, for we find that in 1769 a company was formed in Paris to lend out parasols to persons crossing the Pont Neuf. Bureaux were to be placed at either end of the bridge, and the borrower was to relinquish the loan after crossing to the further side. There is no evidence to say if the company was a success, or if it rapidly collapsed before the more general advent of the *bourgeois* parasol, which about this time was also becoming popular with the women of England, since we have Swift in 1760 remarking that—

"The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty stride,
Whilst streams run down her oiled umbrella side."

The value of the parasol had by this time become so apparent, that makers of them directed the most assiduous attention to the improvement of their proportions, and shapes were invented which might with advantage be resuscitated by our modern manufacturer, some being so convenient, that their dimensions might be reduced at will sufficiently to allow of their being carried in the pocket, whilst others folded back triangularly, and became of the thickness and bulk of a hat, carried under the arm. So far, however, in England, the fashion of carrying a parasol or umbrella would appear to have been restricted to females. This is proved by the quotation already given from Dryden; and Gay, in his "Art of Walking the Streets of London," published in 1712, also calls attention to that fact, when he states that

"Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shade,
Safe through the wet in clanking pattens tread."

With the year 1756, or very close upon that date, a new era dawned for the English umbrella. A doctor of the name of Jonas Hanway, having imported a small and convenient-sized one from Paris, persistently made use of it in the streets of London, and, after thirty years, had the satisfaction of knowing that his sensible action was no longer deemed a sign of effeminacy, but a prudent custom which others gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of following. Hanway's umbrella was probably of oiled cloth or gingham, silk being at that time too costly for general use. It is strange to reflect how very considerably Jonas Hanway was in advance of the opinion of the days in which he lived, for not only did he successfully break down the barrier that existed in the way of the general use of the umbrella, but he, in his own person, fulfilled the hygienic principle now generally recognised, of wearing flannel under-clothing, all his garments being lined with that material.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century, the history of parasols and umbrellas in France and England may be considered almost identical, for though probably most of the fashions and changes in their construction originated with other *modes* in Paris, they very rapidly found their way across the Channel. Amongst the one hundred and five patents that were taken out in France for improvements in parasols and umbrellas between the years 1808 and 1851, some very remarkable ones may be noticed, such as umbrellas with sticks substantial enough to open and contain materials requisite for correspondence, and others so handy as to fold into the smallest possible compass, for carrying in the pocket. The shape of the latter may be gathered from a plate of Parisian fashions published in 1806, in which one of the figures is shown carrying in her hand a tiny, closed parasol, the handle of which being folded up is imperceptible. That umbrellas and parasols differed in size at this period as greatly as they do now, is evident from the diversity of them depicted in contemporary fashion-plates. A few of them have been selected as illustrations, the earliest of which—that of 1806—shows a shape which appears to have been very fashionable at that period, and was evidently, from the length of the handle, intended to act as a walking-stick as well as a parasol. Another plate published in the same year gives an illustration of a parasol of about the same size, but with the noticeable difference that the handle is folded up, and the article is carried by means of a loop of cord fastened to the top and passed over the owner's fingers.



JUNE, 1809.
(*From "La Belle Assemblée."*)

The pretty figure of 1808, with its quaint cap, and cape resembling those in fashion this season, is an example of a parasol with folding spring handle arranged to correspond with the costume, the dress and bonnet in this case being of white muslin, with green silk cape and parasol, a ribbon of the same shade passed across the front of the lace-trimmed cap, completing the sequence of colour.

A year later the parasol had evidently considerably increased in size, and the fashion of trimming them with fringe had come into vogue. The sketch of May, 1809, is taken from a number of *La Belle Assemblée* for that month. The whole costume is one which might well be followed by our modern *élégantes*, though in these more utilitarian days the white muslin gown would, so early in the season, be replaced by a textile of more substantial character.

June, 1809, representing a dress worn in Kensington Gardens, illustrates the plaid parasol said to have been

fashionable at the time. The edging in this instance appears to be of yellow silk lace, and the mantle worn, of some kind of transparent green gauze.

October, 1809, leads us back to the parasol walking-



JUNE, 1810.

(*From a Contemporary Print.*)

stick, and the *tout ensemble* of this costume is very charming—white muslin with purple mantle trimmed with lace, the parasol being to match, but totally unsuitable to the season of the year at which it was worn. The lady of June, 1810, with her pretty shot pink silk mantle, and pagoda parasol trimmed with white lace, offers another example of the clinging gown affected at this period, so much ridiculed by contemporary writers, and so wholly as a rule inadequate to the comfort of their wearers.

In 1825 we have the redingote costume, with the folding umbrella and ivory ring which continued fashionable for many years, and quite recently has with modification again come to the fore.

Simple in character as the early English parasols appear to be, the lace upon them was frequently of the most costly kind, and there were contemporaneous ones of the most elaborate description. Many were painted or embroidered, or covered with woven silks of the richest make. One very pretty parasol shown on a plate for August, 1807, is of white silk, upon the sections of which are represented divers Olympian scenes, a very deep fringe of white silk falling below them.

Similar parasols to these were extremely fashionable about the year 1853, and the writer can recall to mind one used by her mother, the border of which was decorated with beautifully-woven illustrations of the costumes of the peasants of the Riviera. Another, purchased at Nice at the same time, was arranged to open and form a fan. This latter parasol was covered with a *chiné* silk *à la* Pompadour, and completed by a deep silk fringe.

Amongst other curiosities in the way of parasols, were the Peruvian ones introduced in 1838. These were entirely composed of the finest white ostrich-plumes, but from their costliness naturally never became a prevalent fashion. The tiniest possible parasols, as well as the larger-sized ones, were worn at this period. Judging from the fashion plates, the former must have looked decidedly infantine in the hands of their owners, but no doubt were, in conjunction with the coal-scuttle bonnet, quite a sufficient protection from the sun's rays.

The 1808 form of parasol would appear to have come into fashion again in the "Thirties," as we find a note of them in the *World of Fashion*, mentioning them as novelties, "that by the means of a spring can have the top turned backward, whilst a second spring opens the stick, so that it can be folded in two, this last being an advantage in an open carriage." Of the small parasols for carriage use, a note in 1835 describes them as being very diminutive, and the colours most fashionable—white lined with rose-colour, or pearl bordered with white, though light green and fawn were also in favour. This last description reminds one of Charles Blanc's remark: "In the work of art which we call a woman's toilet, the sunshade plays



1825.

(*From "La Belle Assemblée."*)

the part of a chiaroscuro. It produces the charming effect that Rubens has imitated in his celebrated picture,

called 'Chapeau de Paille,' which consists in effacing the shadows of the face, in blending them with lights, thus merging the whole in luminous half-tints. But these beautiful shadows result from the sunshade being of a pale colour; for instance of maize silk, if the under-skirt is of that shade and material, for the sunshade must match the dress"—a necessity which M. Blanc remarks may be thus easily complied with: "The parasol can be made to harmonise with the dress by means of a light flounce or by a small fringe of the same colour as the dress or its trimmings, for a pretty woman will never sacrifice her beauty, even to the rules of optical harmony."

Some years have elapsed since these words were penned, and much of the difficulty of harmony spoken of, has been overcome by the pretty light fawn or cream-coloured parasols which may be, as a rule, safely worn with most costumes. The "En-tout-cas," invented in 1862, is useful alike in sunshine or in rain; and the improvements in construction effected in still more recent years, and the adaptability of various materials to the purpose of covers, have brought the "little shade" within reach of every member of a civilised community. Armed with this useful implement, we set Sir Pluvium at defiance, and greet with effusion the seldom too ardent rays of a summer sun. The wealthy may indulge their love of the beautiful, and encourage art handiwork, by using beautifully painted, or lace-covered frames, and exquisitely carved handles. The modest pedestrian contents himself with the light bamboo, or some of the other beautiful and numerous varieties of wood, which are now being introduced into the market as suitable for the purpose of umbrella-handles and walking-sticks.

One word may be added in favour of a forgotten fashion, one which if revived would inevitably minimise the total of the lost, stolen, or strayed contingent of these our faithful servitors. Sixteen years ago on the Continent, and one year subsequently in England, umbrellas provided with chains and chatelaine hooks for suspension to the waist were in constant use. It is amusing to recall the amazement created by the first of them, which was imported from Brussels and displayed on the promenade of one of our fashionable watering-places. The little "Bismarck," with its short, stout bamboo handle, and brightly plated attachments, however, soon asserted its merits; and ridicule being replaced by that sincerest of flattery, imitation, these umbrellas slung to the side became (under the cognomen of "Mrs. Gamp") general. Like other good things the fashion passed away; but, attired in many a fresh silken garment, the original has borne the brunt of years, and is still the inseparable and faithful companion of its owner, who gladly pays this public tribute of recognition to the unknown inventor of one of the most useful and serviceable forms of the sun or shower shade.

B. DE MONTCY. MORRELL.



The First Night of the Year.

THE snow lies cold on field and fold,
The bluſtering wind is bitter,
The elm-boughs creak, ye field-mice ſqueak,
The ſhivering ſparrows twitter.
My lantern blows from ſide to ſide,
The ſombre ſkies are fleeting,
But I go glad and glorified
By ſome one's greeting!

She ſaw me paſs—the froſty graſs
Crackled beneath my treading;
The moon roſe red—ye ploughman ſaid
That always bodes a wedding.
"Shepherd, good night! a glad New Year!"
So ſoftly ſpoke my ſweeting.
O Amabel! could you but hear
My heart a-beating!

Furnica; or, the Queen of the Ants.

A LEGEND OF THE CARPATHIANS.

ONCE on a time there lived a pretty Roumanian peasant-girl, whose name was Viorica. She had golden hair, heavenly blue eyes, cherry lips, and cheeks like carnations. Her young form was as supple and bending as a reed. Every one regarded her with pleasure, not on account of her beauty alone, but also for her sweet nature and untiring industry. Even when she was on her way to the fountain to fetch water, her *donitza** was poised on her head, and with her spindle at her waist, she went along spinning as she walked. In weaving linen from the home-grown flax, and in embroidery, she was unrivalled. Her chemises† were the most beautiful in the village, with fine open-work stitching on the shoulders, and bands of red and black embroidery at the throat, on the chest, and the whole length of the long full sleeves. Her aprons and even her Sunday stockings were worked with flowers. Her little hands were always employed, as busy in the fields and the gardens as in household matters. Many young bachelors cast loving looks at the pretty Viorica, for all the world said she would be a treasure to any man as a wife; but she would listen to no talk of marriage, looked with coldness on her admirers, and pretended that she had no time to think of such things, as she was wholly occupied in taking care of and assisting her aged mother. Yet the latter, with an anxious look on her weary brow, would often say—

"What a goodly help a strong, vigorous son-in-law would be to me!"

To hear such words as these pained Viorica, and she would ask herself if it were not possible for her to be still more active, more industrious, so that the mother should not feel the great need of a man's stronger arm.

"A man in the house," said she, "would give us still more work to do; we should have to spin for him, and weave for him, and sew for him, and then what time should we have to tend our bees, and work in our garden?"

Then the poor old mother grew sad, and sighed, as she thought of her son who was dead, and of the shirts which she had woven for him, so fine and so white that the young maidens turned round to look at him as he passed. She thought how she had toiled for him, and not felt it toil, for is a mother ever weary of working for her children? Now, also, the moment was drawing near when Viorica must learn why her mother so earnestly wished for a son-in-law. The poor woman was growing weaker and more feeble every day, and she knew her life was drawing towards its end. Not all her daughter's loving care could keep her for long in this world!

Soon, too, came the day when the young girl had to close those weary eyes, and she was left quite alone in their little hut.

Seated on the threshold of her door one day, and looking with sorrowful eyes into the uncertain future, Viorica perceived a long black trail, moving slowly along on the ground and gradually approaching her. On inspecting it closer it proved to be a file of tiny ants, which gradually spread and formed itself into a circle around her. Shortly some of these ants crept out from amongst the mass and came near to Viorica; one of them addressing her, said, "Thou art well known to us, Viorica; we have often observed thy patient industry, so like to our own, and but rarely practised amongst mortals. We know that thou art alone in the world, and we come to ask thee to dwell with us and to be our Queen! We will build thee a beautiful palace, larger and grander than any house which thou hast seen. We exact of thee but one promise—the promise that thou wilt go no more back amongst living men, but that thou wilt remain with us to the day of thy death."

"I desire nothing better than to be always with you," she said, "for I have nothing to keep me here—nothing but my mother's grave; but you must give me leave to take flowers there, and wine and *coliva*,‡ and to pray for the soul of my dear one."

"We might permit thee to visit the tomb of thy mother, but thou couldst not converse with a human creature on the way. If thou didst this, thou wouldst break thy faith with us, and were this to be so, know that our vengeance would be terrible!"

And so this was how Viorica came to be Queen of the Ants. They journeyed together for some distance, until they fell upon what appeared to the little colony to be a suitable site for their projected palace. Soon Viorica began to perceive how clever and industrious were these diminutive creatures. It was incredible in how short a space of time they erected a comparatively large building, admirably constructed in even its minutest details.

Independently of Viorica's apartments, there were galleries on galleries which led to hidden cells, destined to contain the eggs of the ants. Later on these eggs were brought out and laid in the sunlight, but speedily taken back again did but a threatening cloud portend wind or rain. Viorica's chambers were decorated with exquisite taste: the walls were covered with flowers, held together by small spikes of the pine-tree. The corridors were paved with poppy-leaves, so that she might always walk on the purple. The doors were thick rose-leaves with hinges of cobwebs, opening and shutting without noise. On the floor was spread a thick, soft carpet of thistle-down, into which the little feet of Viorica sank luxuriously; she wore no shoes or stockings, for they would have crushed her airy carpet. The walls seemed hung

* *Donitza*—wooden pail.

† Roumanian peasants' chemises are worn in view, and are always more or less embroidered.

‡ *Coliva*—baked wheat. Offerings of wine and food are distributed to the poor on certain days of the year, in memory of the dead.

with flowers by a master-hand; there were primroses and pansies, all intertwined, and so fresh and sweet-smelling, that their odour was quite intoxicating. From the ceiling hung the leaves of lilies in the shape of a tent. For weeks past the little ants had been at work to construct the young girl's couch, which was quite a marvel of art, so fairy-like, and delicately perfumed with its mattresses of violet-leaves. Viorica's deft fingers embroidered the curtains, fine and transparent as a spider's web. When she lay sleeping on this little bed, she was so pretty to look on that if the stars could but have seen her, they might have fallen down from heaven in adoration. But the wary ants had placed this room in the most hidden part of the palace, for they kept vigilant and jealous guard over their beloved Queen. Never even did they dare to enter her room, or to look upon her as she slept.

Impossible to have a pleasanter or better-regulated life than that in this colony of ants. Each and all strove to content their industrious young Queen, who never gave an order without its being executed with the fleetness of the wind, for she was always reasonable and never too exacting. Her sweet voice issued a command in the form of an opinion or a counsel, and bright looks from her gentle eyes were the thanks which she gave to those who obeyed her. Often the ants said amongst themselves that they had always sunshine in their dwelling, and they rejoiced in the fulness of their happiness. A special balcony had been made for Viorica, on which she could walk and breathe the pure mountain air, or bask in the bright sunshine when she felt her chamber too narrow and confined.

One day while she was sitting at work embroidering for herself a chemisette with dainty caterpillars' fur, studded here and there with the wings of tiny blue butterflies, all at once came the noise of many voices around the mountain. In an instant the little colony took alarm and rushed precipitately and breathless into the presence of their Queen.

"They are destroying our home! Wicked men are entering here! Two or three of our galleries are thrown down already, and a fourth is in danger! What is to be done?" cried they.

"If that is all," said Viorica calmly, "I will go and put an end to it, and in two or three days your galleries will be built up again." So saying, she ran along the labyrinth of passages and came out quickly on to the balcony. Here her eyes fell upon a young man of great beauty, who had alighted from his horse, and, surrounded by his companions, was amusing himself by thrusting his sword into the elevations raised by the ants.

When she appeared they were at once all struck motionless. The handsome stranger shaded his eyes with his hands as if dazzled by the brilliant apparition. The golden hair of Viorica fell in rich waves to her feet, a charming blush suffused her cheeks, and her blue eyes shone like stars. When she saw the young cavalier she grew somewhat confused; but looking steadily forward, and opening her rosy lips, she said—

"Who are you who dare to venture here, and seek to do harm to my Empire?"

"I crave your pardon, beautiful maiden," said the young man, "but on my honour as an Emperor's son, will I from this day constitute myself your most devoted champion! How could one conceive the idea that a fairy reigned over such an Empire?"

"Receive my thanks," said Viorica, "though I have no need of other services than those of my faithful subjects. I do but request that the foot of man may never enter my Kingdom."

On saying these words she suddenly disappeared as if the mountain had swallowed her up. Those on the outside could not see how the troops of ants rushed to kiss her feet, and to conduct her triumphantly to her chamber. Arrived there, Viorica tranquilly took up her work as if nothing extraordinary had happened. But the Emperor's son remained by the mountain-side, motionless, and plunged in a profound reverie. His companions could not prevail upon him to put his feet in the stirrups for many hours afterwards. He was always hoping that the beautiful Queen would reappear, for he longed to see her once again, though her sweet eyes should be full of reproach, and her gentle voice breathe harsh words. But alas! his patience met with no reward; he saw ants, and ants, and only ants; for these active little creatures had speedily set to work to repair the ravages made by their formidable enemies. In his impatience the cavalier would gladly have crushed them all, for they seemed neither to hear nor understand any of the questions which he put to them. At length, weary and overwhelmed with sadness, he remounted his horse, reflecting on the best means to employ to see again the most beautiful maiden that ever his eyes had lighted upon. He wandered about in the forest until nightfall, greatly to the discomfort of his companions, who were longing for the good cheer and wine-flagons awaiting them at home.

Viorica's custom was to retire to her couch later than the rest of the inhabitants of her palace, for with her own eyes she liked to inspect the nests of the ants, and see if their little beds of leaves were soft, and raise up their flower curtains, holding, as she did so, a tiny glow-worm on the tips of her taper fingers, while she regarded tenderly the young ants.

Ordinarily, no sooner had she laid her golden head upon her pillow than she fell into a peaceful sleep, but now she tossed restlessly from side to side, and could find no repose; she toyed with her hair, twisting its long braids round her fingers; she rose from her couch, again returned to it, but rest did not come. The air seemed hot and stifling, and she longed to go forth on to the balcony, but she feared that her movements would be heard, and it was a stringent law that any one who ventured outside after nightfall should be banished from the community. When morning dawned, Viorica was the first to arise, and greatly astonished the ants by setting to work to reconstruct one of the galleries. To herself even, she did not acknowledge that while at work her eyes were constantly turned towards the wood, to see if perchance there were no one in the distance—or that her ear was ever on the alert for any fresh sound. Scarcely had she completed her task and

gone back to her chamber, before a number of ants rushed in greatly alarmed, crying, "The wicked mortal who was here yesterday has dared to come again, and he is even now riding round the mountain."

"Let him alone," gently said Queen Viorica; "he will do us no harm."

But the young maiden's heart was bounding in her bosom, and beating so very fast that she had to take deep-drawn breaths, and walk up and down her apartment. The sound of horse's feet was often heard now in the course of the day, but a length of time passed without Viorica showing herself outside her palace. Yet the longing for social human life had seized upon her, a longing which up to this period she had not experienced. Her thoughts would dwell on the village where she was born—on the *Hora**—on her cottage; she thought of her dead mother, and the tomb which she had left neglected. At the end of some days she communicated to her subjects her intention to go to her mother's grave, with the offerings which were customary. This somewhat alarmed the ants, who asked if she were now no longer happy with them, since the memory of her village had again come back to her. Viorica replied—

"I do but wish to be absent for a few short hours; ere twilight falls I shall be amongst you again."

She begged that no one should accompany her; but, unperceived, a certain number of her vigilant subjects followed her at a distance. All the earth seemed entirely changed to the young maiden. Certainly a long time must have elapsed since she had abandoned her cottage! When she began to consider and calculate time, she found that many years must have passed since the ants began to build the palace which she now inhabited.

Her mother's grave was not to be found, so completely had grass and weeds overrun it. She wandered about weeping in the cemetery; evening was drawing near, and still Viorica was making useless search for the hidden tomb.

Suddenly there came quite close to her a voice like that of the Emperor's son. Viorica, frightened, turned to run away, but she was forcibly caught and held back by a firm, strong grasp, while the young man, in a voice so penetrating and sweet, began to speak to her of his great love, and grew so eloquent that Viorica yielded to the charm, and with her gentle eyes bent on the ground she listened to his words. It was pleasant to hear once more the sound of a human tongue, so honeyed, and so persuasive! Night had fallen before Viorica remembered that she was a Queen, and no longer a desolate orphan. With terror she thought how she had broken faith with the ants, for had she not promised them that never again would she hold converse with any human creature? With quick steps she fled away in great fear, abandoning her companion, who still followed after her, discoursing tenderly all the way, until they reached the foot of the mountain. Here Viorica, with tearful eyes, implored him to leave her, but he would only comply on the condition that she should grant him another meeting on a future day.

Gently, very gently, Viorica glided along the obscure galleries; yet, as she walked, it seemed to her that there were hurried footsteps, and whisperings around her. Perhaps it might be but imagination, for when she paused to listen, she could hear nothing but the throbbings of her own young heart. Arrived at length in her chamber she flung herself on her bed; but although overpowered with fatigue, sleep would not come to her heavy eyelids. She reproached herself with having broken her promise to the ants. Could they any longer respect her, or obey her, now that her word was no longer like a sacred oath? Full of trouble she tossed wearily on her couch; sometimes her pride revolted at all the secrecy by which she was surrounded; and yet she well knew the character of the ants, how deep their hatred, how cruel their methods of punishment! Raising herself, and resting her weary head on her hand, as she listened it seemed to her that the whole colony was astir, and that there were the movements of several thousand little feet. Daylight dawned at length, and as she drew aside her curtain of roses, she was stupefied on seeing that one of the doors of her chamber was blocked with sharp spikes of fir-branches. She arose and approached a second door, a third—in vain; all alike were firmly closed from floor to ceiling! Then she began to cry aloud, and through numerous imperceptible openings arrived bands of ants, and surrounded her.

"Open the doors!" cried she. "What means this? Let me free; I need to breathe the fresh air."

"That cannot be," answered the ants, "for if we permitted it we might lose you again."

"You obey me no longer, then?"

"In all but this, dear Queen, we are your abject slaves."

Viorica bowed her head, while the tears streamed from her eyes, as she entreated the ants to give her back her liberty. No answer came to her, but slowly and silently they withdrew, leaving Viorica a prisoner in her chamber. How she wept and bemoaned her fate! And how she tore her beautiful hair, and clenched her milk-white teeth! At length, with her lithe slender fingers she strove to make a passage for herself, but as quickly as she pulled down a piece of wall from the inside, so quickly was it mortared up from without. So in despair she flung herself hopelessly on the ground.

Then again came the ants, carrying beautiful fresh flowers with drops of morning dew, and nectar to assuage her thirst; but they heeded not her complaints. Fearing that her lamentations should be heard from without, the ants decided on raising their palace higher and higher, until it reached to the summit of the "Virfulă cu dorŭ," as the mountain is called. In this laudable effort their perseverance accomplished their desire, and the "Furnica" Mountain is amongst the highest of the Carpathian range.

The voice of the Emperor's son is still—no longer does he ride at the foot of the mountain; but some peasants believe that often in the stillness of the night they hear the sobs of the pretty Viorica.

CARMEN SYLVA.

* *Hora*—a round dance much in favour with Roumanian peasantry.

[Specially translated for THE WOMAN'S WORLD by Mrs. E. B. Mawer, with the express sanction of Her Majesty the Queen of Roumania.]



"Kells" Embroidery. Sofa-Back, worked in Coloured Flax on "Dragon's Blood Linen," in one of Mrs. Hart's Village Classes in Ireland.

(*Design, Japanese.*)

Irish Industrial Art.

To those visiting the Irish Exhibition at Olympia last year, nothing was more interesting than the little village transported, as it were, from the wilds of some of the poorest and most poverty-stricken parts of Ireland. The irregular street with its small thatched cottages, the old cross and the ruined tower, are as familiar to any one who knows Ireland well as is the Monument to the inhabitants of London. Such villages (if they can be called by such a name) are met with in all parts of the country, and are the regular abodes of the people. Generally badly built and thatched, letting in the rain and the wind, and affording a very insufficient shelter to the occupants, they are still, however, the only kind of home many of the Irish have been accustomed to, and therefore to them they present no very terrible picture of poverty. But miserable as are the exteriors of the houses, and wretched the condition of their inhabitants to the casual observer, the realities of their existence, the want, privation, nay, almost starvation of the people in what are known as the congested districts of Ireland baffle all description; and the picturesqueness of the Irish village at Olympia should not be taken as a real representation of the ordinary Irish town. If we could transport ourselves to the north-western part of Donegal, we should soon realise the terrible struggle for existence that is perpetually being carried on not many hundred miles from our own homes. In that corner of Donegal perhaps the greatest want and distress in Ireland existed a few years ago. The inaccessibility of the country, the want of railroads and communication by sea, added to a series also of bad harvests, increased the poverty and distress of a people who, when deprived of the usual means of earning a livelihood, had no resources on which to fall back; and at the beginning of August, 1882, though the pressure of the so-called Donegal Famine had passed away, and the people were provided with some seed for the next harvest, it hardly appeared possible that the struggle for existence could be much more prolonged. As our readers are probably aware, in 1883 Mrs. Ernest Hart, after a visit to the North of Ireland, and witnessing the poverty and starvation existing there, made an appeal to the public for money to enable the people to tide over their immediate wants as well as to provide seed, as the potato crop and the harvests had proved a complete failure in consequence of the bad weather.

In 1883, when the Donegal Famine Fund was closed, Mrs. Hart, fully realising that the real cure for the apparently chronic distress existing in Donegal lay in providing work and developing some industry by which the people could reckon on constant employment, turned her attention to the revival of the weaving industries which had once flourished there successfully, but were languish-

ing from want of proper development, and the stoppage of credit which immediately preceded the long period of distress from 1879 to 1883. She put herself into communication with the parish priests, as the persons most likely to be able to give her the most accurate information of the capacities and wants of their people, and asked them to send over samples of tweeds and friezes, that she might submit them to some of the large firms in London or their buyers. On examination she was informed by some of the best West End houses that, though the goods and samples were old-fashioned in quality and design, they were good enough to give the assurance that if the workers were properly trained their goods would find a ready sale in the London market. Debenham and Freebody, among other large houses, promised at once to give large orders for hosiery if Mrs. Hart could provide socks exactly to size and shape. With such encouragement Mrs. Hart bought patterns of hand-knitted socks and stockings, and with them forwarded the yarns to Gweedore, which village alone contained over one thousand knitters, and the work was carried out and executed so well that Messrs. Debenham and Freebody and other firms at once gave large orders, and kindly gave Mrs. Hart assistance in the technical details of the work. Fifty pounds was the modest capital with which the Donegal Industrial Fund was started, to which Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hart have since added £5,000, and other friends £1,500. A small committee was formed to carry out the scheme, and they commenced operations by bringing Irish tweeds and friezes before the notice of the English public at the Health Exhibition, where they opened a stall.

From her own experience, as well as from the assistance and knowledge she obtained from the Irish and English firms with whom she worked, Mrs. Hart became firmly convinced that the organisation she had begun could be largely developed all over Ireland; and she therefore wrote a letter, which appeared in thirty Irish papers, appealing to the ladies of Ireland for their assistance and co-operation in the work. The object she desired —namely, the help of ladies skilled in embroidery, and who were, at the same time, anxious to improve the condition of the peasantry—was soon attained, and several agencies were started, and classes formed for



"KELLS" EMBROIDERY. WORK-BAG, WORKED BY ONE OF THE POOR IRISH LADIES EMPLOYED BY THE DONEGAL INDUSTRIAL FUND.
(Design taken from a Tenth-Century Celtic MS.)

teaching the peasant-girls embroidery—more especially a new kind of embroidery introduced by Mrs. Hart, called the "Kells" Embroidery, which obtained the gold medal of the "Inventories." Mrs. Hart's object in registering the "Kells" Embroidery, and carrying it out, was to create a new Irish industry with Irish materials, and worked by Irish workers. Flax, the staple of Ireland, was taken as the material, and polished flax threads worked on dyed linens, from designs adopted from the old Celtic manuscripts, constituted the original idea of what has proved one of the most artistic and beautiful methods of modern embroidery. This part of Mrs. Hart's work has been carried on with great success, and both for dress and decorative purposes the "Kells" Embroideries have become most popular; and in many parts of Ireland, though not in Donegal, from sixty to eighty poor Irish ladies are employed in making the embroideries and in teaching classes of village girls.



"KELLS" EMBROIDERY. SOFA-BACK, WORKED IN FLAX THREADS ON "SANG DE BŒUF LINEN," IN ONE OF MRS. HART'S VILLAGE CLASSES IN IRELAND.

The stall at the "Healtheries" brought the Industrial work in Donegal into notice, and the committee were brought into direct communication with Irish workers of all classes. A traveller was appointed to obtain orders, and the sales at the stall attracted a large number of retail buyers. But Mrs. Hart—who was convinced that nothing could permanently assure the success of the undertaking unless it were placed on a firm economic basis, however benevolent the motives might be—determined herself to find what capital was necessary to further develop and carry out her work; and opened a small shop at 31, New Cavendish Street, for the sale of the goods, organising it on business lines with the object of making it self-supporting. Being much encouraged by the large orders she had from houses in London, Mrs. Hart expended largely on yarns, which she sent into Donegal to be knit. In her letter to her workers in 1885, she states that she had spent that year £680 in yarns and paid £365 in knitting wages, and that she had also bought 4,954 yards of grey flannel, or frieze, from the peasants. Frieze-making engaged Mrs. Hart's attention soon after the hard times in Donegal; for during the distress there she had purchased several thousand yards of grey Donegal frieze from the peasants at Gweedore, Ardara, and Kilcar; but beyond the ordinary grey flannel or frieze nothing more elaborate was then made.

In 1885 a practical agent and teacher was appointed, and from that moment the industry made satisfactory progress. Before his appointment large quantities of the stuffs woven by the peasants were submitted to London houses to purchase, but they were so faulty that only a limited quantity could be disposed of; while specimens of Scotch tweeds and cloths sent by Mrs. Hart to the people as patterns were, under his care and organisation, copied carefully and successfully. The business of teaching the people was most laborious, and their

modes of working most primitive. Their looms were old-fashioned and clumsy, without steel reeds or the fly-shuttle, and their knowledge of drafting, twilling, reeling, and dyeing, almost nil. But step by step the difficulties were overcome, and the people with great thankfulness have been taught to dye and make stuffs of a high quality. In addition to the organisation of the industries, wages were paid to each separate worker employed on a web—the dyer, spinner, weaver, and washer—according to a fixed and agreed-upon scale. To carry out this plan Mrs. Hart bought wool in large quantities and stored it at Gweedore.

In 1886 a more formal agency was opened at Kilcar, in consequence of a request from the weavers of the district, and a meeting to organise it and to explain the work was held, which Mrs. Hart's agent attended; a storehouse was found where the wool could be kept, which was given out on the market-day—the first day of the month—to the weavers of the Ardara and Kilcar districts, with instructions as to pattern-making and dyeing; and orders for large webs were executed. The agent's time was short and valuable, and the amount of instruction he was able to give in this centre was necessarily very limited; but his visits were regular and his teaching practical and thorough, so that the improvement in the character of the tweeds of this district became manifest, whilst at Gweedore the progress made in dyeing and pattern-making was more remarkable.

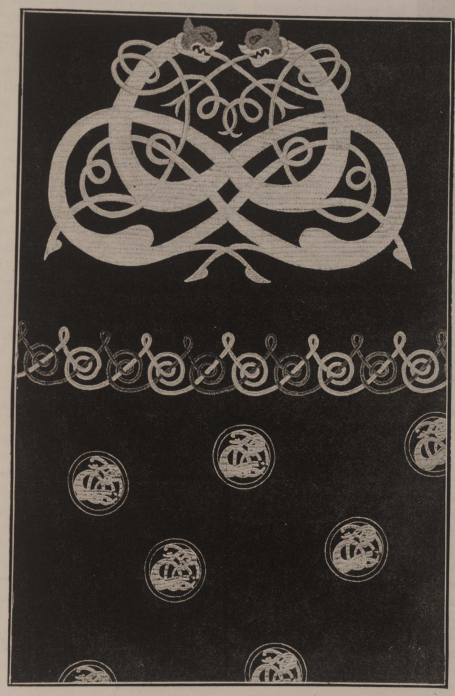
The art of dyeing in Donegal was in its most primitive condition. A few women knew something of the use of what they called "shop dyes," namely, madder and log-wood, but they did not know, like the Highlanders, of the dyes to be yielded from the lichens and heather of their own bogs. In order to ascertain the dyeing properties of the wild plants of Donegal, Mrs. Hart personally made a number of experiments, and the directions given by her are most complete and practical. From these directions sent to her agents and teachers, the poor people have been taught to produce lovely tints and colours, and the simple application of chemical knowledge has worked one of the greatest changes in the dyeing industries of that part of Ireland. For besides the heather dyes, many beautiful shades and tints are produced from a variety of other wild plants and mosses, bog-products, roots and leaves, which are indigenous in the various districts. And even the soot which accumulates in chimneys has been used to produce good dull olive-browns. A good black dye was found in the wild, desolate bog-land of the country, and from the "dhugh" or slimy black material formed in bogs which contained bog-ore, a black dye is obtained, which is quite fast. Besides giving the most minute directions as to the method of preparing the wool for dyeing, Mrs. Hart, in her manuscripts of instruction, affixes a pattern of the wool in its different shades and stages of dyeing, with exact instructions as to the material to be used in each colour, and the mordant to be applied, the quantities, and the time of boiling. Her workers with wonderful quickness have learnt to apply all these instructions practically, and the results can be seen in the tweeds and cloths Mrs. Hart shows at Donegal House, 43, Wigmore Street, W., where she moved in 1883, her old premises being too small for her increasing business.

The public recognition of her work was, however, secured to Mrs. Hart when the Government in 1887 made her a grant for teaching purposes of £1,000 from the £50,000 voted by Parliament. It was doubly welcome, as a proof of the genuineness of her work—of which the Treasury satisfied themselves after careful inquiry—and it enabled Mrs. Hart to open at once technical schools for giving instruction to the people in the art of weaving, dyeing, lace-making, and embroidery. Orders for tweeds and cloths were at that time only limited by the impossibility of carrying them out for want of workers, owing to the ignorance of the peasants in the art of dyeing from plants and in pattern-making. The agent could not be spared from his daily work in superintending and carrying out manufacturing orders at Gweedore to go and teach elsewhere, and no one else possessed his technical knowledge. When, therefore, Mrs. Hart received the money from the Government, she formed a small committee for administering the fund, of which Lord Leitrim, Archbishop Logue, and Mr. Woodall, M.P., are members; and with their assent Mrs. Hart's scheme of village technical teaching has been carried into detailed effect.

Two Donegal men were selected as teachers and sent to Gweedore to study dyeing and weaving; and a competent technical teacher from Lancashire was sent to Gweedore to instruct the teachers in drafting, the designing of patterns, textile calculations, the working of the Wych and Jacquard looms, &c.; and to repeat and study the experiments made by Mrs. Hart in vegetable dyeing. They have taught the peasants either by travelling from village to village, or by forming classes, or by teaching women in their own homes. Two Donegal girls were brought to England last winter to receive instruction in Torchon lace-making, and have now returned to Gweedore thoroughly competent teachers; and are holding classes daily for teaching Torchon and "Kells" lace in Knockostolar, Bunbeg, and Derrybeg. Classes also are being held to teach sprigging and hem-stitching in Milford, Termon, Bunbeg, Knockostolar, Dore, Derrybeg, Barnesmore, and Bridge End, in consequence of orders being promised by Belfast manufacturers; and two young men are at present being trained in London as teachers in wood-carving. It is quite impossible in an article of this length to do more than sketch very shortly all that Mrs. Hart has done and is doing for the peasants in that part of Ireland where her work is being carried out, and it is difficult to over-rate its excellence; but it is not for a work of benevolence alone that Mrs. Ernest Hart deserves the thanks of the community; she has shown what can be done by energy and determination, not only in Ireland, but anywhere else. It is possible, after seeing her work, to realise that in any part of Great Britain, however poor, a like enterprise might be also carried out successfully.

How often the complaint is made by women living in the country that there is nothing to do! and no occu-

pation connected with the poor is supposed to exist outside the slums of Whitechapel. Yet all around us a beneficent Nature has planted the trees and shrubs that will give us the most lovely dyes, and colours that would delight even the most fastidious æsthetic. The poor in England are not so well-to-do that they would not gladly welcome the acquisition of any knowledge that would add a little to the pittance they earn, and the cottage industries of Ireland could be applied and developed equally here as there. The lady of the big house, or the lady with even more leisure, could always find occupation in teaching the poor women around her the lessons Mrs. Hart has taught with such success at Gweedore. At one time in England many small industries existed amongst the peasants — lace-making, glove-making, straw-plaiting, &c. — and although some still remain, and some are being resuscitated, their existence is more or less fitful. The teaching of lace-making and embroidery, knitting stockings, and such occupation, might easily be done by an energetic woman in any parish, and the earnings from the work would enable poor women to make some provision for the future, and better still, keep them occupied in the evenings. Mrs. Hart's work, however, proves more than that, for it shows that work of a certain artistic value can be made by peasant-girls in their cottages. It should be possible to organise centres for technical teaching in localities, or a perambulating teacher and school, as has been suggested more than once by people interested in the question. It must not, however, be forgotten that no work of this kind is of any value unless the designs and work are good; and the essential part of such a scheme would be to have good models and patterns. The difficulty of procuring these must always be the great barrier among the poor to the perfect success of any such work, unless it were possible in every large county town to have a museum or a library where designs or patterns could be obtained. A museum containing books of designs, with specimens of good patterns and samples of decorative art, would be a most valuable institution, to establish either independently, or as an adjunct to the public library that exists in almost all our large county towns. The desire for knowledge of a technical nature among women of all classes in England is increasing every day. For they have discovered that primary education alone is not enough to enable them to make a living, and that, small though their earnings may be, a practical knowledge of some trade is almost a necessity.



"KELLS" EMBROIDERY. PORTIÈRE, WORKED IN SILK ON HAND-SPUN CLOTH BY ONE OF THE POOR IRISH LADIES EMPLOYED BY THE DONEGAL INDUSTRIAL FUND.

(*Design, Celtic.*)

It would therefore be a great boon to the women of England if among the peasantry some scheme like Mrs. Hart's could be carried out in all parts of the country, developing what industries the climate, flora, and character of the inhabitants indicate; and that, simultaneously, some attempt should be made to found museums or institutions where the instruction, either technical or artistic, required by each pupil, could be imparted.

MARY JEUNE.

Some Literary Notes.

By THE EDITOR.



N a recent article on English poetesses I ventured to suggest that our women of letters should turn their attention somewhat more to prose, and somewhat less to poetry. Women seem to me to possess just what our literature wants, a light touch, a delicate hand, a graceful mode of treatment, and an unstudied felicity of phrase. We want some one who will do for our prose what Mme. de Sévigné did for the prose of France. George Eliot's style was far too cumbrous, and Charlotte Brontë's too exaggerated. However, one must not forget that amongst the women of England there have been some charming letter-writers, and certainly no book can be more delightful reading than Mrs. Ross's "Three Generations of Englishwomen" (John Murray) which has recently appeared. The three Englishwomen whose memoirs and correspondence Mrs. Ross has so admirably edited are Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. Sarah Austin, and Lady Duff Gordon, all of them remarkable personalities, and two of them women of brilliant wit and European reputation. Mrs. Taylor belonged to that great Norwich family about whom the Duke of Sussex remarked that they reversed the ordinary saying that it takes nine tailors to make a man, and was for many years one of the most distinguished figures in the famous society of her native town. Her only daughter married John Austin, the great authority on jurisprudence, and her *salon* in Paris was the centre of the intellect and culture of her day. Lucie Duff Gordon, the only child of John and Sarah Austin, inherited the talents of her parents. A beauty, a *femme d'esprit*, a traveller and clever writer, she charmed and fascinated her age, and her premature death in Egypt was really a loss to our literature. It is to her daughter that we owe this delightful volume of memoirs.

First we are introduced to Mrs. Ross's great-grandmother, Mrs. Taylor, who was called by her intimate friends the "Madame Roland of Norwich," from her likeness to the portraits of the handsome and unfortunate Frenchwoman. We hear of her darning her boy's grey worsted stockings while holding her own with Southey and Brougham, and dancing round the Tree of Liberty with Dr. Parr when the news of the fall of the Bastille was first known. Amongst her friends were Sir James Mackintosh, the most popular man of the day, to whom Mme. de Staël wrote: "*Il n'y a pas de société sans vous.*" "*C'est très ennuyeux de dîner sans vous; la société ne va pas quand vous n'êtes pas là;*" Sir James Smith, the botanist; Crabb Robinson; the Gurneys; Mrs. Barbauld; Dr. Alderson and his charming daughter Amelia Opie; and many other well-known people. Her letters are extremely sensible and thoughtful. "Nothing at present," she says, in one of them, "suits my taste so well as Susan's Latin lessons, and her philosophical old master. When we get to Cicero's discussions on the nature of the soul, or Virgil's fine descriptions, my mind is filled up. Life is either a dull round of eating, drinking, and sleeping, or a spark of ethereal fire just kindled. . . . . The character of girls must depend upon their reading as much as upon the company they keep. Besides the intrinsic pleasure to be derived from solid knowledge, a woman ought to consider it as her best resource against poverty." This is a somewhat caustic aphorism: "A romantic woman is a troublesome friend, as she expects you to be as imprudent as herself, and is mortified at what she calls coldness and insensibility;" and this is admirable: "The art of life is not to estrange oneself from society, and yet not to pay too dear for it." This, too, is good: "Vanity, like curiosity, is wanted as a stimulus to exertion; indolence would certainly get the better of us if it were not for these two powerful principles;" and there is a keen touch of humour in the following: "Nothing is so gratifying as the idea that virtue and philanthropy are becoming fashionable." Dr. James Martineau, in a letter to Mrs. Ross, gives us a pleasant picture of the old lady returning from market "weighted by her huge basket, with the shank of a leg of mutton thrust out to betray its contents," and talking divinely about philosophy, poets, politics, and every intellectual topic of the day. She was a woman of admirable good sense, a type of Roman matron, and quite as careful as were the Roman matrons to keep up the purity of her native tongue.

Mrs. Taylor, however, was more or less limited to Norwich. Mrs. Austin was for the world. In London, Paris, and Germany, she ruled and dominated society, loved by every one who knew her. She is "My best and my brightest" to Lord Jeffrey; "Dear, fair, and wise" to Sydney Smith; "My great ally" to Sir James Stephen; "Sunlight through waste weltering chaos" to Thomas Carlyle (while he needed her aid); "*La petite mère du genre humain*" to Michael Chevalier; "*Liebes Mutterlein*" to John Stuart Mill, and "My own Professoress" to Charles Buller, to whom she taught German, as well as to the sons of Mr. James Mill. Jeremy Bentham, when on his death-bed, gave her a ring with his portrait and some of his hair let in behind. "There, my dear," he said, "it is the only ring I ever gave a woman." She corresponded with Guizot, Barthelemy de St. Hilaire, the Grotes, Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity, Nassau Senior, the Duchesse d'Orléans, Victor Cousin, and many other distinguished people. Her translation of Ranke's "History of the Popes" is admirable; indeed, all her literary work was thoroughly well done, and her edition of her husband's "Province of Jurisprudence" deserves the very highest praise. Two

people more unlike than herself and her husband it would have been difficult to find. He was habitually grave and despondent; she was brilliantly handsome, fond of society, in which she shone, and "with an almost superabundance of energy and animal spirits," Mrs. Ross tells us. She married him because she thought him perfect, but he never produced the work of which he was worthy, and of which she knew him to be worthy. Her estimate of him in the preface to the "Jurisprudence" is wonderfully striking and simple. "He was never sanguine. He was intolerant of any imperfection. He was always under the control of severe love of truth. He lived and died a poor man." She was terribly disappointed in him, but she loved him. Some years after his death she wrote to M. Guizot:—

"In the intervals of my studies of his works I read his letters to me—*forty-five years of love-letters*—the last as tender and as passionate as the first. And how full of noble sentiments! The midday of our lives was clouded and stormy, full of cares and disappointments; but the sunset was bright and serene—as bright as the morning, and more serene. Now it is night with me, and must remain so till the dawn of another day. I am always alone—that is, *I live with him*."

The most interesting letters in the book are certainly those to M. Guizot, with whom she maintained the closest intellectual friendship, but there is hardly one of them that does not contain something clever or thoughtful or witty, while those addressed to her in turn are very interesting. Carlyle writes her letters full of lamentations, the wail of a Titan in pain, superbly exaggerated for literary effect.

"Literature, one's sole craft and staff of life, lies broken in abeyance; what room for music amid the braying of innumerable jackasses, the howling of innumerable hyænas whetting the tooth to eat them up! Alas for it! It is a sick disjointed time; neither shall we ever mend it; at best let us hope to mend ourselves. I declare I sometimes think of throwing down the pen altogether as a worthless weapon, and leading out a colony of these poor starving drudges to the waste places of their old Mother Earth, where for sweat of their brow bread *will* rise for them; it were, perhaps, the worthiest service that at this moment could be rendered our old world to throw open for it the doors of the new. Thither must they come at last; bursts of eloquence will do nothing; men are starving, and will try many things before they die. But poor I, *ach Gott!* I am no Hengist or Alaric, only a writer of articles in bad prose; stick to thy last, O Tutor; the pen is not worthless, it is omnipotent to those who have Faith."

Henri Beyle (Stendhal), the great, I am often tempted to think the greatest of French novelists, writes her a charming letter about *nuances*. "It seems to me," he says, "that except when they read Shakespeare, Byron, or Sterne, no Englishman understands *nuances;* we adore them. A fool says to a woman, 'I love you;' the words mean nothing. He might as well say, 'Olli Batachor;' it is the *nuance* which gives force to the meaning." In 1839 Mrs. Austin writes to Victor Cousin, "I have seen young Gladstone, a distinguished Tory, who wants to re-establish education based on the Church in quite a Catholic form;" and we find her corresponding with Mr. Gladstone on the subject of education. "If you are strong enough to provide motives and checks," she says to him, "you may do two blessed acts—reform your clergy, and teach your people. As it is, how few of them conceive what it is to teach a people!" Mr. Gladstone replies at great length, and in many letters, from which we may quote this passage:—

"You are for pressing and urging the people to their profit against their inclination: so am I. You set little value upon all merely technical instruction, upon all that fails to touch the inner nature of man: so do I. And here I find ground of union broad and deep-laid.

"But I more than doubt whether your idea, namely, that of raising man to social sufficiency and morality, can be accomplished, except through the ancient religion of Christ; or whether the principles of eclecticism are legitimately applicable to the Gospel; or whether, if we find ourselves in a state of incapacity to work through the Church, we can remedy the defect by the adoption of principles contrary to hers.

"But, indeed, I am most unfit to pursue the subject; private circumstances of no common interest are upon me, as I have become very recently engaged to Miss Catharine Glynne, and I hope your recollections will enable you in some degree to excuse me."

Lord Jeffrey has a very curious and suggestive letter on popular education, in which he denies, or at least doubts, the effect of this education on morals. He, however, supports it on the ground "that it will increase the enjoyment of individuals," which is certainly a very sensible claim. Humboldt writes to her about an old Indian language which was preserved by a parrot, the tribe who spoke it having been exterminated, and about "young Darwin," who had just published his first book. Here are some extracts from her own letters:—

"I heard from Lord Lansdowne two or three days ago. I think he is *ce que nous avons de mieux*. He wants only the energy that great ambition gives. He says, 'We shall have a Parliament of railway kings.' What can be worse than that?—the deification of money by a whole people. As Lord Brougham says, we have no right to give ourselves Pharisaical airs. I must give you a story sent to me. Mrs. Hudson, the railway queen, was shown a bust of Marcus Aurelius at Lord Westminster's, on which she said, 'I suppose that is not the present marquis.' To *gotter* this you must know that the extreme vulgar (hackney-coachmen, &c.) in England pronounce 'marquis' very like 'marcus.'"

"Dec. 17th.—Went to Savigny's. Nobody was there but W. Grimm and his wife, and a few men. Grimm told me that he had received two volumes of Norwegian fairy-tales, and that they were delightful. Talking of them, I said, 'Your children appear to be the happiest in the world; they live in the midst of fairy-tales.' 'Ah,' said he, 'I must tell you about that. When we were at Göttingen, somebody spoke to my little son about his father's *Mährchen*. He had read them, but never thought about their being mine. He came running to me, and said, with an offended air, "Father, they say you wrote those fairy-tales; surely you never invented such silly rubbish." He thought it below my dignity.'

"Savigny told a *Volksmahrchen*:—

"St. Anselm was grown old and infirm, and lay on the ground among thorns and thistles. *Der liebe Gott* said to him, 'You are very badly lodged there; why don't you build yourself a house?' 'Before I take the trouble,' said Anselm, 'I should like to know how long I have to live.' 'About thirty years,' said *Der liebe Gott*. 'Oh, for so short a time,' replied he, 'it's not worth while,' and turned himself round among the thistles.

"Dr. Franck told me a story of which I had never heard before. Voltaire had for some reason or other taken a grudge against the prophet Habakkuk, and affected to find in him things he never wrote. Somebody took the Bible and began to demonstrate to him that he was mistaken. '*C'est égal*,' he said impatiently, '*Habakkuk était capable de tout!*'"

"*October 30th*, 1853.

"I am not in love with the tendencies of our modern novelists. There is abundance of talent, but writing a pretty, graceful, touching, yet pleasing story is the last thing our writers nowadays think of; their novels are partly pamphlets on political or social questions, like 'Sybil,' or 'Alton Lock,' or 'Mary Barton,' or 'Uncle Tom;' or they are the most minute and painful dissections of the least agreeable and beautiful parts of our nature, like those of Miss Brontë—'Jane Eyre' and 'Villette;' or they are a kind of martyrology, like Mrs. Marsh's 'Emilia Wyndham,' which makes you almost doubt whether any torments the heroine would have earned by being naughty could exceed those she incurred by her virtue.

"Where, oh, where is the charming, humane, gentle spirit that dictated 'The Vicar of Wakefield'—the spirit which Goethe so justly calls *versöhnend* (reconciling), with all the weaknesses and woes of humanity? Have you read Thackeray's 'Esmond'? It is a curious and very successful attempt to imitate the style of our old novelists. Which of Mrs. Gore's novels are translated? They are very clever, lively, worldly, bitter, disagreeable, and entertaining. Miss Austen's—are they translated? They are not new, and are Dutch paintings of every-day people—very clever, very true, very unæsthetic, but amusing. I have not seen 'Ruth,' by Mrs. Gaskell. I hear it much admired and blamed. It is one of the many proofs of the desire women have now to *fraser* questionable topics, and to *poser* insoluble moral problems. George Sand has turned their heads in that direction. I think a few broad scenes or hearty jokes *à la* Fielding were very harmless in comparison. They *confounded* nothing. . . . The 'Heir of Redcliffe' I have not read. I am not worthy of superhuman flights of virtue—in a novel. I want to see how people act and suffer who are as good-for-nothing as I am myself. Then I have the sinful pretension to be amused, whereas all our novelists want to reform us, and to show us what a hideous place this world is: *ma foi, je ne le sais que trop*, without their help.

"The 'Head of the Family' has some merits. But there is too much affliction, and misery, and frenzy. The heroine is one of those creatures now so common (in novels), who remind me of a poor bird tied to a stake (as was once the cruel sport of boys) to be 'shyed' at (*i.e.*, pelted) till it died; only our gentle lady-writers at the end of all untie the poor battered bird, and assure us that it is never the worse for all the blows it has had—nay, the better—and that now, with its broken wings and torn feathers, and bruised body, it is going to be quite happy. No, fair ladies, you know that it is not so—*resigned*, if you please, but make me no shams of happiness out of such wrecks."

In politics Mrs. Austin was a philosophical Tory. Radicalism she detested, and she and most of her friends seem to have regarded it as moribund. "The Radical party is evidently effete," she writes to M. Victor Cousin; "the probable leader of the Tory party is Mr. Gladstone." "The people must be instructed, must be guided, must be in short governed," she writes elsewhere; and in a letter to Dr. Whewell she says, "The state of things in France fills me with the deepest anxiety on one point, the point on which the permanency of our institutions and our salvation as a nation turn. Are our higher classes able to keep the lead of the rest? If they are, we are safe; if not, I agree with my poor dear Charles Buller—our turn must come. Now Cambridge and Oxford must really look to this." The belief in the power of the Universities to stem the current of democracy is charming. She grew to regard Carlyle as "one of the dissolvents of the age—as mischievous as his extravagances will let him be;" speaks of Kingsley and Maurice as "pernicious;" and talks of John Stuart Mill as a "demagogue." She was no *doctrinaire*. "One ounce of education demanded is worth a pound imposed. It is no use to give the meat before you give the hunger." She was delighted at a letter of St. Hilaire's, in which he said, "We have a system and no results; you have results and no system." Yet she had a deep sympathy with the wants of the people. She was horrified at something Babbage told her of the population of some of the manufacturing towns, who are *worked out* before they attain to thirty years of age. "But I am persuaded the remedy will not come from the people," she adds. Many of her letters are concerned with the question of the higher education of women. She discusses Buckle's lecture on "The Influence of Women upon the Progress of Knowledge," admits to M. Guizot that woman's intellectual life is largely coloured by the emotions, but adds, "One is not precisely a fool because one's opinions are greatly influenced by one's affections. The opinions of men are often influenced by worse things." Dr. Whewell consults her about lecturing women on Plato, being slightly afraid lest people should think it ridiculous; Comte writes her elaborate letters on the relation of women to progress; and Mr. Gladstone promises that Mrs. Gladstone will carry out at Hawarden the suggestions contained in one of her pamphlets. She was always very practical, and never lost her admiration for plain sewing.

All through the book we come across interesting and amusing things. She gets St. Hilaire to order a large sensible bonnet for her in Paris, which was at once christened the "Aristotelian," and was supposed to be the only useful bonnet in England. Grote has to leave Paris after the *coup d'état*, he tells her, because he cannot bear to see the establishment of a Greek tyrant. Alfred de Vigny, Macaulay, John Stirling, Southey, Alexis de Tocqueville, Hallam, and Jean Jacques Ampère all contribute to these pleasant pages. She seems to have inspired the warmest feelings of friendship in those who knew her. Guizot writes to her: "Madame de Staël used to say that the best thing in the world was a serious Frenchman. I turn the compliment and say that the best thing in the world is an affectionate Englishman. How much more an Englishwoman? Given equal qualities, a woman is always more charming than a man."

Lucie Austin, afterwards Lady Duff Gordon, was born in 1821. Her chief playfellow was John Stuart Mill, and Jeremy Bentham's garden was her playground. She was a lovely, romantic child, who was always wanting the flowers to talk to her, and used to invent the most wonderful stories about animals, of whom she was passionately fond. In 1834 Mrs. Austin decided on leaving England, and Sydney Smith wrote his immortal letter to the little girl:—

"Lucie, Lucie, my dear child, don't tear your frock; tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius. But write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts: be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest, and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import. And, Lucie, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know in the first sum of yours I ever saw there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do), and you ought, dear Lucie, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic but a scene of horrors? You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men

who have never understood arithmetic. By the time you return I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you. Therefore, I now give you my parting advice—don't marry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding, and a thousand a year. And God bless you, dear child."

At Boulogne she sat next Heine at *table-d'hôte*. "He heard me speak German to my mother, and soon began to talk to me, and then said, 'When you go back to England, you can tell your friends that you have seen Heinrich Heine.' I replied, 'And who is Heinrich Heine?' He laughed heartily, and took no offence at my ignorance; and we used to lounge on the end of the pier together, where he told me stories in which fish, mermaids, water-sprites, and a very funny old French fiddler with a poodle, were mixed up in the most fanciful manner, sometimes humorous, and very often pathetic, especially when the water-sprites brought him greetings from the 'Nord See.' He was so kind to me, and so sarcastic to every one else." Twenty years afterwards the little girl whose "braune Augen" Heine had celebrated in his charming poem "Wenn ich an deinem Hause," used to go and see the dying poet in Paris. "It does one good," he said to her, "to see a woman who does not carry about a broken heart, to be mended by all sorts of men, like the women here, who do not see that a total want of heart is their real failing." On another occasion he said to her, "I have now made peace with the whole world, and at last also with God, who sends thee to me as a beautiful angel of death. I shall certainly soon die." Lady Duff Gordon said to him, "Poor poet, do you still retain such splendid illusions, that you transform a travelling Englishwoman into Azrael? That used not to be the case, for you always disliked us." He answered, "Yes, I do not know what possessed me to dislike the English. It was only petulance. I never hated them; indeed, I never knew them. I was only once in England, but knew no one; and found London very dreary, and the people and the streets odious. But England has revenged herself well; she has sent me two excellent friends—thyself and Milnes, that good Milnes."

There are delightful letters from Dicky Doyle here, with the most amusing drawings, one of the present Sir Robert Peel as he made his maiden speech in the House being excellent; and the various descriptions of Hassan's performances are extremely amusing. Hassan was a black boy, who had been turned away by his master because he was going blind, and was found by Lady Duff Gordon one night sitting on her doorstep. She took care of him and had him cured, and he seems to have been a constant source of delight to every one. On one occasion, when Prince Louis Napoleon (the late Emperor of the French) came in unexpectedly, he gravely said, "Please, my lady, I ran out and bought two-pennyworth of sprats for the Prince, and for the honour of the house." Here is an amusing letter from Mrs. Norton:—

"MY DEAR LUCIE,—We have never thanked you for the *red Pots*, which no early Christian should be without, and which add that finishing-stroke to the splendour of our demesne which was supposed to depend on a roc's egg in less intelligent times. We have now a warm *Pompeian* appearance, and the constant contemplation of these classical objects favours the beauty of the facial line; for what can be deduced from the great fact, apparent in all the states of antiquity, that *straight noses* were the ancient custom, but the logical assumption that the constant habit of turning up the nose at unsightly objects—such as the National Gallery and other offensive and obtrusive things—has produced the modern divergence from the true and proper line of profile? I rejoice to think that we ourselves are exempt. I attribute this to our love of Pompeian Pots (on account of the beauty and distinction of this Pot's shape I spell it with a big P), which has kept us straight in a world of crookedness. The pursuit of profiles under difficulties—how much more rare than a pursuit of knowledge! Talk of setting good examples before our children! Bah! let us set good Pompeian Pots before our children, and when they grow up they will not depart from them."

Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from the Cape" and her brilliant translation of "The Amber Witch" are, of course, well known. The latter book was, with Lady Wilde's translation of "Sidonia the Sorceress," my favourite romantic reading when a boy. Her letters from Egypt are wonderfully vivid and picturesque. Here is an interesting bit of art-criticism:—

"Shereef Yoosuf laughed heartily over a print in an illustrated paper from a picture of Hilton's of 'Rebekah at the Well,' with the old 'Vakeel' of Sidi Ibraheem (Abraham's chief servant) kneeling before the girl he was sent to fetch, like an old fool, without his turban, and Rebekah and the other girls in queer fancy dresses, and the camels with snouts like pigs. 'If the painter could not go into Sena to see how the Arab really looks,' said Sheykh Yoosuf, 'why did he not paint a well in England, with girls like English peasants? At least it would have looked natural to English people, and the Vakeel would not seem so like a madman if he had taken off a hat.' I cordially agree with Yoosuf's art-criticism. *Fancy* pictures of Eastern things are hopelessly absurd."

Mrs. Ross has certainly produced a most fascinating volume, and her book is one of the books of the season. It is edited with tact and judgment.

"Caroline" (Richard Bentley and Son), by Lady Lindsay, is certainly Lady Lindsay's best work. It is written in a very clever modern style, and is as full of *esprit* and wit as it is of subtle psychological insight. Caroline is an heiress, who, coming downstairs at a Continental hotel, falls into the arms of a charming, penniless young man. The hero of the novel is the young man's friend, Lord Lexamont, who makes the "great renunciation," and succeeds in being fine without being priggish, and Quixotic without being ridiculous. Miss Ffoulkes, the elderly spinster, is a capital character, and, indeed, the whole book is cleverly written. It has also the advantage of being in only one volume. The influence of Mudie on literature, the baneful influence of the circulating library, is clearly on the wane. The gain to literature is incalculable. English novels were becoming very tedious with their three volumes of padding—at least, the second volume was always padding—and extremely indigestible. A reckless punster once remarked to me, apropos of English novels, that "the proof of the padding is in the eating," and certainly English fiction has been very heavy—heavy with the best

intentions. Lady Lindsay's book is a sign that better things are in store for us. She is brief and bright.

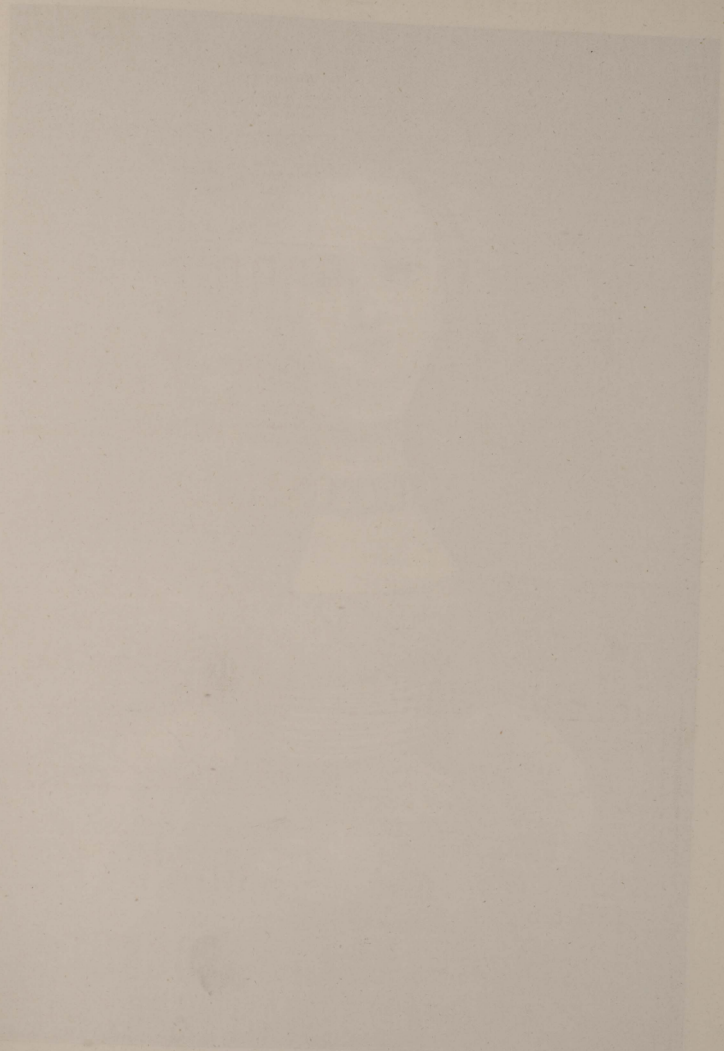
What are the best books to give as Christmas presents to good girls who are always pretty, or to pretty girls who are occasionally good? People are so fond of giving away what they do not want themselves, that charity is largely on the increase. But with this kind of charity I have not much sympathy. If one gives away a book it should be a charming book, so charming that one regrets having given it, and would not take it back. Looking over the Christmas books sent to me by various publishers, I find that these are the best and the most pleasing:—"Gleanings from the *Graphic*," by Randolph Caldicott (George Routledge and Sons), a most fascinating volume full of sketches that have real wit and humour of line, and are not simply dependent on what the French call the *légende*, the literary explanation; "Meg's Friend" (Blackie and Sons), by Alice Corkran, one of our most delicate and graceful prose-writers in the sphere of fiction, and one whose work has the rare artistic qualities of refinement and simplicity; "Under False Colours" (Blackie and Sons), by Sarah Dowdney, an excellent story; "The Fisherman's Daughter" (Hatchards), by Florence Montgomery, the author of "Misunderstood," a tale with real charm of idea and treatment; "Under a Cloud" (Hatchards), by the author of "The Atelier du Lys," and quite worthy of its author; "The Third Miss St. Quentin" (Hatchards), by Mrs. Molesworth, and "A Christmas Posy" (Macmillan and Co.) from the same fascinating pen, and with delightful illustrations by Walter Crane. Miss Rosa Mulholland's "Giannetta" (Blackie and Sons) and Miss Agnes Giberne's "Ralph Hardcastle's Will" (Hatchards) are also admirable books for presents, and the bound volume of "Atalanta" has much that is delightful both in art and in literature.

The prettiest, indeed the most beautiful, book from an artistic point of view is undoubtedly Mr. Walter Crane's "Flora's Feast" (Cassell and Co.). It is an imaginative Masque of Flowers, and as lovely in colour as it is exquisite in design. It shows us the whole pomp and pageant of the year, the Snowdrops like white-crested knights, the little naked Crocus kneeling to catch the sunlight in his golden chalice, the Daffodils blowing their trumpets like young hunters, the Anemones with their wind-blown raiment, the green-kirtled Marsh-marigolds, and the "Lady-smocks all silver-white," tripping over the meadows like Arcadian milk-maids. Buttercups are here, and the white-plumed Thorn in spiky armour, and the Crown-imperial borne in stately procession, and red-bannered Tulips, and Hyacinths with their spring bells, and Chaucer's Daisy—

> —— "small and sweet,
> Si douce est la Marguerite."

Gorgeous Peonies, and Columbines "that drew the car of Venus," and the Rose with her lover, and the stately white-vestured Lilies, and wide staring Ox-eyes, and scarlet Poppies pass before us. There are Primroses and Corn-cockles, Chrysanthemums in robes of rich brocade, Sunflowers and tall Hollyhocks, and pale Christmas Roses. The designs for the Daffodils, the wild Roses, the Convolvulus, and the Hollyhock are admirable, and would be beautiful in embroidery or in any precious material. Indeed, any one who wishes to find beautiful designs cannot do better than get the book. It is, in its way, a little masterpiece, and its grace and fancy, and beauty of line and colour, cannot be over-estimated. The Greeks gave human form to wood and stream, and saw Nature best in Naiad or in Dryad. Mr. Crane, with something of Gothic fantasy, has caught the Greek feeling, the love of personification, the passion for representing things under the conditions of the human form. The flowers are to him so many knights and ladies, page-boys or shepherd-boys, divine nymphs or simple girls, and in their fair bodies or fanciful raiment one can see the flower's very form and absolute essence, so that one loves their artistic truth no less than their artistic beauty. This book contains some of the best work Mr. Crane has ever done. His art is never so successful as when it is entirely remote from life. The slightest touch of actuality seems to kill it. It lives, or should live, in a world of its own fashioning. It is decorative in its complete subordination of fact to beauty of effect, in the grandeur of its curves and lines, in its entirely imaginative treatment. Almost every page of this book gives a suggestion for some rich tapestry, some fine screen, some painted *cassone*, some carving in wood or ivory.

From Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner I have received a large collection of Christmas cards and illustrated books. One of the latter, an *édition de luxe* of Sheridan's "Here's to the Maiden of bashful Fifteen," is very cleverly illustrated by Miss Alice Havers and Mr. Ernest Wilson. It seems to me, however, that there is a danger of modern illustration becoming too pictorial. What we need is good book-ornament, decorative ornament that will go with type and printing, and give to each page a harmony and unity of effect. Merely dotting a page with reproductions of water-colour drawings will not do. It is true that Japanese art, which is essentially decorative, is pictorial also. But the Japanese have the most wonderful delicacy of touch, and with a science so subtle that it gives the effect of exquisite accident, they can by mere placing make an undecorated space decorative. There is also an intimate connection between their art and their handwriting or printed characters. They both go together, and show the same feeling for form and line. Our aim should be to discover some mode of illustration that will harmonise with the shapes of our letters. At present, there is a discord between our pictorial illustrations and our unpictorial type. The former are too essentially imitative in character, and often disturb a page instead of decorating it. However, I suppose we must regard most of these Christmas books as merely books of pictures with a running accompaniment of explanatory text. As the text, as a rule, consists of poetry, this is putting the poet in a very subordinate position; but the poetry in the books of this kind is not, as a rule, of a very high order of excellence.





A LADY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(From a Painting by Cranach in the National Gallery.)

"*ROMANCE OF DRESS*" (p. 212)

War.

NOTHING is sadder and more hopeless to the philosophical thinker than the evident and constant powerlessness of what is called civilisation, or progress, to put an end to war. With every century of age there is added to the world the lust of war, and all the ingenuities and barbarities of its exercise are multiplied; the character of it changes, but its profound and fearful fascination for the human race does not alter, but rather deepens and increases with time, whilst the chivalry and heroism which used to redeem it are with every generation decreased by the system introduced into it by science. It is humiliating and despairing to see that all the oft and over-vaunted progress of the human mind chiefly results in the arming of nations one against another. If civil wars have in some instances been productive of political liberty or national stability, it may be safely said that all the long, cruel, and devastating wars of Europe have had absolutely no benefit in them to mankind. Political ascendency has been at see-saw, and now one nation, and now another, has been uppermost in dominion without any real good being done to any by the change.

Probably all the conflicts and struggles of the last five centuries will only end eventually in the subjection of entire Europe, for a time at least, to the Muscovite forces. Will this result be worth the blood, the tears, the tortures, the desolation which have been caused by the constant state of war in which—with few intervals of peace—Europe has been kept by the ambition, turbulence, or greed of sovereigns and of statesmen?

In what have resulted the devastating wars made by the Plantagenets and Tudors to gain the crown of France? or those which accompanied the descent of the German Emperors into Italy? or those which deluged the Low Countries with blood? or those which wrote the name of Napoleon in fire across the earth? All these and many more have been absolutely sterile in good fruits, and their permanent results insignificant where they were not grossly harmful. Yet, in the face of this, the world has not found any other method of adjusting its disputes than that of wholesale slaughter, and passes its existence under the weight of arms in the perpetual apprehension of some obligation to use them in attack or in defence. The famous dictum, *Si vis pacis, para bellum*, is sound in theory, but in practice it has been strained into distortion. Italy, for instance, has distorted it until no other rule of conduct is remembered by her; to make and sustain her incessant readiness for war she cripples and impoverishes every class of the nation, regardless of what ruin or revolt she may cause in her internecine affairs. It is of little use to be ready to repel the invader from your frontier if, in your interior, you have so multiplied misery and want, and so reduced the population, that actual invasion would probably have been less harmful. It would be as wise to paint the face and dress the hair of a woman dying of atrophy or decline, and call the travesty health.

In the imaginary narrative of the Coming Race a man of genius had a vision of an universal power of destruction which is ultimately to be placed in the hands of every dweller on the earth, and which, by its very universality, will become harmless. Every one can destroy every one else, therefore, by general consent, nobody is destroyed. Something approaching to the effects of Vril may perhaps be brought about by the scientific development of war; it is within possibility that the same kind of invention which has produced the telephone and the phonograph may produce an instrument, or a series of instruments, of power so instantaneous and scope so vast, that armies will be unable to exist by reason of their mutual powers of annihilation. But this is only a vision like Vril as yet; and meantime war is using up its human material with fierce recklessness and cruel waste, and the continual state of expectation of war is crippling and stifling the freedom of human life.

Actual war may, even still, have some compensation for its horrors in the strength of the characters which it may develop; but the constant preparation for, and apprehension of, war is injurious in the greatest degree to public life. Interference with the liberty of the subject is, by it, brought to the most exasperating and emasculating extent; and art and trade, and agriculture, and all the branches of industry, as of education, are affected most dangerously by it. Taxation is enormously increased by it, and all the millions which well spent might do so much towards the improvement and purification of physical and moral life, are devoted to the manufacture and purchase of engines of destruction. The poor man's ewe lamb is sold and killed that it may pay the ten-thousandth part of the cost of a square inch of steel plating, or of gun-metal; and the masculine beauty of vigour, of health, and of intrepidity is forced into a regulation uniform, and sent to be ripped up by conical bullets, blown into the air by shells, or rotted by the gangrene of hospital fevers.

The Red Cross Societies may, or may not, be the holy associations which they are said to be; but they add to, they do not take from, the hideous irony of war. That a world professing the tenets of a so-called pacific creed, and boastful of its enlightenment, should destroy men in the full perfection of their youth and strength, and make sound limbs into crippled limbs, and stalwart lads into mutilated corpses, is a fact only emphasised in its brutality by the train of experimenting surgeons and professional nurses who follow it over the battle-field to collect the bleeding rags of shattered flesh, and piece it together for a wretched existence of neuralgia

or neurosis, compared to which, the opium-draught of Jaffa were mercy. An elaborate machine for mending the poor human frame, which another elaborate machine has been constructed diabolically and extravagantly to destroy, would be grotesque in its illogical clumsiness and its elephantine hypocrisy, were it not too ghastly for even the grimmest of jests. Commerce is injured, art is neglected, agriculture is over-taxed, and the best years of men's lives are sacrificed by the military system of Europe. Enormous armies are like cancers in the body politic of a nation; and yet there is not a nation in Europe, except England, which is not drained by such a cancer. Who will be bold enough to say how long her insular position will allow her to enjoy this immunity?

The United States of America are indifferent to the war-lusts of Europe and Asia, because they, having decided never to interfere with foreign States, believe that foreign States will never interfere with them. It may be doubted whether this comfortable certainty will not some day, like other illusions, be rudely shaken and dispelled. The coast-line and seaward cities of the Republic are, all judges are agreed, allowed to remain in a condition of defencelessness and of laxity of fortification, which, if not altered, will inevitably, some day or another, attract some envious and hungry foe with an appetite for municipal wealth and a big navy which wants occupation for its seamen. America argues that because her contemporaries' affairs are always indifferent to her, therefore her riches will always remain unattacked by her contemporaries. She, in the same way as London, considers that because she is as yet inviolate, therefore she is invulnerable; but it is highly probable that she and London, if they do not put themselves out of the possibility of attack, will some time or another awake to at least a rough attempt on their virginity. The wealth of New York and of London is, alike, too vast to be left for ever outside the calculations of hungry despotisms and enormous armies chafing with inaction and desire. Because America has had no war but civil war, she considers herself safe from receiving any contagion from the battle-fever of the massed battalions of Europe; but this security may be only a dream, and a dangerous dream. The Panama Canal, complete or incomplete, may prove a convenient handle on which to hang a quarrel, and can hardly fail to bring about internecine and exotic questions, more troublesome than those spawned in the sands of Suez; whilst Australasia may possibly in time to come furnish successful rivals and victorious foes to the now vain-glorious and boastful democracy of the United States. Nothing is so easy as to hatch a pretext for war; nations are not wise in the aggregate; they are touchy, vain, arrogant, and blusterous; when their public men wish to throw them into the whirlpool of war, nothing is easier than to prick them in some susceptible part, and make them jump into the gulf of their own accord. No remembrance of an affront is too old, no pretext of an offence is too puerile, to be taken as an excuse for war. "*L'Empire est déchu; à qui faites-vous la guerre?*" said Thiers to Bismarck; who replied, "*A Louis Quatorze.*" When a share in the plunder and conquest of Africa is desired, a reason is found for bombardment and blockade in a sudden horror of the slave trade—deemed heinous by a Government which casts a man like Geffken into a prison-cell.

Everything tends to make of war a game of scientific skill, like whist, and to efface idiosyncrasy as an inconvenient and unnecessary ingredient in it. The men of the strongest personal characteristics and highest courage whom England has seen in the latter half of this century have been Gordon and Burton; of both, Government and War Office have been alike afraid. You cannot obtain from the same character the sheep-like submission which makes a man a mere bit of mechanism in the grip of the State, and the fearless vitality which bounded in the veins of a Ferruccio, of a Tell, of a Du Guesclin. It is only the iron pestle in the granite mortar of a brutal despotism, like that of Russia or of Germany, which can bruise, and pound, and stamp out all the warm life of a man, until it becomes a missile, cold as a stone and dull as lead, which the despot can cast to right and to left as he pleases.

It is the military tyranny of modern Europe which has created the cry for anarchy, and which gives excuse and vigour to socialism. When the peasant and the mechanic are forced from their homes to become one of the tens of thousands which make up a King's or an Emperor's *cadres*, the teachings of the anarchists must seem the truest of evangels to them. In the half-idle, half-brutalised conscript, you have a ruined workman and a ripened revolutionist. Under the polished metal and marble of that perfected infernal machine, the German army, the torn flesh quivers and putrefies; when the Kossacks thunder in a whirlwind of terrific beauty past their Tsar, the soil beneath them is mined by the subterranean labours of the Nihilists. If all monarchies and aristocracies be ultimately swamped in the cataclysm of anarchy, whose will be the fault? It will solely be the fault of those leaders of men who have made war the eternal spectre of a trembling and paralysed Europe: the men who, with the precepts of Christianity on their tongues, keep their populace armed to the teeth in the hope of snatching from faintness or fear some portion of their neighbour's heritage, some share of their friend's dominion.

With the praises of God on his lips and Bible texts at the end of his pen, the old Kaiser Wilhelm plunged his hands into the bleeding entrails of France; and his contemporaries found the union of religion and slaughter in perfect unison with the temper of the century. This hard, narrow, opinionated, puritanic old man, with his religious cant and his stubborn tyrannies, has been bewailed by the world in general as though he had been Agamemnon and Achilles, St. Jerome and St. George all in one. Yet it may fairly be said that his influence and example have done more than those of any other man of his time to *abrutir* humanity, and undo the best efforts and results of civilisation, by stifling manhood under militarism, and setting up conquest as the false idol of a burdened nation.

The education of princes is based solely on war; the tactics and the engines of war are made their chief glory and study; the young Emperor of Germany, the Tsarewitch of Russia, the Crown Prince of Italy, have all been reared to see no beauty except in their *gros bataillons*, their nations represent nothing to them but the pieces with which they can play chess on the chequered board of Europe; torpedoes, shells, rifled cannon, steel towers, and all the rest of the horrid paraphernalia of war have been made their study and their pastime from their infancy; inevitably nothing seems beautiful or glorious to them save war, in which they can put all these to the actual test. When their troops defile past them and salute, they only see in these hundreds of thousands of men the missile ready to their hand with which they can accomplish their personal projects and obtain for themselves a place in history. It is impossible that an education which practically places war, and success in war, before them as the supreme goal of existence, should not outweigh and obliterate the merely theoretical reminder of more spiritual and ultraistic aims and motives. The German victories, the German armaments, the German tyrannies, are lying on the world like lead; and amongst the many fatal injuries which German influence has wrought on modern life, its iron despotism, its sacrifice of the citizen to the soldier, is the worst.

In the war of 1870, sheer brutality, unredeemed by any gleam of chivalrous or generous feeling, was given as its deity to the world. Patriotism, womanhood, loyalty, heroism, evoke neither respect nor compassion; when a non-combatant did his duty and took arms, he was treated as a malefactor; when a woman refused to indicate whither the soldiers of her nation had gone, she was shot; whoever did not turn traitor to their country to serve the Prussians, were slaughtered, and neither sex nor age could save them.

Under the excuse of preventing the *levée en masse* which they dreaded, the Germans violated every rule of decency, and every precept of mercy; that respect for a gallant foe which is shown in all generous combat was to them unknown; no nobility of action touched their heart or disarmed their hand. All the finest and truest instincts of human nature were visited as crimes on those who ventured to feel and express them. The wars of the Middle Ages have scenes of as great brutality as the German Campaign of 1870, but none have had such examples of meanness towards an enemy, and utter violation of all the rules of honourable strife.

Everything tends to make war more and more murderous, less and less chivalrous; the mere unit in a vast battalion which is mowed down by a machine-worked mitrailleuse, is a totally different man to the archer or the halberdier, who fought foot to foot and hand to hand with his foe, with the name of his country and of his saint on his lips.

Nothing can be finer or worthier of honour than the endurance of the soldier individually, but the imbecility, the fatuity, and the egotism of the States which sacrifice him are as great as are his virtues, and even these virtues are in modern warfare too often displaced by the dogged indifference and the unreasoned apathy of dulled and drilled nonentities. There may be still more than one likeness to Thermopylæ, perchance, in a modern campaign; but the men let themselves be cut to pieces, not for their country, or their gods, but rather from the same temper which makes the Nihilist, in whose estimate life means disease, and death annihilation, give himself up to certain destruction. If the nations, as a mass, had reached a higher estimate of national liberty and duty than this, they would not be driven like flocks of geese and droves of sheep into the barrack-yards at the bidding of their rulers.

But they are not likely to reach it, for none amongst their teachers lead them to it. Parliaments and Press, throughout Europe, uphold the military despotism of every State, and speculate breathlessly on the whims of now one potentate and now another. What spectacle can have been more humiliating to the dignity of the world than the anxiety, the suspense, the speculation, the terror with which it not long ago surveyed with beating hearts the meeting of the monarchs of Germany and Russia? What reams of written conjecture, what leagues of cipher telegrams, what endless hope, dread, wonder, doubt, suggestion, inference were hung on the mere fact that a Hohenzollern embraced a Romanoff! It never seemed to occur to any one that what was pitiable, what was degrading, was the fact that Europe could tremble like a whipped child at the feet of these thrones, and suspend her whole solidity of peace, prosperity, capital, enterprise, and fortune to the sword-belts of these two gentlemen! If a young man has an earache, if an older man has a cold, if a still older man has the gout, the whole nervous system of Europe is shaken, the Bourses are violently agitated, the whole Press teems with forebodings and hysterics, and the thin ice on which all the armies tramp, and all the artillery rolls, bends almost to breaking. Could any state of anarchy be much worse?

Much is spoken of the people in these days, and much make-believe of deference to their fiat is assumed; but in actual fact the people let themselves be sent to slaughter just as much as in the days when King and Kaiser dared to show their iron hand with no silk glove to cover it. Even where the forms of government are republican—as in France—the citizen and the peasant are none the less the slaves of the barrack-yard, and the delicate touch of the handicraftsman is ruined for ever by the gun-cleaning and rifle-carrying enforced upon the conscript. A democracy is no protection against militarism; a democracy will make war as recklessly as a monarchy or an aristocracy; far more recklessly indeed. A democracy will levy the financial cost of war from the rich, and will be heedless of the blood-tax that it pays itself. There is no remedy for the disease of war to be looked for from any form of government; the only chance for the general disarmament of the world will be in the possibility that the game will become so costly that the most reckless of its players will be unable to risk its stakes. It is a melancholy conclusion to be obliged to draw from the unsuccessful Christianity of nigh two thousand years, and the equally unsuccessful civilisation of half that period.

Ouida.

Muffs.

MUFFS have quite a history of their own, say the brothers De Goncourt in that delightful book, "La Femme au XVIIIème Siècle." Though they are not by any means of great antiquity, and the shape of the muff does not seem as if it could allow of much variety, yet in three hundred years what wonderful changes it has gone through—changes of material, changes of size, even



An English Lady with Muff (Pendent from the Girdle), 1588.

changes of use, for the muff is no doubt intended to warm the two hands, yet in the seventeenth century ladies are represented as wearing the muff on one arm like a large muffettee.

Muffs, like all else that it is fashionable to wear, have probably come to us from France. Quicherat speaks of the difficulty they had of finding a name for the muff in France in 1580, *manchon* having been previously used for the under-sleeves that came from the elbow to the wrist, the difficulty being finally got over by calling the muff *manchon d'hiver*. These muffs were probably made of velvet or satin and lined with fur.

In a dictionary published in 1690 by Antoine Furetière, l'Abbé de Chalivoi, the *manchon* is described as a fur worn in winter, fit for putting one's hands in to keep them warm. The "Dictionnaire Critique" of De Caraccioli (1768) gives the definition of the *manchon* as a kind of half-sleeve made of the fur of some animal, worn in winter either for elegance or need. Uzanne tells us of a Venetian print of the end of the fifteenth century in which a lady is represented making her two dogs play with a muff, but I have not been able to find this print.

In the reign of Charles IX. (1574) the common people were not allowed to wear any but black muffs, the rich furs being reserved for the aristocracy; and in a will of the end of the sixteenth century there is an item: "left to the wife of the Président Nicolai, one muff of black velvet lined with sable." So the muff was certainly known in France in the sixteenth century.

From France the muff passed into England, and the earliest representation that we have of one is in a print of an English lady, by Gaspar Rutz (1588), where the muff is very small and shown pendent from the girdle. The muff was known at that time as a "sniftkin," "snoskyn," or "snimskyn." In Nicoll's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth" mention is made of one "snoskyn" presented to her Majesty by Elizabeth Seamer, wife of Sir Richard Knyghtley. It was "of crimson satin, laid upon with perfumed leather, cut, embrothered with Venice gold, silver, and silke," so it must have been very gorgeous. In a poem of this date occur these lines:—

> "'Tis summer yet, a snuff-kin is your lot;
> But 'twill be winter one day, doubt you not."

In the beautiful prints by Hollar, collected under the title "Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanum," we have an excellent picture of the dress worn by Englishwomen in



Venetian Lady with Muff.
(From Vecellio.)

the reign of Charles I. There are twenty-one of these prints, and seven of them represent ladies carrying muffs,

so we may suppose that muffs were then pretty generally worn as part of the winter costume. These muffs vary in



A LADY OF BRABANT, 1644.

(From a Print by Hollar.)

size; some are large, some small, but none of them disproportionately so, for the whole dress of the time was one of the most perfect costumes that we have ever had in England — rich without being extravagant, simple yet without affectation. At the same period in France we are told that muffs made of velvet, miniver, and ermine were worn; and amongst the charming costumes with muffs represented by Hollar are a matron of Paris, a citizen's wife of Prague, a Viennese lady, a Dutchwoman, and women from Brabant and Antwerp ("Aula Veneris," &c., 1644). The charming illustrations of dress worn in France, by Bonnart (1687), also give an excellent idea of the dress worn then, and amongst these are pictures of the muffettee or muff worn on one arm, a most curious fashion for which there seems no possible reason. The muff at this time is mentioned in all the lists of women's attire published either in prose or poetry.

Vecellio has also given us the muff in one or two of his Venetian costumes.

The first mention of a man wearing a muff is in one of S. Rowland's epistles, about 1600:—

> "Behold a most accomplish'd cavalier
> That the world's ape of fashion doth appear,
> Walking the streets, his humour to disclose,
> In the French doublet and the German hose.
> The *muffes*, cloak, Spanish hat, Toledo blade,
> Italian ruffe, a shoe right Spanish made."

But the muff began to be worn by men after the Restoration in England, and continued to be used until George I. The *Mercure Galant* of 1680 gives us pictures of men wearing the muff in France. Bonnart shows us the typical *homme de cour* of Louis XIV. wearing a muff, worn very low down, with the arms hanging, and finished by a knot of ribbons in the middle. All kinds of fancy ribbons were used for this purpose. A ballad, describing a fair held on the Thames in the great frost of 1683–84, describes a barrister as

> "A spark of the bar, with his cane and his muff."

There are prints of men both in France and England at this time with fur muffs, of one of which we give an illustration. Antoine Furetière, in his dictionary (1690), says: "Formerly muffs were intended for women alone; now-a-days men wear them." As late as 1756, in a satirical print published at the Golden Acorn Tavern, facing Hungerford Market, Admiral Byng is represented carrying a muff; and in 1768 De Caraccioli, in the



AN ENGLISH LADY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(From a Print by Hollar.)

"Dictionnaire Critique," says: "Men wear now little muffs, lined with down, trimmed with grey satin."

Uzanne tells us too that in 1787 both men and women in France wore very large muffs, but the fashion must have gone out long before this in England. In No. 153 of the *Tatler* (1710) we find the following:—"I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress, for—notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year—he wore a loose great-coat and a *muff*," &c., which would make it appear that the muff was not so common as it had been.

These little dogs are mentioned in Furetière's dictionary; and in the "Livre des Adresses" of 1692, the muffs in which to carry them are advertised as *chiens manchons*, to be bought at the Demoiselle Guérin's, Rue du Bac, Paris.

In 1668 Quicherat tells us that the muff was worn suspended round the neck by a cord called a *passe-caille*, from a Spanish rhyme then much in vogue, and this fashion was started by the men.



A FRENCH LADY WITH MUFF ON ONE ARM, 1687.

(From a Print by Bonnart.)

In a tapestry (date James II.) that belonged to the late T. Crofton Croker, Esq., are two muffs, one made of yellow silk, thickly wadded and edged with fur, the other of white fur (possibly ermine) decorated with black tails, and finished off with a blue bow.

At the end of the seventeenth century it was considered the height of fashion to carry a little dog about in one's muff, and King Charles dogs were known as "muff dogs." Hollar has left us a picture of one of these little muff dogs—a small terrier. There is a mention made of one of these dogs in a contemporary poem, the "Cadet" spoken of being the dog:—

> "Il ne fut pas même jusqu'à Cadet,
> Qui d'aboyer contre moi ne fit rage,
> L'ingrat Cadet à qui dans mon manchon
> J'avais tout soin de fourrer du bon-bon."

In 1702 leopard-skin muffs were the fashion in England. Furetière speaks of muffs of red, blue, and green feathers, and Addison in a paper in the *Tatler*, in 1709, says: "The peacock, parrot, and swan shall pay contribution to her muff." In the reign of Queen Anne all kinds of muffs were worn, both of feathers and of every kind of fur, from otter to cat's fur, and we find from an inventory of the year 1719 that a lady's muff cost £5 5s.

De Goncourt tells us of a furrier who caused a certain muff to fall into disrepute, by making an executioner wear one while performing his duty. This was probably not a fur muff, he adds, but one of the muffs *à la jésuite*, concerning which a satire was published in the beginning of the eighteenth century, entitled "Petition presented to the Pope by the Master Furriers,"

soliciting their excommunication. De Goncourt also speaks of the large muffs that I have already mentioned, as being worn in France at that time by both men and women, some of them in Angora wool falling down to



A GENTLEMAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY WITH MUFF.

the ground, others at the end of the century long and narrow, called "little barrels."

In 1778, amongst a list of fashionable vagaries of attire, we have mention of a *manchon d'agitation momentanée*. What a name! what visions of coquetry rise before us! Indeed I see no reason why a muff should not be as useful as a fan to a clever coquette. Soft fur against the face is most becoming, and what shy glances could be made over the furry barrier!

In 1780, in the reign of George III., feathered muffs were worn, as we learn from Anstey's "New Bath Guide," where, in a poem entitled "The Birth of Fashion," we find a mention of

"Fans and hoods, and feathered muffs."

These muffs were, I should think, not made of the dyed feathers mentioned by Furetière, but of pheasants' or peacocks' feathers such as were used for the tippets, as we find from the following extract from the same book:—

"Tabitha, put on my ruff:
Where's my dear delightful muff?
Muff, my faithful Romeo's present!
Tippet, too, from tail of pheasant!
O, the dear enchanting man!
Muff that makes me think how Jove
Flew to Leda from above!"

But the most remarkable muffs that have ever been seen were those worn in England during the first twenty years of this century. We see the commencement of this fashion in the French plates at the end of the last century, but as the dress worn grew more and more skimpy, the muff grew more and more huge, till at last it really passed the bounds of reason. We give here an engraving of some of these muffs from the drawings of *La Belle Assemblée* (p. 178).

These muffs did not die out till towards the close of the first quarter of the century, and since that time the muff has not been in any way a remarkable piece of dress. Attempts have been made to combine the muff and reticule fairly successfully in fur, but the muffs made with pockets in cheap satin and ribbon have never found great favour. In 1835 a fashion was introduced of wearing what were called *gants-manchons*, which consisted really of two half-muffs, which formed one when the hands were crossed. This, however, never became popular. In 1872 it was considered necessary that a lady's costume should be finished off by a muff matching it. In 1877 small muffs made their appearance, made of cloth, velvet, or satin, and lined and bordered with fur, finished off with a large ribbon bow.

Now-a-days even the poor little "slavey" has her muff made of dyed rabbit-skin or cat's fur, and it is merely a question of the length of the purse that decides what fur is to be worn. There is always some particular fur that is the fashion. Chinchilla, one of the most expensive of all the furs, is seldom seen now, but sable always keeps its popularity. Last year dyed fox was the fashion, and cheap imitations of it were everywhere to be seen. Another year it is Astrachan, another year seal-



"ADMIRAL BYNG AT HOME."

(From a Caricature published in 1756.)

skin. But muffs have won popular favour now, and will probably never quite disappear again from our midst.

It seems a pity that we do not now fill them with

scent-sachets as was formerly done, though I am glad that the fashion of fastening bright-coloured artificial flowers on them, which appeared a few years since, has died the death of other fashions. Some indiscreet person tried introducing muffs made of flowers at balls, but these never became fashionable.

Muffs seem always to have been the subject of satire and of attack. Addison writes in the *Spectator* of March 19, $17\frac{10}{11}$: "I have received a letter desiring me to be very satyrical upon the little muff that is now in fashion." This of course was the muff worn by men, but even



LADIES WITH MUFFS.

(*From "La Belle Assemblée."*)

woman has not escaped, for in a pamphlet published last year by F. C. Treves, entitled "Dress in relation to Health," he gives vent to these remarks: "This strange appendage is probably regarded as purely ornamental, for as a means of keeping warm the hands it is ridiculously extravagant. It has, I presume, the doubtful advantage of allowing ladies to wear their gloves with impunity during cold weather. But against this advantage must be placed the weight of the appendage, the muscular effort required to support it, and the impediment that it offers to an easy gait by demanding that the wearer should walk with her hands pinioned in front of her." Elsewhere he says: "The arms must not be allowed to hang easily by the side. They must be placed in a constrained posture in front of the body. In the winter this position is enforced by the use of a muff, and when muffs are not worn the hands are clasped about a parasol, or a book or a purposeless bag. This position of the arms and hands is incompatible with a graceful progression. It tends to cause some rolling in the gait, and its unsuitableness for the act of walking is shown by watching the movements of a lady who wants to walk very fast, and yet keep her hands demurely in her muff."

Addison's remark on the request made to him is as follows: "Foppish and fantastick ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves," and surely Mr. Treves rather goes beyond the mark in complaining of its being unhealthy! And it is certainly a most pretty addition to a portrait, as we can see in Sir Joshua Reynolds' beautiful "Girl with the Muff" in the Marquis of Hertford's collection, the fine portrait of Mrs. Siddons in the National Gallery, and many others. There was a very pretty pastel of a girl with a muff, by Storey, in the recent exhibition of pastels in the Grosvenor Gallery.

A muff may not be required by a good walker with good circulation, but for driving or to a chilly person they are quite invaluable, and I do not think that we shall ever find them quite disappear again. But no doubt we shall see the muff under new conditions, and M. Uzanne's remark will remain true: "Femmes et manchons varient souvent!"

CONSTANCE WILDE.

Are Servants a Failure?

THIS question promises to be almost as freely discussed as "Is Marriage a Failure?" and with about the same result. The existing conditions will remain practically unaltered. No doubt the daily papers will be deluged with letters from persons who probably never gave the matter a moment's serious consideration in their lives; much will be said entirely foreign to the subject; personal feeling and experience will take the place of general principles; some people will say "Good mistresses make good servants," others the very reverse; and there the matter will drop, and the real question remain as it was before —"Are Servants a Failure?"

To ask a question without even expecting an answer is folly, to ask without caring to receive one is worse, yet that is what many persons do. Again, it must always be remembered that "failure" is a relative term. If we form unreasonable expectations, the failure of a servant to reach them only convicts us of want of thought or discrimination. However, I have no hesitation in saying that servants as a class are a failure, in the sense that every merely human institution and organisation must be a failure; but when all circumstances are thoughtfully considered, servants are no more a failure, despite the wails and shrieks of many, than any other class labouring under the same disadvantages. "Disadvantages! what *are* they, I wonder?" I can imagine many a sorely-tried, long-suffering housewife exclaim.

They are real enough. In the first place, a want of *early* training, and that is something no amount of after-training can ever atone for. It is surely unreasonable, if not irrational, to expect a young, untrained servant to be neat, clean, punctual, quick at house-work, economical in cooking, quiet, respectful, obliging, always well, and always cheerful, without long and patient training. Brought up in an untidy, thriftless home, where method and order are unknown, and the value of time and property misunderstood, how can the average servant be other than she is? And, of course, it is the average servant that is "a failure," and it is the average servant that most requires training. Very rich people can, and do, secure good servants; but it must be remembered that among the servants of the rich there is great subdivision of labour: a nurse, a housemaid, a parlour-maid, and a cook, have each their own separate duties; while a general servant has frequently to be all four combined, and a laundry-maid as well. There are in England tens of thousands of persons who can only afford to keep one servant, as many more who can only keep two, and it is obvious that such families require more strength, energy, and forethought than families who keep a dozen domestics. Strength, energy, and forethought are, to a very great extent, a matter of education and training.

The average servant, in cities especially, is not as a rule strong, she is not energetic—witness the difficulty of getting her up in the morning, and her well-nigh incurable propensity for procrastinating; she will rarely (of her own accord) do anything to-day that she can put off till to-morrow, and she never thinks if she can help it. Those are, unfortunately, facts that cannot be denied; but who is to blame, where is the fault, and what is the remedy?

To begin at the beginning, much could and should be done for servants if the ordinary school education were of a more useful and practical kind. It is disgraceful to find girls who have passed the fifth standard and gained prizes and certificates ignorant of how to light a fire, except by pouring paraffin oil on wet wood, and incapable of trimming a lamp without breaking a glass. I have known a girl recently get a prize for needlework, and a few months after she did not know how either to cut out or make a working-apron, or attempt to darn a stocking. A certain amount of technical instruction *should* be given in every school, and a great amount of theoretical training *could* be given. The mind should be prepared for what might possibly become the business of life, and would certainly be useful at home. Not only *how* simple things are done in a certain way, but *why* they are done in that particular manner, should be impressed upon children; they are naturally imitative, and if there is a constant example in their homes of thriftlessness and slovenliness, they will grow up thriftless and slovenly *unless they are taught to think intelligently about their work.* "More ills are wrought by want of thought" than the world realises.

Children should be encouraged to practise in their own homes those theoretical lessons they learn at school; in the very poorest cottage cleanliness might become the rule, not the exception; a child of ten can wash a cup and saucer, the average servant of twenty frequently does not know how to wipe it, and in all probability will never be able to learn. Many persons may say that it is at home, not at school, that girls should learn such things, that the mother should be the teacher, forgetting that in these days of compulsory education girls see less of their mothers than perhaps of any one else. The average Board School girl of thirteen leaves home about twenty minutes to nine, after a hurried, slovenly toilet and a hastily-eaten breakfast, having done nothing, absolutely nothing, in the way of housework. She gets home about half-past twelve, probably goes on errands, or minds the baby, or learns her lessons till dinner-time, then goes back to school till five, loiters on her way home, has her tea, does her exercises, and goes to bed. There is neither time nor opportunity for home-training, even assuming that the mother is capable of giving it. At fourteen or fifteen she leaves school, idle and slovenly, weak from hurried meals and want of fresh air and healthy exercise; if she is of the class from which servants are drawn, she looks out for "a place." Her first start in life is

frequently in the family of a small tradesman, and her principal occupation to take care of the babies, of which there is always a continual supply. She may be seen any day (and too often felt) pushing a perambulator along the streets, with the poor baby's neck askew, and its feet uncovered; or loitering outside a shop window in the most draughty and inconvenient place, thereby endangering bronchitis to the baby and muddy boots to the passers-by. She never thinks that she is very much in the way, and that the sleeping morsel of humanity in the perambulator may be catching its death of cold. But who is to blame? She has never been taught to think; she does not know the danger of a strong draught from a swing-door, or what it means to a sleeping infant. Or if she goes into the kitchen, things are ten times worse; the rattling of fire-irons, the breaking of crockery, the burning of stove-brushes, the ruin of boots and knives, the waste of everything, is simply appalling. An older servant or a mistress may tell her the same thing a score of times, the answer is the same—"I forgot." She had never been trained to remember! Servants nowadays go out to work much younger than they used to do; their first places, of necessity, are bad ones, for they know nothing. Many persons keep "a girl," who twenty years ago did their own work. They are too indifferent or too idle to give much instruction or attention to the young beginner—perhaps too ignorant—but when one "girl" is found "too tiresome" she is sent away as incompetent as when she began, plus some bad habits. She tries another place, with the same result, and by the time she is twenty you have the average servant of the registry office—the servant that helps, consciously or unconsciously, to form the minds and manners of the lower middle-class children throughout the country.

At twenty you may *tell* a servant how to light a fire, or cook a potato, clean a knife or a boot; but if she has been doing those things wrongly all her life, the chances are that nine times out of ten she will do them in the manner that habit has made familiar to her, to the ruin of dining-room pokers (which are supposed in some mysterious way to "draw" the fire), and saucepans, which the average servant believes were made to be burned or melted.

All this is deplorable and indisputable, but merely talking of it or writing to the papers will not mend matters at all. Servants are a necessity; servants, in the great majority of cases, are a failure; but they are quite capable of improvement, and reasonable women will ask, "How is this to be done?" It has been suggested that a Ladies' Union would be a very beneficial thing, it would prevent bad servants from getting misleading characters; but no Ladies' Union can improve the quality of the really incapable girls at present in service, and the few good ones will be no better off than they are at present; for, practically speaking, a really efficient trustworthy servant can command almost any wages she likes, and pick and choose her place. The difficulty of giving a character is also very great; no lady or woman with any sense of honour or honesty would shift a certain responsibility on to the shoulders of a complete stranger; no one would say actually that a girl who was systematically careless, untruthful, and dishonest, was otherwise; but, on the other hand, what one person would merely consider an equivocation, would be to some a distinct falsehood—what one mistress would call carelessness, another would call theft. A mere character is no proof of efficiency or the reverse; that, at least, has been proved a failure. So we are forced back to the very beginning, and at the beginning the first step towards the general improvement of servants must be taken; girls must be taught while young to be neat, clean, truthful, gentle in walking and speaking; taught the absolute sin, or, to use a stronger word, the wickedness of waste. To be merely saving or stingy is not enough; the intelligent comprehension of the value of food as food, the capacity of thinking what can be done with a piece of meat or bread except to throw it away (not because the mistress will miss it, but that it is food, and has to be worked for by some one), the knowledge of why tea requires boiling water, and gravy-beef cold, is what is really required as a foundation for future training; and the average girl of eleven, if intelligently taught, is quite capable of understanding all that, and a good deal more. Composition and the "use of the globes," and perhaps history and geography, might amongst the children of the working classes be advantageously omitted, and lessons in elementary cookery and house-work substituted, not forgetting gentleness. Any one who has suffered from the combined evils of insomnia, and a noisy housemaid, and a London suburban villa, can perhaps understand what I mean by gentleness. It seems at times hard to understand how doors will bang, and fire-irons, windows, and blinds rattle and clatter, when it is not only just as easy but twice as expeditious to move things gently, and the risk of accident is twenty-five per cent. less. And the habit of gentleness can only be learned when young. Fingers hardened by rough work can no more touch things softly and lovingly than those cramped by rheumatism can play the harp or paint delicate pictures; only there is this difference—with ordinary care no servant's fingers need be stiff and rough, no matter how hard she has to work, if she is only taught to take care of her fingers, and the quality of the things she has to use them for.

Having said that the elements of a servant's training should be laid in the school-room, it should be added that when the girl leaves school, and before she is launched on the world as a nurse-girl, or kitchen-maid, or maid-of-all-work, there should be a period of practical technical training. In the interests of servants and mistresses this seems an imperative necessity. With a good foundation, one year for a general servant, and two for cooks and maids who require special skill (a skill that only can be acquired by long practice—such as hair-dressing, millinery, waiting at table, &c.), should be sufficient, and such training-schools should be established throughout the whole country. The health and happiness of a large proportion of English-speaking people depend on their servants, and that being a fact generally admitted, frequently deplored, and undoubtedly serious, it is quite worth while trying to find some method of preventing servants from being a failure.

H. BROOKE DAVIES.



Toblacher See, Tyrol.

(From a Photograph by Alois Beer, Klagenfurt.)

Aimless Wanderings.

TOBLACH.

WHEN we started, in obedience to doctor's orders, for a six months' holiday on the Continent, we made a resolution that we would never go to any place, either in town or country, because other people went there. If we wished to see a certain thing, we would see it, even though it was the fashion to do so; but nothing should induce us to go here or there because "everybody does, don't you know."

We made and broke innumerable resolutions in the course of our journeyings, but that great resolve was never so much as cracked, and the result was that, although we inevitably lost many things that were well worth seeing, we discovered odds and ends of delight in out-of-the-way corners, of which the orthodox tourist never guesses the existence.

How or why we found ourselves in the Southern Tyrol on our way northward from Italy, when we had certainly started from Florence with the intention of going over the St. Gothard into Switzerland, it boots not to explain—indeed, we ourselves had no very clear idea, nor did we care to inquire. Suffice it to say that on a beautiful afternoon towards the end of May, 1886, we arrived at Toblach, the highest point of the railway which winds up the Pustherthal from Franzenfeste, that

grim fortress half-way up the Brenner, overlooking the valley of the Adige. Perhaps our purpose in coming was to trace the course of the terrible floods of 1882, for that was what we were doing, though we did not discover the fact until we reached Toblach. The Adige valley seemed to have recovered from the disaster, to a great extent, but the higher we got the more conspicuous became the drifts of stones and pebbles on either side of the dashing little Rienz, the stream which, that fatal autumn, brought ruin and destruction to the whole of the wealthy Pustherthal, and then joining its own floods to those of the Adige, laid waste that beautiful valley, and covered the fair streets of Verona with water nine feet deep. We saw gangs of men building embankments the whole length of the Rienz as far as Niederdorf, the last village before Toblach, and the stream would have looked like a canal, so closely was it being walled in, save for the rate at which it ran, and its general air of resentment of the indignity.

Every one knows now that Toblach is a health-resort of the first quality, but no Royalty had yet sought its fine views and bracing air when we were there, and although the rank and fashion of Vienna frequented the Hôtel Toblach in the season, but few English, comparatively speaking, had discovered the charms of this end of the Val d'Ampezzo. Next summer, no doubt, Toblach will be quite the right place to go to; but in '86 our fellow-countrymen only stayed there long enough to take diligence, or "zwei-spanner," on to Cortina, at the Italian end of this most lovely valley; and during the month that we spent at Toblach and its neighbour, Höhlenstein, we saw hardly any English at all.

The Hôtel Toblach was not open when we got there, the season not beginning till the 1st of June. Its sixty-seven windows were all closed and shuttered. For a moment our hearts sank, for we thought we should have to take up our quarters at one of the village inns, and the prospect was not alluring, as we knew little German and no *patois*. However, we were promptly relieved by the onslaught of a very handsome young Tyroler, wearing a felt hat and feathers, who seized our hand-bags and hold-all, and, with rapid explanations in atrocious German, marched us off willy-nilly to a modest little house close to the big hotel, which we learnt later on to be the Gasthof Ampezzo. If the Gasthof Ampezzo does any business at all during the season, when the Hôtel



TOBLACH.

(*From a Photograph by Alois Beer, Klagenfurt.*)

Toblach is open, it must be thanks to the energy and determination of that young man, for he boldly dashes at new-comers before the very eyes of his haughty rival, and when he has time to put on the gold-banded cap which is his badge of office, before rushing from his duties as ostler, gardener, and general man-of-all-work to meet the approaching train, he looks perfectly irresistible. A day or two after our arrival he contrived to catch three very smart English, who appeared anything but pleased when they saw the limited accommodation to which he had beguiled them, for beyond perfect cleanliness, excellent bread, cheese, and beer, and great civility on the part of the four servants who constitute the entire *ménage*, the Gasthof Ampezzo has no luxuries to offer. But all short-comings in this respect were more than balanced, to our minds, by the glorious views which we had from our windows. Our room was a corner one, so we had two perfectly distinct landscapes, curiously different in colouring and character. To the east we had a splendid sweep of broad green valley, fir-covered hills, and far-away mountain-tops rising one beyond the other; with the village of Toblach (about half a mile from the station), with its painted church spire, in the middle distance, while for foreground we had meadows brilliant with gentian, cowslips, and veronicas. But from the other window, instead of this smiling prettiness, we saw the entrance to the Val d'Ampezzo, great walls of bare rock, so sheer that even the hardy pine could seldom find a foothold, a winding road, and the rushing Rienz, and away behind the Sarlkofel, the wonderful peaks of Cristallino. The sun was going down when we first saw Cristallino, and the foreground was already in shadow, but a red glow shone over the pale grey of the fantastic dolomite mountain, and it was like a peep into fairyland to watch the last rays flame out and die away, for Cristallino faded with them, and when the sun disappeared, those weird, misty peaks vanished too, and only the dark mountains close at hand remained.

There are plenty of pleasant little walks round Toblach. At home in England we are two very lazy people, and so little had we contemplated turning pedestrians during our travels, that neither of us was provided with foot-gear thicker than the average Oxford shoe. But the bracing air and the nearness of the mountains proved too much even for our inveterate indolence. We determined to take some walks. To this end we interviewed the Toblach shoemaker, and in a couple of days he furnished each of us with the best and most comfortable boots we ever had in our lives, properly nailed, perfectly fitting, and strong enough for a great deal more climbing than we were ever likely to attempt. We are glad to give him this advertisement. We do not know his name, or it should be here immortalised, but if any reader wishes to find him out, let him seek that house in the chief street of the village of Toblach of which the ground floor is occupied by a seamstress, the first floor by a baker, the second by our friend the shoemaker, and all the other available space by cows. They have a fashion here of carrying the road up to the first or second storey, and keeping their cattle and their carts there. It looked a trifle odd to see two women leading up their cow with a rope on each side of her head, but they doubtless thought it quite as odd to see one of us (we will not say which) make a bolt behind the other in manifest alarm at meeting the inoffensive animal. The Tyrolers do not consider horns so objectionable as some of us others do.

Having got our boots, we proceeded to purchase walking-sticks. We had not audacity enough to buy alpenstocks, for we knew perfectly well that we should never be able to have the name of any mountain-top which we had scaled inscribed on them, and Mark Twain had been beforehand with us in sending up an "agent" to do his deeds of prowess vicariously. So we contented ourselves with common straight-handled hazels (or some other equally unpretending wood) with iron spikes at the bottom, which gave them a spurious air of business.

About three or four hundred feet from where we started, we came upon a couple of woodcutters, who smiled when we told them how we had got there. The snow was half an hour further up, they said. One of us offered them cigarettes, which they took to be snuff, but the attention pleased them, nevertheless, and they volunteered to show us what they were pleased to call a *good* path down to Toblach. It was a good path, in the sense of being very pretty, but it was not one on which the unpractised stranger could walk, for it consisted of a stretch of grass, short and velvety as a well-kept English lawn, and slippery as a slide on the Serpentine. We found the only way to keep our feet was to sit down, and we tobogganed—only without the toboggan—from top to bottom, to the great amusement of our woodcutters, who watched us with broad grins as long as we were in sight, and to the intense wrath of their little black dog, which raced after us zigzag-wise, barking as furiously as it knew how.

That was the first of our mountaineering exploits.

The next day we decided to go to the Wetterkreuz, a wooden cross about half-way up the Eggerberg, from which one sees a whole panorama of lovely views. The walk across the Pustherthal to Aufkirchen, the village above Toblach, was hot and dull, but when we got into the woods on the Eggerberg we struck upon a cool shady path bordered with ferns, and musical with the splash and drip of a little stream just below. Oak, beech, and brittle bladder fern grew there in profusion, and it took us a long time to traverse that belt of woodland and to quit it for the sunny patch of arable in the midst of which the Wetterkreuz is planted. There was a farm-house near, and we tried to buy some milk there, but either the children to whom we spoke did not understand what we wanted, or they had no milk to sell, and we had to go thirsty away. We descended by another path, which incidentally led us into a peasant's back door, and there we succeeded in getting our milk. It was given to us by a very pretty, rather dirty, bare-footed, blue-eyed *Frau*, in an earthenware milk-pan—not the most convenient drinking-vessel in the world.

Having now contrived to take and survive two walks of three or four miles each, we began to grow ambitious, and talked of a two days' expedition up the Sexten Thal. Indeed, we went so far as to pack a knapsack for the

purpose, and gave orders to the hard-featured but amiable Kellnerin-Kammerfrau to call us at five the next morning. But when we woke it was raining, and our new-born energy was not proof against that discouragement. We walked to Innichen instead, late in the afternoon, and—well, did *not* walk back.

Innichen is quite an imposing little town, with a couple of fair-sized inns and a large church. Some kind of service was going on, and the church was full of people, when we went in (although it was a week-day), and we heard some really good music sung very well by the whole congregation during the few minutes we stayed there. These Pustherthalers are pious folk. The pretty woman on the Eggerberg spoke of wading down into Toblach through two feet of snow in the winter quite as a matter of course. "Muss' an die Kirch' geh'n," she remarked. And a funeral procession which passed under our windows one morning at six o'clock was attended by all the village—men, women, and children—with a reverent solemnity of demeanour which was very impressive.

One of the prettiest walks, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say strolls, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Gasthof Ampezzo, is that which conducts to the Toblacher See, a tiny lake about a mile and a half up the entrance to the Val d'Ampezzo. We had vaguely wandered across to a picturesque little brewery and mill, standing on a kind of nest of islets, connected with each other and the river-banks by bridges of a more or less elementary description, and known by the suggestive name of *In die Rienz*. And after sketching, in our usual perfunctory manner, certain portions of roofs and wheels and water-troughs, which looked considerably less harmonious in our sketch-books than in their native wilds, we daundered up the stream in search of fresh objects for execution. It was a lovely afternoon, bright, but not too hot, and the air was full of the scent of innumerable flowers. No one who has not been among the mountains in May can form any conception of what the flowers are then. In July, which is the favourite month with visitors here, the great bulk of the flowers are over, and the wonderful fresh spring colouring is gone. Of course, there are great variations of temperature at this elevation (between three and four thousand feet above sea-level), but the indescribable feeling of the youth of the year, with its life and motion and universal growth, more than compensated, to us, for the occasional cold rains and icy winds. There was still snow on all the mountains that May, and this added



THE ENTRANCE TO THE VAL D'AMPEZZO.

(*From a Photograph by Alois Beer, Klagenfurt.*)

in no small degree to the endless loveliness on which our eyes were feasted.

We had been hearing much of the great floods during our sojourn at the Gasthof Ampezzo—how the waters had risen higher and higher until the whole broad Pustherthal was one vast lake, and Toblach sub-



merged up to the second storey of its largest houses. No lives were lost there, for the breadth of the valley permitted the water to rise slowly, and so people had time to escape; but for a week those who did not leave their houses in time, had to live on the upper floors as best they could, and the distress and desolation were terrible. At Innichen, where the valley is narrower, the Drave—doing for that side of the watershed what the Rienz did for the other—swept everything before it, and one house was carried bodily away, together with the poor woman who owned it. All up the bed of the Rienz, now shallow and rippling like the most innocent of our harmless English streamlets, we could discern only too plainly the havoc wrought that dreadful autumn. Here were tall trees dragged up by the roots and dashed to right or left like broken twigs; there patches of carefully cultivated grass-land half-buried under tons of pebbles and boulders; and, saddest of all, a group of huts and diminutive mill-wheels—the sole possessions of poor peasants who had laboured and struggled for half a lifetime to obtain the wherewithal to build them—stood in the midst of the track of the flood, utterly wrecked and destroyed, the dykes and weirs washed away, the doors torn off their hinges, and the whole surroundings one stony waste. The valley grew narrower and darker as we went further up the stream, and the little ruined colony looked unspeakably pathetic in the waning light. We sat for a long time on one of the uprooted trees, and it was only when the loud reports of some blasting operations on the road high above the river broke in upon our meditations, that we left the sad little place and pursued our way towards the Toblacher See. But what a contrast it was, when we got there! A gleam of sunshine found its way in between the hills and threw a shimmer of gold across the dancing water; the Rienz came racing and tumbling merrily down over a wall of rock at the lower end of the lake, and, in strong relief against the sunny background, a fisherman stood on the bridge which spanned the junction of river and lake, a fine burly fellow in feathered hat and picturesque costume, spinning his line with skill sufficient to transfer two dainty fish from the water to the small barrel slung on his back, during the few minutes that we lingered to chat with him.

Space forbids further description of the delights of Toblach, which, indeed, treated as exhaustively as they deserve, might fill a volume. Reluctantly we departed from the Gasthof Ampezzo, the plain-headed Kammerfrau, and the engaging young porter, who put on his gold-banded cap to bid us farewell. We did not know then how much more delightful than Toblach we should find our next stopping-place, the earthly paradise known as Höhlenstein, or Landro.

E. M. WHISHAW.



TYROLESE PEASANT-GIRLS.

(*From Photographs by F. Unterberger, Innsbrück.*)



Some New Fans.

The Latest Fashions.

By Mrs. JOHNSTONE.

"Gay France shall make the fan her artists' care,
And with the costly trinket arm the fair."

THESE lines were written years ago, and none of the fair to whom it then applied can any longer

"——————their idle hands employ,
And grace each motion with the restless toy."

But still France reigns paramount as regards most of the fashionable fans of the day.

Feather fans are still used, and pretty airy trifles made of tulle and flowers, but the particular fashion of the moment runs in antique models admirably painted. Mme. Nathalie, in Sloane Street, has some exquisite specimens of the real Directoire fans, which are being reproduced, though they are extremely small according to modern notions, but quite works of art in painting, embroidery, and spangling. Mme. Nathalie surrounds herself with mementoes of the days when minute attention was given to the reproduction of the best patterns and the very finest workmanship, carried out with the loving, lingering care of a true artist. It was to Mme. Nathalie that I was indebted for the Directoire buckles, lockets, and other ornaments which formed the heading to the December Fashions in The Woman's World, sketched by permission at 187A, Sloane Street.

Gauze fans are more generally used than any other kind, and can be had at almost any prices, the more costly showing good paintings. They differ from the fans of recent years, insomuch that the edges are no longer straight, but are cut so as to exactly follow the contour of the flower. Some show large chrysanthemums of the Japanese kind, bursting it would seem with the luxuriance of their bloom—full, large, and brilliant; delicately tinted poppies and other flowers appear also on the gauze fans, which have fine ivory sticks, and are not too unwieldy in size. Some are covered with close-set smaller blooms, like the top of a bouquet looking down upon it, while another has a flight of birds, the beaks and heads turning towards the owner of the fan as she holds it.

I say "she" advisedly, for in England fans are purely a feminine implement. This is not so all over the world. A Japanese man is rarely seen without one, and turns it to such useful account, that in travelling he has his route with the hotels and best stopping-places marked upon it.

But utilitarianism as applied to fans is not only a Japanese notion. One of our most cultured and most popular actresses has patented a new ebony fan with silver mounts, which conceals scissors, pins, hair-pins, and other "charge of bravery," as Shakespeare puts it, while by the handle is stowed invisibly away a useful powder-puff.

As far back as the seventeenth century, fans were taxed; our weather is so cold, most part of the year, that a tax would hardly pay now, though fans are so much a part of full dress to a woman, that they are necessarily carried though often not used. They appear to have been more actually serviceable in the past century, when in "The Rape of the Lock" Pope asserts that—

"Snuff and the fan supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that."

The first fans in England were used in Elizabeth's time, so it is said; but as Hebrews, Egyptians, and Chinese had employed them ages before, I expect we should find they made their way here earlier, beginning perhaps with a palm-leaf, which is liberally used now, a natural fan with very little alteration required. The *Spectator* tells us that women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. They have one special merit in feminine eyes—they are principally made by women, and afford them lucrative employment. Our illustration above shows some new styles sketched at Messrs. Redmayne and Co.'s.

A tea-jacket is now a very necessary portion of the wardrobe of every woman who aims at being in the fashion.

It is just one of those garments that if not well chosen is apt to be loud and vulgar. It is worn with any skirt, morning or evening; women slip it on for tea, with a walking-skirt, or with a light silk, tulle, gauze, or crêpe skirt for dinner. It should, therefore, be of a nature not to clash with other items of the toilette. It should be trim and smart, showing the figure off to perfection, without being loose enough to suggest a dressing-jacket. The tea-jacket in the accompanying illustration, sketched at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, is made in mousse-coloured plush, trimmed either with multi coloured embroidery of subdued tone, or with galon painted in lustra with otter, and an Etruscan design in gold embroidery, a similar trimming bordering the two prominent revers, opening over an under-vest, with a broad collar-band. The sleeves point to a distinct change of cut, which is likely to be much amplified as the season advances. A short upper-sleeve, pleated, placed at the top of the arm, gives height to the shoulders and apparent width to the bust; the fur and gold embroidery reappear on the cuffs.

The Empire and Directoire periods have been so amply illustrated that it is quite an easy matter to consult the modes of those days, and in doing so it is not difficult to prophesy what we are likely to wear as the



NEW TEA-JACKET.

colours, which, properly manipulated, are well suited to the colouring and to the material. The front is made of a fulling of soft surah of a light pink tinge, the fulness is gathered into a pointed band at the waist, while the jacket fronts fly loose. A fulling of the same silk is introduced a little below the elbow of the sleeve.

"Directoire" is an expansive term covering many variations of a similar fashion, and the Directoire dress I have selected for illustration is one of Messrs. Redmayne and Co.'s newest and most original (p. 188). The bodice ends at the waist, and is fastened with three huge buttons, each one a little larger than a half-crown coin. They have been specially designed for the dress, and display two little figures, male and female, in Directoire costumes, standing out in bold relief. The dress is made in cloth and velvet, the sides are bordered

year advances. Many matrons are even now ordering full plain skirts sewn to a short-waisted bodice with revers, and a full muslin front, the sleeves perfectly tight and plain—an exact replica of the gowns of 1790–92. We may come to the short waists, cut in one, with the bodice cut as a very low square, opening down the centre of the front, and one large puff to the short sleeve. In the early part of the present century there were almost as many styles as there are now—stripes were cut on the cross for skirts, short-waisted low bodices had ruffs, and short pelisses opened at the neck for walking, which testifies to the strength of lungs of our ancestors. Scarves were gracefully thrown across the shoulders, made of silk or lace, and these are to be bought now as a fashion of the present hour. Short jackets of the Directoire cut, straight at

the waist, very high in the collar, with long sleeves, the cuffs falling over the hand as they did two centuries before, were slipped over half-high bodices. Round capes covered the shoulders, of much the same form as now. There are other vagaries lacking in grace, which it is to be hoped we are not to adopt, but almost any Directoire cut of gown is copied by our leading dressmakers now, and women should select what will suit their individual traits best.



DIRECTOIRE DRESS.

London is at the present moment rife with gaiety. The two pretty gowns on the opposite page, also sketched at Messrs. Redmayne and Co.'s, are suited, the one for a matron for dinner or balls, but more particularly designed for dinner wear, the other is a girl's ball-gown. The dinner-dress is a pretty mixture of cocoa-coloured royal armure blended with a pink tone of moire. The bodice is made of plain silk, with revers of moire, a narrow waistcoat of pleated silk having cords of pearls carried across. The skirt of armure has a long train; a sash hangs at the side, made of moire, interspersed with pearl trimming. For dinner-parties, gowns can hardly be too long; but for dancing, they just touch the ground. The ball-gown can be made in tulle of almost any colour; a vieux rose of a mauve tone is new, and so is an electric blue which is only just removed from turquoise. The bodice is made of moire, so is the sash and the panels, which are covered with spangled tulle — a novel idea. They are perfectly visible, but they are softened by the tulle. The dress is made of plain tulle, but it is over-draped with a veil covered entirely with metallic spangles like those seen on a harlequin's coat. Round the front of the skirt is a thick ruche of tulle, each edge bordered with gold braid. There is not much that is new this winter in the make of ball-gowns, except that the skirts are fuller and stand out better, and that it is the fashion to wear low bodices, coming up rather high on the shoulder. Most of them are so trimmed that it is quite easy to fasten them invisibly down the front, which is a great convenience. Tuckers have not returned to favour, but the trimming on the bodice is so arranged that there is no hardness of outline where the neck and bodice meet. A pretty novelty is to surround the edge of the bodice at the waist with a rouleau of ribbon, which mingles with the sash at the side. It is more fashionable now to place the said sash at the side rather than at the back, and a shower of narrower loops and ends is better worn than the broad sash, which everybody has adopted.

The fashions in bonnets have not as yet undergone any great change indicating the approach of spring, but

hats are the universal morning wear in London, even by women who are well over "forty year." Mr. Heath, of Oxford Street, has two models illustrated here (p. 190). The Belvoir is made of felt, turning up at the side after the order of one of the most generally becoming of all styles, the "Boat," and is trimmed with ribbon which will stand rain and weather. The other is larger, and is generally made up in the Gainsborough and other important shapes. The material has many merits. It is so light that it cannot oppress the head, it is so pliable that it can be folded in the pocket, and rain can be shaken off it literally like water off a duck's back. Moreover, the silky shagginess is becoming to most faces. The trimming is placed so high at the back that it gives great additional height to the crown.

Everybody knows where the shoe pinches, but everybody does not seem to know how to prevent the shoe pinching at all. Seeing how much comfort and appearance hang on being well "booted and spurred," there is an amazing amount of ignorance on the part of the public with regard to the subject of how shoes and boots should be made to produce certain results. To give perfect play to the muscles of the foot the sole should be broad as well as the toe, slightly curved, and made rights and lefts, differing entirely from the pointed toe and the straight French round toe, the distinctive styles now worn. Such a boot should be either laced up the front or buttoned, and made in blacking leather, glove kid, or glacé kid. A good walker could trudge many weary miles without discomfort — of how many boots can that be said? But then the poor feet are too often cramped into an unfairly small space, the toes crowded together, the heel occasionally perched up on a pinnacle, such as the dames of Louis XV.'s Court adjusted to their dainty shoes; but few women walked in those days, and if they did, would never have started out thus shod. A practical heel is one and a third inch high and quite flat.



DINNER AND BALL DRESSES.

Veils cannot comfortably be worn with these large hats, and yet they are a protection and a comfort. Englishwomen do not take kindly to the Directoire veil, drawn in with a ribbon beneath the chin, keeping the face, as it were, in a bag; but long lace-edged scarves of spotted net will, it is thought, have a better reception; they cross at the back, and the ends are tied beneath the chin in front.

the Louis XV. is one and seven-eighths of an inch, the Military is between the two. These again are the three classes of heels. It would be well in selecting boots if these distinctions were borne in mind. Working women



THE "BELVOIR" HAT.

—and women of all classes work in our age—would appreciate an easy boot thus shaped to the foot; and the patrons of woollen clothing can have boots made in cashmere and lined with flannel, very excellent for cold feet. Fancy balls are at this moment in the height of their glory, and there are several fashionable shoes which can not only be worn with ordinary attire, but are peculiarly well suited to fancy costumes. These have straps and lacings across the instep, while some are embroidered not only on the toe but all round the foot. Many countries contribute towards clothing the "understandings" of the English nation. It is in Poland that most of the fashionable coloured Russian leather is prepared, which is turned to account even for tiny children's wear. French boots, however, with straight soles are about to be made here, which is good news for British industries.

People who attach a great deal of importance to their appearance in evening dress are giving much attention to the wearing of natural flowers, a rather expensive fashion, for few amateurs have mastered the art of mounting real blooms properly. They are worn not so much as bodice bouquets, but as epaulettes, which have the advantage that in dancing they do not so easily become crushed. Many women cleverly conceal among the ribbon bows and rosettes, which are mostly intermixed with the flowers on the shoulders, either metal or glass holders containing a little water; and another plan, whereby the freshness of Nature's jewels is retained, is to wrap the stalks in moss and then cover with oil-silk, through which no moisture can percolate. In the hair the flowers are generally arranged as a Directoire wreath, viz., a circle of small blooms about eight inches in circumference, with an upstanding tuft of flowers above, crowned by osprey; this is placed at the side of the hair, which is dressed high, and the effect is extremely pretty.

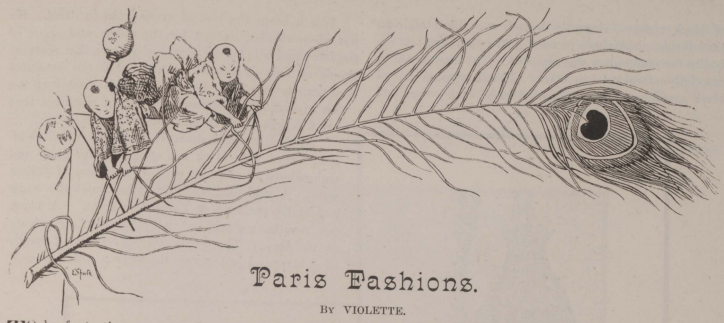
Occasionally pointed leaves in a straight band are set well forward above the forehead, so that they resemble exactly the form of head-dress in which Queen Hortense and her contemporaries are generally handed down to us in their portraits. Bouquets are carried in the hand, some of gigantic size, with ribbon more than a quarter of a yard wide placed as a bow at the side; but the posy is lighter, more convenient, and more generally carried. Each bloom is there displayed to its individual perfection, and tied with broad handsome ribbon. Mixed blooms are hardly ever seen; one uniform colour gives much more effect to a dress; yellow and military red are more fashionable because most becoming and showing best against black or white. If the dress is coloured the flowers are chosen in unison.

Apropos of knitting machines, which are now in use in many families, Messrs. William Sellers and Sons, of Airedale Works, Keighley, Yorkshire, have brought out a treatise on the construction and use of their machines. The book offers *practical* directions for the knitting of



THE "BEAVER" HAT.

ladies and gentlemen's jerseys and stockings, and suits for boys and girls. Diagrams are given of every portion of the machine, so as to obviate all possibility of mistake on the part of beginners.



Paris Fashions.

BY VIOLETTE.

TO be fantastic, eccentric, above all things not to be common-place, and to be charming, *coûte que coûte*, continues to be the law ruling the fashion. We are certainly a nation impatient of monotony; the fashions of the days of the Empire have reached the height of favour when already we are beginning to tire of them. Gowns continue to grow more and more clinging, skirts narrower and narrower, and we hear of Louis XV. paniers putting in an appearance. Our Parisian ladies are veering round from the Empire to the purely Rococo in style. This Louis XV. panier is round, clinging to the hips, almost absolutely without trimmings. It seems impossible to believe that it can be made anything but ungraceful, and yet by the art of our dressmakers its queer lines and seemingly ungainly plainness may be made becoming.

Those women who understand how to adjust the claims of what is becoming to their own personality to those of the prevailing fashions, have seized the true secret of the art of dress. Like all arts, it is difficult, however, to bring to perfection, and the dressmakers who are the masters in their craft consider it as a scheme of line and colour, and manipulate its details, always with a view of adapting it to the great needs it must fulfil—its relation of becomingness to the wearer, and its more general relationship of harmony to the prevailing style.

There has been a rebellion on the side of young and slender womankind against the attempt of some dressmakers to bring in the straight Josephine stays, made to be worn with the sash placed just under the bust.

Our famous *corsetière* Leoty saved the situation by absolutely refusing to make such stays, and round her rallied all the ladies, loth to add four or five centimètres to their slim waists. It was decided that the waist should remain where Nature had placed it, just above the hips; and that if bodices were *décolleté*, the extravagantly low bodices of the Empire days were to be adapted to meet the more graceful coquetry of to-day. The classic lines of the Greek tunic were preserved, so admirably outlining the swelling lines of the bust, which was further delicately emphasised by crossing bands of ribbon.

To reconcile the various claims of the Greek, the Empire, and the Louis XV. styles, so far as the waist is concerned, a triple sash has been devised. One ribbon goes round the waist; another is crossed and recrossed just under the bust in sandal fashion; and a third, coming behind the hips in a sloping line according to the Louis XV. style, is knotted either in front or a little on one side, terminating with flowing ends.

For morning wear, the little Figaro vest, with large Directoire revers, is in high favour; it is made of embroidered cloth or velvet. For evening wear, draperies are filling the *vogue* that ribbons were having lately.

One word concerning the favourite colours. Red is decidedly in favour. It is found in the soft richness of maroon; it culminates in the strident note of poppy-red; it largely blends in the orange of the nasturtium. Its sweetest modulation is in the pink of the rose, now growing in favour. Green continues its dominant rule over every other colour. In the bleak winter months it is as much in favour as when the world was leafy-green in spring and summer. In the sheen of silk, the richness of velvet, the lustreless quality of woollen textures, the varied greens of foliage are wrought. The dim myrtle-leaf, the vivid young lilac-leaf, the delicate maiden-hair fern, the roseate green of the young oak-leaf, the oily green of the willow-leaf, are exquisitely imitated by our accomplished dyers. Blue is also beginning to play its tender modulations of azure. Broken tones are everywhere elaborated. Crude colouring is no more to be seen, hurting the eye as jarring notes hurt the ear.

Long sleeves this year are almost uniformly narrow from elbow to wrist, surmounted above by wide puffs, and set high on the shoulder. These puffs look like the beginning of wings, and prove very becoming to slight figures. Gauzy puffs spangled with gold or silver are replacing, for evening dress, the straps that gave an air of nudity to the arm. These delicate draperies, forming a background to the shoulders, give an ethereal touch to the effect of the costume.

I shall now proceed to select from some notes taken in the show-rooms of our best dressmakers. An elegant morning dress was made with a plain skirt of red cloth bordered with astrakhan, the fur surmounted by a wide band of gold and black Russian embroidery. A polonaise

of black vigogne, elegantly draped, was lifted high on the left side, displaying a panel of gold embroidery; on the bodice the embroidery was repeated. The mantle was of red cloth embroidered in black. The Hungarian cap of black astrakhan was ornamented with black wings, and a little muff of red cloth embroidered in black and gold, and trimmed with astrakhan, completed the out-door costume.

Crêpe de Chine is in high favour this year. The supple fabric in white has a luminous delicacy which surpasses the whiteness of every other material; it has a poetry of line in the fall of its folds.

A ball-dress, of the mingled whiteness of crêpe de Chine and silk, was enriched with the splendour of peacock-feathers tipped with gold. This radiant scarf of plumes was arranged in a sloping line across the skirt of the closely-fitting fourreau of silk; a narrower band of feathers outlined the sheath-like upper dress. Foamy draperies of crêpe de Chine mingled with the silk of the pleated under-skirt, and formed the short puffed sleeves.



SECOND DRESS.

MRS. BROWN POTTER'S DRESSES IN "CLEOPATRA." DESIGNED BY M. WORTH.

Worth keeps the lead of every artist in dress. He has an unrivalled instinct for the charm and value of the line; and it is by the beauty of its line that costume stands or falls as a work of art. For the beautiful American actress Mrs. Potter, the great master of the art of dress has designed a series of costumes that are a delight of colour and line to the eye.

A black-and-gold dress is composed of cloth-of-gold veiled with black net sprigged with gold, and embroidered at the hem with a deep band of yellow gems. A gold sash, twining twice round the waist and under the bust, is knotted in front. A black net mantle, embroidered with yellow gems, floats at the back. The head-dress is formed of bands of gold placed just above the brow; scales of gold adorn the arms. For a theatrical costume there is a regal mantle of purple terry velvet lined with cherry-coloured silk. The corners are embroidered in gold and silver, with great fans of peacock-feathers. All around the edge runs a border of lotus-blossoms and serpents. The diadem of many-coloured gems is surmounted by a gold sphinx with outstretched wings of



THIRD DRESS.

diamonds. A long fringe of diamonds falls over the back of the head, and on either side of the face are suspended long plaques of rubies and emeralds fringed with diamonds. A sceptre dazzling as the crown accompanies this regal costume.

A third costume is composed of a skirt of white crêpe de Chine, with a long clinging Oriental striped over-dress reaching from the throat to the ground, the back being covered with silver embroideries. Ropes of brilliants and grey pearls cling round the hips, and are fastened in front in the centre of the waist. A scarf of buttercup-yellow cloth, embroidered in gold, drapes the bust and is knotted on the chest. The arms are covered with a trellised design of bright gems and fine grey and white pearls. Round the neck is a wide necklace of grey and white pearls and diamonds. The sphinx head-dress of yellow cloth embroidered in gold, like the sash, covers the head entirely. Over the brow twines the royal serpent of Egypt, enriched with diamonds and grey pearls. Wide sleeves of transparent white gauze striped with silver sweep from the shoulders down to the ground.

A warrior's costume is perhaps the most effective of all these splendidly picturesque garments. The yellow crêpe de Chine skirt, fringed with gold and silver, is covered in front with a blouse of Indian muslin embroidered with lotus-leaves of gold and silver. A cuirass covers the upper part of the figure and the hips; it is composed of scales of blue steel, each scale surrounded by diamonds and having an emerald in the centre. Round the throat falls a deep fringe of yellow pearls; above it is placed a necklet of diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds, imitating peacocks' feathers. The arms are covered with enamelled and gold serpents, twining round them from wrist to shoulder. From the left shoulder depends a short cloak of silky yellow stuff lined with cloth-of-gold, the edge embroidered in gems and enamel. The hair is



AN "AT-HOME" DRESS, FROM THE MAISON PINGAT.

plaited in narrow tresses, the ends of which are gathered up on either side. A helmet of blue enamel is constellated with diamonds, round which two serpents of emerald twine, their heads joining in front. A long white plume veined with diamonds nods over this resplendent head-gear.

Pingat comes next to Worth only as the inspirer and guide of fashion. An "at-home" dress, destined for a beautiful foreign princess, struck me as a model of simple elegance. It was of green plush, of the new shade of the aspen-leaf; the train was gathered at the back, just under the waist, in coquettish shell-shaped loops. The front, forming a straight redingote, opened over a double fold of white crêpe de Chine embroidered in green and gold. The Byzantine sleeves, open and pointed, descended to the ground like great wings. They were finished off with a sort of tassel of white passementerie. The passementerie was repeated in an agrafe at the collar (p. 193).

If we turn from the world of fashion to the theatrical world, we find our actresses considering costume from the standpoint of art. They study, with the help of their dressmakers, who take an enthusiastic interest in their profession, the effect of line and colour, as painters study effects for their pictures. Costumes devised to be worn on the stage are, therefore, often triumphs of a skill that is the result of experience and patient experiment. A piece (*Jalousie*) brought out at the Gymnase, whatever its success may have been with the play-going public, was an unrivalled example of elegant setting carried out in all its detail. The dresses worn by the two foremost actresses of the play, Mlle. Mabran and Mlle. Rosa Brück, were *chefs-d'œuvre* of elegance and style. A dress, the colour of a hedge-rose in June, of mingled faille and crêpe, with embroidered panels, was worn by Mlle. Mabran in the third Act. Perhaps Mlle. Rosa Brück carried off the palm in the four dresses that she wore during the course of the play.



LOUIS XVI. HAT, FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

It was impossible to look at the morning dress worn by this lady in the first Act without straightway breaking the Commandment that bids us not to covet. Imagine a silver-grey crêpe de Chine over-dress, supple, clinging, delicately noiseless, all draped on one side with undulating draperies of white crêpe de Chine; the petticoat, displayed in front, of white crêpe de Chine adorned with panels of Venetian embroideries—white silk worked on grey velvet; a high band of similar embroidery round the waist and repeated at the throat; and the elbow-sleeves edged with knotted scarves of white crêpe de Chine.

In the second Act the same lady appeared, dressed in a creamy-white Indian foulard dress, all embroidered; the skirt flat, the bodice *à la Sapho*, the sash pink watered ribbon; a Leghorn straw "Merveilleux" hat, piled with knots of pink watered ribbon and clusters of Bengal roses. The most beautiful of these beautiful dresses was worn in the third Act; it was a gala reception-dress of lilac velvet of the brightly tender shade seen in Parma violets. The round skirt was trimmed with floral panels, the many-coloured blossoms embroidered in silk. This upper skirt, slashed open on one side, displayed a petticoat entirely made of feathers of the same shade of lilac; the edge of this petticoat showed under the velvet skirt. Three folds of net at the back were broken by an embroidery of many-coloured flowers. The sleeveless bodice, almost high at the back, was cut low in front in a curved line; a cluster of feathers and a plastron of embroidery repeated the design of the skirt.

The fourth costume—made in dainty Louis XV. style—was of cloth, of the soft, warm grey known as *ventre de biche*. It was trimmed with curly knots of black ribbon set on the hem. These knots of ribbon gave its *cachet* to the gown; they were repeated on the edge of the slightly-draped tunic and on the straight vest. A cravat, fastened at the throat with a buckle, a waistcoat, and scarf of embroidery completed this dress.

A fairy godmother must have presided over the selection of Mlle. Gillonne d'Harcourt's bridal trousseau. The wedding-dress was just such a gown as the beautiful heroine of a fairy tale might have worn on the day that she wedded Prince Charming. Imagine a tissue of woven silver flowers on a white ground, with long sheeny train of satin; the hem of the skirt covered with a deep border of orange-blossoms, the same flowers twining up the bodice, and forming a diadem on the hair, covered with a long mantilla of old English point-lace.

The dress for the evening of the *contrat de mariage* was of delicate green lampas, the skirt covered with white net strewn with silvery spots. Clusters of white lilac lay in garlands on the skirt, crept round the waist, and adorned the bodice with their sweeping grace.

The Louis XVI. hat shown above came from the Maison Virot, and was of grey felt; three long grey feathers drooped behind, and a bow of satin was fastened in front.

The Evolution of Economics.

COMPETITION—COMBINATION—CO-OPERATION.

IT is now some fifty years since Political Economy stepped into the market-place, heralded as a full-fledged Science with a brilliant future before her, and appealed to on all hands by practical men, who, with one accord, invested her with the further honour of a place among the Arts. She has now—Science or Art, whichever she be (and perhaps we might find her claim to both titles to be considerable)—penetrated to our very drawing-rooms and become the common subject of current conversation, a fashionable beauty for the London mob to coquette with, a new toy, to be thrown aside next season for a newer. Surely a strange fate this for any pensive nun whose steps should have strayed as far as this great city! And would not our babble and our laughter, and rude jostling, frighten the "rapt soul sitting in her eyes" so that she would veil them and fly from us, leaving a din so great that only a few sad scholars would know she was no longer with us?

It is always a strange thing to see a miscellaneous, frivolous crowd take up some difficult and complex question which has puzzled the heads of philosophers for ages, and see it gaily cut the knot and wonder "where was the difficulty?" Ordinarily, this fashion for a science among the many is, at best, only amusing, and is rarely a sign of any greater vitality in the science, or in the serious pursuit of it. With Economics the case is different, as I shall hope to show. I hold it clear gain that the mere *name* of Economic Science is no longer unknown in every circle, and that, to those who are familiar with the name, it no longer appears as the "dismal science" whose province it is to stifle all kindly fellow-feeling, and all individual effort. We have made great strides in a few years, and have, here in England alone, a list of such men as are seldom found to help a science over the rough ground that must be crossed, before ever a path is found through the chaos. Such names as Adam Smith, McCulloch, Malthus, Ricardo, Tooke, Senior, the two Mills, Cairnes, Jevons, Fawcett, Thornton, Cliffe Leslie, Bagehot, Toynbee, and in the present, Marshall, Foxwell, Sidgwick, Giffen, at once spring to our lips, and we are led to hope that if England be the wealthiest of all nations, she may also claim to be the nation that best manages her own wealth, and may wield for good the powerful weapon that her vigorous and sturdy virility has put into her hands.

I must sketch shortly the progress Economic Science has made during the last century—during, in fact, the whole of its young life—in order to make clear where we now stand, and what we are all, more or less, trying to do. In doing this it is my aim to show, in the first place, how the whole tendency of the science is to become more and more popularised, at the same time that it is also becoming more and more the study of specialists; and, in the second place, that this popularising tendency is an unmitigated good, to be rejoiced over and encouraged in every possible way, especially by women, who are, by means of it, given a share in a part of the world's work which seemed almost closed to them before.

It has been said of Ricardo and his followers, that they treated the world as if it were composed of city men—'cute, hard-headed beings, knowing their own interests and the way to secure them. This is true, with one exception, *i.e.*, with the exception of the labouring or wage-earning classes; these were not even men—they were *goods!* They were not supposed to have any feelings, sentiments, or preferences. They could be moved from one country to another, and from one trade to another, with the greatest facility. Even Bagehot is guilty of the sentence: "Man is of all *pieces of luggage* the most difficult to be removed." Labour is a commodity. The workman is considered as a being "devoid of human passions, of instincts and habits, of sympathies and antipathies, of class jealousies and class adhesiveness," of ignorance and the many other causes which prevent free and effective competition. The only people at the time who could be found to oppose this view were the Socialists, but they made their assertions with such reckless disregard for facts, and such heated rhetoric, that the orthodox economists had an easy victory over them. It was not Adam Smith, however, who was the inventor of what has been called the "economic man." It is a curious thing to note that Adam Smith, the quiet scholar, who spent his whole life in study and in teaching, should have produced a book teeming with practical illustration, and concrete to a fault, while Ricardo—whose whole exposition is abstract in the extreme—was a successful and practical business man. Adam Smith never seems to have realised that he was dealing with an abstract science at all. It was only later that we have the assumption of an "economic man"—a being possessed of only a few of the strongest known motives to action—in order to facilitate reasoning. And the great economists, though they have not perhaps put the fact that this is an assumption sufficiently forward, were pretty clear about it themselves; it is to their weaker, blind followers, that the erection of the abstraction into an entity is due.

We now come to a most curious phase of the science of Economics, which well-nigh proved fatal to it, and which is still having its evil consequences in some of our legislation; but even more, in the effect it has upon many men's minds, in making them recoil with horror from the whole science, instead of patiently separating the wheat from the chaff, and carefully garnering the former, while burning the latter with as much ignominy as they please. There are still a great many men of no mean intellect, but of hot-headed and warm-hearted enthusiasm, who fulminate anathemas against the pernicious doctrine of *laissez-faire*, which they consider to

be only another name for orthodox economics. There was a time when they would have been justified in so thinking; but if they would only take the trouble to keep up with the times, they would see that gradually but steadily—ever since the time of John Stuart Mill—thoughtful men have been drifting farther and farther away from the *laissez-faire* doctrine, which had its rise in a metaphysico-ethical delusion, and was unhappily strengthened by the powerful authority of successful, daring, selfish, business men. It began with a would-be scientific basis; it survived, because it was found a convenient doctrine for the strong to hold against the weak.

The phrase, "*Laissez-faire, laissez-passer*," which has given its name to so important a doctrine, was invented by a philosopher of the Physiocratic school, Jean Vincent Gournay, as long ago as the early part of the eighteenth century. It must be admitted that the first, and some say the greatest, of English economists, was an upholder of the *laissez-faire* doctrine. Adam Smith says that Economics "proposes to enrich both the people and the sovereign," and he solves the question how this is best to be done, by the simple advice that we should leave every one alone to make himself individually as rich as he can. All the statesman had to do was to "let be," and unchecked competition would do the rest. There were in Adam Smith's mind, and perhaps consciously or unconsciously in the mind of every man who has held the *laissez-faire* doctrine, two distinct grounds for the view he advocated. We may say, to speak scientifically, that it had both an inductive and a deductive basis: he found (or thought he found), on investigation of facts and statistics, that men had always done more harm than good by interference, and that the world was best left alone to fight out its own affairs; but he was biased to this view by his own *à priori* notions of a "natural order of things," which, *quâ* natural, was excellent, and here we find the philosopher showing through the economist; he says:—"All the inhabitants of the universe are under the immediate care and protection of that great, benevolent, and all-wise Being who directs all the movements of nature, and who is *determined by His own unalterable perfection to maintain in it at all times the greatest possible quantity of happiness.*" We can well understand how galling this cheery and obstinate optimism must prove to the starving dock-labourer, and how very soothing it has proved to the millionaire employer of labour! Of course this assumption of a natural order of things, of an "excellence of primeval savagery," is utterly unjustified by experience, and incapable of proof, and is an outcome of the mazy metaphysics of the eighteenth century, which would never have survived so long, if it had not been to the advantage of those who had the public ear, to keep the sickly fabrication alive by every means in their power.

Malthus' "Essay on Population" (1798) made the optimism of the eighteenth century impossible to economists of the nineteenth. If the tendency of unrestrained nature is, as he said, to produce food in an arithmetical, and human beings in a geometric ratio, and to keep down the "surplus population" by starvation, disease, crime, and war, for God's sake restrain nature! That is our cry now, but at that time it had not yet become by any means so universal as it has now. Even Malthus, intrepid truth-seeker as he was, did not see the full consequences of his investigations; and Ricardo, though he had gone a long way from Adam Smith's optimism, still thought that more harm than good would be done by interference, and his "iron law of wages" has been one of the strongest anti-orthodox arguments in the mouths of the Socialists.

And now there came a revolution in industry, and there arose a race of men who were to leap at this convenient aphorism of "*Laissez-faire, laissez-passer*," and make it their law of life; men of genius and colossal energy, who saw the "tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and who only asked a fair field for their energy, and a large and docile crowd to obey their behests. With the discovery of steam-power, we have an end to the domestic system of industry, where every employer of labour had been a workman himself, and work was carried on in the houses of either employers or workmen. With the use of machinery came the necessity for factories, the crowding of the working population into large towns, and the great and sudden gulf that opened between the mill-owner and his "hands." It was the era of reckless competition. Men had seen some of the evils of over-legislation, and jumped to the conclusion that all Government interference was a bad thing; industry had got a tremendous impetus, and the benefit was attributed to the *laissez-faire* policy; politicians began to use certain cant phrases without understanding them—like a charm—and the mill-owner, and railway director, and iron-smelter raked in the gold, shouting the while, "*Laissez-faire! Laissez-passer!*" What wonder that England was dazzled by her sudden accession of power and wealth? What wonder that she should have thought, for a season, that she had really found the lines upon which to form an eternal policy? But the awakening was rude! The moneyed classes had claimed freedom in industry and trade, and had found it answer perfectly for their purposes. By degrees, then, the people too demanded a share of this liberty. Employers of labour could, and did, concert and agree together concerning the best policy to pursue; workmen would take a leaf out of their book and do the same. Trade unions arose, and employers looked at each other in dismay, when they found that combination had given the working classes a weapon almost as powerful as capital was in their own hands. Great was the outcry against "conspiracies," and the social and economic war for some years was terrible.

I wish I could here show how these trade unions arose, and that they were actually formed *to protect the workmen from the infringements of the then existing laws by the employers.* But space forbids, and I must refer my readers for the most interesting accounts of this fierce and bitter struggle to works dealing with the subject. Suffice it to say that the large employers habitually violated the actual law of the land because it was to their interest to do so, and when the workmen, finding themselves individually powerless, made common cause and formed themselves into trade unions, the

employers used all their political influence to induce Government to pass prohibitive laws, condemning combinations of workmen as illegal! *Laissez-faire*, then, only applied after all to the actions of the wealthy! The poor had no right to appeal to such a principle. The war was long and desperate, and the hatred it left behind is a bitter inheritance that will take much forbearance and loving-kindness to dissipate.

No trade union was ever so tyrannical in its laws as were the masters at that time. Yet one objection to trade unions is, that they leave no freedom of action to their members! Freedom of action means generally freedom to starve, when given to the working classes by the capitalists.

Workmen were often forced, by threats of immediate discharge, to send their children to work in factories. The hours of work were excessive, and the sanitary state of the factories often very bad. When a man failed in health he was at once discharged. And there seemed no redress! In 1814 all the laws protecting the workmen were repealed, and at the same time a law was passed making combinations of workmen criminal.

We can imagine the results of such cruel tyranny: Government refuses to enforce the law, and withdraws its protection; the workers combine to protect themselves. The law makes combination illegal, and withdraws even the shadow of its protection; the starving and infuriated workmen seize any and every means to intimidate the employers, and we have a terrible secret war of incendiarism and crime.

This could not last. Even the employers were beginning to suffer from the state of social warfare, and the strong public sense was becoming revolted by the cant use of a phrase which was only one-sided in its application. In 1824 the Combination Laws were repealed.

From that time forward, gradually and piece-meal, the whole non-intervention policy crumbled away, and we have a succession of semi-socialistic pieces of legislation, such as the Factory Acts, the Education Acts, and the new Poor Laws.

All through the struggle, until the Combination Laws rendered people desperate, we find trade unions acting as the party of order and mutual help; as opposed to the anarchy resulting from the transition from one system of industry to another. Trade unions encouraged obedience, self-government, providence, and *esprit-de-corps*, instead of reckless individualism; and so *combination*, succeeding to *competition*, is slowly fitting masters and men to reach the third stage, where *co-operation* of minds, hands, and capitals will at length fulfil all the conditions of true economy.

Now as to the general principles of State help. It seems to me that, very often, there is the alternative of private help and combination, between the Scylla of *laissez-faire* and the Charybdis of State intervention. People often say, when a consideration of the poor laws has led any one to the conclusion that outdoor relief is altogether bad—"Ah, but that weighs so heavily in individual cases!" I cannot help thinking that these people mistake the province of the poor law, and overrate the good which can be done by any hard and fast law. Laws must be hard and fast; we may allow a considerable margin in the conduct of an association, or in that of individuals, but what the State must do, and what leave undone, must be clearly marked out. Given this necessary inflexibility of the law, we see at once how, though the harm done by laws may be incalculable, the good is always limited. An unjust or unsuitable law may ruin the trade or the moral character of a nation, but unfortunately, a nation cannot be reformed by Act of Parliament. This much a Government may do—hardly more—it may render right-doing easy and wrong-doing difficult. Now, it seems to me clear that, by giving outdoor relief, we are increasing idleness, improvidence, neglect of children, &c., *i.e.*, we are making vice easy, and *therefore* virtue difficult to the few who practise it. It does not affect this conclusion to say that the poor law weighs heavily in individual cases. *The law has nothing to do with individual cases.* But, happily, we are not dependent on law for ideal justice. We need not rush straight from a paternal Government into *laissez-faire*. Nay, more! To say that the poor law cannot be so constructed as to fit individual cases, is not to say that Government may not, in other ways than the giving of poor-relief, assist the struggling poor. One of the best and wisest measures by which Government help might lead to self-help, is the one which established the possibility of insurance and saving for even the poorest; and the reason for the comparative failure of this measure is precisely the action of the English poor law. I confess I am most in favour of establishing means to self-help in this way and in others. The notion of charity, given or received, is repugnant to me. I am not one of those who express astonishment at the horror felt by the best class of poor at the thought of entering "the house." To me it is amazing that a feeling of shame, however healthy, should have survived such repeated blows; but I am sure that Marshall is right when he says that the "deserving poor feel, and ought to feel, great anguish when they are forced into the workhouse." Still, I am not prepared to deny that it may be found necessary to supplement State charity, by something more extensive and individual. But charity, beyond what is given by indoor relief, seems to me to be the province not of governments, but of individuals, or associations of individuals. As Mill says: "In all cases of helping there are two sets of consequences to be considered; the consequences of the assistance itself, and the consequences of relying on the assistance."

Now I have spoken of co-operation as being the millennium towards which all economic progress is tending. What exactly do I mean by co-operation? Well, what I really mean is not so much any particular form of production or distribution, as the condition of mind which ought to exist in workers of all grades and classes—a socialistic condition, if you will, where all classes shall feel that they are working together for one common object, and not that they are all fighting for the possession of something which is only within the reach of a few. I have used the word "socialistic," but I must point out that though the socialistic Utopia is to my mind a

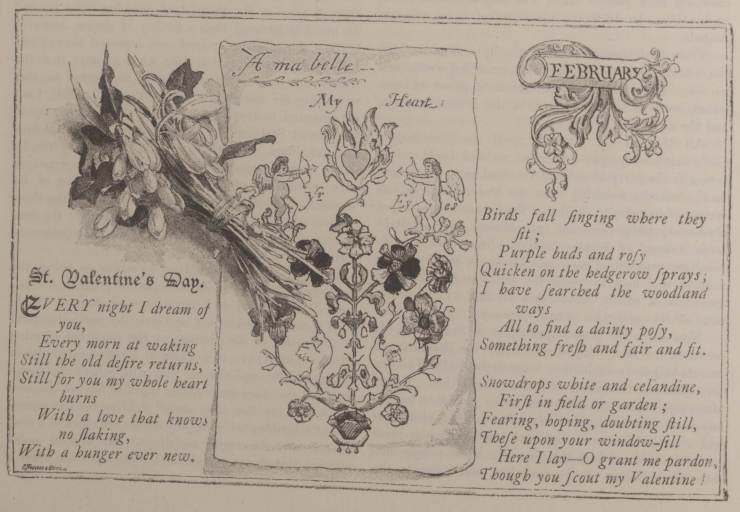
consummation devoutly to be wished, yet the methods adopted by the so-called Socialists appear to me very far from adapted to the end they profess to have in view. True socialism, as opposed to individualism, appears to me to be more attainable by cultivating in ourselves and in others a spirit of unselfishness, order, and industry, than by artificially fostering an unreasonable hatred for their employers among the workmen of this country; a feeling which is so foreign to the naturally law-abiding temperament of the best English workmen, that I doubt if it will ever be put into them by the most eloquent and earnest of orators. It is a strange thing to go about preaching the gospel of brotherly love, and showing that the way to attain to it is to hate every one who is richer, or stronger, or wiser than you are yourself. Hatred, even of a common enemy, is but a poor cement wherewith to bind men together; the union it brings is but a name, as we have seen more than once in the various French revolutions. They began with vague worship of Liberty, which every one interpreted differently; of Equality, which only meant one dead level of guilt till one arch-hypocrite should have surpassed the others in crime; and of Fraternity, which was conveniently set aside to be taken up with bloody hands when the nation should be sick of hate.

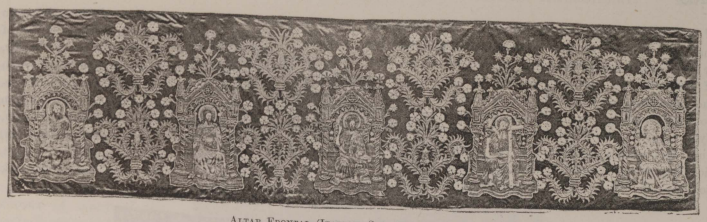
Are not our own workmen far nearer the mark in their efforts to reach equality by raising themselves, instead of trying to drag down the rest of the world? They have learnt by bitter experience that, single-handed, they can hope to do nothing; they have learnt this lesson with a never-to-be-forgotten certainty that no amount of talk could ever have given them, and they have learnt it, too, without losing one jot of their healthy independence. So they have reached the conception and execution of a system of combination without which they were powerless. This has taught them many things, one of the most important being that combination of incapable and immoral men will do nothing; out of an infinite number of nothings you cannot make something, be the fusion and unity of these nothings ever so complete. What preaching would ever have taught that, do you suppose? You cannot help others if you cannot help yourself; before you can be of any use in an army you must be drilled, and in life there seems no unimpeachable authority but the one of circumstance.

Does all this sound like a plea for *laissez-faire*? It is not meant to be such. What I would say, rather, is that all progress and reform must come from within, not from without. Just as you will not strengthen a child's muscles by putting it in irons, so you will not strengthen a nation by forcing it to walk within the narrow walls of an iron law. It is the socialistic *spirit* which needs cultivating and spreading, not any one system of production or distribution to the exclusion of all others.

And now I hope it is clear that, if this be so, the sooner every man, woman, and child realises the true basis of society the better. Instead of Political Economy being the enemy of all charity and individual effort, it will be seen that no nation can be permanently, or universally wealthy, without love and co operation.

HELENA SWANWICK.





Altar Frontal (Italian, Sixteenth Century).

Notes on a Few Specimens of Ancient Ecclesiastical Embroidery.

EVEN the most careless of observers can scarcely fail to be struck with the regularity of the stitches, the careful choice of colours, and the conscientious execution generally, shown in the needlework that has come down to us from the Middle Ages. This is all the more impressive when we consider how much more clumsy were the implements of those times as compared with ours, and even how indifferently lighted were the houses, whether in the day-time or in the evening. For all the earlier workers in England, the needles and most of the materials were imported from abroad, as steel needles were not manufactured here before the middle of the sixteenth century, and by that time England had passed the zenith of her fame for embroidery. We must, of course, bear in mind that much of this beautiful work was executed by the inmates of religious houses, by whom it was looked upon as a sacred duty and one which would profit their souls in proportion as it was well or ill done. The labour was freely given from love of the work, and those ladies who could thus ply their needles were rarely troubled with other duties. Time, too, was not so valuable as it is in these days of hurry and drive.

No more noteworthy example of the true spirit in which such embroidery was executed can be found than that afforded by the famous "Syon" cope (p. 201), of which as an English production we have every reason to feel proud. This vestment is supposed to have originally been worked by the nuns of a convent near Coventry, about the year 1250, but was presented to the religious House of Syon by one Master, or Doctor, Graunt. The House of Syon was the most important monastery that was founded in England during the two centuries previous to the Reformation, and it was not only one of the richest in the kingdom, but the brethren and sisters were much celebrated for their piety and learning. It is supposed that this is the religious house referred to by Shakespeare in *Henry V.*, Act IV., sc. 1, where the English King before the Battle of Agincourt pleads thus his cause with the powers of Heaven:—

> "——————— not to-day, O Lord,
> O not to-day! Think not upon the fault
> My father made in compassing the crown!
> I Richard's body have interrèd new;
> And on it have bestowed more contrite tears,
> Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.
> Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
> Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
> Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
> Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
> Sing still for Richard's soul."

The second chantry referred to is supposed to be that of Sheen, which was similar in many respects to Syon. The female inmates belonged to the order of St. Bridget, which was a modified form of that of St. Augustine. Syon House suffered dissolution with the other establishments of the kind, at the time of the Reformation, and then commenced for the nuns a long period of wandering through many of the countries of Europe. The cope was taken with them everywhere, until at last it was presented by the descendants of the sisters to the Earl of Shrewsbury, as a token of gratitude for his having afforded them an asylum on one of his estates. It is to be hoped that its adventures are now at an end, for it is safely housed in the South Kensington Museum.

The material upon which this fine piece of work is executed is coarse linen, or canvas. It is almost entirely covered with stitches, except here and there where it is left unworked for the sake of effect, and at one side where the figure of a tonsured priest has never been completed. The figures upon it are very numerous. Some are arranged to represent incidents in the life of Christ, and of the Virgin Mary. Angels, some with three pairs of wings, some with two, others with only one pair, some standing upon the symbolic wheel, and figures of various saints and apostles fill other divisions of the work. In bygone ages a law was established in those countries whose inhabitants were of the Mohammedan religion, which strictly forbade the representation

of any human form in works of art. The belief was that any worker who thus transgressed would find his or her punishment in being held responsible, at the Day of Judgment, for the weal or woe of the souls of all those personages whom he had thus delineated. I could not help recalling this as I was studying the magnificent Syon cope with its many figures. Had the unfortunate nuns who worked it chanced to fall under this jurisdiction, heavy indeed would have been their penalty, unless possibly—as the human figures here portrayed are mostly saints, angels, and heroes and heroines from Scripture history—the state of their souls would be such as would not incur any very heavy responsibilities. Even at the present day we find no representations of the human form in work that is executed by strict Mohammedans.



CHALICE VEIL (ITALIAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

Amongst authorities there has long been a desire to establish one particular stitch as characteristic of the "opus Anglicum," that was famous all over the Continent in early times, as being peculiarly English in its origin, and they have at length decided that a fine example of this stitch is to be found in the faces of the figures in the Syon cope. These are worked in the finest chain-stitch, which was commenced in the centre of a cheek, and carried round and round until the outline of the face was reached. From thence it gradually merged into the long and short stitches that are largely used in the other portions of the work. It is said that the cheeks were then pressed in from the front with a small round knob, which was first heated, thus giving an appearance of relief to the embroidery. The remains of this operation are still to be seen on the cope, though, by the influence of time, the cheeks have become much depressed, and the saints have, in consequence, a somewhat haggard appearance. Any practical worker can understand that, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, closely-set chain stitches made in a circular direction, either with a tambour-hook or with an ordinary needle, may be arranged so as to curve the surface of the work naturally. The heated iron, therefore, with which the cheeks and various parts of the bodies on the cope were pressed, must have been used more with the view of rendering these depressions permanent, than with that of forming them in the first instance. Indeed, one of the difficulties experienced now-a-days by amateurs is that of avoiding the tendency of thus drawing the work out of shape, as we should consider it. It is wonderful how well all these indentations have kept in place, and retained their circular form, in spite of the wear and tear they must have undergone during the centuries that have elapsed since they were first made.

The whole of the background is covered with work in a style known as "opus pulvinarium" or "cushion" stitch, in which the stitches are arranged in a chevron pattern with the utmost regularity. The colours mainly used are green and crimson for the background of the various panels in which the figures are set, and which are bordered with gold thread, and a band of three rows

of chain-stitch worked in red or green, yellow and white. The crimson is scarcely recognisable, as it has, like many other examples of this colour, faded to a soft brownish tint. The orphreys, or borders, afford a rich study for the lover of heraldry, portraying, as they do, the coats-of-arms of many of the noble families of that day. They are worked in fine cross-stitch, and were, it is supposed, added about fifty years after the main portion of the cope was worked. From the imperfection of some of the figures at the edges, the vestment seems to have been cut in at some time, possibly when the border was added. Loops still remain from which the hood was hung. This, unfortunately, has been lost, which is greatly to be regretted, as the hood is generally far more rich in workmanship than the rest of the vestment.*



THE SYON COPE (ENGLISH, THIRTEENTH CENTURY).

After the fourteenth century, we have to turn to the Continent for really good embroideries. Civil wars, followed by the dissolution of the religious establishments, the reign of Puritanism during which no ecclesiastical decoration was tolerated, all served to prevent English embroidery from regaining the position it had hitherto held. Meanwhile, owing principally to the influence of the Popes in persuading the faithful to secure salvation by costly gifts to the Church, Italy, until the close of the seventeenth century, held pre-eminence over the other countries of Europe in this, as in others of the fine arts.

* For a more detailed account of the Syon cope than space will allow here, see "Textile Fabrics," by Dr. Rock, p. 275.

Of Italian origin are the chalice veil, altar frontal, and portion of an orphrey, shown in the accompanying illustrations. They have all three been referred to the same century—the sixteenth—which was a time of special brilliancy in Italy. The country being at peace,



PORTION OF AN ORPHREY (ITALIAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

under the dominion of a German ruler, the inhabitants were at leisure to cultivate art, letters, and science. The chalice veil is delicately embroidered in a ribbon-like design enclosing various floral details, and has the sacred initials in the centre. The background is of dark red silk, and the predominant colours are green, yellow, and blue in soft shades. Satin stitch is that mostly used, and we find less gold thread here than usual. The veil is in an excellent state of preservation, and naturally its very purpose demands that finer work should be bestowed upon it, than upon larger and more conspicuous decorations. Of the latter style of work we have an example in the altar frontal, the embroidery upon which has been referred to various dates. It has been carefully restored, the figures having been transferred to a new background of crimson satin. They are worked principally with gold thread, and stand up in high relief, owing to their being embroidered over a padding probably composed of wool and horsehair. This inclines authorities to assign it to the sixteenth century, when the very highly embossed embroidery was beginning to find favour. The specimen before us is raised comparatively little above the background, and therefore is most likely one of the earlier examples of the style. The figures represent five Apostles, who can be easily recognised by any one acquainted with the symbols used in modern Church needlework. Commencing at the right-hand side, we have St. John with the eagle, St. Andrew with a cross saltire, to which his name has been given, St. Thomas in the middle, with a lance in his hand, St. James the Great beyond him, holding a pilgrim's staff, and, at the end, St. Paul with the sword.

We are so accustomed to regard embroidery as essentially woman's work, that we are apt to overlook the fact that much of it in the Middle Ages was executed by men. This was more particularly the case with massive gold embroidery, such as that used for the figures on this altar frontal. At the present day, on the Continent, male labour is very largely employed in the preparation of those elaborately-beaded passementeries and embroideries that are used for the ornamentation of ladies' dress.

A charming little gem is the figure of a saint (name unknown), a venerable old man sitting reading, his finger pointing to an open book upon which the words "Gloria in excelsis Deo," &c., are still legible. A round-headed canopy worked in gold thread occupies the upper part of the panel, and adds greatly to the picturesque effect. The folds of the robe are exquisitely managed, and are mainly composed of laid gold threads, the effect of the shadows being rendered by silks of various shades of blue and other colours sewn round them. The face and features are most delicately worked, probably in short stitch, but have all the appearance of painting when seen from a little distance. Many of the outlines are traced out with a fine gold cord. The figure is supposed to have formed part of an orphrey, and was worked after a design by Raffaellino del Garbo.

As at the present day, it was by no means an uncommon thing, in times gone by, for painters to assist embroideresses with designs and suggestions for their work, and it was seldom that a company or guild of embroiderers was considered complete without an artist "on the staff," whose business it was to assist the members with designs, and advice as to the best methods of arranging the colours, and otherwise carrying out suggestions that he had given them.

The cover for the lectern (see the opposite page) dates also from the sixteenth century, and is a Spanish production. Embroidery in Spain held its own both in this and the following century, but usually the designs were more Oriental in style than that of this piece, which bears many of the characteristics of Italian work of the same date. The cover is of great length, and as the designs are reversed in the middle, it was most likely intended for use upon a double lectern such as we occasionally still find in old churches and cathedrals. It is a good study both of execution and design, so numerous are the delicately-wrought details, and forms a good example of appliqué intermingled with ordinary embroidery. The two upper panels are of green velvet. Each panel is divided into two, and in the lower part of each is embroidered very fully a sacred scene—in one, the Nativity of John the Baptist; and in the corresponding one on the other side, the baptism of Christ. The representations of the Evangelists, St. Mark and others, fill in the corners of these needle-pictures. In the central part of the cover there is much gold thread, couched down in

precisely the same basket-stitch with which at the present day we enrich similar work. Shields and medallions are mingled with the gold tracery, and these have been worked first and afterwards *appliqué*, with an edging of gold, to the velvet. The medallions are filled with certain devices, such as the Agnus Dei, and John the Baptist's head in a charger. A small proportion of silver thread, which has tarnished far more than the gold has done, has been used to hold down the shields, that contain much-worn representations of the symbols of the crucifixion of Christ. The whole work must have been truly gorgeous when new, as it is rich and ornate both in design and colouring. Although in places the stitches have become worn and have given way, yet, as a whole, the work is as firm as when it was first finished.



LECTERN-COVER (SPANISH, SIXTEENTH CENTURY).

It is curious to compare the actual workmanship of these few pieces of antique embroidery. The simplicity of the work upon the cope, which is the earliest specimen here figured, seems to accord with the plain, yet impressive, nature of the architecture of the days in which it was first worked. Little or no superfluous ornament is used, only sufficient to divide the groundwork of the embroidery, so as to make it meet the requirements of the design. The same simplicity is noticeable in the very stitches used in the work. They are all flat and little curved, except where it was necessary to follow the outlines of the figures or their framework. In the sixteenth-century lectern-cover, however, we find far more elaborate workmanship, and can recognise a similarity between the richness of its design and execution, and the florid nature of the ecclesiastical architecture then in vogue.

Since the Renaissance of art needlework, truly so called, that has taken place during the last few years, it is to be hoped that England will once more regain the the old supremacy she once held as regards this art, and that workers will no longer allow themselves to be put to shame by those pieces of work that were executed before needlework was made so easy as it is nowadays by the abundance of good materials, and the many contrivances for lessening labour. The various schools of art needlework have done much to foster this improved taste, but there is still much to be done, especially with regard to the choice of designs. To begin with, the amateur must guard against the tendency to believe that whatever is old must necessarily be beautiful and worthy of being copied. Those old workers, it must be borne in mind, were not all good alike in their ideas, and the application of those ideas, any more than are our modern artists. To discriminate between the really good and that which is so only in appearance, needs, in needlework as in everything else, years of patient study. At one time the introduction of new and improved (?) dyes for silks and wools bid fair to banish the soft subdued tones out of use altogether, but happily that era is past, and we are reverting gradually to delicately blended hues that are restful to the eye, instead of being more striking than beautiful. Should an amateur feel any doubts as to her own powers of arranging colours, she cannot do better than use several shades of one colour only in her work. One of the most beautiful pieces of embroidery of this kind in the South Kensington Museum is a quilt, which consists simply of a piece of linen of a soft creamy tint, worked in shades of rich yellow floss. It is quite refreshing to look at this piece of work after some time spent amongst multi-coloured productions of the needle.

In a future number I shall hope to give illustrations of good pieces of modern ecclesiastical embroidery, and we shall then see how far our work will bear contrasting with that of our ancestors.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

Clever Mrs. March.

A SOCIAL SKETCH.



R. MARCH had hardly recovered from his wedding-tour before his handsome, enterprising young wife insisted on his coming forward in the Conservative interest to stand for the western division of the county.

Mr. March was a neat, nicely-preserved gentleman of nearly fourscore, and this wedding-tour, from which he had just returned, was not the first he had taken. When fine, flashy, loud, good-looking Bella Clevedon had first marked him for her own, he had been crumpled up with grief for the loss of the wife of his youth—the mother of his family of married sons and daughters. But Bella, from the first, did not despair of comforting him. It was true that she was only "sweet and twenty," and he would never see seventy-five again; but he had thirty thousand a year, and with Bella that more than counterbalanced any sense of incongruity that might be in the match. As the eldest daughter of the vicar of the parish, she had countless opportunities of comforting him which were not awarded to the other young ladies of the neighbourhood. No scandal could be uttered about her, however often she followed him into the fastness of his own home with her various subscription lists. He was an old, old gentleman who might have been her grandfather, and though she had never developed a taste for aged paupers, her friends declared now that "Bella's 'way' with old people was really beautiful."

Apparently, Mr. March was of the same opinion, for one day, after a long walk and talk with Bella through a secluded portion of his own beautiful grounds, Mr. March had himself driven to the vicarage, when he offered himself and his vast possessions to the eldest Miss Clevedon, and sought her father's consent.

The Vicar of Rippington was a poor man with a large family, and no sentimental nonsense about him—in which respect Bella strongly resembled him. He accepted Mr. March with gratifying promptitude, praised Bella with unblushing frankness, and told himself in confidence, that during all the years of her life he had been in complete ignorance of the hard, mercenary character of his child.

The wedding was a showy one. Bella insisted upon that, though Mr. March was timid about it. The bride's draperies seemed to fill the church as she pranced up the aisle, and her triumphant smiles were lavished freely upon the astounded, envious, admiring old friends and acquaintances who thronged the church.

As a rule, when May marries December, people are apt to bestow uncalled-for pity on the girl; in this instance the universal opinion found vent in the words "Poor old man!"

On the occasion of his first marriage, half a century ago, he and his wife had gone to a West-country watering-place for a week, and then home. But now he was taken at full speed to every fashionable Continental resort of which the country-bred Bella had ever heard. His white hair was cropped so closely to his head, and some fluid that its maker passionately declared was "not a dye," was so well brushed into it, that it gratefully resumed the soft brown hue of its youth. He was tailored by an artist with youthful ideas. He was goaded into playing tennis, just at first with his young wife, for her amusement only, but very shortly in public at their own and other people's garden-parties. Finally, he was cleverly instructed to re-furnish his house, to re-fill his stables, to replace his old carriages with several new ones, and to stand for his division of the county in the Conservative interest.

There is, of course, "no bribery" at elections in these pure, modern days. Nevertheless, the candidate whose purse is well filled has what is vulgarly termed "the pull" over a poverty-stricken opponent, however opulent the latter may be in the matter of brains. Moreover, Mrs. March exerted herself "so charmingly and energetically," her admirers declared, at this juncture in her elderly husband's interests, "identified herself so flatteringly with them, quite regardless of the difference in their ages"—"making him feel that in *her* eyes, at least, he was still young enough to have a career before him." The battle was all but lost to the other side from the day on which Mrs. March camped out with her photographic apparatus in a picturesque suburb of a country town full of wavering electors. She took endless groups of children, found out to whom they belonged, and sent neatly-mounted copies to their respective parents, with a few well-chosen words of admiration of their offspring. This line of policy carried innumerable waverers over to the Conservative cause, as represented by the clever and judicious lady's husband; and at one period of his campaign Mr. March felt miserably secure of his seat, and prophetically sure that his aspiring wife would insist on his covering himself with ignominy by addressing the House on one of the numerous subjects of which he was utterly ignorant. But one day clever Mrs. March over-reached herself. She took a remarkably clever photograph of a group of children who were, she was told by some unreliable passer-by, the children of "Squire Fortwright, of Wangham Place." The Fortwrights were rather recent comers into the neighbourhood, and had made no sign of desiring to cultivate the acquaintance of the Marches. They were generally supposed to be proud, exclusive people of good birth, who had travelled in many lands out of beaten tracks, and were highly cultured. Of

their family, Mrs. March had never heard anything previous to this day on which she suavely requested four or five plain, untastefully-dressed children to "stand and be made into a pretty picture," because some one had told her they "were the children from up to Wangham Place."

Mrs. March took the photograph with precision, and developed it with care and delicacy. She then had it retouched by a professional hand, and finally sent one of the most perfectly-toned copies to Mrs. Fortwright with "her compliments." Mrs. Fortwright acknowledged the attention with a cool note of "thanks for the interesting specimen of Mrs. March's skill;" and there the matter ended for a time.

Shortly after this, a ball, given by an outgoing regiment on a scale of such lavish splendour that the greater number of the officers were impoverished by it for the ensuing twelve months, brought together all the county magnates. Among these, as a matter of course, were the Fortwrights, and the Conservative candidate, towed by his enterprising wife.

Local gossip had not found much to feed upon in the Fortwright establishment. All that Mrs. March had been able to find out about them was that the husband was devoted to field-sports and his wife, and that the lady took little interest in anything save good works and her husband. It was added also by Mrs. March's informant that Mrs. Fortwright was not very amenable to social advances, that she was not much given to seeking people, and was not flatteringly responsive when sought very often. Mrs. March listened with a confident smile to this account of the woman whom she wanted to win over to her own candidate's cause. *She* knew what the multitude were ignorant of as yet, and that was, that she had by a *coup* already carried Mrs. Fortwright's interest through her maternal instincts. For had she not grouped those plain children artistically, and made them really quite pleasant little roadside objects?

It was late in the night before Mrs. March achieved her object and gained an introduction to the wife of the powerful Liberal. Mrs. Fortwright, a composed, sensible, serious-faced woman, subdued all expression of the astonishment she felt when Mrs. March loudly and volubly commenced the conversation by saying that she had "always felt as if she *must* know Mrs. Fortwright since the day she had taken those *sweet* children." A cool bow and cooler smile rewarded this little burst of enthusiasm, but clever Mrs. March was not easily daunted. She glanced round the ring of amazed spectators, who were enjoying the meeting of two such incongruous elements, and went on in even louder tones, for it struck her that Mrs. Fortwright was a little deaf—

"I am so glad you were pleased with the photograph. They were such charming models that I felt I must take them; then, when I was told whose children they were, I feared you might think it a liberty."

"Not at all," Mrs. Fortwright said quietly.

"That charming boy has gone back to school, I suppose, by this time?"

Mrs. Fortwright bowed her head in dignified assent.

"*How* you must miss him!" the irrepressible Mrs. March went on compassionately.

"Not at all," Mrs. Fortwright replied, in precisely the same tones as before.

"Ah! you still have those sweet little girls at home, under the care of a governess I suppose?" Mrs. March questioned, with pertinacious friendly interest, and in absolute unconsciousness of the fact that two or three of the bystanders were laughing and exchanging glances, half of amusement, half of uneasiness.

"I really do not know whether the little girls you consider so sweet are under the care of a governess or not," Mrs. Fortwright said, so coolly that Mrs. March flushed with mortification, and felt that if she did not win by tricks she certainly would not by honours. Accordingly, as Mrs. Fortwright half turned away and moved a step or two towards another acquaintance, Mrs. March raised her voice still higher, and said—

"Will you let them come and spend a day with me? I am devoted to children. I miss my own little brothers and sisters so much; if you will let yours come they shall have ponies to ride——"

"God has not blessed me with children," Mrs. Fortwright interrupted, gravely and sadly, but in so low a tone that Mrs. March, in her excitement and agitation, failed to grasp the meaning of the words, and so, thinking that Mrs. Fortwright had misunderstood her, she repeated her invitation more effusively than before.

Then she had a fall which almost shattered her claims to being either a successful political or social schemer in that district for ever, for Mrs. Fortwright replied with dread distinctness—

"I told you that God has not blessed me with any children. The 'charming boy' and 'sweet little girls' you admire so much, and are so kind as to invite to spend the day with you, are the son and daughters of our coachman, who is greatly pleased with the photograph, and very grateful to you for having taken it."

Mrs. March made no further electioneering efforts, and her husband was not returned for his division of the county.

ANNIE THOMAS.



Being Married, and Afterwards.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED."

An elderly unmarried lady of Scotland, after reading aloud to her two sisters, also unmarried, the births, marriages, and deaths in the lady's corner of a newspaper, thus moralised: "Weel, weel, these are solemn events—death and marriage, but ye ken they're what we must all come to." "Eh, Miss Jeanny, but ye have been lang spared," was the reply of the youngest sister.

However long we may be spared, many of us do come to what we had to come to—a day "so full of gladness and so full of pain"—a day only second in importance to the day of birth—in a word, to our wedding-day. If ever one is to pray, if ever one is to feel grave and anxious, if ever one is to shrink from vain show and vain babble, surely it is just on the occasion of two human beings binding themselves to one another, for better and for worse, till death part them.

The two people most concerned, especially the bridegroom, are on such a day willing enough to shrink from vain show and vain babble, but their friends and relatives insist on trotting them out and making them show their paces. Indeed, for a man of shy and nervous temperament to be married without chloroform is a very painful operation. He may be a strong man, but he feels like Samson when, for the sake of a woman whom he loved, he allowed his eyes to be put out, and heard the Philistines calling upon him to make sport for them.

On such occasions the bride is generally collected and calm. She understands every detail of what is to be done as if she had been frequently married. Indeed, when I am in doubt about the superiority of woman to man, I am always reassured by comparing a bride and bridegroom at the wedding ceremony. There stands the bride as collected and calm as if she were going through an every-day occurrence, while the bridegroom is as nervous as if he were about to be sentenced for murder. He support her, indeed! Certainly at the wedding ceremonies and festivities she is, so to speak, twice the man that he is.

Suppose, now, the young people have gone through the ceremony, the breakfast, and all the rest of it, if not with great *éclat*, at least without making fools of themselves. Then hand-in-hand through Eden they take their solitary way. They begin the honeymoon—that month after marriage, when there ought to be nothing but tenderness and pleasure.

But even the honeymoon may be spoiled if too much prolonged, or if the happy couple, instead of taking things easy and enjoying themselves according to their own sweet wills, rush into the excitement of "sight-seeing" every church picture-gallery, and waterfall in Europe. A bridegroom took his wife on a tour to Switzerland for the honeymoon, and when there induced her to attempt with him the ascent of the highest peaks. The lady, who at home had never ascended a

hill higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides with her eyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the horrors of the passage. The bridegroom walked close to her, expostulating respecting her fears. He spoke in "honeymoon whispers," but the rarefaction of the air was such that every word was audible. "You told me, Leonora, that you always felt happy, no matter where you were, so long as you were in my company. Then why are you not happy now?" "Yes, Charles, I did," replied she, sobbing hysterically, "but I never meant above the snow-line."

That is the way *not* to spend a honeymoon, so let us bring the young people whose fortunes we are following in imagination down from the snow-line, and place them in the cottage or larger house (which, let us hope, has not been furnished beyond their means), where they are to set up married life in earnest. On some evening when they are sitting in their little drawing-room on the sofa, not a thousand miles apart, we would like to give them a few words of friendly advice.

And first we would say, "Do not be surprised nor displeased with yourselves and each other if your present transport of love subsides, and gives place to a calmer but more lasting feeling. The blossoms and flowers of spring are very beautiful, but the mature golden fruit of summer is even better. Still, you must do all in your power to keep the hearts you have won. To be always beloved one must be always agreeable, and so you must continue to court each other. Why should courtship end with matrimony, and of what use are conquests if they are not guarded? It is a mistake to think that merely going through the marriage service will confer matrimonial felicity. That, like everything else worth having, must be worked for—must be earned by patient endurance, self-restraint, and loving consideration for the tastes, and even for the faults, of him or her with whom life is to be led.

> "'No man e'er gained a happy life by chance,
> Or yawned it into being with a wish.'

"There are two bears that you must keep, and two first things about which you must be very careful. The two bears are bear and forbear with each other, and the two first things are the first dispute and the first year generally of married life. A man said of his wife, 'I would not mind her having the last word if I were sure that it would be the last.' The 'last word' is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell. What is the use of the last word? After getting it a husband might, perhaps, as an American paper suggests, advertise to whistle for a wager against a locomotive; but in every other respect his victory would be useless and painful. It would be a Cadmean victory, in which the victor would suffer as much as the vanquished. A farmer cut down a tree which stood so near the boundary-line of his farm that it was doubtful whether it belonged to him or to his neighbour. The neighbour, however, claimed the tree, and prosecuted the man who cut it for damages. The case was sent from court to court. Time was wasted and temper lost; but the case was finally gained by the prosecutor. The last of the transaction was that the man who gained the cause went to the lawyer's office to execute a deed of his whole farm, which he had been compelled to sell to pay his costs! Then, houseless and homeless, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and triumphantly exclaimed, 'I've beat him!' In the same way husband and wife may become bankrupt of heart-wealth by endeavouring to get the last word.

"The first year of your married life" (we would continue, if the happy pair are not too much occupied with each other to listen), "the first year of your married life is the other first thing about which you must be very careful. The shadow of that year, if mismanaged, will darken all the rest. Begin as you hope to continue. Be at least as courteous towards one another as you would be towards any other lady and gentleman, and do not allow familiarity to spoil good manners."

We venture to hope that our young friends may in their married life afford a proof of the falseness of the saying that "marriage is the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth." Love *does* survive marriage in far more cases than is generally known. Experiences like those of James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer, and of Dr. Arnold, are not so very uncommon. The former said about himself and wife, "Forty-two years of married life finds us the same devoted 'cronies' that we were at the beginning." Dr. Arnold often dwelt upon "the rare, the unbroken, the almost awful happiness" of his domestic life.

Yes, the domestic happiness of some of us does at times seem "almost awful," when we consider how little we deserve it. It seems to be "almost awful," too, when we reflect how in this life at least it must be rudely disturbed. Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, when a girl, loved her family so dearly that she used to wish that when they had to die, too large walls might press towards each other and crush them all, that they might die all together, and be spared the misery of parting. Loving husbands and wives can sympathise with this wish.

"He will not separate us, we have been so happy." These were the last words of poor Charlotte Brontë when, having become Mrs. Nicholls, and having lived with her husband only nine months, death came to snatch the cup of domestic felicity from the lips of the happy pair. But God has ordained that even the most loving of husbands and wives shall be parted in this world by the hand of death. The thought of this separation should make them very careful to treat each other as they would wish they had treated each other when the separation comes. Affections are never deepened and refined until the possibility of loss is felt. "Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss." Spare all hard words, omit all slights, for the end will come all too soon. And then the bitterest drop in the cup of sorrow which the survivor must drink will be the remembrance of what he or she might have been, and was not, to the departed, who now for the first time, perhaps, is properly valued.

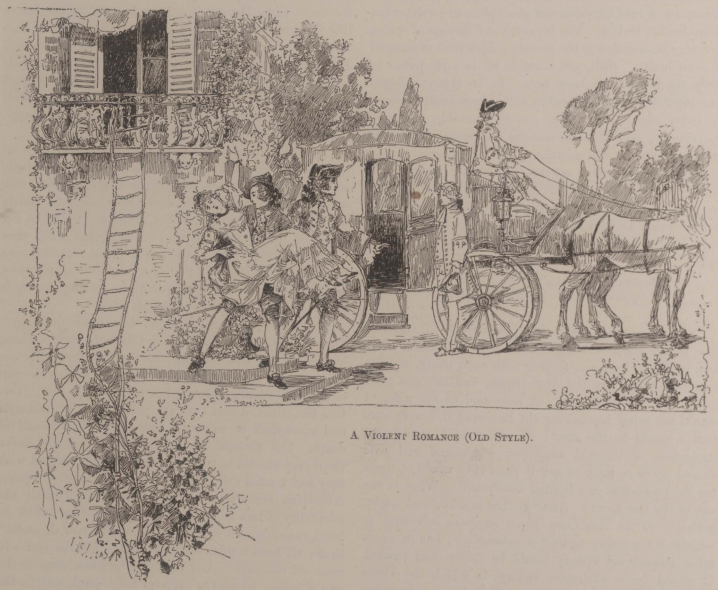
It has sometimes been remarked that the marriage of a deaf and dumb man to a blind woman would have

obvious advantages. Each of the parties would acquire an opportunity to practise little pantomimic scenes from which ordinary married folks are debarred. When they quarrelled, for instance—the wife being unable to see, while the husband could not hear or speak—she could hurl at him broadside after broadside of steel-pointed invective; and the poor man could but stand there, study the motion of her lips, and fondly imagine she was telling him how sorry she was that anything should come between them. He, on the other hand, could sit down, shake his fists, and make hideous grimaces, she all the while thinking he was sitting with his face buried in his hands, and hot remorseful tears streaming from his eyes. Husbands and wives who are not deprived of the use of their faculties might take the hint and resolve not to use them too keenly on certain occasions. In a matrimonial quarrel they need not hear or see everything.

"If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, *to* whom you speak,
And *how*, and *when*, and *where*."

I would, however, rather end this paper with words of hope than of despair. Let me, then, remind those who profess and call themselves Christians, that if they really believe in the Resurrection they can look forward not without hope to

"——that perfect Marriage-day
When earth's lost love shall live once more;
When lack and loss shall pass away,
And all find all not found before."



A VIOLENT ROMANCE (OLD STYLE).

Woman in Oriental Poetry and Literature.

THE POSITION of women in the poetry of various peoples and nations, has ever been a characteristic point of view from which to judge of the opinion in which they are held by the composers of these productions, and by the country which gave them birth.

Morally and intellectually, the standard has often been a low one, raised or lowered, as the case may be, by the contemporary depravity or morality of the time at which such compositions were published.

Thus we see in the old "Rondelays" and "Ballades" of the troubadours of the period of chivalry, that woman was held in high estimation for her physical charms, and for her grace and superficial accomplishments; but from the standards of virtue and purity, of conjugal fidelity and chastity, we can form but a very low and degraded estimate of the influence that women must have possessed on the social and moral aspect of that time. But as "out of evil sometimes springs good," so even did this meretricious laudation of woman's grace, and personal charms, give birth to more exalted and ideal aspirations for the improvement of her morality and purity, and tend greatly to raise her from the mire of gross voluptuousness and mere animal appreciation, to which the licentious customs of barbaric nations, and even the civilised Greeks and Romans, had dragged her down. Although the glitter of mediæval poetry was often the glitter of tinsel, and not of true metal, it concealed many hideous and glaring defects, and by its very meretriciousness paved the way to the reforms which followed, both in the society and the literature of the period, although, again, these reforms, from a more modern point of view, left still much to be desired, and much to be condemned.

Amongst the poetic compositions of the world which have undergone no material change, we may mention in especial the poetry of Oriental nations, and it is the position of woman in the latter branch of Asiatic literature that we desire now to analyse.

The low estimate in which they are held, and the insignificant place that Oriental women occupy in the religion and domestic life of their respective nationalities and castes, is reflected in the literature and poetry of their individual lands. In Hindoo poetry it is always the woman who courts the man, contrary to our English or European ideas of retiring modesty, by which we rule that it is the man who should be the *pursuer*, not the *pursued*. This may arise from the fact that it is indigenous to a country where plurality of wives is permitted. As an apology for this apparently unwomanly reversal of the position of the sexes, we must remember that the custom of polygamy gives an Oriental woman but a very limited share in the affections of her husband. If he has to divide them with other wives of equal degree, it is but natural that each, *individually*, becomes urgently solicitous in her turn to acquire the largest place in his heart. There is besides another motive, which the Oriental woman would consider also sufficient apology for her bold and impassioned advances to the object of her fondest hopes and desires—namely, that it is a disgrace to her to remain in single blessedness; the unmarried state of so many of her white sisters is to her an unfailing cause of surprise, not perhaps unmingled with slight contempt.

It may certainly be said that in Persian poetry woman holds a superior position to that which she occupies in the poetry of other Oriental nations, and the same may be said of the poetry of the Arabs; the diction and the metaphors are more delicate, refined, and graceful, and not so disfigured by gross and voluptuous imagery and description, as the poetry of Hindoo and Mohammedan authors. The latter far excel the former in their vicious verbal colouring, a fact the more remarkable in that the Hindoos being idolaters, one would expect from them a less exalted opinion of woman and morality than from those who possess a higher code of moral law, and who believe in one God, not many gods.

If one reads and studies Oriental poems and ballads, one cannot fail to remark that woman is frequently associated in them with deeds of nobility or courage. Most of these songs relate purely to love affairs, reproaches to the woman for her infidelity, or plaints against her for having stolen the heart of her lover unawares; for we may observe that once the woman has wooed the man and obtained possession of his heart, she is then often represented as treating as naught that which she so ardently desired, whilst he vainly sighs for the slightest token of love from her, and implores her to have pity on him before he dies. Willard quotes a verse which well illustrates this in a treatise in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society* (Vol. XXV., 1834); it is taken from a Persian *Ghazal*, a species of poetry which generally has for its theme the charms of the beloved object. The verse in its original measure is sonorous and musical in its rhythm, and is therefore given here that those who are so inclined may compare it with Willard's elegant translation, which savours not a little of the style of the metrical ballads of Ireland:—

"Ashvagari dil burda za man jalva numái,
Kajkulahi zar rin kamari tanga qubái.
Man bavasalash ky rasam in bas ki barahash,
Khaka shavam rozi bosam kafi pai."

["O thief of my heart, eye me not so—shining so brightly,
With head-dress awry—girdle of gold—bodice bound tightly.
When, when shall we meet? Ah! not in life—not till my ashes
Lie strewed in thy path—kissing thy feet—treading so lightly."]

And, again, we read in a Sanscrit poem written in blank verse—

"O thou who participatest in my feelings,
Effect the union of me with this maiden, alike unparalleled by any;
In whom loveliness and accomplishments are combined,
But who is filled with haughtiness, and is indifferent to my sufferings."

In another Sanscrit poem, of which, as of the one above, I give the Rev. William Yates's translation, we may see a rare example of a noble fidelity surviving dishonour:—

"Radha hearing the words of her companions,
And going joyfully, according to appointment, at the time of the festival, was dishonoured;
And, being truly devoted to her lord,
Was suffused with tears of grief that she was not rather killed."

In describing women, similes are frequently drawn from nature; their step is likened to that of the elephant, as in the Sanscrit poem called the *Naishadha Charita*:—

"Her eyes were like the deer's; her stately pace
Was like the elephant's."

(Trans., Rev. W. Yates.)

That womanly softness and susceptibility were appreciated, at least by the bards who sung the praises of these eloquent qualities, may be judged by the following couplet:—

"The woman whose mind is not enchanted by the peacock's voice,
Who is bold and unsubdued by all-subduing love, is not the woman for me."

In other poems we read the complaints of women over the hard lot imposed on them by stern parents, who have chosen for them a husband whom they detest, and whom, according to the custom of all Oriental peoples, they will not see till the day which shall bind them in a loathed union. Or perhaps, "taking heart of grace," they summon up courage to fight against a tyrannical tradition, and trust by their beauty to disarm the obduracy of those who would thus consign them to indissoluble misery:—

"The charming Bhaimi, to obtain her wish,
Entered the court divine when full of kings;
And there attracted, by her lovely form,
The looks and smiles of all within the place."

(*Naishadha Charita*. Trans., Rev. W. Yates.)

In the literature of Siam, dramatic operas, or musical dramatic plays, abound, and the theme is generally the tribulations and romantic adventures of some love-lorn princess, most often depicted as the faithful lover of an inconstant swain.

The Siamese poetry is far more complimentary as to the morals and fidelity of the fair sex than almost any other literature of Eastern nations; and their *Cheritras*, or historical and mythological romances, abound in graceful and elegant couplets and poems in praise of woman's beauty and virtue. The same may be said of Chinese and Mongolian and Malay poetry and literature; and we may account for this pre-eminence by the fact that the women of these three nations are, as a rule, of more moral and virtuous and chaste lives than those of neighbouring countries.

These *Cheritras*, or mythological poems, have often their humorous side, in which women's petty foibles are held up to derision as a warning to those with similar failings. In one of these, called *Nâng Prathom*, or "The Story of the Wonderful Lotus," we read how once on a time a certain *Reosi* (or holy hermit) was walking meditatively by a tank, and saw floating on its clear water a marvellously large and beautiful lotus-flower. Day by day as he watched it he beheld it increase in size, to such an extent that at last he could not refrain from opening it. To his great amazement he perceived cradled in the bosom of the flower a beautiful female child. He took her home to his cave, and brought her up in ignorance of all the usages of social life, and prevented her from ever seeing or having any intercourse with other companions, male or female. At last, however, she grew to woman's estate, and the inquisitiveness and craving for something fresh, common to her sex and her youth, prompted her to write secretly a letter, in which she described her origin and her life with her adopted father. This letter she tied to a bouquet of lovely flowers, and cast it to the winds of heaven, trusting to chance to waft it to some quarter whence should come to her a speedy deliverance from the monotonous life from which she now longed to free herself. As fate would have it, the same night on which she launched her missive, a certain Raja, named Phra-Sowat, ruler of the country called Ulumpancha, had a dream, in which a spirit appeared to him and commanded him to awake and rise, and proceed at once in search of a mysterious wind-wafted bouquet of flowers. Upon this the Raja awoke, and found awaiting him a winged fairy Pegasus. This he mounted, and flew ever and on, till he came to a fair country in the east. Here the Pegasus hovered over a certain house or cave-dwelling, guided by the bouquet floating in space, and then descended to the earth, where sweet and plaintive music came borne on soft breezes, and induced the Raja to dismount and enter the hermit's abode. To him came forth the "lovely lotus-born damsel," and he inquired of her if she knew whence came the mysterious bouquet. But she, never having before seen any one youthful like herself and of the opposite sex except the old hermit, rushed into her cave and closed the gate firmly on him. However, "Love always finds a way," and the Raja, on the pretext of fainting from fatigue, so moved the fair maid's heart that she consented at last to let him enter. Here follows a scene of impassioned courtship descriptive of "love at first sight," and all finally ends happily by the "lotus-born one" consenting to become the wife of her ardent and princely lover, and the hermit on his return from wandering in the forest consents after much surprise and pressure to unite them in marriage.

MALAY LOVE-DITTY.

"When my mistress looks forth from her window,
Her eye sparkling like a star,
Its brilliant rays glancing and glittering,
Her elder brother cannot support its lustre;

Like the red mango is the hue of her cheek,
Becoming her tapering neck,
Traversed with shadows whenever she swallows;
Her features like those of a statue or scenic figure,
Her forehead like the new moon in its first day,
Her eyebrows curved—so fair I could devour her.
Long has she been chosen to be my mistress,
Wearing a ring set with the gems of Ceylon;
Her long nails shining like lightning,
Transparent as a string of pearls;
Her waist slender and extremely elegant;
Her neck turned like a polished statue;
Eloquent in the enunciation of her words;
Her parting lips like the crimson red wood;
Not by her dress, but by herself adorned.
Black are her teeth, stained with *baja* powder;
Graceful, slender, appearing like a queen,
Her locks adorned with the *seraja* flowers;
Her features beautiful, with no defect of symmetry;
My soul is often fluttering, ready to depart,
Glancing eagerly forth from my eyes,
And quite unable to return from its station."

Jealousy and rivalry and revenge amongst women are also favourite themes with the Siamese poets. In the poem called *Nâng sip sâng*, or "The Story of the Twelve Princesses," we read how the twelve daughters of a king were left to die of hunger in a forest, as famine and all its horrors ravaged their land. A friendly *Yak* or satyr—a giant goat-god—found them, and, being a kindly fairy, brought them up. However, they repaid his benevolence so ill that they all ran away in a body, and, to escape pursuit, entered first into the skin of an enormous buffalo, then into that of a huge elephant, and after numerous other exciting adventures, took refuge in the kingdom of a great ruler named Phra-Rotthasen. This king with the excessively German-sounding name, to prevent, as he hoped, rousing jealousy in the hearts of the twelve sister-princesses, married them all! But, alas! their peace of mind, in spite of this precaution, was ere long disturbed by the advent at court of a lovely female Yak of surpassing beauty. She so fascinated the faithless monarch that he transferred his affections to her, and installed her in his palace as sole mistress of his heart. Not content with this, the Yak resolved to be the ruin of her rivals. On the plea that a dangerous illness which she feigned could not be cured except "by a plaster made of the eyes of twelve persons all born of one mother," she induced the king to put out the eyes of his twelve beautiful wives, and to cast them into prison; this barbarity being practised on them on the pretext that when they amused themselves with angling, they had always threaded their fish by a string through the eyes. The twelve princesses bore each a son in prison, and the son of the youngest, who was named Prince Phra-Rot, grew up, and after many adventures with Yaks and wicked fairies, broke the spell by which the Yak had bewitched his father, King Phra-Rotthasen; and she then appeared in her natural form as a frightful female goat-goddess, with huge projecting tusks. Upon this the king, wroth with the imposition practised upon him, reinstated his twelve wives, and Prince Phra-Rot replaced their eyes in the sockets, healing them by the power of mysterious fairy drugs, of which he had learned the secret, and so all ended happily; jealousy and revenge were crushed, and the ill-treated restored to prosperity.

Conjugal fidelity and love are also favourite subjects in Siamese poems; a devoted wife is made to say:—

"Can you doubt that she who would sell herself into slavery to assist you,
Does not sympathise in all that happens to you?
Through this life, and in all future states of existence,
My services and duties will be paid to you alone."

Great praise is also bestowed on the maiden who will not wed without the consent of her parents, and who repulses her lover when he would induce her to break through this resolve. In a pastoral *Cheritra* a fair princess named Nan Wair Thâng says:—

"Refrain, my lord . . . .
Do you suppose that I can suffer an insult,
Or that I can admit of your addresses without the knowledge of my father,
Who impressed on my mind the right line of behaviour towards your sex,
And strictly prohibited me from following my own inclinations?
Can a blessing accompany my union with you,
Unless it shall be with the consent of my parents?
They have promised to approve of my choice;
Be prudent, therefore, I beseech you."

The Brahminical sects of India have a very low idea of woman, and many are the proverbs they cite, showing the manner in which they despise her; quite a long string of uncomplimentary aphorisms generally ending with "No one knows the ways of women!"

The flowery odes and complimentary couplets to "moon-faced houris with lips like the pomegranate flower, and eyes like stars," are too well known to readers of the "Arabian Nights" to be quoted here.

Of all Oriental sages, Mahomet has written words most complimentary to woman; several examples such as the following abound in the pages of the Koran, showing that in theory *at least*, if not in practice, he sought, up to a certain point, to raise the moral excellence of woman, always subservient, it must be confessed, to the Mohammedan law which permitted polygamy:—

1. Fear to do wrong to women.
2. If you live in good accord, and fear to injure them, God will be merciful unto you.
3. Do good unto them, according to the proportion of your wealth or poverty; and civilly intreat them, as is the custom of honest men.
4. They that accuse of immodesty, women chaste, innocent, and faithful, shall be accursed in this world.
5. If they [women] give to you anything that is pleasing to you, receive it with affection and civility.

To those who obey these and all other of his commandments the Prophet says, "They shall there [in Paradise] have wives fair and delicate, and shall dwell in eternal felicity." Although the above precepts reflect credit on the Prophet and his code of moral laws, they are balanced by the somewhat degrading view he takes of woman's position and mission in domestic life. This state of things, however, will always continue to exist in all Oriental nations until the laws of Christianity, and of a purer and more enlightened civilisation, shed their reforming influence on the women of Eastern lands.

FLORENCE LAYARD.

The Romance of Dress.

DRESS is, as an eloquent American preacher declared, "one of the very commonest things of this life," but only on that account to be the more greatly esteemed. It meets us at every turn, and is ofttimes still, as in the opinion of Ben Jonson, "the bird-lime of fools." But it is yet equally true, in the words of another old writer, that "dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind," and fashion is, as it always has been and will be, something more than a matter of millinery. It is undeniable, however, that the binding power of custom is losing its hold upon costume. The great Church festivals are ceasing to be marked by new clothes; we have even had a bishop protesting against confirmation finery. Courts and corporations steadily hold fast to ancient usage, and legal costumes, legal language, and, for that matter, the law's delays also, are all carefully kept in continuance. The black cap and white gloves still mark circumstances in crime "wide as the poles asunder," and charity clothing is, all too often yet, made the badge of poverty, although such liveries, in common with most official uniforms, are far less distinctive than they used to be. In these respects traditions and associations of dress are maintained, although shorn sadly of their former state; and, as we may find national costumes still worn in remoter corners of the Continent, as well as in nearer districts, too, where railways, tramways, and other ways have not been introduced, so in some parts of our own land dress-charms may be found still practised, and men everywhere, for a poor consolation, rejoice in retaining the two buttons at the back of their coats which once either kept up a sword-belt or fastened back flapping skirts when riding. But within memory the snowy mutch of the north, the steeple hat of Wales, the scarlet cloak and gathered smock which were once as distinctively local in Ireland and England as the golden helmet of Holland, and the velvet bodice of the Tyrol, have all disappeared. In two other essential particulars, both touching interests not local, but universal, there is departure from long-accepted practice. The bride's veil, once as essential to the occasion as the imperative ring or necessary parson, is often dispensed with; and mourning, a still more ancient and far more general outlet of feeling, is being greatly moderated. In the one instance there is a concession to a natural inclination to display, on occasions which, in spite of statistics and recess correspondence as to whether marriage is a failure, are generally considered happy and joyous; but the reform of mourning is much more significant. It is only commonplace selfishness in marriageable men that is required to account for a startling decline in the marriage-rate, but it is sturdy and sound common-sense that interferes to check emulation and rivalry in coaches and clothes and all the paraphernalia of sorrow. Change in this respect was advocated long before our day. The Fathers protested strongly against funeral indulgence, and the Quakers have not only preached but practised simplicity in everything relating to burial; but successful interference with a custom as old as human nature, and practised all the world over, is remarkable indeed in point of change, and no less in proof of how costume for classes, and in customs, has lost ground. Funeral and Mourning Reform Associations might have worked their utmost in endeavouring to move public opinion, but all in vain, if alteration in habits and apparel had not already set in.

With all this we are losing touch of the romance of dress. Saving some discoveries of smuggling, most frequently in dress-improvers, and a small political storm about prison clothing, there are, for us, no episodes in raiment. There is, it is true, always something romantic in dress, if looked at aright. It was told of the Emperor Augustus Cæsar that he "was so much afraid of thunder and lightning that he ever carried about with him for a preservative remedy a seale's skinne;" and, although our idea of the protection afforded by sealskin has come to be of quite a different character, we might see in the lustrous sacque or jacket, not dangers escaped, but fearlessly encountered for fashion's sake. If it is true, too, that "the history of a single manufactured article, passing from hand to hand, in various stages from the raw material, with contributions of brain, ingenuity, character, and physical effort, is like the history of a people," how much more so does the dress of woman reflect still further the arts and industries and culture of a nation, and proclaim the empire of mind? For all that, dress is now almost wholly looked at from the level of buying and bargains. There is not even much charm about fashions when they are furnished with monotonous regularity month by month, instead of being brought in as opportunity offered in the shape of a little ready-dressed doll—or baby, as dolls used to be called, and so used sometimes as a sign at a milliner's door. These babies make quite a figure in dress history; and may well do, when we learn that the Cabinets of Versailles and St. James together gave safe passage to "a little Mademoiselle" arrayed in the latest French fashion, diplomatic protection of such elaborate precaution being necessary because England and France were at the time engaged in one of their regular quarrels. Ships might grapple and become so many floating slaughter-houses, and national hatred might flourish, but "little Mademoiselle" passed through battle and passion unharmed. The moralist might find in this incident a fine and fruitful text, especially in view of the fact



that Bibles at an earlier date had to be conveyed across seas by stealth under cover of bales of foreign stuff and other merchandise. There was another occasion, too, when London was for the moment making merry after the marriage of Mary with Philip of Spain. But one of the pictures in a pageant was of Henry VIII., and in his hand a book inscribed "Verbum Dei." This caught the watchful eye of Gardner, who ordered that a pair of gloves should be painted in instead; and this incident, again, might

serve to teach a useful lesson. In another light, such little events as these make the study of costume very interesting, more so than the records of our time are likely to prove in the future. There is the account of Admiral Seymour on the eve of his execution writing letters—pathetic enough, no doubt—to Elizabeth and her sister with the point of an aglet, or tag of a lace, which he plucked from his hose, which were then, as we may remember, "trussed" or tied with "points" or laces. These letters he hid within the sole of a velvet shoe; but all in vain, for "they were discovered by the emissaries of the Council and opened." Again, we find very much concern manifested lest the captive Queen of Scots should find means of communicating with her adherents through messages written upon her clothes in "sympathetic" ink—prepared, that is, so as to be invisible until treated with a reacting solution or brought out by heat. Even royalty "at large" was subject to annoyance through limited supplies of dress fabrics or tardy carriage of goods—commonplace hindrances which we find it rather hard to realise. Mr. Timbs narrates how the required quantity of purple velvet for the coronation of Charles I. could not be found in all London, while it would take about one hundred and fifty days to procure more from Genoa, the nearest place at which it could be obtained. The King, rather than have the ceremony postponed, was robed in white velvet—remembered afterwards as an omen of evil, and presaging, to very wise people, his violent death, since white could, after the event, be construed as proper only to a sacrificial victim. Elizabeth kept clear of such embarrassment, and set auguries of evil at defiance by stopping all supplies of silks through the Custom House until her royal necessities for her enthronement had been satisfied. It was no light matter to keep clear of compromising circumstances at that time, for Henry III. of France was noticed to be overshadowed at the commencement of his reign by inauspicious accidents, such as the omission of the *Te Deum* from the ritual, and the fall of the crown from his head while he was being anointed, but principally because Mass could not be said either on his coronation or marriage until evening, both King and Queen on the latter occasion "being taken up in adjusting their dress and figure," which was surely inexcusable. What wonder that a troubled reign was ended by sudden death? But where and when are we likely to meet with the counterparts of such occurrences in modern life? There is some superstition abroad in spite of the schoolmaster, and the fall of a crown would by some people be thought as *malapropos* as the incautious wish expressed by a lady to one of the Georges that she should so much like to see a coronation. But the multiplication and refinement of machinery have made a velvet famine impossible, and, with the aid of electricity and steam, anything needed could be procured within one hundred and fifty days, not merely from Genoa, but from almost any part of the globe. There is nothing safe from the imitation of Manchester, and the most engrossing concern that is shown about dress is met by the statistics of imports and exports in the Board of Trade Returns. The personal element of dress is nearly extinct also. Maidens no longer bring linen of their own spinning as part of their dowry, and grandmothers, as regards bequests, have no gowns. We like things cheap, as far as possible we buy them ready-made, and the patterns and fashions of twelve months ago, where are they? They are passed away, like the quaint costume of the little German lady whom Lucas Cranach painted, and whose portrait serves as the frontispiece to the present number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

Yet, regret as we may the decay of self-interest in dress, and much as we may wish that there were in it more features of freshness, and an event now and then in its circumstances, there is much comfort in the reflection that dress is filling a far higher place in life than before, and will come to much greater social influence as time goes on. It must be admitted that the nation is better dressed, more cheaply and comfortably dressed, on the whole more reasonably and presentably dressed than at any previous time; and in this light we may say with mighty John Ridd that, "being in the best clothes, one tries to look and to act (so far as may be) up to the quality of them."

S. WILLIAM BECK.

Bournemouth.

IF sand-hills swept by ocean-nourished breeze,
Neat English homes, and groves of odorous pine,
Trim playgrounds laid in turf-enamelled chine,
And health-browned faces have a power to please,
Then come to Bournemouth; visit with delight
Our new resort yet rich in memories.
The Red King chased here; Charles, the perjured fool,
Gazed for the last time on his subject seas,
Sweet Swanage and the reedy mere of Poole.
Rest to the weary, to the wanderer home!
The Viking sleeps on Hengistbury height,
Like Shelley's heart beneath its haunted dome;
While stately liners, hull down, half in sight,
Sweep round the Needles and the Isle of Wight.

OSCAR BROWNING.

A Provincial Bourgeoise in the Eighteenth Century.

TOWARDS the end of the month of October, 1846, a few days after the floods which did so much damage to the communications between Marseilles and Nice, an English lady and gentleman were driving rapidly along the highway when they were stopped by two persons who commanded the postillions, in an authoritative tone, to follow, one of them adding, "My will is never questioned here." The postillions showed no inclination to dispute it, and, without further ado, master, servants, carriages, bag and baggage, were carried off. This fierce gaoler (who proved to be no other than their distinguished and eccentric countryman, Lord Brougham) had heard that Mr. and Mrs. Davenport were expected at the hotel at Cannes, and determined to substitute his château for that hostelry, to the great satisfaction of every one except the good landlord, who would willingly have dispensed with such a formidable rival. The travellers were treated with the utmost kindness by their despotic host, and were not allowed to move until the mischief caused by the inundation had been entirely repaired.

Among the visitors at the château they met M. Carnot (son of the celebrated Director, and father of the President of the French Republic), and learned from him that Sergent (a leading man in the French Revolution) was living at Nice, in the full possession of his health and faculties at past ninety years of age. It was with great pleasure that they renewed their acquaintance with M. Carnot at Nice, and they accepted with alacrity his offer of an introduction to Sergent. The great age attained by him, and the extraordinary events in which he had been a conspicuous actor, were, indeed, enough to make Sergent an object of intense interest. With regard to his character, opinions differed widely. The Conservatives denounced him as a bloodthirsty thief and murderer, who had been secretary to Robespierre, an active Septembriseur, and had stolen a jewel of immense value; while those professing advanced opinions represented him as an honest, upright, benevolent old man, and that from an early period in the Revolution Robespierre had been his enemy, for he was one of the list of thirty who would have been executed in 1794 had the tyrant lived another day. The jewel of immense value was discovered and handed by him to the Government, and afterwards figured in the hilt of Napoleon's sword; and the only part he took in the September executions was to extricate Lally Tollendal's neck and that of others from the guillotine. Mr. Davenport determined to judge for himself, and the following is his account of the first visit, written down at the time:—

"We found Sergent in a poor and comfortless lodging with a bad staircase, in chimneyless rooms, the inner one of which was a small closet looking towards the south, where the old Republican was sharing the bright sun with his canary, looking as happy and contented as if they had been of the same age. His looks were full of energy, his features still handsome, his figure (though somewhat bent) strong and muscular, his voice as full and distinct as the absence of teeth would permit; his manner and matter good-humoured, clear, elegant, and energetic, with a power of continuous speech which I never recollect to have heard equalled."

With so much that was interesting to communicate, no one can wonder that Sergent wished at the same time to vindicate his own character by putting his reminiscences into a substantial form.

He had already written a short memoir (or rather some disjointed notes) in 1803, and Mrs. Davenport frequently spent some time with him writing from his dictation in the apartment which she thus describes:—"A large room with a tiny bed, the walls covered by pictures of the Revolution. It led into the closet looking south, in which Sergent sat on a little settee in the window (whence there was a magnificent view over the port of Nice) making wreaths for his wife's grave. An alabaster urn on a pedestal contained the ashes of his brother-in-law, General Marceau, whose sword was suspended over it. A dress of Sergent's wife, Emira, hung upon the door. The walls were covered with likenesses of his wife and brother-in-law, the objects of his idolatry. In the memory of these two his soul seemed constantly entranced."

On their way back through Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport consulted Mignet, the historian, on the proposed publication; and no doubt it would have been carried into effect had not Sergent Marceau (he assumed this name after his marriage in addition to his own) and his kind friend Mr. Davenport died in the following year, within a short time of each other. The papers remained in the possession of Mrs. Davenport (now the Dowager Lady Hatherton); and some time ago, her attention being called to the subject by some publications on the French Revolution, she brought them to me, and entrusted me with the task of unravelling the thread of the MSS. It has been a work of considerable difficulty, on account of Sergent's disregard of stops, dates, and chronology. They contain accounts of many striking incidents (drawn with the vividness of an eye-witness, who was at the same time an actor in the scenes he describes), short notices of the leading characters, of the clubs, of the State, of the prisons, &c. I hope to publish them in a continuous form. In the meantime an extract from his memoir of Emira, a description of her extraordinary qualities and acquirements, cannot be out of place in THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

EMIRA SERGENT MARCEAU.

"L'atto soave, e'l parlar saggio, umile,
Che muovea d' alto loco, e'l dolce sguardo,
Che piagava 'l mio core e ancor l'accenna,
Sono spariti, e s'al seguir son tardo,
Forse avverrà che'l bel nome gentile
Consacrerò con questa stanca penna."—PETRARCH.*

She was born in 1754 (three years later than her future lover, husband, and biographer), in the cathedral town of Chartres, which stands on a slope, washed by the Eure, in the fertile province of Beauce. Her real name was Marie Marceau Desgraviers. Her father was Registrar of the Royal Criminal Court of the province. The position of her family was above that of Sergent, whose father was a gunsmith, his mother (from whom he inherited the artistic taste which he afterwards turned to account in organising the fêtes of the Republic) was an engraver. In his frequent visits to a rich notary—his father wished him to be a lawyer—he observed in a ground-floor window of a house on the opposite side of the narrow street a young girl, so assiduously occupied that the noise and laughter by which Sergent and his young fellow-students (one of whom was the celebrated Brissot) tried to attract her attention never once caused her to look up. At that time (it was in the year 1765) he had not a chance of speaking to her; still, he says, it was happiness for him to see her every day, and to hear the soft accents of the melodious voice, which, to the last day of her life, vibrated to the inmost recesses of her admirer's heart. "Oh! Emira," he thus apostrophises her, "it is thus that I watched thy first steps in a life which already was to thee a vale of tears!"



EMIRA SERGENT MARCEAU.

It was indeed full of bitter trial. That sweet voice was often heard interceding for her mother, whose intemperance her father often punished with blows. M. Desgraviers was guilty of the grossest immorality. The house was a desert. Now and then he gave an official dinner, at which no ladies were present. Emira's sole intercourse with the world was an occasional chat in the evening with other young girls on the door-step, according to the primitive habit of the town, where it was also customary to play at battledore and shuttlecock in the street.

Her father had neither cultivation nor interest out of his profession, and he despised all learning in women. Emira, however, persuaded her brother's writing-master to give her lessons secretly, and her handwriting became so excellent that M. Desgraviers made her his secretary.† Henceforth it was her duty to sit part of the day in his study copying abstracts of criminal proceedings. Into this study were shown the victims of seduction; often, too, those who had been unjustly accused of crime returned mutilated from the torture-chamber.‡ Often in the evening her father came back from his official duties pale and abstracted, rejecting her caresses, answering her eager questions with tales of horrible crimes and tortures; for he had to be present when the "Question" was applied, and also to conduct the criminal to the scaffold. Meanwhile the poor drunken mother, who had been very handsome, would sit half-dressed at an open window displaying her charms, to the derision of the passers-by.

In this lurid atmosphere Emira grew up serious, industrious, and self-reliant. Besides her natural dignity and purity, there was a safeguard in the hideous deformity of the vice which surrounded her; it was not disguised, as in the upper classes, by a varnish of gaiety and elegance. All the morning she was to be seen attending to the house-linen (the pride of provincial families); in the afternoon she read, never taking her eyes off the paper except to write extracts. She did not read novels—the preface to the "Nouvelle Héloïse" was enough to shock her. Young's "Night Thoughts" and the "Pensées de Pascal" were her favourite books. They touched her imagination, and suited the gloomy home where laughter was never heard.

Her mother died when she was about thirteen, and she was sent to a convent to prepare for her first communion. She fell into extreme devotion, and, being told that her beauty was a snare, she inoculated herself secretly with small-pox. Luckily she escaped with but little damage.

* This motto was chosen by Sergent.

† Sergent gives a *fac-simile* of it. It is beautiful, and perfectly legible.

‡ Torture was abolished in the early years of Louis XVI.'s reign.

On her return home she found a great improvement. Her father had married again; decency and respectability had taken the place of the former degrading scenes. The young wife, however, became jealous of her step-daughter, and she was sent to her aunt (Mme. Lafosse), who lived six miles out of Chartres. Here, in the companionship of her aunt and cousins and their friends, Emira for the first time enjoyed congenial society. Her shyness wore off. To please her aunt (who was a famous housekeeper) she undertook the whole management of the house, and she learned to rise with the sun, to milk the cows, feed the chickens, &c. She came back more attractive than ever, and her father felt that an early marriage for her was the only prospect of peace at home. The house had acquired such a bad reputation that few eligible suitors presented themselves. M. Desgraviers fixed upon one, M. Champion de Cerrol, whose only recommendations were his position and fortune. He belonged to the *noblesse de robe*, and held two posts in the Tribunal. Her tears and entreaties were in vain. She was dragged to the altar, and Sergent heard that the wedding was like a funeral. Her husband's conduct was so brutal that she escaped three days afterwards to her father's house; but she was forced back again, and had to make the best of her unhappy lot. She was only fourteen. Sergent draws her portrait at this age:



Emira in her Study.

(*From an old Print, drawn and engraved by Sergent.*)

"Emira was rather below the middle height. Her head was set gracefully on her shoulders. Her bust was rather full; as much as could be seen of it through the gauze with which it was carefully covered was of dazzling whiteness. Her light, graceful walk was not without a certain voluptuousness, due to the roundness and suppleness of her limbs. Her muscles were strong. She was an excellent walker, and she once rode a distance of twenty leagues to save the reputation of her cousin's wife. Her waist was not one of those you can encircle with your hands, a beauty which women owe to their whalebone stays; she could never bear any species of *gêne*, and thus every movement was full of softness and grace. Her arms were those of a statue, yet more beautiful, for a rosy dimple adorned the elbow; her delicate wrists joined them to little dimpled hands which one longed to kiss. Her foot was not small. She concealed this defect by wearing long dresses, and very pointed shoes with high heels, so that only the points of her toes were seen. No one would understand me if I did not give a picture of these shoes, now abandoned for ever. The Poissardes often laughed at her during the Revolution for still wearing them.

"Her face was round rather than oval, a form which denotes wit and gaiety. Its principal ornaments were her eyes—large, beautifully shaped, with broad arched eyelids and long black lashes. The iris was flame-coloured; their glances full of fire; brilliant, yet soft. Their changing expression told her thoughts before she spoke. They held in check presumptuous admirers; not one could endure the glances of contempt she flashed on them. But ill-humour never was depicted in them, for, though quick, her temper was not irritable. What charms adorned her mouth, formed by two rosy lips fresh as a flower bathed in the dews of morning! Her upper lip was a perfect bow; when she laughed two little rows of pearl disclosed themselves. She never gave way to noisy bursts of merriment, which she considered ill-bred. Her soft cheeks were adorned by two dimples—nests of love.

"When in grief she was in the highest degree seductive: her lovely eyes filled with tears, held in suspense a moment by their long lashes, thence to drop like pearls of morning dew. Not one feature was distorted; no convulsion betrayed her sufferings. I have often wiped away those precious tears before complete happiness was our lot; but never did I cause her to shed one for my sake. To the last she preserved her voice. Its tones—so soft, so penetrating, so melodious—were those of a syren when animated by love."

Sergent was in Paris when her marriage took place. About a year afterwards he came to Chartres for a month, and one day her aunt by marriage brought Emira to ask him to take to Mme. Champion's son (a young law-student in Paris) a ring, the centre of which was a stone supposed to be a charm. "Emira drew the ring from her pretty finger, and, in soft accents, begged me to take it. She had scarcely reached her sixteenth summer. She was in deep mourning, and looked like a flower freshly blown. The tone of her voice made an impression on me quite different from the feeling I had two years previously. I kept the ring, which was of little value; sometimes I put it on my finger. I forgot all about cousin Champion. At last he came to ask for it, and from that time we enjoyed for eight years a friendship which nothing could surpass. It was through him that I learned to know and love Emira."

Emira's unhappy married life (for, although she herself never complained, her husband's brutality and profligacy were undisguised) and her extreme attractiveness would naturally have laid her open to the advances of many admirers. One of them must have been reading Shakespeare, for he thought of giving her a soporific and carrying her off from the graveyard. "But not one of these lovesick gallants had a chance. Besides her high principle, the idea she had of human dignity was enough to protect her. A man on his knees before Emira was degraded for ever in her eyes."

She did not, however, eschew society. "She was passionately fond of dancing. There were five or six especially good dancers at Chartres; Emira was among them. They were engaged as partners from one ball to another. They were the nucleus of an Order of Chivalry formed by the *Petite Noblesse*. The members wore a silver medal. On one side was a shell in the act of bursting, with 'Crepitat equites non territat;' on the other was 'Union,' surrounded by a wreath of oak-leaves (the arms of the town). I engraved the design.

"The minuet and allemande were the dances she preferred; she would never have permitted the familiarity of the waltz."

It is strange that, with this dignified reserve, she should have shared in the Spartan custom at Chartres of promiscuous wrestling in the open street. Sergent says, however, that "she never wrestled except with her brothers or her cousin, or married men in the presence of their wives; never with me, for she would not allow the purity of our friendship to be sullied by any personal familiarity."

"Emira's cousin presented me to his family, and soon we three were one in friendship and pursuits. Together we roamed about the country in search of plants and insects, and I put her into correspondence with the distinguished naturalists, MM. Mauduit, Mallet, and Geoffroi. Cousin Champion also taught her chemistry. She likewise set up a turning-lathe. It was the custom for the citizens of Chartres to have a little house outside the town. She drew the plans for her husband's, and superintended the works. It was curious to see her, a woman of twenty-three, at the head of the masons and carpenters as early as four in the morning. The foreman said, 'Pardie, madame, you understand it as if you were one of the trade.' She painted the inside, and arranged the garden with much taste. After it was finished she might be seen any morning returning to Chartres at eight o'clock with her servant Ursula (an excellent girl, who lived with her seventeen years, and, when we were reduced, would not accept any wages), laden with baskets of garden produce. She herself carried boxes full of herbs and insects; but, before classifying them, she put on a large white apron, prepared the vegetables, and sometimes clarified the honey and preserved the fruit. A book of four hundred pages (which I still possess) proves that no detail of housekeeping was unknown to her.

"Although not extravagant, she always dressed well and becomingly. She was the last to adopt, and the first to leave off, absurd and inconvenient fashions, such as paniers, bêtises (false hips), hoops, &c. She disliked glaring colours and heavy materials. She chose light soft silks and muslins which lent themselves to the figure. She adorned her pretty head with feathers and flowers, and made her own head-dresses with peculiar taste. She did not care for jewels; a row of pearls or a strip of velvet tightly round her neck and wrists were all the ornaments she wore.

"Her multifarious occupations did not prevent her reading. She left behind her six large quarto volumes —gleanings, as she called them—filled with criticisms and extracts."

In their very youthful days Sergent had endeavoured in vain to approach Emira by giving her drawing lessons. Now that she was a matron, "the privilege," he writes, "I so ardently desired was to be mine. There is no situation more delicate or more delightful than that of a drawing-master to an attractive woman. Love almost always comes in to make a third. The habit of seeing each other so often brings confidence and an innocent familiarity. What happy moments! yet not without danger. But I am not writing of love, with its pains and pleasures; my feeling for her was based on esteem and admiration. I preserved her, by my advice and watchful care, from indulging in discussions which turned upon love. Such conversations conceal a danger which women often do not perceive till it is too late. I wrote a letter to her on this subject."*

Another great safeguard was her tender care for her half-brother, Marceau,† the young hero who recalled the ancient days of chivalry. Ill-treated by his unnatural mother, he fled, at four years old, to his sister, who protected him, and brought him up as lovingly as if he had been her own brother. His gratitude was equal to her affection. "If I am worth anything," he used to say, "if I deserve the esteem in which I am held, I owe it all to my good sister." This was his name for Emira.

In the year 1784 Emira, with the approval of the families on both sides, finally separated from her unworthy husband. She left Chartres, and spent the next four years in the Abbaye de St. Louie. Sergent, at the same time, finally left his native town to settle in Paris, where he followed the profession of engraver. He continued to associate Emira with his life. They kept up a lively correspondence, and she assisted him in his work, for which purpose she learned etching and engraving. He paid occasional visits to the convent, where he was received with great cordiality by the

* The illustration on p. 217, from a print drawn and engraved by Sergent, represents Emira in her study reading that letter.

† Marceau, General, born in 1769 at Chartres, son of a Registrar of the Court of Bailleage. Entered the army (fifteen years of age) in 1784. Appointed Chief of the Battalion of Volunteers of the Eure. Was sent, with the rank of Captain, to the war in La Vendée; was appointed, by the advice of Kléber, General-in-Chief of the Army of the West; won the battle of Mans, December 12, 1793. General of Division in 1794, he gained the battle of Fleurus. In 1795 he protected the retreat of Jourdain's army. He had several times repulsed the enemy when he was mortally wounded. The enemy joined with the French troops to render him the last military honours. Marceau was as distinguished for his humanity and disinterestedness as for his courage and strategical talents. A statue was erected to his memory at Chartres.—*Biographie Universelle.*

abbess. He dwells with Republican complacency on the aristocratic society he found there. "There were princesses, duchesses, marchionesses, and four rich untitled ladies. Emira was the lowest in rank, but beloved and esteemed by all. These ladies, with the abbess, would often adjourn to my room beyond the precincts, and we formed a very agreeable circle." In the companionship of these ladies, he says, Emira acquired the ease and dignity of the best society.

In the year 1789 she went to Paris and lodged in the same house as Sergent, but he reiterates that their attachment was perfectly pure until the law facilitating divorce rendered it legitimate.

In 1794 they visited Chartres, where the name of "Androphile" was conferred on Sergent by the Municipality, and that of "Emira" on his beloved companion. He was falsely accused of having favoured the insurrection of the 20th of May, 1795, and he escaped to Switzerland, where Emira joined him. They wandered about under assumed names (Sergent pretended to be an artist) till they reached Basle, where the French Ambassador, Barthelemy (nephew of the author of "Anacharsis," whose life Sergent had saved) showed his gratitude by helping them in every way. It was about this time that they were married. They took advantage of the amnesty of the 4th Brumaire (1796) to join Marceau at Coblentz, but fell into the hands of the Austrians, who, however, when they found that Emira was Marceau's sister, set them free. A few months afterwards Marceau was killed.



Tomb of Emira Sergent Marceau.
(From an old Print, drawn by Sergent.)

Sergent says: "We were waiting for him to join us at Basle, whence we were going together to Paris, to be present at his marriage with the young Countess de Château-Giron. Emira was preparing his room when I saw his death in the newspaper. From day to day I put off telling her. At length the Ambassador pressed me to do so. 'If she heard it from any one else,' he said, 'it would kill her.' She fell into a sort of syncope; her eyes were fixed. I looked for the ring containing her brother's portrait and put it on her finger. She burst into tears. 'Ah, mon ami!' she exclaimed; her head fell on my breast; I heard only her sobs." . . .

In the following year they returned to Paris, when Sergent was appointed, by Bernadotte, General of the Military Hospital. He held this office for four years, when, speaking imprudently against the tyranny of Bonaparte, he was accused of complicity in the Fieschi plot, and they were again driven into exile, where they spent the remainder of their lives. For twenty-seven years they lived in various towns in the North of Italy, supporting themselves by teaching, translating, and engraving. Emira always loved to surround herself with young people. She adopted her little four-year-old nephew, Berchotte Marceau, and she had a class of girls. Both she and her husband were very sociable, and were admitted wherever they went into good society. "She was a charming hostess, never showing that she was bored or tired. On the days of her fête from sixty to ninety people would assemble without invitation to do her honour, and never leave us till daybreak. Our *bals blancs* were celebrated. They consisted entirely of girls and very young married women, and Emira had her *aides-de-camp*, who made a point of dancing with all who were unknown or neglected."

After Wagram, when Napoleon was visiting the wounded in the hospital of Vienna, he came upon Maugars, who had been a companion in arms of Marceau. "What can I do for you?" asked the Emperor. "Give a pension to Marceau's sister," replied Maugars. Bonaparte consented, and a pension of 1,200 francs was granted to Emira.

In 1820 she collected a volume of historical notices on Marceau, illustrated by Sergent, and gave copies to Louis XVIII., to the Kings of Prussia and Sweden and Wirtemberg, to the Archduke Charles, and others, among whom was Lord Byron, who had celebrated the young hero in the third canto of "Childe Harold."

They moved to Nice—their last home—in 1830. It was there that Sergent writes: "Emira died on the 6th of May, 1834, after an illness of twenty days, surrounded by those who loved her and scarcely ever left her, and who were touched by the sight of her patient resignation and courage. On that very day we entertained hopes of her recovery; she and I conversed for two hours, and then, at four o'clock, she expired in my arms without a sigh or a struggle—like an infant falling asleep.

"How could I help adoring her—I whom she called by the proud title of her friend—whose heart, unchilled by age, renders to hers the worship due to so much goodness?

"Although the charming form in which thy soul clothed itself is mingled with the dust, thy image, Emira, will be always with me. My imagination still sees it adorned with the beauty which rendered it so lovely in youth, and which Time so long respected, and

by the yet more powerful attractions of thy qualities of mind and heart."

She was followed to the grave by the French Consul and Vice-Consul and almost all the French, as well as many of the Italian, residents at Nice. Some of Emira's particular friends asked leave to erect a monument "to the memory of her who for sixty years made the happiness of her husband. She will be regretted and mourned by all who honoured her while living, and her remembrance will never fade from our hearts."

According to her wish, expressed in former days, a box containing the ashes of her brother was buried in her tomb. Sergent concludes with these words:—"That resting-place will one day be re-opened for me."

M. C. M. SIMPSON.

Sunday Club for Working Boys in Paris.

BY MISS MUIR MACKENZIE.

BELLS were clanging, and all the ribbons and frills of the Sunday gowns fluttering and flapping in the keen wind; little holiday-making college boys were pattering down the narrow street; before Notre Dame des Champs a great space was empty of all save bright little pools reflecting blue skies after the pelting shower.

There was no one to show me the way, but I saw a building standing rather back from the street, behind a red wall, and the little green doors; so, hap-hazard, I rang a bell, and a tidy little lean man opened to me and told me I was right, this was the Sunday Club for Working Lads. Behind a glass partition one was writing down the names of others who passed in and out, like bees in the hive, in a narrow passage, beyond which I saw waving branches. They fetched or deposited their caps, or put little account-books into pigeon-holes in silence; but I was put into a dingy room, to wait for some one to show me over the establishment, with grandmother, in black crêpe and her cotton umbrella, and a spindle-legged person—the young brother of one of the members. A black-haired priest came presently, and the grandmother began confidences, but a second edition of my first layman followed and fetched me away. He was exactly like the same kind of good young man in England, even to the shiny forehead and reddish hair which they generally have; and he turned out his square toes, and was as deliberately alert as they are, and as practical and excellent.

The institution is a sort of club to which all lads of any employment in Paris may belong by payment of a merely nominal sum and a certificate of good conduct. They spend the Sunday there, going home to dinner, but with a collation provided as lunch. I saw syrup, cheese, and oranges served from a benevolent den in the playground. There is a chapel where they hold two short services; an address is given at a class in the afternoon to those who choose to attend it. The clerical element is subordinate to the lay, although my guide told me he considered confession as one of the very strongest helps towards a good influence for these young people.

The building has a twofold use: the upper storey is a home for old men who can pay for their keep; there is also a very small orphanage attached in order to help the funds. Those of the lads who have belonged for some time, and who have a "turn that way," go to visit and read to the old men upstairs. "We try to induce them and teach them to do so. We do all we can to encourage sympathy for others, and train them to give some of their time and thought to their less fortunate fellows. The elder ones are monitors, and wear a badge or a medal; they help to keep order. In their business or their *quartier* they find out who is fresh from the country and bring in fresh members," said my guide.

The playground had swings, bars, various posts and ropes (no trapeze); groups were playing at ball—at various games. They may play as much as they like. On fine days long walks are organised, but it is understood that all attend the services. After service they are quite free to amuse themselves. On an upper floor were rooms where lectures could be given, a library (a room with an harmonium—that pious little instrument which might be canonised as inseparable from good works); a small room, where one indisposed for play might read in peace (there were chess-players in a corner of it); finally, a room with a small stage; there, on Sundays or on saints' days, in the evening, plays are given by the boys, with assistance from their friends.

"That is very different from England," I remarked. "We separate absolutely Sundays from theatres."

"Ah! well, the theatres are all open on Sundays, and we want to attract our boys from the hurtful ones to this, where they have their amusement without anything noxious. We want to compete (*faire concurrence*) with the evil. We do not divorce amusement from goodness, and think we had better take God into confidence for our pleasures as well as for our good works." And, to be sure, there was a nice white saint in plaster just over the stage to patronise the proceedings.

All classes of employment are represented there, from the clerk in the black coat to the little shoeblack. My guide told me that no social distinctions were made, and a very nice tone prevailed; but if a bad boy came, he was turned out at once. "A very modest, small institution—only an attempt," he said; but it met with more sympathy among the young men of society than you would expect, and, he hoped, might draw some more out of the idle ranks to better acquaintance with the working classes.

My little layman was very polite to me. I bade him good-bye, with many wishes for success, when he let me out of the green door and returned to his boys.

Some Literary Notes.

BY THE EDITOR.



"THE various collectors of Irish folk-lore," says Mr. W. B. Yeats in his charming little book "Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry" (Walter Scott), "have, from our point of view one great merit, and, from the point of view of others, one great fault. They have made their work literature rather than science, and told us of the Irish peasantry rather than of the primitive history of mankind, or whatever else the folklorists are on the gad after. To be considered scientists, they should have tabulated all their tales in forms like grocers' bills—item the fairy king, item the fairy queen. Instead of this, they have caught the very voice of the people, the very pulse of life, each giving what was most noticed in his day. Croker and Lover, full of the ideas of the harum-scarum Irish gentility, saw everything humorised. The impulse of the Irish literature of their time came from a class that did not—mainly for political reasons—take the populace seriously, and imagined the country as a humorist's Arcadia; of its passion, its gloom, its tragedy, they knew nothing. What they did was not wholly false; they merely magnified an irresponsible type, found oftenest among boatmen, carmen, and gentlemen's servants, into the type of a whole nation, and created the stage-Irishman. The writings of '45 and the Famine combined, burst their bubble. Their work had the dash as well as the shallowness of an ascendent and idle class; and, in Croker, is touched everywhere with beauty, a gentle Arcadian beauty. Carleton, a peasant born, has in many of his stories, more especially in his ghost stories, a much more serious way with him, for all his humour. Kennedy, an old bookseller in Dublin, who seems to have had something of genuine belief in the fairies, comes next in time. He has far less literary faculty, but is wonderfully accurate, giving often the very words in which the stories were told. But the best book since Croker is Lady Wilde's 'Ancient Legends.' The humour has all given way to pathos and tenderness. We have here the innermost heart of the Celt in the moments he has grown to love through years of persecution, when, cushioning himself about with dreams, and hearing fairy songs in the twilight, he ponders on the soul and on the dead. Here is the Celt, only it is the Celt dreaming."

Into a volume of very moderate dimensions, and of extremely moderate price, Mr. Yeats has collected together the most characteristic of our Irish folk-lore stories, grouping them together according to subject. First come the "Trooping Fairies." The peasants say that these are fallen angels who were not good enough to be saved, nor bad enough to be lost; but the Irish antiquarians see in them the gods of Pagan Ireland, who, when no longer worshipped or fed with offerings, dwindled away in the popular imagination, and are now only a few spans in height. Their chief occupations are feasting, fighting, making love, and playing the most beautiful music. They have only one industrious person among them, the *Leprachaun* (the Little Shoemaker). It is his duty to repair their shoes when they wear them out with dancing. Mr. Yeats tells us that near the village of Ballisodare is an old woman who lived among them for seven years. When she came home she had no toes; she had danced them all off. On May Eve, every seventh year, they fight for the harvest, for the best ears of grain belong to them. An old man informed Mr. Yeats that he saw them fight once, and that they tore the thatch off a house. Had any one else been near they would merely have seen a great wind whirling everything into the air as it passed. When the wind drives the leaves and straws before it, that is the fairies, and the peasants take off their hats and say, "God bless them." When they are gay, they sing. Many of the most beautiful tunes of Ireland are only their music caught up by eavesdroppers. No prudent peasant would hum "The Pretty Girl Milking the Cow" near a fairy rath, for they are jealous, and do not like to hear their songs on clumsy mortal life. Blake once saw a fairy's funeral. But this, as Mr. Yeats points out, must have been an English fairy, for the Irish fairies never die; they are immortal.

Then come the "Solitary Fairies;" amongst them we find the little *Leprachaun* mentioned above. He has grown very rich, as he possesses all the treasure-crocks buried in war-time. In the early part of this century, according to Croker, they used to show in Tipperary a little shoe forgotten by the fairy shoemaker. Then there are two rather disreputable little fairies—the *Cluricaun*, who gets intoxicated in gentlemen's cellars; and "The Red Man," who plays unkind practical jokes. The *Fear-Gorta* (Man of Hunger) is an emaciated phantom who goes through the land in time of famine, begging an alms, and bringing good luck to the giver. The *Water-Sheerie* is own brother to the English Jack o' Lantern. The *Leanhaun Shee* (Fairy Mistress) seeks the love of mortals. If they refuse, she must be their slave; if they consent, they are hers, and can only escape by finding another to take their place. The fairy lives on their life, and they waste away. Death is no escape from her. She is the Gaelic Muse, for she gives inspiration to those she persecutes. The Gaelic poets die young, for she is restless, and will not let them remain long on earth. The *Pooka* is essentially an animal spirit, and some have considered him the forefather of Shakespeare's "Puck." He lives on solitary mountains and among old ruins "grown monstrous with much solitude," and is of the race of the

nightmare. He has many shapes—is now a horse, now a goat, now an eagle. Like all spirits, he is only half in the world of form. The Banshee does not care much for our democratic levelling tendencies; she only loves old families, and despises the *parvenu* or the *nouveau riche*. When more than one Banshee is present, and they wail and sing in chorus, it is for the death of some holy or great one. An omen that sometimes accompanies the Banshee is an immense black coach, mounted by a coffin, and drawn by headless horses driven by a *Dullahan*. A *Dullahan* is the most terrible thing in the world. In 1807 two of the sentries stationed outside St. James's Park saw one climbing the railings, and died of fright. Mr. Yeats suggests that they are possibly descended from that Irish giant who swam across the Channel with his head in his teeth.

Then come the stories of ghosts, of saints and priests, and of giants. The ghosts live in a state intermediary between this world and the next. They are held there by some earthly longing or affection, or some duty unfulfilled, or anger against the living; they are those who are too good for hell and too bad for heaven. Sometimes they take the form of insects, especially that of butterflies. The author of "The Parochial Survey of Ireland" heard a woman say to a child, who was chasing a butterfly, "How do you know it is not the soul of your grandfather?" On November Eve they are abroad, and dance with the fairies. As for the saints and priests, there are no martyrs in the stories. That ancient chronicler Giraldus Cambrensis taunted the Archbishop of Cashel because no one in Ireland had received the crown of martyrdom. "Our people may be barbarous," the prelate answered, "but they have never lifted their hands against God's saints; but now that a people have come amongst us who know how to make them" (it was just after the English invasion) "we shall have martyrs plentifully." The giants were the old Pagan heroes of Ireland, who grew bigger and bigger, just as the gods grew smaller and smaller. The fact is they did not wait for offerings; they took them *vi et armis*.

Some of the prettiest stories are those that cluster round *Tir-nán-Og*. This is the Country of the Young, "for age and death have not found it, neither tears nor loud laughter have gone near it." One man has gone there and returned. The bard Oisen—who wandered away on a white horse, moving on the surface of the foam with his fairy Niamh—lived there three hundred years, and then returned in search of his comrades. The moment his foot touched the earth his three hundred years fell on him, and he was bowed double, and his beard swept the ground. He described his sojourn in the Land of Youth to St. Patrick before he died. Since then, according to Mr. Yeats, "many have seen it in many places: some in the depths of lakes, and have heard rising therefrom a vague sound of bells; more have seen it far off on the horizon, as they peered out from the western cliffs. Not three years ago a fisherman imagined that he saw it."

Mr. Yeats has certainly done his work very well. He has shown great critical capacity in his selection of the stories, and his little introductions are charmingly written. It is delightful to come across a collection of purely imaginative work, and Mr. Yeats has a very quick instinct in finding out the best and the most beautiful things in Irish folk-lore. I am also glad to see that he has not confined himself entirely to prose, but has included Allingham's lovely poem on the fairies:—

"Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We dare not go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

"Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs
All night awake.

"High on the hill-top
The old king sits,
He is now so old and grey
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columkill he crosses
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music,
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights."

All lovers of fairy-tales and folk-lore should get this little book. "The Horned Women," "The Priest's Soul," and "Teig O'Kane," are really marvellous in their way; and, indeed, there is hardly a single story that is not worth reading and thinking over.

The wittiest writer in France at present is a woman. That clever, that *spirituelle grande dame* who has adopted the pseudonym of "Gyp," has in her own country no rival. Her wit, her delicate and delightful *esprit*, her fascinating modernity, and her light happy touch, give her a unique position in that literary movement which has taken for its object the reproduction of contemporary life. Such books as "Autour du Mariage," "Autour du Divorce," and "Le Petit Bob" are, in their way, little playful masterpieces, and the only work in England that we could compare with them is Violet Fane's "Edwin and Angelina Papers." To the same brilliant pen which gave us these wise and witty studies of modern life we owe now a more serious, more elaborate production. "Helen Davenant" (Chapman and Hall) is as earnestly wrought out as it is cleverly conceived. If it has a fault, it is that it is too full of matter. Out of the same material a more economical writer would have made two novels and half a dozen psychological studies for publication in American magazines. Thackeray once met Bishop Wilberforce at dinner at Dean Stanley's, and after listening to the eloquent prelate's extraordinary flow and fund of stories, remarked to his neighbour, "I

could not afford to spend at that rate." Violet Fane is certainly lavishly extravagant of incident, plot, and character. But we must not quarrel with richness of subject-matter at a time when tenuity of purpose and meagreness of motive seem to be becoming the dominant notes of contemporary fiction. The side-issues of the story are so complex that it is difficult, almost impossible, to describe the plot in any adequate manner. The interest centres round a young girl, Helen Davenant by name, who contracts a private and clandestine marriage with one of those mysterious and fascinating foreign noblemen who are becoming so invaluable to writers of fiction, either in narrative or dramatic form. Shortly after the marriage her husband is arrested for a terrible murder committed some years before in Russia, under the evil influence of occult magic and mesmerism. The crime was done in a hypnotic state, and, as described by Violet Fane, seems much more probable than the actual hypnotic experiments recorded in scientific publications. This is the supreme advantage that fiction possesses over fact. It can make things artistically probable, can call for imaginative and realistic credence, can, by force of mere style, compel us to believe. The ordinary novelists, by keeping close to the ordinary incidents of commonplace life, seem to me to abdicate half their power. Romance, at any rate, welcomes what is wonderful; the temper of wonder is part of her own secret; she loves what is strange and curious. But besides the marvels of occultism and hypnotism, there are many other things in "Helen Davenant" that are worthy of study. Violet Fane writes an admirable style. The opening chapter of the book, with its terrible poignant tragedy, is most powerfully written, and I cannot help wondering that the clever authoress cared to abandon, even for a moment, the superb psychological opportunity that this chapter affords. The touches of nature, the vivid sketches of high life, the subtle renderings of the phases and fancies of society, are also admirably done. "Helen Davenant" is certainly clever, and shows that Violet Fane can write prose that is as good as her verse, and can look at life not merely from the point of view of the poet, but also from the standpoint of the philosopher, the keen observer, the fine social critic. To be a fine social critic is no small thing, and to be able to incorporate in a work of fiction the results of such careful observation is to achieve what is out of the reach of many. The difficulty under which the novelists of our day labour seems to me to be this: if they do not go into society, their books are unreadable; and if they do go into society, they have no time left for writing. However, Violet Fane has solved the problem.

"The chronicles which I am about to present to the reader are not the result of any conscious effort of the imagination. They are, as the title-page indicates, records of dreams occurring at intervals during the last ten years, and transcribed, pretty nearly in the order of their occurrence, from my diary. Written down as soon as possible after awaking from the slumber during which they presented themselves, these narratives, necessarily unstudied in style and wanting in elegance of diction, have at least the merit of fresh and vivid colour; for they were committed to paper at a moment when the effect and impress of each successive vision were strong and forceful on the mind. . . .

"The most remarkable features of the experiences I am about to record are the methodical consecutiveness of their sequences, and the intelligent purpose disclosed alike in the events witnessed and in the words heard or read. . . . I know of no parallel to this phenomenon, unless in the pages of Bulwer Lytton's romance entitled 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine,' in which is related the story of a German student endowed with so marvellous a faculty of dreaming, that for him the normal conditions of sleeping and waking became reversed; his true life was that which he lived in his slumbers, and his hours of wakefulness appeared to him as so many uneventful and inactive intervals of arrest, occurring in an existence of intense and vivid interest which was wholly passed in the hypnotic state. . . .

"During the whole period covered by these dreams I have been busily and almost continuously engrossed with scientific and literary pursuits, demanding accurate judgment and complete self-possession and rectitude of mind. At the time when many of the most vivid and remarkable visions occurred, I was following my course as a student at the Paris Faculty of Medicine, preparing for examinations, daily visiting hospital wards as dresser, and attending lectures. Later, when I had taken my degree, I was engaged in the duties of my profession and in writing for the press on scientific subjects. Neither had I ever taken opium, haschish, or other dream-producing agent. A cup of tea or coffee represents the extent of my indulgences in this direction. I mention these details in order to guard against inferences which might otherwise be drawn as to the genesis of my faculty.

"It may, perhaps, be worthy of notice that by far the larger number of the dreams set down in this volume occurred towards dawn; sometimes even, after sunrise, during a 'second sleep.' A condition of fasting, united possibly with some subtle magnetic or other atmospheric state, seems, therefore, to be that most open to impressions of the kind."

This is the account given by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford of the genesis of her remarkable volume, "Dreams and Dream-Stories" (George Redway); and certainly some of the stories, especially those entitled "Steepside," "Beyond the Sunset," and "The Village of Seers," are well worth reading, though not intrinsically finer, either in motive or idea, than the general run of magazine stories. No one who had the privilege of knowing Mrs. Kingsford, who was one of the brilliant women of our day, can doubt for a single moment that these tales came to her in the way she describes; but to me the result is just a little disappointing. Perhaps, however, I expect too much. There is no reason whatsoever why the imagination should be finer in hours of dreaming than it is in hours of waking. Mrs. Kingsford quotes a letter written by Jamblichus to Agathocles, in which he says: "The soul has a two-fold life, a lower and a higher. In sleep the soul is liberated from the constraint of the body, and enters, as an emancipated being, on its divine life of intelligence. The nobler part of the mind is thus united by abstraction to higher natures, and becomes a participant in the wisdom and foreknowledge of the gods. . . . The night-time of the body is the day-time of the soul." But the great masterpieces of literature and the great secrets of wisdom have not been communicated in this way; and even in Coleridge's case, though "Kubla Khan" is wonderful, it is not more wonderful, while it is certainly less complete, than "The Ancient Mariner."

As for the dreams themselves, which occupy the first portion of the book, their value of course depends chiefly on the value of the truths or predictions which they are

supposed to impart. I must confess that most modern mysticism seems to me to be simply a method of imparting useless knowledge in a form that no one can understand. Allegory, parable, and vision have their high artistic uses, but their philosophical and scientific uses are very small. However, here is one of Mrs. Kingsford's dreams. It has a pleasant quaintness about it :—

THE WONDERFUL SPECTACLES.

"I was walking alone on the sea-shore. The day was singularly clear and sunny. Inland lay the most beautiful landscape ever seen; and far off were ranges of tall hills, the highest peaks of which were white with glittering snows. Along the sands by the sea came towards me a man accoutred as a postman. He gave me a letter. It was from you. It ran thus:—

"'I have got hold of the earliest and most precious book extant. It was written before the world began. The text is easy enough to read; but the notes, which are very copious and numerous, are in such minute and obscure characters that I cannot make them out. I want you to get for me the spectacles which Swedenborg used to wear; not the smaller pair—those he gave to Hans Christian Andersen—but the large pair, and these seem to have got mislaid. I think they are Spinoza's make. You know, he was an optical-glass maker by profession, and the best we ever had. See if you can get them for me.'

"When I looked up after reading this letter I saw the postman hastening away across the sands, and I cried out to him, 'Stop! how am I to send the answer? Will you not wait for it?'

"He looked round, stopped, and came back to me.

"'I have the answer here,' he said, tapping his letter-bag, 'and I shall deliver it immediately.'

"'How can you have the answer before I have written it?' I asked. 'You are making a mistake.'

"'No,' he said. 'In the city from which I come the replies are all written at the office, and sent out with the letters themselves. Your reply is in my bag.'

"'Let me see it,' I said. He took another letter from his wallet, and gave it to me. I opened it, and read, in my own handwriting, this answer, addressed to you :—

"'The spectacles you want can be bought in London; but you will not be able to use them at once, for they have not been worn for many years, and they sadly want cleaning. This you will not be able to do yourself in London, because it is too dark there to see well, and because your fingers are not small enough to clean them properly. Bring them here to me, and I will do it for you.'

"I gave this letter back to the postman. He smiled and nodded at me; and then I perceived, to my astonishment, that he wore a camel's-hair tunic round his waist. I had been on the point of addressing him—I know not why—as *Hermes*. But I now saw that he must be John the Baptist; and in my fright at having spoken to so great a Saint I awoke."

Mr. Maitland, who edits the present volume, and who was joint-author with Mrs. Kingsford of that curious book, "The Perfect Way," states in a foot-note that in the present instance the dreamer knew nothing of Spinoza at the time, and was quite unaware that he was an optician; and the interpretation of the dream, as given by him, is that the spectacles in question were intended to represent Mrs. Kingsford's remarkable faculty of intuitional and interpretative perception. For a spiritual message fraught with such meaning, the mere form of this dream seems to me somewhat ignoble, and I cannot say that I like the blending of the postman with St. John the Baptist. However, from a psychological point of view, these dreams are interesting, and Mrs. Kingsford's book is undoubtedly a valuable addition to the literature of the mysticism of the nineteenth century.

"The Romance of a Shop" (T. Fisher Unwin), by Miss Amy Levy, is a more mundane book, and deals with the adventures of some young ladies who open a photographic studio in Baker Street, to the horror of some of their fashionable relatives. It is so brightly and pleasantly written that the sudden introduction of a tragedy into it seems violent and unnecessary. It lacks the true tragic temper, and without this temper in literature all misfortunes and miseries seem somewhat mean and ordinary. With this exception the book is admirably done, and the style is clever and full of quick observation. Observation is perhaps the most valuable faculty for a writer of fiction. When novelists reflect and moralise, they are, as a rule, dull. But to observe life with keen vision and quick intellect, to catch its many modes of expression, to seize upon the subtlety, or satire, or dramatic quality of its situations, and to render life for us with some spirit of distinction and fine selection—this, I fancy, should be the aim of the modern realistic novelist. It would be, perhaps, too much to say that Miss Levy has distinction; this is the rarest quality in modern literature, though not a few of its masters are modern; but she has many other qualities which are admirable.

"Faithful and Unfaithful" (Macmillan and Co.) is a powerful but not very pleasing novel. However, the object of most modern fiction is not to give pleasure to the artistic instinct, but rather to vividly portray life for us, to draw attention to social anomalies, and social forms of injustice. Many of our novelists are really pamphleteers, reformers masquerading as story-tellers, earnest sociologists seeking to mend as well as to mirror life. The heroine, or rather martyr, of Miss Margaret Lee's story is a very noble and graciously Puritanic American girl, who is married at the age of eighteen to a man whom she insists on regarding as a hero. Her husband cannot live in the high rarefied atmosphere of idealism with which she surrounds him; her firm and fearless faith in him becomes a factor in his degradation. "You are too good for me," he says to her in a finely conceived scene at the end of the book; "we have not an idea, an inclination, or a passion in common. I'm sick and tired of seeming to live up to a standard that is entirely beyond my reach and my desire. We make each other miserable! I can't pull you down, and for ten years you have been exhausting yourself in vain efforts to raise me to your level. The thing must end!" He asks her to divorce him, but she refuses. He then abandons her, and availing himself of those curious facilities for breaking the marriage-tie that prevail in the United States, succeeds in divorcing her without her consent, and without her knowledge. The book is certainly characteristic of an age so practical and so literary as ours, an age in which all social reforms have been preceded and have been largely influenced by fiction. "Faithful and Unfaithful" seems to point to some coming change in the marriage laws of America.



ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

(From the Portrait by Herself in the Uffizzi Gallery, Florence.)

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ANGELICA KAUFFMAN" (p. 257).

Women on Horseback.

THE history of women on horseback is as curious as it is interesting. Women have ridden in all sorts of ways and in all sorts of costumes. They have ridden boldly in man's fashion, and they have been relegated by the stern decrees of popular prejudice to the subordinate and somewhat ridiculous position of a seat on a pillion, from whence they clung for protection to the



Lady of the Fourteenth Century Hawking.

(*From Le Livre du Roy Modus.*)

father, brother, or husband riding in front. They have taken equestrian exercise in ordinary women's attire, in low-necked bodices, trailing gowns, and long-veiled headdresses, and they have finally arrived, after centuries of lampooning, at the semi-masculine and completely appropriate gear of the present year of grace.

There seems to be considerable mystery as to the exact period when ladies left off riding like men and took to the more dangerous and difficult side-saddle. Knighton, Mr. T. Wright, and Planché are all at variance on the subject, the last-named authority repeating the statement that the introduction of side-saddles in England was due to Anne of Bohemia, the wife of Richard II. Mr. Wright, on the contrary, in his learned work, "The Homes of Other Days," in which the curious reader is favoured with many side-lights on the manners and habits of our Anglo-Saxon and Norman forefathers—and mothers—maintains that even in Anglo-Saxon days ladies rode sideways, and gives a woodcut which depicts an Anglo-Saxon lady and gentleman on their travels. "The lady," says Mr. Wright, "it will be observed, rides sideways, as in modern times, and the illuminated manuscripts of different periods furnish us with examples enough to show that such was always the practice; yet an old writer has ascribed the introduction of side-saddles in this country to Anne of Bohemia, the Queen of Richard II., and the statement has been repeated by writers on costume. . . . . Statements of this kind made by old writers are seldom to be depended upon; people were led by political bias or personal partiality to ascribe the introduction of customs that were odious to persons who were unpopular, or whom they disliked, while they ascribed everything of a contrary character to persons who were beloved." In this picture of Anglo-Saxon travellers the lady seems to be dressed in the ordinary loose flowing robe of the period, and wears a kind of wig which covers her head and shoulders, and carries in her hand a curious three-thonged instrument, which represented the riding-whip of that time.

Although the Anglo-Saxons undoubtedly had chariots for travelling and other purposes, riding was more general as a means of locomotion for both sexes, although it was only indulged in by the highest classes.

Norman ladies seem to have preferred the mule to the horse, and to have indulged in the most elaborate and gorgeous trappings. But a saddle of ivory, inlaid with gold, could hardly have been a comfortable seat, however splendid the saddle-cloth with which it was covered, and some people would prefer the absence of "thirty little bells behind the *cuirie*, which, when the



Isabella of France (Wife of Edward II.).

mule ambled, made so great a melody that harp or viol were nothing in comparison." In short, Norman ladies

who took equestrian exercise must have been proverbially uncomfortable, for an historian of the period, Ordericus Vitalis, relates a vision of purgatory, in which, *among other sufferers*, "a crowd of women . . . mounted on horseback, riding in female fashion, with women's saddles . . ." were seen by a priest.



LADY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

(From an Illuminated MS. of Ovid.)

In mediæval times Englishwomen seem to have been universally fond of sport. They went hawking, shot rabbits with bows and arrows, and hunted the stag on horseback. When hunting and hawking there appears to be no doubt that women rode in man's fashion, as being safer, while the side-saddle was considered "good form" for State occasions. Chaucer speaks of his "Wife of Bath" having "on her feete a pair of spurris sharpe." Early in the fourteenth century ladies not only hunted with their husbands and brothers, but indulged in sport entirely by themselves. A curious illuminated manuscript in the Royal Library depicts a lady on horseback, riding straddle-wise and blowing a horn, while a female companion on foot is shooting at a stag with bow and arrow. Women were not only experts at falconry—which was practised on horseback—but they even excelled the men in their knowledge and skill of the great sport of the time. A contemporary writer argues from this that the practice of hawking was frivolous and effeminate.

In Germany the custom of riding straddle-wise still obtained here and there up to the end of the eighteenth century. In the Castle of Coblentz there is a curious equestrian portrait of the Princess Cunigunde of Saxony, sitting, as she habitually rode, like a man.

Tournaments, which appealed to the same tastes and answered the same purpose—as far as ladies were concerned—as the Newmarket, Sandown, and Ascot meetings of the present day, became extremely fashionable during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The historian

Knighton chronicles the fact that in the middle of the fourteenth century the luxury in women's riding-attire and in the caparisoning of their horses was extreme. Numbers of lovely and aristocratic women wasted their



GERMAN LADY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

time riding about from place to place wherever a tournament was to be held, dressed in the richest and most conspicuous clothes. The historian inveighs against their parti-coloured tunics, their extraordinary little hats, which were tied fast with ribbons to the head, and their gold-embroidered girdles, in which jewelled purses and small swords were jauntily stuck. At one tournament, held in London, there was seen the curious spectacle of sixty ladies mounted on horseback, each leading a knight with a gold chain from the Tower to the tilt-yard near St. James's, Smithfield. We have Froissart's authority for this quaint example of contemporary manners. A drawing of Isabella of France, wife of Edward II. (page 227), gives us a fair idea of this gorgeous, if somewhat inconvenient costume, the Queen being clad in the embroidered bodice, the high coif, and the magnificent robes which then obtained. Another royal lady of the Middle Ages, Maria of Burgundy, first wife of the Emperor Maximilian I., was passionately fond of riding, and died from a fall while out hunting in 1482.

We know that Mary Stuart and her rival, Elizabeth, were both excellent horsewomen, and it was probably a concession to the fashion of the times which induced the Virgin Queen to ride behind Leicester on a pillion on certain public occasions. That Elizabeth rode alone when engaged in the sport of falconry, is obvious from a curious print of the Queen in Mr. Gardner's collection of "Old London," entitled "How to Flee the Hearon," in which she is depicted in the ordinary dress, cap, and veil of the period, on a richly-caparisoned charger, and surrounded by admiring courtiers. Elizabeth was an inveterate sportswoman, and was continually joining hunting parties arranged for her by her nobles. A letter to Sir Robert Sydney contains the following passage:—"Her Majesty is well, and excellently disposed to hunting, for every second day she is on horseback and continues the sport long." Elizabeth was then seventy-six years old. A hundred years later, in the reign of William and Mary, we have evidence that ladies went hunting in the quaintest mixture of masculine and feminine costume. An oil painting of Flamstead House, Greenwich Park, in the same famous collection, depicts a lady riding with hounds and huntsmen, dressed in a



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(From an old Print, "How to Flee the Hearon." In the Gardner Collection.)

large hat and feathers, a low-necked dress of dark blue, full muslin under-sleeves, long gloves drawn up the arm, a wide scarlet sash, a very short skirt, blue knee-breeches tied with ribbons, and blue stockings, with



LADY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(From the Duke of Newcastle's Book on Horsemanship.)

rosetted shoes. A writer of the seventeenth century speaks of the ladies of Bury, in Suffolk, as "in a great vaine of wearing breeches," when out hunting and hawking.

The curious incongruities of this costume for riding probably induced English ladies, in the reign of Queen Anne, to adopt the French fashion of a slightly masculine form of dress for the head and body, while a short skirt very properly took the place of the knee-breeches and stockings of the preceding reign. Nothing in the way of an innovation in ladies' dress, however, appears to please the wits and satirists of the day; for we find Mr. Spectator lashing with his formidable whip the new "monsters" and "prodigies" who dared to appear on horseback in the public roads in a man's beaver hat laced with silver, and a bag-wig tied with ribbons. Two interesting papers, by Addison and Hughes, give an accurate picture of the newly-imported fashion in riding-habits, and of the astonishment which it created among the wits and beaux of the town.

"June 29th, 1711.

"MR. SPECTATOR,—Going lately to take the air in one of the most beautiful evenings this season has produced . . . my eyes were suddenly called off . . . by a little party of horsemen I saw passing the road. The greater part of them escaped my particular observation, by reason that my whole attention was fixed on a very fair youth who rode in the midst of them, and seemed to have been dressed by some description in a romance. His features, complexion, and habit had a remarkable effeminacy, and a certain languishing vanity appeared in his air. His hair, well curled and powdered, hung to a considerable length on his shoulders, and was wantonly tied—as if by the hands of his mistress—in a scarlet riband, which played like a streamer behind him; he had a coat and waistcoat of blue camlet trimmed and embroidered with silver, a cravat of the finest lace, and wore, in a smart cock, a little beaver hat edged with silver, and made more sprightly by a feather. His horse, too, which was a pacer, was adorned after the same airy manner, and seemed to share in the vanity of the rider. As I was pitying the luxury of this young person, who appeared to me to have been educated only as an object of sight, I perceived on my nearer approach, and as I turned my eyes downward, a part of the equipage I had not seen before, which was a petticoat of the same with the coat and waistcoat. After this discovery I looked again on the face of the fair Amazon who had thus deceived me, and thought those features which had before offended me by their



A LADY HUNTING IN GREENWICH PARK: REIGN OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

(From an Oil Painting in the Gardner Collection.)

softness were now strengthened into as improper a boldness; and though her eyes, nose, and mouth seemed to be formed with perfect symmetry, I am not certain whether she—who in appearance



LADY'S RIDING-DRESS, 1772.

(From "The Compleat Horseman.")

was a very handsome youth—may not be in reality a very indifferent woman.

"There is an objection which naturally presents itself against those occasional perplexities and mixtures of dress, which is that they seem to break in upon that propriety and distinction of appearance in which the beauty of different characters is preserved; and if they should be more frequent than they are at present, would look like turning our public assemblies into a general masquerade. The model of this Amazonian hunting-habit for ladies was, as I take it, first imported from France, and well enough expresses the gaiety of a people who are taught to do anything, so it be with an assurance, but I cannot help thinking it sits awkwardly yet on our English modesty. The petticoat is a kind of encumbrance upon it, and if the Amazons should think fit to go on in this plunder of our sex's ornaments, they ought to add to their spoils, and complete their triumph over us by wearing the breeches."

Probably Mr. Spectator was not aware of the fact that in the preceding century women of birth and refinement had actually appeared on horseback in the garments so derisively proffered them, in conjunction with a low-necked bodice and a wide-brimmed hat and feathers! A year later, in 1712, Mr. Spectator renews his attack on the lady riders of the day, and this time with a heavier hand:—

"July 19th, 1712.

". . . . Among the several female extravagances I have already taken notice of, there is one which still keeps its ground. I mean that of the ladies who dress themselves in a hat and feather, a riding-coat, and a periwig, or, at least, tie up their hair in a bag or riband, in imitation of the smart part of the opposite sex. . . . I have already shown my dislike of this immodest custom more than once; but, in contempt of everything I have hitherto said, I am informed that the highways about this great city are still very much infested with these female cavaliers. . . . Had one of these . . . appeared in Juvenal's days . . . he would have represented her in her riding-habit as a greater monster than the centaur. He would have called for sacrifices, or purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia or Lucretia to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves."

In defiance of these formidable strictures of the press, riding became more and more a fashionable form of exercise for women. At the French Court ladies hunted in hats of masculine form, and red and green hunting-coats, a fashion which was revived by the Empress Eugénie and her ladies during the most brilliant days of the Second Empire. So devoted to sport were the female aristocracy of France in the last century, that we find the Duchesse de Brionne playing the double *rôle* of a noted beauty and of "Grand Écuyer de France," a post which she filled with distinction after the death of her husband until the majority of her eldest son, the Prince de Lambesc. Riding was one of the favourite amusements of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette and of her sister-in-law, Mme. Elizabeth, during the days when those ladies led the fashion at Versailles.

A curious pamphlet called "The Compleat Horseman," by Charles Hughes—who seems, by-the-by, to have been the fashionable riding-master of the period—



LADY'S RIDING-DRESS, 1788.

(From "The Squire's Door," by George Morland.)

gives a drawing of a lady's riding-dress in 1772. The jacket and waistcoat are almost identical with those worn

by men during the latter part of the last century, and the hat is masculine in character; but a decided quaintness is added to an otherwise appropriate costume by the hoop-distended skirt, which must have been the reverse of comfortable on horseback. This authority on riding maintains that a lady "should wear Italian shoes with very long quarters, and the heel of the shoe coming forward to the middle of the foot," and he also recommends that "the pommel of a lady's saddle should always be made with a turn-again screw, to take off in case the rain, wind, or sun is troublesome—when a lady may ride on the contrary side of the horse, which is the method pursued by the Duchesses of G—d—n and Gr—n and several of the best horsewomen in England."



1820.

Ten years later the fashions had altered completely. Large hats, flowing curls, and the "bouffon," or pouter-pigeon fichu, reigned supreme, and all these appear in the riding-dresses of the last twenty years of the eighteenth century. A long redingote with large buttons, revers, and double shoulder-capes, made a not inappropriate outer garment, but the petticoats were not yet discarded, and formed a constant source of inconvenience, and even danger, to lady equestrians. In a book called "Instructions for Ladies in Riding," published in 1783, the master informs his readers that he gives special lessons to ladies, showing them how to stand up in the stirrup while they pulled down their skirts behind. Indeed, special stirrups had to be invented to enable them to perform this curious and ungraceful feat while in the saddle. A picture by George Morland called "The Squire's Door" depicts, with that artist's inimitable charm, a young lady equipped for riding in the dress of this period.

The years between 1820 and 1830 saw the ugliest fashions for women that have, perhaps, ever been invented by the changeful goddess; and the riding-costumes of the period partook of the hideous nature of ladies' ordinary dress. At the same time, we catch the first glimpse of the riding-habit—in a curious, short-waisted form—in a print of people riding in Hyde Park of the year 1820. Nothing, perhaps, could be less unlike the smart and sportsmanlike habit now in vogue than this long, gathered garment, the monstrous "stove-pipe" hat, and the gauze veil which fell loosely to the waist in front; and yet here we have the germ from which, in the evolution of fashion, has been developed the completely appropriate costume of to-day.

The Queen, who is well known to be an excellent horsewoman, made riding very fashionable when she came to the throne. We are all familiar with the equestrian portrait of Queen Victoria by Landseer, in which Her Majesty is represented in a flowing habit, and a low hat trimmed with a long feather. Low-crowned hats with flowing plumes seem to have been almost universally worn from the time of the Queen's accession to the throne up to about 1863 or 1864. A print, entitled "At High Tide, Rotten Row," in 1845, gives an accurate representation of the riding-habit of that time. The very small and flat hat was ornamented with one long feather, a wide collar was fastened by a bow, while a tight habit bodice, with long basques and a full, floating habit-skirt, completed the costume of the forties, a kind of dress which had not altered to any great extent in 1860, as we can see from John Leech's drawings in *Punch* of that and of preceding years.

That riding was not yet a common form of exercise among the middle classes—the public that *Punch* catered for—is evident from some satirical lines in that periodical of the year 1860, in which the girls of the period were severely castigated:—

> "Riding-habits are the go,
> Fast young ladies,
> When we prance in Rotten Row,
> Fast young ladies;
> Where we're never at a loss
> On the theme of 'that 'ere 'oss,'
> Which, as yet, we do not cross,
> Fast young ladies."

A whole chapter might be written on the Amazon of modern fiction, and especially of the stage. How often does the heroine of modern drama appear in a riding-habit, at least once during the play! One recalls at once the *ingénue* in "La Bataille des Dames," Lady Gay Spanker, the dean's sister, in "Dandy Dick," the ill-fated Frou-Frou, and a score of others.

After some twenty years or more of monotony in plain cloth riding-habits and "stove-pipe" hats, we have once more turned our attention to diversity of colour

and form in riding-gear. Covert-coats, habits opening to show white or coloured waistcoats, and hats of many shapes, from the round felt and the soft wide-awake to the jaunty little sailor hat for summer mornings, are worn by lady equestrians; while the number of smart women who now appear in "pink" in the hunting-field is annually on the increase. Everything, indeed, tends to a rational form of riding-dress. Habits are not so short as they were last year, neither is it considered necessary to exhibit an "hour-glass" waist in the saddle, while the form of head-covering is left widely to the fair rider's taste. Very fortunately for women's health and happiness, public opinion upon the subject of exercise and athletics of all kinds has undergone a complete revolution during the last ten or fifteen years; and the woman who can take a five-barred gate, or succeed in being "in at the death," gains as much masculine respect and admiration nowadays as the girl who turns out senior wrangler or writes "the book of the season."

E. HEPWORTH-DIXON.



1889.

The Fall of Paganism.

ST. AUGUSTINE, who witnessed the final struggle of Paganism, says somewhere that "the ancient worship tried only to die with effect."

Religions, as a rule, perish obscurely when they have out-lasted public favour; but Paganism, before disappearing altogether, held a solemn debate. This great altercation, of which the Altar of Victory was the pretext, put the abilities of two of the greatest men of that century to the test. Towards the end of the fourth century the situation of the Pagans was most critical. Tolerated by Constantine, proscribed by Constans, under Julian they again became masters of the Empire. After an ephemeral triumph of two years under the new prince, Valentinian I., a violent reaction, such as might destroy the old religion, was threatened; but this wise man, not wishing to add internal perils to those without, adopted the policy of Constantine, and declared, even before he began to reign, "that every one should have full liberty to practise the religion he chose." Meanwhile, many were leaning towards the new religion, whilst the bishops were vehemently opposed to the old worship. If Valentinian rejected their counsels to the end of his reign, his son Gratian was more favourable to them. This young man, naturally amiable and sweet-tempered, might have retained from his Pagan education a certain respect for past institutions and the fabled gods, had he not early succumbed to the influence of St. Ambrose, who urged him the other way. This was shown by his refusing to be High Pontiff, all his predecessors, though Christians, having maintained that dignity. Q. Aurelius Symmachus—we give his full name, as he is one of the principal actors in the controversy about to be recounted—was of good family and very rich. From childhood he had had a deserved reputation for eloquence; so that the Senate, naturally proud of him, sent him on more than one occasion to convey their best wishes or condolences. He lived for some time at the Court of Valentinian during the war with the Germans; and flattered him in speeches that would provoke ridicule now, but were not too strong at that time for an Emperor's digestion. In all respects, Symmachus was a rigid Pagan, deeply attached to the faith of his forefathers and to everything of the past. He was zealous in practising the religion his ancestors had practised, fulfilling all the ceremonies of their worship with strictness, sincerely believing that the welfare of Rome depended on the sacrifices made to the gods. When he saw the Germans enter Gaul, the Goths invade the East, he felt convinced that it was because they had forgotten to immolate certain oxen to Jupiter. "Gods of our country," he cried, groaning, "pardon us our culpable negligence."

Gratian, who was always ill-disposed towards the old religion, all at once in 382 desired that the money paid to the vestals and priests for ceremonies and *fêtes* should be, for the future, confiscated to the treasury, and all lands belonging to temples and religious colleges become public property. Besides suppressing the salaries of the priests and confiscating the property of the temples, Gratian took another measure, which, although insignificant by comparison, produced a far greater effect, *i.e.*, he ordered the statue of Victory in the Senate House to be removed. It was customary for each senator, in going to his seat, to approach this altar and burn a grain of incense on it. The goddess presided over all the debates, and all solemn oaths were taken with the hands stretched out towards her. This last act of authority exasperated the Pagans, and Symmachus was chosen by the Senate to go and ask the Emperor to restore them the Altar of Victory. He left for Milan, where the Court then was, but Gratian having been warned by Pope Damasus what was to be asked of him, and also having received, though tardily, a letter of protestation from the Christian senators, he was not received, and had to return to Rome.

Next year the harvest was very bad. There was no corn in Italy, and Rome was suffering from famine. The Pagans affirmed that the gods were taking vengeance on them; but what made the celestial anger still more apparent, was the unhappy fate of the prince, who had shown such animosity to the national worship. In the summer of 383 Gratian was assassinated by one of his generals, Maximinius, who was himself proclaimed Emperor of Gaul. Things now wore a more favourable aspect for the Senate. Gratian's young brother, Valentinian II., who retained Italy, did not feel himself safe. Frightened at the calamity that had overtaken his family, and threatened by Maximinius, he was obliged to be on his guard with every one. The subject so unsuccessfully brought forward the year before, it was now thought advisable to renew; and Symmachus, then *Préfet* of Rome, again went to Milan, where he was received by the Emperor. A short analysis only of his famous speech can be here given.

Symmachus lost no time, but entered at once upon his subject:—"What man here," he said, "is so great a friend of barbarians as not to regret the Altar of Victory? We usually entertain an uneasy prevision that makes us avoid what appears a bad augury. Let us at least therefore give to the name of Victory that honour that we refuse to her divinity. You princes, who already owe her so much, will shortly owe her more. Let those who have never experienced her aid ignore her power; but you, whom she has succoured, do not give up a protection that promises future triumphs. Since all have need of and wish for her, why refuse her your allegiance? or why take an oath to be faithful to your laws and to keep your given word? What fear of religion is sufficient to prevent a faithless soul from

lying when its testimony is demanded? I know well that the whole earth is filled with God, and that there is no safe asylum for the perjurer; but I know also that nothing puts such a restraint on a feeble conscience as the presence of a sacred object. This altar is a guarantee of peace for all, and for the fidelity of each one."

The argument upon which the orator here founds his hopes is that the old worship has for its authority the past, and in that it has the faith of their forefathers. What chiefly upholds Symmachus is the conviction that the prosperity of the Empire depends on their keeping to their ancient worship. "We ask again for a faith that has for long made the fortune of Rome. Since all first causes are enveloped in clouds, by what sign should you recognise the divinity unless by past glory and success! If, then, the authority of a long series of years is the foundation of this religion, let us keep the faith of so many centuries; let us follow the example of our fathers who have so profitably followed that of theirs." Here the orator, in order to give greater force to his words, puts them into the mouth of Rome herself. "It appears to me that Rome stands before you and speaks to you thus: 'Excellent princes, fathers of your country, respect old age, or I become a *parvenu* under this sacred law. Leave me my ancient solemnities, I have no need to regret them. Permit me, since I am free, to live according to custom. This worship has placed the whole world under my laws; these sacrifices, these sacred ceremonies, sent Hannibal away from my walls, and the Gauls from the Capitol. Have I then been saved only to see myself outraged in my old age? Whatever may be asked of me comes too late. Should I not be ashamed to make any change at my age? And what!" he continues, "is the Roman worship to be thrust outside of Roman law? By what name are we to call this usurpation of private fortunes the law forbids to be touched? An inheritor is put in possession of whatever is left him; the advantages conferred by will are not contested, even as regards slaves, whilst the priests of the sacred mysteries—the noble virgins of Vesta—are alone excluded from inherited rights. What do they gain by vowing their chastity to the good of the country, by relegating the future of the Empire to the aid of Heaven, by extending over your arms and your eagles the salutary influence of their virtues, by making for all citizens efficacious prayers, if we do not allow them to participate in what are common rights? How can you allow that in your Empire more should be gained by serving men than by devotion to the gods? It is not only a detestable crime you are committing, but a sin that will be visited on the State. The Republic will suffer, for such ingratitude can do it no good. This has been already shown in the famine that has devastated a part of the world. If the harvest has failed, the fault does not lie with the fields; we have no cause to reproach the stars. It is not the hail that destroyed the corn, nor tares that have killed the wheat; it is sacrilege that has caused the soil to be barren, for the gods have avenged their temples and their priests."

He finishes his oration by saying, "Let us acknowledge that this Being to whom all men address their prayers is the same. We all contemplate the same stars, the same heaven is common to us all, we inhabit the same universe. What can it signify, then, in what manner each searches after the truth? One road only cannot suffice to arrive at this great mystery." Finally Symmachus attempts to place the throne of the young prince under the protection of those gods he tries to reconcile and conciliate. "May all religions employ their private strength to sustain you—above all, that one that has made the greatness of your fathers; and in order that it may defend you, allow us to practise it."

This speech was received most favourably by the Imperial Council—composed of Christians and Pagans, all agreeing without distinction of faith that the demands were just and should be acceded to. The Emperor alone resisted. Valentinian, being but fourteen years old, left the government of political and military affairs to his Council, but on religious matters he would submit to no authority. He did not hesitate to give a contrary opinion, and, whilst reproaching the Christians for their weakness, told the Pagans distinctly that he would not re-establish what his brother had suppressed. It was then that St. Ambrose, supported by so powerful a patron, openly entered the lists. Every one is aware that the Bishop of Milan belonged to the grand old Roman family of Aurelii, of which also Symmachus was a member, so that these two adversaries in this famous controversy were nearly related.

St. Ambrose's reply was long, and much of it given in a jesting humour. Symmachus asserts that "Rome re-demands a religion under which she had always been victorious, one that saved her from the Gauls and Hannibal. But the Gauls burnt Rome, and if they did not take the Capitol it is not the great Jupiter but a goose that prevented them doing so. '*Ubi tunc erat Jupiter? an in ansere loquebatur?*' They say the gods defended Rome against Hannibal, but if they really came to her aid this time it must be confessed it was done with a very bad grace, and they were in anything but a hurry to do it. Why did they wait until after the battle of Cannæ? What a quantity of bloodshed would have been spared had they only decided a little more quickly! Besides, Carthage was Pagan as well as Rome; they worshipped the same gods and had a right to the same protection. If it is affirmed that the gods were conquerors with the Romans, it is impossible to deny that they were conquered with the Carthaginians. Choose for yourselves."

To the famous supposition of Symmachus that had had such a great effect on his hearers, St. Ambrose propounded another. He also makes Rome speak, but in a contrary manner. "Of what good," he says, "is it that I ensanguine myself daily by useless sacrifices of many sheep? It is not in the bowels of the victims but in the valour of my warriors that I find victory. Why remind me so continually of the faith of my forefathers? I hate the worship that was Nero's; I regret my past faults, and do not blush in my old age to change like the rest of the world. There is no shame in choosing the better part; it is never too late to learn." Symmachus, we must remember, had dwelt much on the fate

of the Vestals; he had spoken feelingly of "these noble girls, vowed to virginity for the good of the State, and who, by their virtue, brought the Emperor's arms aid from Heaven." St. Ambrose evidently considers these praises require reduction. "To begin with, it must be considered they are but seven, and yet it is difficult to find even that number in the whole Empire willing to make a vow of chastity and to renounce all joys of family. Besides, it is not perpetual renunciation of themselves that is required of them." They enter the service of Vesta at ten years of age and remain for thirty. This time past, they are at liberty and can marry. "Beautiful religion," says St. Ambrose, "where young girls are forced to be chaste, and old women are permitted to be immodest! Independent of this fact, that no faith is placed in their virtue, since terrible threats have to be resorted to in order to keep them dutiful—they must be chaste under penalty of being buried alive." St. Ambrose thinks, "It is not being entirely virtuous to be so through fear. Anyway, if the guilty are severely punished, distinction and favour are showered upon those who conduct themselves well. In their Palace of the Forum they lead a life of luxury, are driven about Rome in magnificent cars, and never appear in public except dressed in purple robes with bands of gold. Every one rises in their presence to do them honour. Even in the theatres and circuses the best places are reserved for them." With these rich and honoured priestesses of Vesta he contrasts Christian virgins. These vow themselves for life, and faithfully keep their vows, although at liberty to break them. They do not number only seven, like the Vestals, but fill towns and people solitary places. They do not require, in order to consecrate themselves to God, that riches and privileges should be squandered on them. On the contrary, it is misery and privation that attracts them. They wear serge, are worse fed than slaves, and fulfil the meanest offices. By the side of those few women—chaste through fear and ambition, and who form the aristocracy of virginity—the others are what St. Ambrose calls "the mass of modesty—*videte plebem pudoris*." Having this opinion of the Vestals, it may well be supposed that he could not think Heaven would have taken any trouble to avenge their wrongs. Again, he refuses to believe that the famine of the previous year was in punishment of Gratian's decrees, and his reason given is that the bad year was followed by a good one. Never had harvest been better, and yet these decrees were still being carried out—the priests continue to receive no salary, the property of the temples has not been restored them, and the Senate still calls for the Altar of Victory. If it is pretended that the dearth was indicative of the anger of the gods, it must be allowed that the abundance that followed is a proof that they are appeased, and demand no further satisfaction. As has been seen, Symmachus is the man of the past, desirous that all remain faithful to old beliefs, and thinking it a crime to change anything from what was. Naturally St. Ambrose argues on the opposite side. The past is not his ideal; he believes that nothing is created perfect, and that all gains by time. If change displeases, if one makes to oneself a law always to turn back, why not stop altogether? Go back as far as possible—to the origin of the world, to barbarism or chaos, and prefer it to our arts, our pleasures, our acquired knowledge; to the time when man did not know how to build a house or cultivate the fields; when he lived under trees and fed on acorns. One must even, to be logical, go even further back—to that period before there was light, when the universe was plunged in darkness. We look upon the appearance of the sun as the first gift of creation; in the opinion of Symmachu it must be the first step towards decadence. By means of such reasoning St. Ambrose prepares his hearers for the introduction of the greatest of all innovations—Christianity itself. "The world," he says, "after having gone wrong for a long time, changed the road, in order to arrive at maturity and perfection. Let those who would cavil find fault with the harvest in that it does not ripen in a few days; let him revile the vintage that we must wait until autumn for the grapes; let him complain of the olive because it is the last fruit of the year."

He concludes in these words: "Is it not true that everything is perfected in time? The day is not at its greatest brilliance at sunrise, but, as the hours advance, the light and heat become more intense."

St. Ambrose's speech entirely changed the opinion of the Council, and the same unanimity that had been displayed in voting for Symmachus now declared itself in favour of his rival. The Pagans were no less eager than the Christians to show their approval, and it was finally decided that the decrees of Gratian should be carried out.

AUGUSTA MARRYAT.



Zeuxis selecting Models for his Picture of Helen.

From the Picture by Angelica Kauffman.)

The Birthplace of Angelica Kauffman.

A SKETCH.

I WAS in Coire the other day; the quick mountain torrent rushed under our bedroom windows, with the same impetuosity that it had when Angelica's mother used to hold out the laughing baby over it, to let her try to catch the water as it foamed and whirled under her little hands, on its way to the placid Rhine which stretches away in the distance—a band of silver winding through the peaceful valley. Coire or Chür—for it is rightly called by either name—stands in a little nest of its own, surrounded by wooded hills brilliant in July with the rich colouring of the young fir-trees. Above the firs, are rugged heights with sharp fine outlines standing out against the sky; and beyond, loom the snowy caps of the high Engadine, of which Coire is as the threshold. Why has so much been said and written about the Engadine, I wonder, and so little of Coire? Have people failed in seeing the picturesqueness of this old Swiss town, to which the quiet and peace of a mediæval age still seem to cling? There every stone has a history could we but read it, every corner a memory. The quaint uphill narrow streets must look now just as they did when Angelica's little feet trotted over their stones; the people gather in groups about the bridge, and under the old archway in the twilight, in the same places where their ancestors have met for centuries. Probably the type itself has but little altered, the men have square and well-set figures, keen blue eyes and reddish beards, a race who show from their physique that they have lived their lives for generations past on mountain-slopes. The women are plain, neat and clean; the children blue eyed, their naturally fair complexions tanned to a healthy brown, and most with hair of that sun-bleached tawny yellow which in after-life becomes dark. Crowning the heights of the town, stands the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and near it the old Episcopal Palace, a quaint long building, flanked with the two Roman towers, Marsoel (Mars in oculis) and Spinoel (Spina in oculis), which have guarded the Palace and town from time immemorial. The first of these towers contains one of the earliest Christian chapels known, for Coire has had a long history, and a bishop, from about the fourth century. There are two or three of

these ancient towers about the town, which claim to be of Roman origin. They were probably built to keep in subjection the vanquished Rhætians. The name of Chür or Coire has its derivation in that given by the Romans, "Curia Rhætorum." The old town has seen many vicissitudes, for it is said to have been at one time overrun by the Huns and Saracens, who infested and swarmed over all that tract of country, and it has still some relics of the latter, in the shape of embroidered materials in the Cathedral. The ground slopes away abruptly from the back of the Palace, and below, on various levels, are grouped the peaked, lichen-coloured roofs of the picturesque houses. Was it here, we wonder, that little Angelica, whose fame was beginning to creep over the various cantons of Switzerland, and over the mountains beyond, was taken to be introduced to the cardinal, who had doubtless heard of the young girl-painter's offering of the picture of St. Lucius—patron saint of the town of Coire—to the Cathedral, and which hangs still above the altar before which she was christened. It is no great work of art assuredly, but a certain interest and pathos are attached to it, inasmuch as from the date of its presentation to her church, Angelica's name began to be famous. Women painters were rare in those days, and Angelica was scarcely yet in the rank of womanhood. Art with her from childhood had been a passion. Her early art studies, such as they were, had been directed and overruled by old Kauffman, who had no pity for the youth or sex of his pupil, where the length or hardship of her studies was concerned. But it is to his severity and thoroughness of tuition, and to her old friend Antonio Zucchi's caustic criticisms (whom, notwithstanding, she married long years afterwards), that Angelica owes whatever success she may have attained in later days. This presentation to the great cardinal must have been the opening page in Angelica's life to the ceremonies and state of the Court life, if one may so call it, of an Episcopal Palace in a provincial Swiss town, and which was but a very faint reflection of those Courts of Kings in which the little painter played her part in after-life. She must have passed up under the towered gateway and into the "Hofplatz," where dwelt, as they have always and do now, the Roman Catholic community of Coire. The Palace itself extends all down one side, the arched gateway stands in one corner, and at the extreme upper end, and opposite the Palace is the old Roman Catholic Cathedral, with its curious gate opening between the quaint and ancient figures of the two apostles, standing on their crouching lions.



OBERES THOR, COIRE.

Their faces are very worn and weatherbeaten now! For centuries past have they stood looking down upon generations of children playing at their feet, and clinging and clambering about their pedestals. As I stand against the ancient portal, some one goes up to the door of the old Palace, the great bell hanging in its framework of old iron, wrought by hands long since turned to dust, clangs a loud peal, the porter comes on to the doorstep and leaves the door behind him open, and I catch a glimpse of the hall within. The visitor is evidently a friend of his, for he has no intention of entering, and they stand chattering in the loud cheery tones of their native Romanic patois on the threshold, in the deep shadow that the angle of the wall throws. The rest is in a blaze of sunshine, and the old heraldic arms over the other door stand out in strong relief.

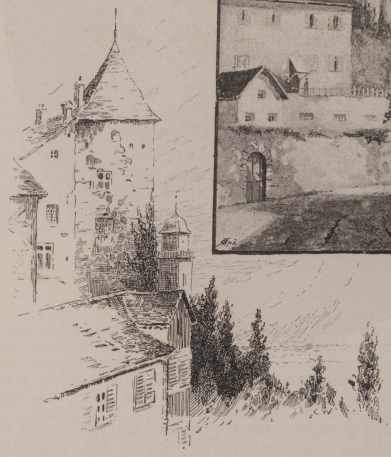
If one could only conjure up a vision of the processions which have found their way into this old court a few centuries ago, when the episcopal rule was as a rod of iron in its own diocese! With what state have a succession of bishops lived within these walls, with what magnificence have they entertained archbishops and cardinals, and spiritual and temporal dignitaries of every degree! Now that spiritual power is almost a thing of the past, we can scarcely realise the magnificence of these small petty Courts, as far as their own prominence in the world's history is concerned, but illustrating the proverb that "union is strength" by their combined

power and influence during the Middle Ages. The Palace is still an episcopal residence, but its day of power and glory is over. Now it has almost a deserted look, the state rooms are empty, we see the daylight shining through the great windows overlooking the terrace, on the other side—opposite these which look down upon the court, but there never passes a figure between them to awake the echoes of the past. Farther on in that part of the building which is probably let out in flats, there are more signs of human life and animation.

Flowers bloom on the sills, one hears the voices of children issuing from open windows; a woman leans upon her crossed arms, and looks down upon the court beneath. It is simply that with the progress of time and the revolution of centuries, all things are changed; the rooms once inhabited by priests and courtiers, only resound now with the clang of the sabots and the patter of the children's feet. No wonder that the dignity and quiet—only broken by the crack of the post-driver's whip, and the bells of the horses—cast a glamour over the impressionable soul of Angelica Kauffman; and that she looked back upon Coire as a very haven of rest and peace. Even in Venice, in the very atmosphere of her beloved art, in the companionship of those great masters for whose works all the passion and reverence in her enthusiastic nature were brought out, her heart must have throbbed sometimes with a pang of regret, as she thought of the little sleepy town which lay almost untouched and apart from the emotions which were moving the rest of the world. Angelica has in her nature a vivacity and quick sensitiveness, which belong more to the Italian character than to the placid Teutonic race. But as we come into the precincts of the Engadine we see very clearly marked the intermixture of North Italian blood both in physique and disposition. Here, in Pontresina, where I write, the men are dark, lithe, swarthy specimens; the women picturesque, with fine colouring, and in many instances well-built; one sees them in groups sitting by the roadside, their rakes in their hands, for in spite of snow, hail and rain, it is August, and hay-making time. There are three women we often watch of an evening coming into the village from the mountain-sides; they are generally preceded by a line of men, careless easy figures: mowers with their scythes carried under their arms or over their shoulders; and behind follow the women chatting and laughing with each other. All have fine, muscular, well-knit figures, but one is magnificent, such a woman as Michael Angelo might have immortalised in marble. Her eyes gleam from beneath the brilliant reds and greens of the handkerchief which is twisted about her head; her face, without being beautiful, is grand in form, burnt to a red-olive by exposure from babyhood in the hot summer suns and bitter winds of the high Engadine. She moves



A STREET IN COIRE.



"MARSOEL," COIRE.

with a free gait that one only finds in a mountain race, untrammelled by conventionality in dress and mind, and watches us Englishwomen with a look of undisguised curiosity, not unmixed with contempt. Angelica must have been of a very different mould from this: slight, elegant, delicately made, and graceful.

There is an old house I know well enough in London, with a great bay-window overlooking Bird Cage Walk. Angelica must have sat there often, gazing over those trees upon which we still look. She had in her all the daring confidence and assumption of youth; everything that made life worth living seemed to her to be within her grasp and the attainment of her genius: love, admiration, honour, wealth, and beyond all, fame! The little painter, like most sensitive emotional people, had a wonderful capacity and need of affection. When it was withheld from her, the world changed colour and seemed a very cold and cheerless place indeed. Vain, and possibly superficial, poor Angelica cannot fail to charm us with her perfect womanliness; her trust and dependence upon those whom she rightly felt to be stronger than herself; and sadden us with the thought of what she must have suffered in the unfulfilment of her many aims and ambitions.



THE BIRTH OF SHAKESPEARE.

(From the Picture by Angelica Kauffmann.)

The bay-window belongs to a large and nearly square room, upon the ceiling of which are groups of nymphs

and Tritons reclining upon sea-monsters, of strange and unwonted form—the creation of her fanciful imagination. Did Sir Joshua ever come and watch the progress of her work, I wonder, with his kindly smile and words of encouragement? Not long ago, on the wall beneath hung a copy of that portrait of the painter by herself, the original now in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. (See Frontispiece.) Fair, smiling and lovely "Miss Angel"—as the great master loved to call her—looks out upon us from her frame, with those azure eyes which played such havoc with hearts a century or more ago. Is this Angelica as she saw herself, I wonder—or as others saw her? Has she enveloped herself, as she did all things, with a mist of unrealism and poetry? I am inclined to believe not, and that it is Angelica herself who smiles at us from the canvas, at the time when all the world seemed of *couleur de rose* to her, and before her bright eyes became dim with the tears which came to her too often in after-life. When we think of little Angelica of Coire—half peasant—living in the poor house by the noisy mountain torrent, walking hand-in-hand with the beautiful young mother from whom the girl probably inherited her grace and charm, and who passed out of life when her loving guidance was most needed by the lonely imaginative child, who could have foretold that she would develop into the young fashionable artist, whose reputation became of almost European celebrity, courted, flattered and admired, in short the fashion of a few brief London seasons, and the idol of the hour?

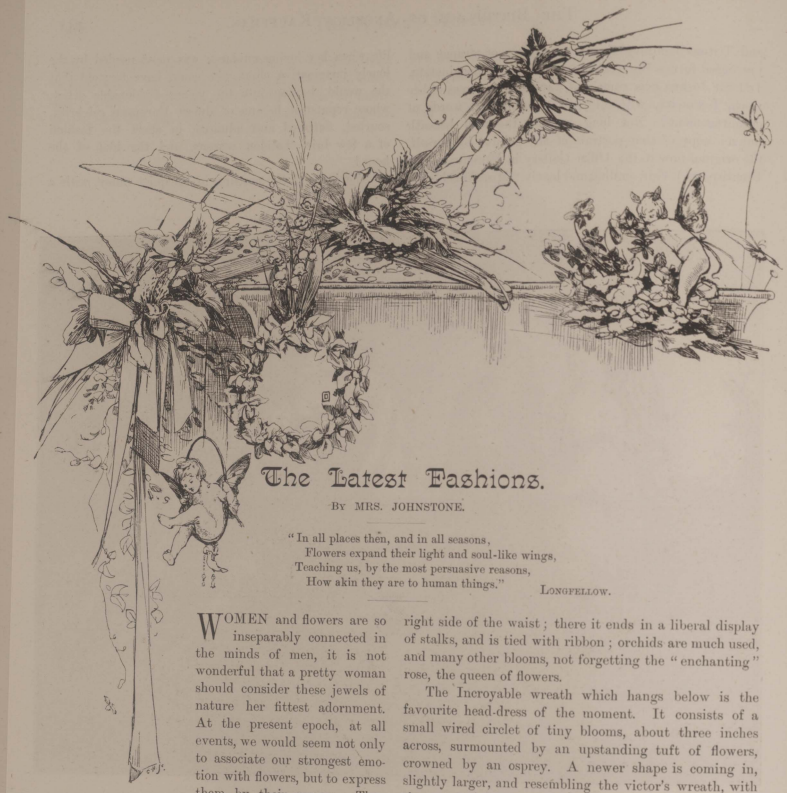
We leave Coire, nestling in its quiet valley, with a thrill of regret. The childish figures by the roadside bring back to us a vision of what Angelica Kauffman must have been, years before she budded out to win all hearts, in her dress of rose-bud brocade. The driver mounts up on his high perch on the diligence, the crack of the whip goes through the fresh morning air like the report of a pistol, and with a whoop, a jingling of many bells, and the clatter of the feet of the five horses on the paving-stones, we are off. We drive rapidly through the quaint town, cross again the noisy torrent in front of the old arched gateway, and begin to ascend the pine-covered hill in front of us, leading away through the Albula and Julier passes, to the rugged and snow-covered heights of the upper Engadine, in the distance beyond.

EVELYN M. MOORE.



TELEMACHUS AND MENTOR IN THE ISLAND OF CALYPSO.

From the Picture by Angelica Kauffman.)



The Latest Fashions.

By MRS. JOHNSTONE.

"In all places then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by the most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things."

LONGFELLOW.

WOMEN and flowers are so inseparably connected in the minds of men, it is not wonderful that a pretty woman should consider these jewels of nature her fittest adornment. At the present epoch, at all events, we would seem not only to associate our strongest emotion with flowers, but to express them by their means. They beautify our every-day lives in our homes. They adorn our ball-rooms, where the sunny South contributes its wealth of orange, citron, and olive, branch, fruit, and flowers to their embellishment, and the air is perfumed with the odour of acacia and eucalyptus. Flowers rest on our dead while they are still with us, and on their graves when they are laid in their last resting-places. They contribute to our joys, and soothe our sorrows. They add a thousand charms to womanhood. When worn, however, they must be fresh and selected with care. Withered flowers are a mistake.

Mrs. Green, of Crawford Street, a true lover of flowers and a veritable artist in colour, has devoted much attention to the subject, and the floral arrangements made by her, which head this chapter, have taken no little time and care to bring to perfection. The triple spray with which Cupid is trifling is intended to cross the bodice, starting from the left shoulder to the right side of the waist; there it ends in a liberal display of stalks, and is tied with ribbon; orchids are much used, and many other blooms, not forgetting the "enchanting" rose, the queen of flowers.

The Incroyable wreath which hangs below is the favourite head-dress of the moment. It consists of a small wired circlet of tiny blooms, about three inches across, surmounted by an upstanding tuft of flowers, crowned by an osprey. A newer shape is coming in, slightly larger, and resembling the victor's wreath, with the pointed foliage meeting in the centre, a bow of either ribbon or stalks showing on the opposite side. Fans made of flowers are mounted on a transparent wired frame, which is so invisible that the flowers seem themselves to constitute the fan, attached to a handle. It can be slipped on the wrist by a bangle, which is fastened to it, in which Cupid, you note, is swinging. Sometimes these fans are so ingeniously arranged that by means of the bangles they can be set up on the table like a floral screen. Small bouquets are worn on the front of bodices, and the rich, full, military red, which is so universally becoming, is a favourite tone for them. The long trails worn on the skirts are generally made of hardy leaves of various shades and colours, mixed, but with such care that they are well preserved and in good condition at the end of the evening; they start large at the side, and diminish to a few leaves at the foot.

Those who attempt to arrange natural flowers for their own wearing must remember they need very little

fingering and much firmness in sewing and wiring. The entire fronts of gowns are sometimes trimmed with Maréchal Niel roses. The best mode of fixing them in is to wire each bloom; then take a double thread, pass it through the dress round the stem beneath the bloom, and tie in a double knot, cutting the ends, and repeating the same at the point of the stem, which will suffice. China ribbon is even stronger than thread; indeed, it is for many reasons preferable, and, where possible, the flowers should each be embedded in dry moss, which must be secured most firmly and be quite green. The blooms themselves should be gathered a little beforehand, and put in water and sprinkled. Pockets of flowers suspended at the side of the skirt are extremely pretty made on a foundation of cardboard, covered with a piece like the dress, and attached to the waist by ribbons. The blooms that bear the heat of the room best are lilies, Maréchal Niel, Gloire de Dijon, or Jacqueminot roses, double narcissus, clove carnations, peonies, stephanotis, and gardenias. Ferns and succulent plants should be avoided; they fade too quickly; grass, corn, and barley may be utilised.

From flowers it is natural to turn to lace, that network of Queen Mab which is at once so graceful and so dainty. Messrs. Hayward, of Oxford Street, are adapting it just now to many new and charming uses. In the sketch below there is the "Hat" lamp-shade, with a narrow frill of lace turning down from the chimney, and two wider ones below tied with ribbon. It is severe in its simplicity, but graceful withal, and is made up on a silk foundation, cream or coloured, and concentrates the light without diminishing it too much. The basket is oval in form; its contents well protected from the great enemy, dust, by the silk-lined lace covering, which is pink, with Empire green bows. They creep up the handles and cluster at the top. The lace used is of the Empire design. Of that period also is the ivory fan, with its painted mount, which was the fashion half a century back at least, and became considerably smaller when the Empire styles established a hold on society. The novelty here is the bow of lace placed in the centre, and which hangs on the outside of the fan when folded.



NEW LACE ORNAMENTS.

The effect of living flowers on dresses is greatly heightened by carrying a bouquet. The posy is the favourite form, for it is light and most natural-looking, recalling the old delightful nosegay. Sometimes large bows of very wide ribbon are mixed with the flowers, but they are always tied with ribbon to match the dress, and occasionally these have long pendent loops attached, in which one or two sprays nestle.

Lace cravats are so becoming to soft skins and delicate colouring that they remain out of fashion but a very short time, and come back again quickly. Among many now well worn I have selected two: the Incroyable, made in mousseline de soie and fine point d'Alençon, rather wide and larger when tied than we have worn

it for many a long day; together with the "Judge's Collar," which has a stiff, high, lace-covered band, with a bow and lace-edged ends in the front. Long lace



THE "INCROYABLE" CRAVAT.

scarves are gathered in the middle, and at both sides, and require to be put on with lightness of touch. Lisse is much used for these pretty trifles, both plain and embroidered, with tiny rosebuds. Bows are also sometimes introduced at the side. The old lace collars, square in form, worn about seventy years ago, are coming in again; they have long muslin and lace ends, which reach to the feet, and crimped net and lisse give extra softness to some of the new cravats. The Empire fichu of lisse disappears in a square bodice trimming, which covers the front of the bodice like a vest.

We are wont to wear a fashion to death, and this threatens to be the case with the Empire mode. Not content with adapting it to gowns, bonnets, and the rest, in Paris under-linen is being made on novel principles after the same idea, and this is largely imported here. The several garments are short-waisted, have puffed sleeves, and are trimmed with a new style of Valenciennes lace, which was old then, but is novel now; for there is nothing new under the sun, and it is only to revivals that we apply the misleading term of "new."

A woman of fashion can, if she so pleases, surround herself with a number of charming adjuncts, all modelled after Empire designs. Even her hand-glass can be set in brocade, with dainty bows at the top and on the handle. Pockets for hanging at the side, made also in brocade, are among the most attractive trifles; they are pointed, made of gathered silk, and the colouring is well studied; they open beneath a pointed flap. The satchets are made in the form of a book, in willow-green and pink brocade, trimmed with Alençon and wide bows of ribbon. The leaves open, and the handkerchiefs or gloves are stowed away between.

Knowledge is power, and foreknowledge wealth. The wise of her sex, realising how, when spring breaks, winter clothing looks more than unusually shabby, invests in a good cloth dress just at this season. The fashions in tailor-made raiment do not change much with the approach of the London season. There are some novelties which are just coming to the fore, and one of the most marked is the introduction of leather. Mr. Redfern is using this material with great success; and those intrepid sportswomen, of whom there are not a few in this year of grace 1889, have been taking their farewell shots for awhile in leather-trimmed dresses. In the illustration of Messrs. Redfern's latest fashions in gowns and cloaks on the opposite page, the dress-waistcoat is made in a deep, rich brown, well-dressed leather, which, at a first glance, looks like satin. It is very soft and supple, and exactly matches the tone of the darkest lines of the checked tweed. This waistcoat has only two buttons fastened; the rest are left intentionally open to show an under-waistcoat of the tweed. The leather appears again as an under-cuff to the coat-sleeve, put in high on the shoulder, and the bodice and skirt are all cut on the cross, showing the checked material to great advantage. The bodice has



THE "JUDGE" COLLAR.

revers, or rather a lapel, faithfully copied from a man's coat. There is no basque, but a point in front; it is short on the hips and habit-shaped at the back; the collar of leather is very high.

The hat has the fashionable high crown, and is brown to match the dress, but with a grey-and-black bird, a couple of wings erect in front; it requires to be put on low on the forehead.

Leather, too, plays a most important part in the trimmings of spring dresses designed by other firms. Some handsome galons are made of untanned leather, cut out as an appliqué, and worked with a few beads, much silk, and both by sleeve and cape. The principal portion of this mantle is fawn. The green colour peeps in at the cuffs, collar, and triple capes, the ribbons at the back being green also.

Messrs. Edmonds and Orr, of Wigmore Street, who cater for most of the royal children throughout Europe, have been fortunate in their selection of frocks for the little party shown on the next page, who are enjoying the



NEW OUT-DOOR COSTUMES.

more metallic thread. Another kind, all perforated, has a shiny surface formed in geometric designs—some bright red, some black, and all embroidered.

Long cloth cloaks are more worn than almost any other kind, and do duty for rich velvet and silk brocades in many cases. The model in our illustration is of green-and-fawn habit-cloth, having triple capes about the shoulder, forming the heading to the deeper cape which reaches below the waist, and is cut on a new principle, becoming to the back and shoulders. There are long deep folds from waist to hem at the back, and the arms are well protected

good fare provided for the juveniles at supper. The most picturesque dress in the group is the simple white China silk worn by the first figure. It is made with a deep flounce, headed by four tucks. The bodice is full back and front, a wide frill turning down from the neck. The sleeve is cut short with one puff, and a sash is tied round the waist in a large bow. The frill at the neck is made of lace; sometimes with a fine specimen of old point or Mechlin, and it is a style that is most becoming to young children. The friend on the left has a more conventional frock, made in cream fancy canvas,

with coral silk. The two flounces at the hem are headed by coral ribbon, and the coral sash is set low down round the hips. A vest of the same is introduced on the front, and the sleeves reach to the wrist. High bodices and long sleeves are now considered quite full dress for children, which is well, seeing that most of their entertainments are given in the afternoon; though, of course, there are exceptions, and children, who should for health's sake be "early to bed and early to rise," are kept up in heated rooms to near upon midnight, and learn to ape all the airs and graces of their elders, so that they become *blasé* men and women before they emerge from childhood.



CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

The boy's dress is particularly charming, for it is picturesque and quaint, and at the same time becoming. The silk stockings are surmounted by knee-breeches of plush, matching the coat, which is cut after the Georgian order, with skirts well pleated at the back, cut away at the front, having flap pockets and brass buttons. The waistcoat is in broché, and there are lace ruffles at the neck and wrists. Buckled shoes complete the suit. This is a dress that for fancy balls looks extremely well in white satin trimmed with silver, and worn with powdered hair. The child seated enjoying her supper wears a red camel's-hair or silk frock very simply made, with a lace collar, but by no means simply trimmed, for the gold embroidery is somewhat elaborate; rich trimming is not now considered inconsistent with childhood.

The fashions in millinery are always decided later in the season than the other modes, and, as a rule, we in England are almost two years behind our French milliners in their adoption. The three styles in our illustration opposite show exactly what is now worn by women who dress well. As a rule, both bonnets and toques fit the head closely, and if there is any undue height it is produced not by the shape of the bonnet, but by the trimming. The first of the three is made with a grey velvet crown, bordered with grey ribbon, the front and coronet are blue, and there is a white bird, and aigrette nestling over the forehead. The aigrettes threaten to become larger and larger, while the strings diminish in proportion. The coronet brim turning upwards is well worn, and suits most faces. The hat here shown is in marked contrast to the fashionable shape like the aureole of a saint, which stands so well up from the face that the front hair is seen in its entirety and requires careful dressing. This headgear turns down to the face, and is made in black velvet, with a large black velvet star-fish bow, and ribbons on one side backed with

feathers. This hat is quite shallow behind, and shows the whole of the hair as it is turned upwards. The headgear is completed by a Directoire veil, which at last, but for hats only, is beginning to find favour with Englishwomen. These veils are wide and full, made in black sprigged or spotted net, edged with lace at the top, and headed by an insertion through which a ribbon is run, so that they are drawn to fit the brim and to cover the throat beneath the chin, keeping the face tied in a bag. These new veils require most careful putting on, and plenty of time in which to arrange them. Those women who have to dress hastily should never for a moment think of wearing them, for unless they are really perfectly adjusted they are most unbecoming. Like the flower of gorse, which is ever in bloom, toques would seem never to go out of fashion, though they change their form from time to time. The one in the picture (which, like the hat and bonnet, emanate from Messrs. Jay in Regent Street) is made of soft grey woollen stuff, bordered with feather trimming, a black bird and bow of ribbon in front. It just covers the top of the head and nothing more, so that the fringe in front and all the back hair are visible.



SOME NEW MILLINERY.

The tea-gown, now so universally adopted for home dinner wear, has led the way to a similar make of dress being adapted to morning wear—a loose over-dress over a plain flowing under one. The combination is generally brocaded velvet or matélasse with plain silk or cloth; the sleeves are made of the less costly fabric, with a short puff of the other just at the shoulder. There is, however, quite a new cut for the back of the skirts in such dresses; the seams are sloped to the figure, and the camel's hump is to be done away with, but it threatens to appear high up between the shoulder-blades, whence the sashes are made to start in the Empire dresses. Bodices, too, are undergoing a marked change in cut. Sometimes a gusset is let in at the waist nearly under the arm in lieu of darts, while in others there is slight gauging of the front, under the arm, to give the necessary fulness for the bust; indeed it would seem that the materials are placed on the figure and gathered, pleated, or cut away just where they need to develop the points of the actual shape to the best perfection. The most daring dressmaker has the most success, and if she but carry out her work well she may borrow her ideas from any source. I have just seen a robe worthy of a Castilian princess of years ago. The long flowing skirt was of the exact tint of the lightest brown in a wallflower; over half the skirt and half the bodice fell white satin embroidered in tiny florets with metallic threads, the same edged with a band of very light green ribbon, on to which the embroidery was carried. The other half of the dress was maize cloth edged with grebe. The loose bodice was partly cloth, partly satin, with a shower of pearl fringe forming a girdle at the waist. This was not a fancy dress, nor did it look garish or bizarre when on; the tones were so well blended, the making so perfect, that it became in fact a poem in colour and in soft falling folds, and was intended for dinner wear.



Paris Fashions.

By VIOLETTE.

FASHIONABLE weddings, and the first nights of a new play at the Française, at the Gymnase, or at a few other of our incomparable theatres, are always the occasions where may best be seen the last expression of that Parisian taste in dress which must sway that of all the fashionable civilised world.

The wedding trousseaux of Mlle. de Wendel, now Duchesse de Mailly, of Mlle. Oegagne, now Mme. Escalante, both made by Worth, displayed all that the hand of a master may impart of character, of delicacy and purity in line and colour, to the style of dress of to-day. The wedding-dress of the young Duchesse de Mailly was a model of picturesque simplicity. A touch of mediæval grace did not ill become the bridal apparel of a lady belonging to one of the oldest families of France. This dress was of white lace; the bodice, laced at the back, was draped with a fichu of Mechlin lace; the skirt, falling in long sweeping folds, formed a train; it was gathered up on one side with a puff in the quaint Agnes Sorel style, over an under-skirt mounted in deep flat pleats. A large cluster of orange-blossoms apparently kept the puff in its place; a smaller cluster was pinned at the throat.

The dress worn by the young *fiancée* on the evening of signing the *contrat de mariage* was pure white, touched with a delicate tint of gold introduced here and there. This pretty dress was of white faille; panels of white brocade edged with gold were placed on each side of the skirt, garlanded with white roses and gold foliage. Clouds of white crape fell over the front, through which circled twists of white satin. The low bodice, veiled with crape, was trimmed likewise with these circling twists of satin, the sheen of which seemed all the more brilliant for the drifting vapour of crape with which it mingled.

At the civil marriage ceremony at the Mairie, preceding, as you know, the religious ceremonial, the bride wore a very elegant but very mournful costume. I confess to a prejudice against black for brides, even when the black is manipulated by the artist-fingers of Worth. This black dress was of that exquisitely draping material, "peau-de-soie;" the skirt was made with panels formed of deep pleats lined with faille; each panel outlined with a braiding of jet. The high bodice was trimmed with jet and gold. A second bodice accompanying this dress was half-low, and was also trimmed with jet and gold braid.

A dinner-dress, against the sombre splendour of which I likewise rebelled, was of black velvet, made with a long train; the front of the skirt very slightly draped; the low bodice all a ripple of undulating lines, through which darkly sparkled row upon row of jet.

An opera-dress of Pekin silk was decidedly more cheerful; it was of that delightful tint of lilac known as "lilac de Perse," made in the Directoire style; the bodice had wide revers of white satin opening over a fichu of gauze. A flounce of gauze and a repetition of the white satin revers adorned the skirt. A black watered silk sash was fastened at the back.

The dresses of Mlle. Marguerite Oegagne, on the auspicious occasion when she became Mme. Escalante, were decidedly gayer in tints, and, if not more elegant, were as graceful, and perhaps even more splendid.

The wedding-dress was very simple. It is growing more and more the note of good taste to give simplicity to the bridal dress, and to take from it all suggestion of the ball-dress. This dress of white satin was made with a long train, and had no trimming but that of orange-blossoms. The panels were framed with wreaths of the bridal flowers; the train was edged with the blossoms, and a long spray was fastened across the bodice.

The bride's dress for the civil marriage was a delicately poetic dress, in shades and gleams of silver.

The silver-grey bengaline gown was made with a gathered bodice, caught in a corset band embroidered in silver and steel. A border of grey feathers edged the tunic, lifted at the side with a large silken puff. The high grey velvet collar and sleeves were embroidered in silver; the sash was formed of a grey bengaline scarf, fringed with silver.

The dress of the *soirée de contrat* was blithely rosy and white. Straight at the back, it was composed of pink peau-de-soie of the bright tint of the hedge-rose; in front the skirt was veiled as far as the knees with draperies of pink crape, mingling with interludes of white Valenciennes lace, edged at the hem with twists of pink satin. The bodice, cut square, was draped with pink crape barred with twists of rose satin. The sleeves of Valenciennes lace were caught up with clusters of roses. A poetic ball-dress was formed of clouds of white net, trimmed at the back with insertions of lilac satin; the satin was repeated in front in narrow panels. The charm of the dress lay in the sprays of exquisitely imitated gardenias, placed between the panels, apparently held in their place by knots of white watered ribbon. The skirt and blossoms were veiled with white net, scintillating with silver. This delicately sparkling material covered the lilac satin bodice, which was made low and pointed. The fichu was composed of the same tissue, and fastened with a great spray of gardenias. White watered ribbon crossed over the shoulders, and, fastened in a knot in front of the waist, fell in long ends.

There were two elegant morning visiting-costumes. One was of myrtle-green velvet. The skirt, very slightly draped, was adorned on one side with a panel richly embroidered in jet. The bodice and sleeves were worked with bands and with a spade pattern of jet. The second dress of black damask silk, the skirt puffed with black faille, opened over another of black satin. The bodice was trimmed with jet.

Two dinner-dresses were models of elegant simplicity. One was of black supple peau-de-soie, draped in front with net embroidered with jet; on one side was placed a cascade of black lace. Two bodices belonged to this dress. One, cut square at the back and in front, was draped with net, brightened with jet embroideries; the short wing-like sleeves fell in transparent draperies about the



COSTUMES FROM THE MAISON MORIN-BLOSSIER.

upper part of the arm to the elbow. The other bodice, cut low in a point, was barred with interlacing ribbons of gold, and was festooned with rows of jet. The sleeves were puffed with gold at the shoulder, and were finished off with gold at the elbow.

The other was of ruby velvet, admirably simple. All the beauty and character of the gown lay in the fine line of the cut in the drapery of the skirt. The bodice was pleated in imitation of a fichu crossed in front.

The mother of the bride, Mme. Oegagne, wore at her daughter's civil marriage ceremony a dress of silver-grey satin, embroidered in heliotrope silk, and trimmed with Mechlin lace, and for the religious ceremony a costume of sapphire-blue velvet, trimmed with sable and Brussels lace. These dresses came from the workrooms presided over by the genius of Worth, as did also the pretty dresses of the two young sisters of the bride. The maize-coloured faille dress of the elder, all embroidered in silver, made a charming contrast with the lilac faille gown of the younger, trimmed with silver ribbon. As bridesmaids to their sister, both wore dresses of white silk.



MORNING RECEPTION-DRESS FROM THE MAISON MORIN-BLOSSIER.

I took notes of some other ball-dresses in the great master's *atelier*. One intended for a beautiful dark-haired lady conjured up before my mental eye visions of poppy-wreathed Persephone. This dress was of cardinal red satin, covered with ruches of crimson tulle. Panels of red rep, embroidered in relief with large scarlet poppies and leaves of gold, adorned the sides of the skirt. The back was formed of clouds of the scarlet diaphanous tissue. The low bodice was all red net, mingling with embroideries of poppies and golden foliage.

In complete contrast to this remarkable gown, was one of white faille made in the Princesse style, slightly draped, and opening over a petticoat of white net frosted with silver. The upper gown was edged with a bordering of white feathers. A dress that charmed with its subdued colouring was of pink faille covered with white net, sprinkled and festooned with fine pearls, crystal and amber beads. Similar net fell in draperies about the bodice and sleeves.

Gardenias are a favourite blossom this season, and M. Worth uses for the adornment of the ball-dresses he designs flowers copied with such rare cunning from nature, that the charm of the living plants seems caught in their imitation. A dress of brilliant green satin and faille, festooned with silver, was wreathed round the hem with clusters of these exquisite blossoms.

A dress, the evanescent gleam and sobriety of the colouring of which it is difficult to convey, was of smoke-grey net, draped in front with a péplum of grey satin embroidered with lilies of the valley in gold, and golden satin embroidered with the same flowers in silver. The bodice was composed by crossing the two draperies. The back of the dress consisted of clouds of grey net, sprinkled with gold. Perhaps the most graceful of all these pretty gowns was one of white peau-de-soie, draped with a péplum of white net, powdered with silver. The train trimmed all round the edge with crystal and silver embroidered knots, which were repeated on the bodice, fastened at the side beneath the draperies of silver net. Here and there, as if thrown by chance, appeared in relief blooms, white and blue, of convolvuli.

Next in importance to those of Worth, rank the decrees ruling fashion of the Maison Morin-Blossier. I have left myself space only to describe three charming gowns among many I saw at this house. Simplicity, it will be seen, is the essential characteristic of these morning and evening dresses.

One was a morning reception-dress of violet velvet, made in the flowing Princesse style behind, clinging to the hips straight in front, with plastron embroidered in gold. The collar, the sleeves, and the corset-belt were also embroidered in gold.

Black is gaining in favour. The sombre colour is never entirely out of grace with our Parisian ladies, who,

even when brilliant tints are in vogue, keep a certain allegiance to black, understanding the value of its darkness amidst gayer colours. Nothing is more becoming than black when the gleam of jet or a touch of gold brightens its sable folds.

The second dress of black satin was made in the Empire style—the hem embroidered in jet, the revers of the bodice and the sash also embroidered in jet. A dinner-dress, made with a round gathered skirt,



THE "ROSA BRUCK."

was of black and gold net; the panels on each side, of black velvet, were bordered with gold. The low bodice was made of velvet, with chemisette and sleeves of gold and black net (see p. 249).

Let us turn now to the costumes worn on the stage. At the theatre are often first seen those arrangements of colour and line that our most elegant women copy and adapt for their own adornment later on.

The beautiful Mrs. Potter's stage dresses, executed by Worth for Cleopatra, have made a sensation in America. In my last letter I described some of these costumes—works of art in the highest sense of the word. There are several others, from which I cull this one of singular beauty.

It is a white gauze clinging garment, draped, with folds of classic grace, reaching to the ground. The waist is bound with a corset of red and yellow gold, embroidered in silver. About this corset is fastened a girdle of topazes and diamonds. Round the hips is draped a scarf of lilac bengaline fringed and embroidered with amethysts and diamonds. The cloak of white gauze has a bordering of many-tinted gold beads; it is fastened round the throat by a circlet of diamonds and topazes. The arms are covered with scales of mother-of-pearl. The royal diadem is a string of topazes, round which a serpent winds.

The costumes worn in the play of *Henri III.*, brought out at the Comédie Française, have produced in Paris the sensation those made for Mrs. Potter produced in New York. Feminine readers will not take the interest in the picturesque magnificence a Gérôme might have imagined for the costumes of a Saint Mégrin and a Duc de Guise, respectively personated by Mounet-Sully and Fâbre; but all would be enchanted with that of Catherine de Medici (Mlle. Pierson). The sinister Queen looks a picture painted by some Spanish master, stepped out of its frame, as she comes forward in severe draperies of black, scarcely relieved by white. She wears an ample black velvet gown, with sleeves slashed with white damask and net; heavy ropes of jet, made more brilliant by the mingling flash of diamonds; a white cross and band round the brow, from which floats a long veil of black crape.

In happy contrast to this austere costume is the pink and white and gold dress of the Duchesse de



"LOUIS XVI."

NEW HATS FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

Guise (Mlle. Brandès). The pointed bodice, the wide open sleeves, lined with pink satin, repeated in the underskirt, which shows through the brocaded gold, might be worn to-day with but slight alteration of cut.

I should mention that Mrs. Potter's Cleopatra dresses were designed by Mr. Hamilton Bell, who has now a studio in New York.

Holiday Excursions in Foreign Literature.—I.

PÉREZ GALDOS.

IN a recent article in *Murray's Magazine*, Mr. Andrew Lang spoke of the international girlishness with which the critics of England and America are, he considers, in the habit of treating each other; and he attributes it, on the whole, to the ignorance which prevails in America with regard to English literature, and in England with regard to American. He instances a book of "Representative Poems," which has lately astonished most of us by the number of names it contains, of which we never had heard before, and the candid amongst us are probably all ready to confess that ignorance is really at the bottom of the curious mistakes we make in our appreciation of American work. But if so this arises probably in great measure from the fact that American work is mostly contemporary, and when we ask ourselves what we know of the contemporary literature of other countries, we find that, with the exception of France, whose position as a leader and teacher in literary matters gives something like the value of a classic to all she does, our minds are usually very near to the condition of blank. Of course I do not speak of the classics, but set them aside, run through the names of living or lately living authors in the north and south of Europe, and till they form a school what do we know of them? The novelists of Sweden and Norway, the charming writers of Poland, men of the standing of Carducci and Stechetti, an author so well known to his own public as Salvatore Farina, a dramatist of the rank of Echegaray—what do they represent to the majority of even well-educated and widely-read Englishmen? So little, we are obliged to answer, as to be practically nothing at all.

And then the question arises, how can it be helped? For my part I do not know. It is evidently impossible to read everything. We do not keep pace with our own contemporary literature, and how can it be expected of us that we should know the literature of our neighbours? But without knowing it, and also very necessarily without knowing our own, it seems a good thing sometimes to apply to general reading the same principle which we apply to our yearly holidays. We do not know England, but most of us go abroad when we have a few weeks to spare, because we find that by doing so we get a more pleasant and profitable change than we should otherwise get in the same time. We return more refreshed from Trouville or Biarritz than we should from Hastings or Scarborough, and if we poke about Polish Carpathians, or explore Pyrenean valleys, we have added more to our experience than if we had spent the same time in Wales or Cumberland. Even though we criticise the ways and customs that we have seen, and return with joy to our solid English routine, the mind has been widened by seeing life from another point of view, and the dullest of us feel the advantage of being rendered a little more supple. The same sort of advantage attaches to reading the works of foreign authors, but as they lie outside our usual scheme of reading, and will on the ground I have supposed fill the place of a mental holiday excursion, we rather need with them, as with the places we visit, to have our minds made up for us by some determining cause. Why should I read Farina any more than Heyse? Why should Sinkievicz suit me better than the author of "El Gran Galeotto"? If the question relates to the balancing advantages of the Riviera or Egypt, of the Alps or the Pyrenees, the next newspaper that I look at will probably help to make up my mind. No spot is ever too old to be described anew, and year after year brings its unfailing crop of tourist articles. It is very right that it should. They are extremely useful to the public for whom they are written, and even the stay-at-homes who cannot travel are glad to read, by the light of their mid-day lamp in London, of places where sunshine is as common as fog. But why not take a lesson? The reason which determines the tourist to describe a place is simply that he has been there and found it pleasant, or interesting, or the reverse. Why should we not apply the same custom to foreign authors, and describe them for no better reason than that we have read them, and liked them, or the reverse?

Last winter, in the Canary Islands, I made acquaintance for the first time with the work of Pérez Galdos, who, though known as a Spanish writer, is a native of Grand Canary. Numbers of people, no doubt, have read him; but then numbers of people have also visited Teneriffe, and while I may write as many descriptions as I please of the Peak and Orotava, how to get there, and what the hotels are like, I have not yet found an opportunity to say one word of Galdos, who interested me more than all the seven islands together. I propose, therefore, to describe for the first time my literary tour of last winter, and if literary excursionists are not quite so numerous as tourists who travel for health or amusement, there will still be some inclined to turn their thoughts southwards, for whom my notes may serve as a determining reason to read Galdos rather than another.

The first question that English people will naturally ask is, "What sort of translations can we get?" And to this the answer is, unfortunately, not satisfactory. The Spanish language is so fine a literary medium, that a Spanish book loses more perhaps than any other in even the best of translations, and the only translation of Galdos at which I have looked cannot be said to be of the best. To appreciate the author fully, it is essential to read him in Spanish; but even with this drawback there is at least one novel, "Gloria," the centre-piece of a trilogy, of which the two other parts are "Doña

Perfecta," and "La Familia de Leon Roch," which will well repay reading in its inadequate English form. With regard to the whole work of Galdos it can only be said, as with regard to foreign travel generally, that the man who does not speak the language will not have the same pleasure as he who does.

Mr. Paul Sylvester gave an interesting enumeration of the principal works of Galdos, in an article in the *National Review* for September last, and it is unnecessary that I should reiterate what has been so lately told. But the limits of space of a magazine article, and the industry with which Galdos has filled the twenty years or so of his literary career, rendered it impossible for Mr. Sylvester to do more than give a very cursory notice to each book. I propose to adopt a different plan, and to take one book only, of which I shall expose the general scheme at more length. For this purpose I shall, of course, select "Gloria," which is usually considered to be the greatest that Galdos has produced.

But, before passing to it, I am inclined to offer what little biographical detail I have been able to collect concerning the author. I have not been able to ascertain the exact date at which he began to write, but his literary gift showed itself while he was very young. He was born in 1845, and received his early education first in Grand Canary and then at the Institute, which was at one time the University of Laguna. Laguna was the capital of Teneriffe, before that honour passed to the port of Santa Cruz. It is an inland town, built at a height of 2,000 feet above the sea, on the spot where the Spaniards, in their conquest of the island, won their first pitched battle over the native Guanches. The original town was built entirely by the Spaniards in the ample style of the fifteenth century, and though it is nothing at the present day but a decayed and ruinous little country town, with grass bright green in the streets, Galdos, living in it as a lad, must have recognised the skeleton of Spanish grandeur which underlies the slipshod modern growths. The University building itself, erected by the Spaniards in the early part of the sixteenth century, stands hushed now behind courtyard gates which swing to no constant traffic. Crumbling cloisters of red stone surround a space where oranges ripen under an intense blue sky, and camellias and ibiscus blossom in December in the open air. In the shabby class-rooms upstairs the voice of a professor is still sometimes heard sonorous; lads pass in and out with books under their arms. Otherwise all is still. You are strangely aware of the ocean which separates this little seat of learning from the whole wide world, and in the silent, sunny, library you may almost lose the consciousness of modern life, in records which take you to the beginnings of a people old already when Homer wrote.

The Guanches of the Canary Islands are a race to stir the historic imagination of one who might dimly picture them, if he wished to, as his ancestors. Pastoral, order-loving and heroic, they could obey their own masters, and submit to their own laws, in contented fidelity; but, rather than see their children fall under a foreign yoke, mothers strangled their babes with their own hands, old men gathered their sons together and slew them, and then cast themselves upon the sharpened stake which was their only sword. The Spaniards had knowledge on their side, and all the stored-up forces of civilisation. There was military experience, powder and shot, and steel against ignorance, patriotism, and the wooden stake! The plains of Tacaronte and Tegueste, which were the scene of many of the principal incidents of the struggle, lie between Laguna and the sea. Was it, one wonders, in meditating upon this unequal contest, with the evidence around him that the one race had peopled the island and built enduring monuments upon it, while of the other nothing lingered but a legend, that the young Galdos first nourished the seed of his manly faith, and learned to accept the discipline of history?

The only portrait of him that I know gives the face of a man accustomed to think and to accept facts without reference to the painful or pleasant nature of the conclusions to which they lead. It seems to have been taken after he was thirty, and shows a square, stern countenance, softened by a profoundly pathetic expression in the eyes. There is a deeply-marked fold in the broad brow, the mouth is close-shut, the lines are firm and resolute. Heart and brain alike have made their marks upon it. As you look you recognise that the tragic force which has shaken you in his work springs here straight from its source. It is the face at once of the man who has known grief, and of the worker who has passed it by. The hair is cut close in the Continental fashion, the chin clean-shaved, but a moustache hides the upper lip. A written description speaks of him as tall, high-shouldered, spare, with bright expressive eyes, pale face, and lips often parted by a smile. His manners, the writer adds, are courteous, pleasant, and reserved. This is not the usual impression that we in England have of Spaniards, nor is his work like what we vaguely fancy of Spanish work. There is in it a deep vein of romance, I call to mind no modern writer who has placed the relations of man and woman on so sure and true a base of sentiment, but the style is sober and unadorned. It seeks its strength in truth, and beauty comes to it incidentally; a natural emanation, as it seems at first, of the subject with which it deals. It is not till the reader turns from the original to a translation, that he becomes aware of how much he owes to the literary as well as to the human perceptions of the author. But the advanced liberalism of the whole tone of thought is what surprises most. George Meredith and Tolstoi are the only two living novelists with whom any comparison occurs to me. If the radical principles of the one, and the transcendental conceptions of the other, can be conceived of as reduced to simple narrative, related in a manner that children could scarcely fail to understand, and directed against definite points of obstruction, and it be then remembered that these works are published and widely read in Spain—Spain which we have accustomed ourselves to think of as having dropped almost out of the line of progressive nations, some idea of the remarkable interest of the work may be formed. Any one who reads it will feel, I think, how early

education at Laguna, under the influences which the place suggests, may have served to develop in him the belief so vigorously enforced throughout, that in the end, no matter what the forces which are opposed to it, enlightenment must prevail. It is possible that he owes also to these beginnings the very tender realisation which characterises his work, of the pathos inevitably attendant upon the working of the law.

He remained at Laguna long enough to take his B.A. degree, and then went to Madrid to study for the bar. But authorship attracted him from the beginning. He began at once to write publicly as a journalist, and privately, for the benefit only of himself and his friends, dramatic pieces. He contributed to the columns of *La Nacion*, *Las Novedades*, and *Las Cortes*, and edited for a time *La Revista de España*. The political articles which he published in the latter paper attracted a great deal of attention, and were generally attributed to some of the highest persons who were moving in the political world. This was between '71 and '75, when he was already well known as an author; and he was at the same time publishing the brilliant series of "Episodias Nacionales," by which he made his fame as an historical writer. I will ask Mr. Paul Sylvester to pardon me here if I correct the date at which he has, no doubt inadvertently, placed the commencement of the series. He speaks of them as having been begun in 1881. A writer in the *Ilustracion de Canarias* for October, 1882, from whom I draw my information, speaks of the series as having been begun in 1872, and mentions that the last of the twenty volumes appeared in the early part of 1880. He writes as a compatriot of Galdos, with the facts fresh in his memory; and, as it is evident that the whole twenty volumes had appeared and were known to him in 1882, it seems likely that this placing of them as to date is correct. The same writer, after praising the series highly, says of them that they were considered, both in and out of Spain, to be nothing less than a mirror in which the national life of the early part of the century is reflected; and that the accuracy and vigour of the descriptions of public events caused men, old enough to remember, to declare it impossible for any one who had not been present to have written them. So keen was the interest excited, that the age of the author became a favourite subject of bets; and in the Casino Español of Mexico wagers ran so high that messengers were sent to Spain to solve beyond doubt, by personal evidence, the question of whether Galdos were old or young.

As a pendant to this historical work, there are eighteen or twenty volumes of novels no less remarkable for the originality, vigour, and fidelity with which they reproduce the manners and customs of the author's countrymen. This, supposing Galdos to have begun to write somewhere about 1868, gives a total of forty volumes for twenty years, or an average of two volumes a year, in addition to journalistic work, which is fair testimony to his productive powers. The time in which some of the novels are placed is the beginning of the century, but the greater number are entirely modern. Amongst these, "Gloria" is usually accepted as the finest. None will serve better to illustrate the wide reach and penetrative force of the author's conceptions, and I will, with editorial permission, make the description and analysis of it the entire subject of a second article.

F. L. SHAW.

Roundel.

THIS time last year you could not guess
That I would ever call you dear,
And yet I did not love you less
This time last year.

Why, surely that is not a tear!
I found the time a sore distress;
But you, oh, do not let me hear

'Twas so with you. Well, I confess,
I wonder now what made me fear
Those eyes so filled with tenderness
This time last year.

ARTHUR MARVELL.

The Marriage of the Emperor of China.



HEN the telegraph announces to the Western world that the Emperor of China is to be married, it leaves a large blank untold regarding what is about to take place. Where is an Imperial Consort found for the ruler of the Flowery Land? how is she selected? and what are the ceremonies performed at such an event? Such questions might naturally arise on hearing of the Emperor's wedding at Peking. Primitive marriage is a subject which has lately been brought into notice, and upon which a good deal has been written. The Chinese may be said to have reached the monogamian condition; but the rule is not rigid, and in the case of the Emperor a wide margin is allowed. His harem, when filled to completion, would not quite equal Solomon's; still, it is large enough to suggest a comparison with that of the Jewish monarch. This Scriptural resemblance is not confined to one detail, but may be traced through still farther. The Court of Peking is still much in the same state as we read of that of Nebuchadnezzar's at Babylon in the Book of Daniel. The important functionaries are eunuchs, soothsayers, and astrologers, and the rites and ceremonies are mainly under their direction. This is a strange condition of things to find still existing at the end of the nineteenth centnry; but such was the notion produced in my mind in 1872, when I visited Peking on the occasion of the marriage of Tung-chih, the late Emperor of China. In that year I was commissioned to proceed to Peking for the purpose of illustrating the Imperial wedding. As the ceremonies will be exactly repeated in the present marriage, a description of the one will serve to give a tolerably correct idea of the other.

That there will be no variation my readers may depend when they learn what I was told: that there is a book, of no less than two hundred volumes, containing every detail of duties, rites, and ceremonies connected with the life of an Emperor from his birth to his death. In addition to this, there is a Board, called the Li-poo, whose special function it is to see that everything in this book is carefully carried out. In a European Court this Board would be called the Lord Chamberlain's department, of which it is, no doubt, the Chinese counterpart; but the peculiarity in this case is that it is an astrological Board, for every act has to be done with a reference to the sun, moon, and stars. The members of this Board are known as "the Inquiring-into-Heaven Officials," and whatever they do, after studying the two hundred volumes and consulting the starry guides above, is declared to be "the Will of Heaven." The word "Celestials," it will be seen, is very fitly applied to the Chinese; and if marriages were made in heaven, these officials might be the proper persons to arrange them.

It may be as well to begin by explaining who the present Emperor is. To do this we must go back to Taou-Kwang, the third Emperor before him, who was his grandfather. He was succeeded by Hien-fung, who died in 1861. This last left a son, a mere boy, who ascended the throne under the name of Tung-chih. He came of age and was married in 1872, and died in January, 1875; when the present Emperor, whose "throne name" is Kwang-Hsü, succeeded him. At that time he was said to be nine years old. He is a full cousin of the late Emperor, his father being Prince Chun (who is still living), the sixth son of Taou-Kwang. During the minority of Tung-chih there was a Regency. This function was performed by two ladies—the Empress of Hien-fung and the mother of Tung-chih, the Empress not being the mother in this case. The mother, on becoming joint-Regent, was raised to the rank of Empress. The first of these ladies was called the "Empress of the East," and the "Most Illustrious and Merciful Empress;" the other was the "Empress of the West," and the "Most Illustrious and Blessed Empress." On the death of Tung-chih the two ladies again became Regents. In 1881 the Empress of the East died ("became a guest on high," as Chinese official language expresses itself), and the Regency remained in the hands of the Empress of the West. And it is pleasant to relate that, according to all accounts, those ladies have governed with great wisdom and discretion.

The Emperor of China, when he contemplates matrimony, does not send to the Court of some other monarch for the purpose of finding a princess. China is the "Middle Kingdom," and the nations round it are called "tribute-bearing people"—this is the only form in which the existence of other countries is acknowledged. The Emperor could not condescend to seek a wife from any of them. He has to find her within the limits of the "Eight Banners"—that is, the military population of Peking, which is organised under this title. Many of these are very poor, and the one selected, from the peculiar process which is gone through, might chance to be little better than the daughter of a street huckster. About a year before the marriage an order is sent out that all the girls belonging to the Eight Banners of a specified age are to be sent in to the Palace. The natural supposition would be that a flutter of hope and expectancy, not only in the hearts of the young ladies, but also in the thoughts of all their relatives, would be the pervading feeling, and that every art would be used to adorn and beautify the competitors, so as to enhance their chances. Strange to say, the very reverse is the case. No one desires that their daughter should become an Empress or an inmate of the Palace. The rigid exclusion of the Imperial harem is so great that those who

enter it are all but lost to their parents. I understood that there were other reasons in addition to this. It was usual formerly for parents with a daughter of the prescribed age to send in word that she was blind of an eye, that she was lame, or had some defect which rendered her unfit. This practice having been discovered, it is now commanded that every girl of the necessary years must be sent in to the Palace; and in the case of the last marriage about six or seven hundred appeared. The two Empresses assumed the duties of judges. The nine first-class wives, twenty-seven second-class, and eighty-one third-class. It will be noticed that these numbers are arranged by multiples of nine, a favourite symbolical number in the Imperial ceremonies of Peking. Four of these wives were selected along with the Empress, and one of them was said to have had the relationship of aunt to the Empress. While the selection was going on, a Palace had been prepared, where the young ladies were placed for some months, in order to be properly trained in the rules and Court etiquette necessary for their new



A MIRROR FROM THE PROCESSION OF THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.

first inspection resulted in a selection of about fifty or sixty girls, the others returning to their homes. The next process required the aid of the Inquiring-into-Heaven Officials. This was to look into their horoscopes. These were each compared with that of the Emperor, to see who were suitable so far as this essential element, as it is considered in China, was concerned. This test reduced the number of girls to something between twenty and thirty, and these were ordered to remain for some time in the Palace, where they were kept under the close inspection of the two Empresses. This continued for some weeks, so that some notion of the girls' characters and tempers could be arrived at. Eventually a further weeding out took place, and, as time went on, the number of competitors became reduced till it was a tie of two, and at last an Empress of China was thus ushered into the history of the world. The competitive system in education is not new in China, but it is not so well known that an Empress is selected by that means in the Flowery Land, and that the process bears a strong resemblance in many ways to the production of the best shot at Wimbledon, or the Senior Wrangler at the University.

The Emperor's matrimonial establishment, when complete in numbers, should include, besides the Empress, and exalted position. On the death of an Emperor all his wives are sent to some secluded place in the country, where they are kept in the strictest confinement during the remainder of their lives.

The marriage is called "the Union of the Dragon with the Phœnix." Everything belonging to the Emperor has the word "Dragon" attached to it. The throne is the "Dragon Throne," and the pencil or brush with which all State documents are signed is the "Dragon Pencil." Whatever belongs to the rank and dignity of the Empress, again, has the word "Phœnix" associated with it; the bridal chair is the "Phœnix Chair." By a lucky chance this chair was brought to an empty space close to the British Legation, where I put up while in Peking, and there its bearers were drilled in carrying it for some days. It required thirty-two men, sixteen in front and the same number behind. There were other thirty-two to change at times, and this was the difficult part of the performance. While the drill went on I was able to make careful sketches of the chair.

The Inquiring-into-Heaven Officials had announced the time for the marriage, and lunar influences seem to have been studied, for the moment selected was the full moon, which took place after midnight on the 17th of October. It was understood that the bride was, at the

exact instant of the full moon, to pass one of the principal portals of the Palace. For some days before the wedding, in the early morning, there were crowds in the streets to see what was called the "bride's trousseau" being taken home; this phrase was scarcely accurate. The articles were the furniture of the bride's quarters, and some of them may have been presents. There were large and solid wardrobes; mirrors large enough for even an Empress to see her whole figure in them; vases of all kinds; and various articles, many of them unknown to house-furnishers in the West. These were all carried by means of poles on men's shoulders. One morning we saw white horses led with yellow ropes, yellow being the Imperial colour, which were said to be presents from some of the Mongol princes. This sort of thing went on for about a week before the marriage, and it kept up what seemed to be a considerable excitement in the usually quiet streets of Peking.

The day before the marriage a large procession left the Imperial Palace and went to the bride's residence. It was composed of high functionaries, with umbrellas (including the triple Imperial Dragon Umbrella) and other insignia carried before them. Its purpose was to carry a golden tablet, on which was engraved the "Permission" of the two Empresses, "allowing the Emperor



THE PHŒNIX CHAIR.

to marry Ah-lu-te" (the name of the lady in that case), "the accomplished and virtuous daughter of Chung-Che, Duke, and a distinguished member of the Hanlin." The father of the bride had been raised to a rank corresponding in some way to our title of duke. He was a literary man, and was a Chwang-Yueng, a term corresponding with that of Senior Wrangler with us; perhaps in China it should be looked upon as even higher, for it is only conferred once in three years at Peking, and only one man can receive the honour out of 10,000 competitors. Being a literary man himself, his daughter, Ah-lu-te, had been educated with more than the usual care, and was said to be entitled to rank as one of the *literati* of her country. We may suppose that this qualification had something to do with her selection. Along with the golden tablet were carried a sceptre and a seal, the insignia of Imperial rule. The "Phœnix Robes," or bridal dress, with a crown of pearls, and other articles were sent at the same time. On arriving at the bride's house everything was carried into a room where the father and all the male relations were summoned, and one of the Inquiring-into-Heaven Officials called out, "Listen to the Will of Heaven," all present then performing the "Kotow" (that is, the nine knockings of the head on the ground); when the "Permission" was read. Every one retired, and the bride, who had in the meantime put on the Phœnix Robes, with the crown of pearls, entered with her handmaids, and a chosen number of noble ladies took the place of the Mandarins, when the "Permission" was again repeated, and a congratulatory address from the two Empresses was read, in which it was explained why she, from all the young ladies under heaven, was chosen to be the "bride of the Emperor." This, I regret to say, was not published, but it would be a valuable document, as it might explain more clearly on what rule the selection had been made. There were a number of ceremonies, prominent among them being that of making the "Kotow" to the sceptre, which in this case was called "kneeling to the Will of Heaven." The bride herself did this, for she was as yet only "Empress elect." The golden tablet and seal were left, but the sceptre was carried back to the Palace. This is a rough outline of the preparatory ceremonies for "the Union of the Dragon with the Phœnix."

As the day of the marriage drew near, I began to be

somewhat puzzled as to what I should do. The bridal procession (which I naturally wished to see, and which was the only part of the proceedings that occurred without the Palace) was arranged, on account of the moon, to take place about midnight. The streets of Peking are not a model of good order or cleanliness, so those thoroughfares through which the procession was to pass were being repaired, and yellow sand laid down. Peking is a large place; it is four-square, each side being four miles in length, so that the huge wall which surrounds it is altogether sixteen miles long. The distance from the bride's Palace to the Imperial Palace was said to be three miles, and at the last moment we learnt that they were closing up with barricades the ends of all the streets which led into the route. It seems rather strange to European minds that a magnificent pageant should be got up in the capital of a great empire, and every means should be taken to conceal it from the public sight. The authorities sent a circular to each of the foreign legations, requesting that none of the people connected with them would attempt to view the midnight procession. For myself, I had come many thousands of miles to see all that was possible, so I had no difficulty in making up my mind to ignore the circular. Luckily for me a good angel turned up. This was the late Mrs. Edkins, whose husband is the principal representative of the London Missionary Society in Peking, and a well-known Sinologue. Mrs. Edkins had a girls' school, and it so chanced that one of her pupils had been married to a man who kept a shop on the route of the procession; an arrangement was made that we should take advantage of this. It turned out to be a corner house; the front looked on to the route of the procession, but there was a back door on the side street by which we entered. I noticed the barricade in the dark only a few steps from the door, and could hear the guards talking. As we had come early, our friends gave us some tea, and after awhile we passed into the front shop (it was an opium establishment); all was dark, but there were still one or two customers lying about on mats, and the fumes of the drug were very perceptible. We took our places at the window (windows in China are merely a lattice of wood, with thin paper pasted over it); we had only to make a small hole with the point of our finger, and the strictly-guarded way was visible before us. The night was somewhat cloudy, but the moon at times lighted up everything, so that we had a fairly good view of what took place; and we felt thankful to the Inquiring-into-Heaven Officials for selecting the full moon as the time for this ceremony. Sketching was impossible, but I had already the Phœnix Chair and all its details, as well as its bearers, officials, &c., in my sketch-book, and being thus prepared, all I required was to see what took place. Luckily Mrs. Edkins could speak Chinese, so she was able to tell me what was said, and explain all that went on. We were within a few yards only of the barricade, and could hear the row which occurred when any one tried to get a peep over it. Mandarins at times rode past, asking the guards if any one dared to look, and we naturally smiled on hearing the answer that "none dared to do so." This assumption of the perfect performance of duties on the part of the guardians received another illustration, but in this instance it gave us a slight scare, for I had no idea as to what our fate might be if our position was discovered. Memories of Chinese punishments—being confined in wooden cages, and perhaps finally sawn between two planks, and other tortures I had read of and seen pictured in books—rushed into my mind at the moment. This was emphasised by one of the guardians coming straight to the front door of the shop and knocking. Slowly the door was opened to him, and he passed through into the back shop. It was an anxious minute until the matter was explained. It turned out that these men were all day on duty, and this one had not had his usual smoke of opium. The craving for the pipe was too strong, so he had run the risk of making a dive into the shop. It was too dark for him to see anything, and even if he had, it would have exposed his own delinquency to have informed on us. Other officials with the same intent came in afterwards at intervals during the night.



THE IMPERIAL TRIPLE UMBRELLA.

We had been some hours in this miserable hole, when at last, towards midnight, Mandarins and men on horseback began to pass in greater numbers. The first part of the procession consisted of about two hundred men with lanterns, on each of which was the character *shi* in its double form, to express "double bliss." Officials had gone from the Imperial Palace to the bride's residence in the evening, taking the sceptre again with them. This, and the golden tablet and seal, were carried in enclosed chairs, along with the Imperial umbrella, before the bride—these declaring her rank and position. Then followed the Phœnix Chair, with its thirty-two bearers. It was carefully closed all round, so that nothing could be seen of the inside, where sat Ah-lu-te, dressed in the Phœnix Robes as an Empress. There was a profound silence as it passed by, and, lighted up only partially by the moonlight, which appeared and vanished like a shadowy vision, the whole thing had much the effect of a dream. A great number of officials on horseback followed, and, so far as we were concerned, all was over.

Red is the nuptial colour, and marriage chairs are always of that colour in China; but the Phœnix Chair, being Imperial, was yellow. As it passed I noticed a man, at the left-hand corner of the chair, holding something burning in his hand. He was one of the Inquiring-into-Heaven Officials, and he held what we call a "joss-stick"—one of the sticks of incense offered in temples, called by the Chinese "the fragrance of an hour," as they burn a certain time. In this case it was used as a measure of time (no doubt a very ancient kind of chronometer), and this man was carefully timing the procession so that it should reach the threshold of the Palace at the "particular moment" which had been calculated by the astrological Board. Here in the innermost apartment occupied by the Emperor the Phœnix Chair was ultimately deposited, and the tablet, sceptre, and seal placed on tables of malachite and jade.

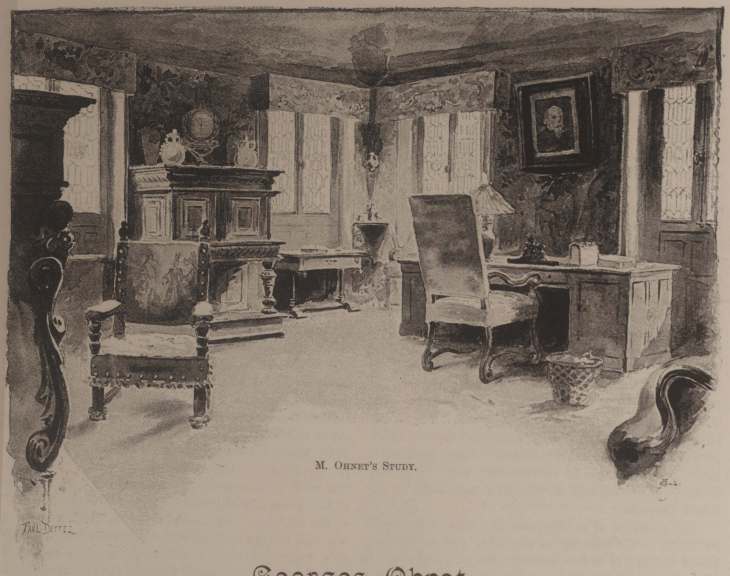
A herald now proclaims that "the orders of His Sacred Majesty the Emperor are fulfilled." The bearers and officials retire, when a number of noble ladies enter; they unfold the silken curtains of the chair and assist the bride out to a richly-canopied throne, where she sits facing the south, in which direction also stand the tables with the insignia of her Imperial rank. The herald announces that "the auspicious moment dawns; all is prepared for the joyful *Ho-Ching*." These last words mean the ratification of the marriage vows. The Emperor now enters, and for the first time looks on his future Empress.

The marriage of an Emperor in China is similar in its details to the marriage of any other person, just as a Royal wedding is in this country; the only difference is that there are additional ceremonies in the Imperial rites due to the rank of the persons interested. In the ordinary marriages, the carrying of the bride in the chair from her father's house to the bridegroom's is supposed to give publicity to the act. When the bride arrives, the happy couple sit down together, when each endeavours to sit on a portion of the other's dress, as it is believed that the one who succeeds in this will have the upper hand in married life. This, we may suppose, would not take place in the Emperor's case. A prominent part of the rites is the drinking of a cup of wine together, the cups being connected by a red ribbon and interchanged while being drained. In the Imperial ceremony these cups are of gold, and called the "Dragon Flagons." Drinking tea and eating various kinds of food, all of which are emblematical of the future, take place. The happy pair worship their parents, their ancestors, and heaven and earth, and pay their devotions to the God of Happiness and the God of the Kitchen.. These rites are gone through by the Emperor with the Empress, but not with any of the other wives. The details of the ceremonies last for a number of days. An important ceremony which takes place on the third day, judging from its character, is no doubt gone through in all marriages. According to the official account, the Empress paid a visit of ceremony to the two Regent-Empresses, when a number of acts were performed; but the leading observance was the presentation of a cup of wine, with some food, and chop-sticks of carved ivory and gold. This is understood to mean that the bride is now "received into the family, and is henceforth a part of it and one with it."

Emperors in China are generally married before they come to the throne. The last reigning Emperor who was married previously to Tung-chih was Kanghi; this took place in 1674. Of course the marriage of an heir to the throne and an Emperor would be different in its details. The two Regent-Empresses in Tung-chih's case formed another exceptional feature demanding distinct rites. Their rank in the State (especially the position of one of them, as Empress-Mother) demanded from the young bridegroom that reverential homage which is due to ancestors. The Regent-Empresses did not "kotow" to the Emperor and his bride; on the contrary, the newly-married pair had to "kotow" to the two Regents.

It would be wearisome to give an account of all that takes place on the days following the wedding-day. I may add, however, another performance which took place two days before the marriage. Princes were sent to the Temple of Heaven to offer incense, sacrifices, and to inform heaven that the Emperor was about to "marry Ah-lu-te, the wise, virtuous, and accomplished daughter of the family of Chung, Duke, and member of the Hanlin." At the Imperial Ancestral Temple a similar intimation was made to the ancestors of the Emperor. The Temple of Earth was also visited, to inform "all under heaven" of the marriage. On learning of this last ceremony I was vain enough to think that, in exercising my function as a "special artist," I was doing more to make the event known to "all under heaven" than all the officials at the Temple of Heaven put together.

From the news which filters through to the West by means of the newspapers from China, it is already known that the name of the new Empress is Yeh-ho-na-la, and that she is the daughter of a Deputy Lieutenant-General, bearing the name of Kuei Hsiang. The lady is described in the official announcement as "a maiden of virtuous character, and becoming and dignified demeanour." The decree of the Empress-Dowager appoints at the same time two of the lower-class wives. These are sisters, fifteen and thirteen years of age, both bearing the same name of Ja-ta-la, daughters of Chang-Hsü. Nearly two years ago, when the marriage was first announced, it was proposed that the ceremony should be celebrated in a very grand and costly style. One million sterling was the sum proposed to be spent upon it. The marriage had been arranged to take place at the end of 1887, but it was all changed, owing, it is said, to the misery caused by the inundations of the Yellow River, which has long been known as "China's Sorrow," from the devastations its waters have so often produced. On this occasion the destruction of life and property has been so great that a very large sum of money would be required to meet the calamity, and the cost of the marriage, it has been understood, will be very much curtailed. W. SIMPSON.



M. Ohnet's Study.

Georges Ohnet.

As a well-known worshipper of literary success, I must open my subject by going into raptures over the succes es of M. Ohnet.

How the money comes pouring in! What a glittering pyramid it makes! I hear on all sides that M. Ohnet is likely to become dazzled by all this, and indeed I am not surprised; he has good reason.

I am told that not very long ago this lucky author went in to have a talk with his friend the lucky publisher, and saw, before the conversation was ended, two entire editions of his last novel sold before his eyes; it is true that I was not present when this happened, but all the same I take the story on trust. And, after all, what is perfectly certain is that "Serge Panine" is in its 150th edition, "La Comtesse Sarah" in its 167th, "Le Maître de Forges" in its 250th; and whenever we remember this, M. Ohnet and myself, we always lose our heads at the thought.

Fortunately for me, M. Ohnet's condition is more desperate than my own, for I have begun for some time past to have misgivings and even grave doubts on the subject. In spite of everything, and notwithstanding the laurels which he culls from the people, the entire literary *élite* refuse persistently to listen to anything that M. Ohnet has to say. They jeer at him, and cover him with the most insulting scorn—on one side the majority, on the other the minority; which is right? It is difficult to make out, we must admit; for what says the proverb? "One can be cleverer than anybody else, but not cleverer than everybody else;" and this is sometimes true.

But not always. Like all those nice proverbs that have no *nuances*, this one is a little bit wrong. I am sorry for the sake of the *élite*, whose feelings as regards the novelist I fully share; but they are only partly right. The people, too, are partly right. Do you think I am merely compromising abjectly? This is not so, indeed; and believe me, that above the wish that I have to give pleasure to M. Ohnet, above the wish to give pleasure to the literary *élite*, above even the wish to give pleasure to the people, I put the wish to please myself by an impartial judgment.

So now, having given vent to these two or three words of introduction, I must go on steadily—seriously, in fact—to the serious work of analysis and criticism.

I.

The literary *élite* have certainly a good hand to play when they talk about M. Ohnet—such a good hand that we begin by placing ourselves joyfully on their side. To an awakened and refined perception certain sentences of this lucky novelist are absurdly comical; thank Heaven,

the soul of Joseph Prudhomme is not yet dead, his inspiration is upon us, so we must collect our thoughts.

We must collect our thoughts, and while we are about it we can enjoy ourselves. Modern life is short, busy, capricious, changeable, and who knows?—to-morrow perhaps we may no longer have any inclination to breathe the incomparable bouquet of this work.

"And she would be in the cold earth, whilst they would walk entwined in the radiant ardour of their love."

"She drew near, clad in a light dress, balancing on her shoulder a great umbrella, which on this sunny October day was *usefully* shading her charming head."

"Madame la Marquise, I think you do wrong to your own times. Of course, positive ideas are in the ascendant, and the natural cupidity of the human race has made wonderful progress; but one must not condemn in a lump all one's contemporaries."

"Jean Cayrol felt ready to do anything in order to succeed, except to commit an indiscretion; for this man, who was so greedy after riches, would have died rather than enrich himself by dishonest means."

"He slowly imprinted a fraternal kiss, which effaced the burning trace of the one that he had stolen an instant before."

"You wish to dower Micheline with the crowns of success. Nonsensical stuff! When one has come out second from the École Polytechnique, and has a future like yours, there is no need to roam about the wilderness in order to dazzle a young girl. You begin by marrying her, and fame follows at the same time with the children."



GEORGES OHNET.

These are so many inestimable pearls, which posterity unfortunately will not have the good taste to appreciate at their proper value. And yet they are but poor specimens of the treasures which this novelist holds in his keeping; he possesses many other varieties of the riches of the mind, and the subtle *nuances* of his taste are no longer to be counted. In fact, whoever does not feel gently moved by his sentimentalities would seem to have but little soul.

"As she stood pensively on the terrace of the castle at eventide, her eyes wandering over the lovely scenes that surrounded her, her graceful *silhouette* standing out against the clear depth of the horizon, she looked with her melancholy face like Mignon yearning to the skies."

M. Ohnet is wise too. You have only to listen to him, and you are obliged to recognise that it is Common Sense itself speaking through his mouth; and what a precious philosophy is his! We will examine it, and see if it cannot infallibly cure the blackest pessimism.

"It is true that our lot is not a brilliant one, but there are others to whom it may appear enviable. When we are unhappy, we should always look beneath us; when we see that there are others even more miserable than ourselves, we think we are well off."

Yet this unfailing judgment of his does not exclude a very bitter sense of humour. For example, in the following sentence addressed to a dishonourable son-in-law by a rich father-in-law, a chocolate-dealer and a satirist:—

"We shall give you—my daughter and I—a very grand funeral, worthy of our fortune; and we shall go to Monaco and the sea-side to mourn for you during the proper interval."

Last of all we cannot refrain from the pleasure of quoting a page which proves how deep, how penetrating, and above all how new, is the observation of M. Ohnet. It is miraculous; indeed, in the matter of re-making pictures as old as the world, of representing types described ages ago, this author has not his equal:—

"The 'mistress' examined herself, and asked herself whether she was not exaggerating the evil. Alas! no, she saw that she was not mistaken. She might search into this society that surrounded her, she always found fever, disorder, incapacity. They all lived neither with their mind nor with their soul; they lived with their nerves. And they strained them to breaking-point. They had replaced activity by agitation, and because they were always on the move, they imagined that they were advancing. You saw them talking and you drew near to listen, and remained stupefied. With them scepticism had killed all belief. Religion, family, country—*connu*, fudge, as they said in their slang. They had but one motive, but one passion, but one object—pleasure. Pleasure, whatever happened; pleasure always! This was what they were morally. As to their physical condition, it was sufficient to see them in order to know what that was. In this world, whose only word of command was enjoyment, all who did not die of consumption would end as idiots in the lunatic asylums.

"What could this hard-working woman do in such a rotten society? Could she hope to reform these unhappy creatures by force of good example?"

II.

Some of our readers will say that up to this point our rehabilitation of M. Ohnet has been somewhat small. We are coming to the praise, though perhaps our method of formulating it will not find much chance of pleasing the writer himself, whom we wish to crown with laurels.

M. Ohnet is such a perfect type, such a finished result of the modern French middle class, that he is raised at once to the rank of a representative.

Without being aware of it, and as unconsciously as M. Jourdain writing prose, he realises a wonderfully life-like portrait of the class to which he belongs. To any one who wishes thoroughly to understand the particular variety of this French species, we recommend above all the books of the writer of whom we are speaking. Just as much as Zola has made mistakes in "Pot-Bouille," and, never having lived what he wishes to write about, has only been able to imagine a caricature of it; just as much as his description of this life is that of a visionary artist, so much does M. Ohnet, in the methodical expansion of his Philistinism, appear to us to be in the heart of the real truth. Ideas, feelings, prejudices, aspirations, aphorisms of the middle classes, their vanity, their snobbishness, their immeasurable stupidity, the vulgarity of their ambition, the imbecility of their talk—all this we find admirably expressed, and just exactly as it is in reality, just as one sees and hears it at every moment in this society of the commonplace which enwraps one in the present, till one is steeped in it as in a sea at high tide.

This collection of commonplace topics, these phrases and tirades so solemnly comic, these quiet, stupefying axioms, you know them by heart, they have so beset your ears since childhood; and yet, to be frank, you have perhaps yourself helped in the commonplace, you have been steeped in it at some time in your life, you will be steeped in it yet again without being aware of it, and it requires nothing less than a continual straining of the mind towards irony to enable you to disentangle yourself from it. Quite rightly does the *bourgeois pur sang* look at himself in M. Ohnet's work as in a mirror, a new and less attractive incarnation of a Narcissus; it is himself that he contemplates here, smiling at himself, loving himself. Very little more, and he would make his bow like that other (whose name we always regret not being able to recall) who, seeing himself in a looking-glass, exclaimed, "Truly, O Nature, thy work is perfect!"

If it is well to affirm a fact, it is still better to prove it; now is the time, then, to show how it is that the middle classes are known to be so life-like in this work, and to let the reader see the strings which the author instinctively and fairly sympathetically makes use of to make his puppets work, moving them with animation, putting fire into their eyes and action into their limbs. I could make a mathematical extract by analysis of these rough means, and this method would, perhaps, not lack exactitude, but it would have one serious fault, its affinity to a certain degree with *ennui*. So we will escape from this difficulty by employing synthesis in place of analysis, and we will embody our demonstration in a sort of part which M. Ohnet handles to perfection, and which is called in theatrical language the "sympathetic part;" needless to say that with him this "sympathetic part" is always a middle-class man—unless, indeed, it should happen to be a middle-class woman, which amounts to exactly the same thing, and makes no difference.

And, first of all, let us take it for granted that he will be extremely antipathetic to you, this "sympathetic part" of M. Ohnet's. Is it because he is not true to life? Not the least in the world; on the contrary, he is perfectly true to life. We say this quite seriously; he is so simply and naturally true that the artificial truth, after which so many of our modern French novelists strain so painfully, pales beside it. In "Serge Panine" Madame Desvarennes is perfectly true to life—the old baker's wife become a millionaire, whose common-sense, audacious brain has founded a great commercial house, who till the end will be "the mistress" to the employés, who all tremble before her. The iron-master Philip Derblay is also a life-like character, the kind of man that one comes across amongst the higher middle classes, but he is rather an exception than a general rule. He is the great manufacturer, upright, and fiery of will, the father of his workmen, headstrong in all that concerns his honour or his rights. He knows that nowadays he is a power, one of the great ones of the earth; he is astonished at any insult, more sensitive to it than any one else, and he never forgives it. Other sympathetic parts—Le Pierre Delarne of "Serge Panine," Captain Sévérac of "La Comtesse Sarah," Pascal Carvajou in "La Grande Marnière"—are also not untrue in principle, although deformed the moment that the absurd conventional sentimentality of their love-scenes begins. But, after all, this is nothing; it is but a question of what will sell. I have no wish to dwell upon it, for I might be called a kill-joy, and an author and publisher must sometimes put their arms round each other's waists, and dance together joyfully to the jingle of the money. Therefore I would not pick a quarrel with my author for such trifles. It is not this; it is that, in spite of, and even when they are strongest in, their total or partial truthfulness, all these "sympathetic parts" remain pitilessly dull—when, indeed, they do not go further and insist on being altogether absurd. All these people belong to the type known as "*belle âme*," "*honnête jeune homme*," "*bonnet de nuit;*" they are as solemn as judges, as boring as a wet day, as wholesome and as uninteresting as dry bread. There is no pretty play of light and shade here, no touch of fantasy, no subtlety, not even any impulse; it is all as true and as trivial as the middle classes themselves.

We do not intend, however, to say that the class in question formulates its own criticism upon itself in the manner that we have just given vent to it; they may even find this somewhat too clear and precise. We think even that we can prophesy that they will contest its accuracy. That their favourite author paints them as they should be, to this they agree with one voice; that this *comme il faut* is very ugly they will evidently admit only with great difficulty. Well, let us pass on; for, after all, this is a question of taste, and all tastes depend on temperament; the owl thinks himself charming, and not only himself, but even his children.

But we notice that M. Ohnet's best novel, "Lise Fleuron," is far from having succeeded so well as the others. It is a matter of observation that parts of this book might really have been signed without shame to

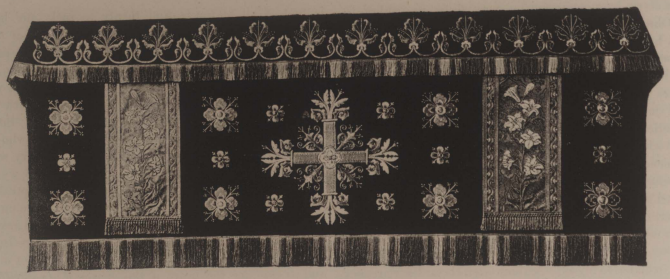
themselves by novelists of a very different calibre to M. Ohnet. The theatrical world is very well depicted here, but then the public was carried out of its depth. It was not at ease in this world, and swallowed with difficulty its life and its manners. The actress Clémence, odious, yet true to life, wearied them. It was in vain even that the author, returning to the string of the "sympathetic part," had tried to make her pass by dint of contrast with the weeping Lisa, a flower of passion and of tenderness—but an artificial flower made of tissue mounted on brass wire. The ungrateful reader pouted, and appeared to appreciate neither the delicate attention of the writer, nor the touching features of the heroine. The latter might have spared herself the trouble of her ingenuousness, and the former his useless outlay of sentiment.

I wonder to myself, too, how often the ordinary reader has laughed at certain scenes in "La Grande Marnière" which would really have impressed me if I had not remembered Balzac's "Paysans," that wonderful and terrible romance which I cannot help thinking M. Ohnet knows as well as I do. However this may be, Father Carvajou does not lack a foil; had he been alone, his brother in real life meeting him in the imaginary life—that is to say, in the book—would have had no hesitation in disowning him. What then? Contrast is an excellent invention, and side by side with the "villain," as they say in melodramatic jargon, there was the "hero;" side by side with the "wicked part," the "sympathetic part;" side by side with Carvajou the father, Carvajou the son.

And it is here, in such parts as Pascal Carvajou, Philippe Derblay, Madame Desvarennes, Octave de Beaulieu, Captain Sévérac, Pierre Delarne the engineer—all those, in short, who in some degree, with more or less of relief, either as principals or as simple useful accessories, embody the "sympathetic part"—it is in these parts, I say, that the power of M. Ohnet flashes out, and his triumph is the most marked. Whether in his novels, properly speaking, or in the plays that have been made from them, in these "sympathetic parts" he has an unprecedented success. Middle class of soul, he goes straight to the heart of the middle classes, for nothing is wanting in him of what they think is the refinement of refinement—*le beau du beau*. The "sympathetic part" is always an offshoot of the École Polytechnique, or, rather, of the École Centrale, wearing the scarlet Legion of Honour, a distinguished engineer, a great merchant, a successful manufacturer, or a lawyer of renown. Filled with satisfaction in himself and in his century, convinced that he alone has constructed and caused to revolve on its axis the whole of contemporary civilisation, thinking at the same time that it is but doing its duty in revolving round him (these are somewhat like the metaphors he makes use of in Parliament), he utters imposing and *Prudhommesque* sentences upon "progress." Naturally he is always a *snob*, even when the author does not know it, and has tried, on the contrary, to depict *une belle âme*. If he makes up his mind to marry, it is always with the aristocracy; under pretence, be it understood, of having fallen hopelessly in love. We remark in passing that he has managed quite rightly to fall in love with a *demoiselle*. Here begins the drama that is first of all to touch, and finally to rack, the heart of the reader or the spectator. With the instinct typical of a certain whole class, the "sympathetic part" feels that the aristocracy is, or rather has been, in spite of all, something finer than himself and his world; it is important that he should ally himself with the aristocracy, and thus become a part of them. But in what garb?—as a bank clerk in Sunday attire, who has become the owner of the bag that he used to carry when he collected outstanding debts? *Ah! fi donc!* we are worth more than that, and we are going to prove it immediately. It is now that fine sentiments come on the scene, so that they may play the *rôle* of *Deus ex machinâ*. The *bourgeois* shall either be endowed with irresistible virtues, or shall shine by an unrivalled strength of mind, and so conquer the heart of the gentle *Mademoiselle* de Clairefont or the proud Claire de Beaulieu. This once done, and the proper pride of the middle classes duly taken care of, the moment comes for reconciliation; the Gaul having for his part subdued the Frank, and having made him yield up half his place at the top of the social ladder, will deign to return his arms to the vanquished one, and will even acknowledge willingly that he has better manners than himself. "All's well that ends well," and one can easily imagine with what applause, whether expressed or silent, the following words will be greeted by the reader, comfortably seated in his arm-chair, or the spectator, comfortably seated in his stall:—"Do you think this is wrong, this confraternity of M. Derblay and M. de Préfont? Your husband, my dear friend, descendant of the warriors of old, embodies in his person six centuries of warrior greatness. M. Derblay, the son of manufacturers, represents one unique century—that which has produced steam-power, gas, electricity. And I acknowledge that, for my part, I admire the sudden understanding between these two men, who unite in a friendship born of mutual esteem that which, above all, makes a country great—glory in the past, and progress in the present;" without counting this other effusion:—"Ah! my cousin, democracy invades us. Let us try and constitute an aristocracy in democracy itself. In order to do this, we must take mediocrity as the level, and upon this place everything that has any merit. Thus we shall lay the foundation of an aristocracy of talent, the only one worthy to succeed the aristocracy of birth."

The misfortune is that the middle classes have only succeeded in accomplishing the first half of this last programme, and instead of being in a position to form an aristocracy of talent, they have only so far established the level of mediocrity. Nowadays when the middle classes are kings and masters, not one of the strongheads ever gets above the others. We have only to look at our existing politicians for proof of this. But as I see that M. Ohnet is determined on being an aristocrat, I wish him too much good to deprive him of that noble satisfaction; the more so that his work is really a truly historic document, and that for this reason it is on no account to be looked down upon; it proves conclusively that its author is among the first of the mediocrities.

GABRIEL SARRAZIN.



Altar-Cloth and Super-Frontal.

Hints on Modern Ecclesiastical Embroidery.

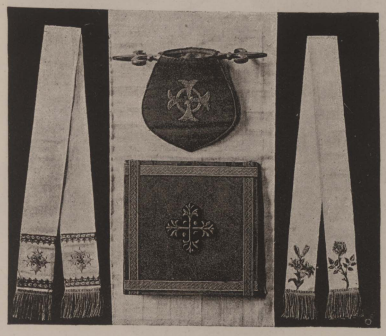
UPON comparing modern Church needlework with older specimens we find little radical difference. The stitches are for the most part the same, or nearly so, the modern ones in fact having mainly been copied from those found in the ancient examples. Chain stitch, however, takes a less prominent part than of yore. Our work, as a general rule, will be found quite as rich in appearance; and though the designs are simpler and less crowded, the details are quite as elaborate. The execution, too, is fully as good; but little credit must be taken for this when we consider how much improved are the conditions under which we perform the task. We use costly and splendid materials as the foundation of our work, and almost always allow more of it to be visible between the embroidery. In the olden time more use was made of coarser fabrics for the background, such as linen canvas, and this necessitated the work almost entirely covering it. Very frequently the foundation material was used double; but this is rendered unnecessary now, when there are so many textures of varying thicknesses to be had for the purpose. Much that was worked directly on the foundation in the older specimens is now embroidered first and appliquéd to it afterwards, the point of juncture being concealed by a fine cord, or "laid" lines of purse-twist.

Any enthusiastic worker who is desirous of attempting Church needlework nowadays, will find that she has the advantage of a large and very varied field for her labours, even though our clergy no longer need a great assortment of vestments upon which she can exercise her talents. At the same time it must be remembered that a certain amount of technical knowledge is needed, apart from the actual practical skill that is essential in order to execute the work well and satisfactorily. Not the least important part is acquaintance with the signification of the different emblems and symbols employed; even colours have their special meanings, which render them only appropriate for use during certain seasons of the ecclesiastical year. It is more necessary in Church embroidery than in almost any other class of artistic needlework to bear in mind that (to quote a well-known authority on the subject) "ornament, in the true and proper meaning of the word, signifies the embellishment of that which is in itself useful, in an appropriate manner. Yet, by a perversion of the term, it is frequently applied to mere enrichment, which deserves no other name than unmeaning detail, dictated by no other rule but that of individual caprice. Every ornament, to deserve the name, must possess an appropriate meaning, and be introduced with an intelligent purpose and on reasonable grounds. The symbolical associations of each ornament must be understood and considered; otherwise things beautiful in themselves will be rendered absurd by their application."

It is impossible to give a complete list here of the various emblems used, but we may mention a few of the more important. The symbols of the Deity are red, gold, and black, meaning respectively love, glory, and majesty. The Almighty is often indicated by the rays of the sun, or by a single eye. The cross is, of course, the most commonly used symbol of Christ, and is plain or floriated, according to whether His suffering or triumph is intended. The passion-flower, and all its mystic signification too, is well known. The rose also is dedicated to Christ, so are the lamb in the animal world, and amongst birds the pelican. The Trinity is symbolised by a triangle arranged in many different ways, while blue and silver are ever recognised as the colours specially consecrated to the Virgin. The emblems of the Apostles are too commonly understood to need any repetition here, and the consideration of the origin and meaning of these many symbols opens out a vast field of study and research for all who are dissatisfied with a merely superficial knowledge of the subject.

An acquaintance with the elementary rules of architecture, too, is advisable, unless, as is often the case, an architect can be prevailed upon to prepare designs for the needlework hangings of a church.

With regard to the actual execution of Church needlework, it is necessary to follow implicitly a few golden rules. The hands must always be absolutely dry, smooth, and clean. The very best materials only must be used. No careless or slovenly work can be tolerated. In days gone by, a worker was content to labour upon a single piece of elaborate embroidery for many years of her life, and if at her death it was left unfinished, it was not unfrequently handed down to another embroideress to continue, and was sometimes passed on even to a third



BOOK-MARKERS, ALMS-BAG, AND BURSE.

eneration. The consideration of this gives us some idea of the amount of conscientious toil that was expended upon what was then regarded as a sacred duty.

The designs chosen are so far from being realistic in their execution, that the colours used are rarely those natural to them. Even the proper tints of flowers are seldom adhered to, while blue, crimson, or yellow is as often introduced in the embroidered portions of leaves as in other parts of the work. A line of black twist or gold thread is generally laid to separate two totally different colours, and various shades of the same colour are scarcely ever blended, as in other embroideries, but are used quite distinctly one from another. The brightest gold thread and the most brilliant tints should always be devoted to the execution of the central part of the design, the secondary powderings, borders, and scrolls being kept quite in the background as regards effect.

The easiest form of Church needlework for an amateur is executed over a cardboard foundation, and an example of this is given in the alms-bag shown above. This style of work is entirely modern, and, being rather severe and hard in effect, is suited only for the ornamentation of the ends of stoles and book-markers, and for burses, alms-bags, or sermon-cases. Hence crosses of various forms, the triangle, circle, fleur-de-lis, and such emblematic devices, are most generally used. Although convenient, it cannot be recommended from an æsthetic point of view, for little or no artistic taste is shown in its execution. No shading is needed, as silk of one tone of colour only is used in the embroidery. The amateur will find it better to purchase the cardboard foundations ready cut out, as they need more skill and accuracy in the shaping than she is likely to possess. On the alms-bag figured, the cross and circle are used as significant of atonement and eternity. The piece of silk upon which such a device is to be worked must be lined with a piece of holland of a special make, sold for the purpose, and stretched firmly in a small frame. The cardboard foundation must be painted yellow, if it be not of this colour naturally, then laid upon the silk in exactly the correct position, and tacked lightly into place. A line of fine cord or twine is next stretched down the centre of the cardboard, so that when the design is covered with silk, it will have the appearance of being slightly raised in the middle. Stitches of yellow purse-silk are then worked over in satin stitch fashion, perfectly regularly, from side to side of the design, the left hand guiding the silk into position with a stiletto as the right hand draws the thread firmly into place. The utmost precision is required to make each stitch set exactly straight and even. Finally, the design must be edged with a line of twist, fine cord, or gold thread which is couched round it to give a regular outline, and to hide any inequalities there may be amongst the stitches. The alms-bag in the illustration is of red corded silk, and differs from those in ordinary use in being mounted over an oval framework of wood, which is finished at each end with a carved fleur-de-lis to serve as a handle. The burse in which are kept the chalice-veil, paten-cover, and such smaller pieces of Eucharistic linen, is of cardboard covered with red silk damask very simply ornamented with four straps of gold galon. The design in

the centre is worked first upon velvet, and afterwards appliquéd to the brocade. A burse of this kind usually measures from nine to eleven inches square, and is lined with white silk. The sides expand like the pockets of a writing-case or pocket-book.

The two book-markers are of rich, white corded silk, and are more uncommon-looking than those of crimson ribbon, with the conventional gold-coloured ornaments with which we are most familiar. One of them has for decoration a cross worked delicately in floss silk in shades of blue; a vandyked edging, worked in floss and gold thread, forms a finish above and below the work. The second book-marker is also of white ribbon, and has the Church rose embroidered at one end, and at the other a lily. The Church rose is one of the many emblems of Christ, and is generally represented with seven petals—three centre ones, and four larger outer ones. It is worked in shades of red silk. In working book-markers the design must be placed so that about six inches of ribbon are left below it; this piece is afterwards turned up at the back and hemmed invisibly. Thus it forms a lining and hides the stitches on the wrong side. The portion of ribbon upon which the design is to be embroidered, will be firmer and pleasanter to work upon if it be first backed with holland. The design at the other end must be reversed—that is, worked upon the other side of the ribbon. Unless this be done, the book-marker will not hang properly when in use. The fringe at the end should be sewn along the edge, first at the back, then folded over to the right side, and sewn there also, so that both sides are equally neat.

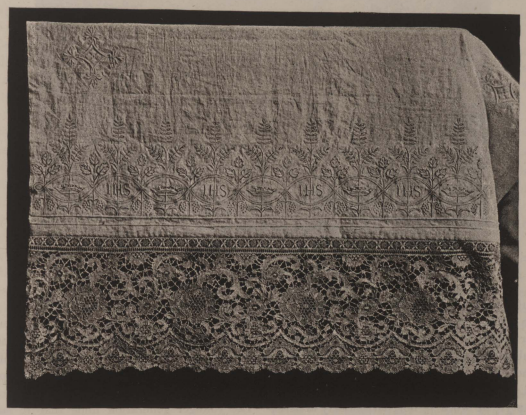
Any worker able to embroider even fairly well should find no difficulty in making such simple articles as book-markers; but the banner shown on this page is a more arduous task. Here we have a design that is worked upon linen first, and afterwards transferred to a velvet background. It represents the Agnus Dei standing upon a terrace of many-coloured flowers, and silhouetted against a sky of clear, blue silk, entirely worked in plain couching, in which the laid threads are slightly drawn together by the securing stitches. The figure of the lamb is pure white, and is worked over a padding in a manner that strikes me as being a great improvement upon the loosely-worked French knots with which such figures are most usually covered. White purse-silk is used, and is untwisted as it is caught down over the design, thus giving a wavy, rather than a curled, appearance, with excellent effect. Considerable care is needed in working the head and face, and I should recommend an amateur either to copy this from a well-worked specimen, or to have it done for her by an expert, should she have any doubts of her own powers. Although this was not always the case, anything at all verging on the grotesque must now be rigidly excluded from the service of the Church. The cross borne by the lamb is effectively arranged with bosses at the tips of the arms,



EMBROIDERED BANNER.

worked so that they stand up like jewels, in high relief above the rest of the design. A broad framework of gold thread is worked in couching, round the central figure, and groups of white lilies, the emblem of purity, are appliquéd at intervals beyond this.

As a specimen of the high standard to which ecclesiastical embroidery now attains, we figure at the head of this article an altar-cloth, which bears comparison well with many of the gorgeous achievements of the Middle Ages. I can, however, scarcely advise one who is an amateur, in the limited sense of the word, to attempt the making up of such a work as this. The utmost that can be done effectually by a private individual is to prepare the various designs used for powderings, the central cross and the orphreys, and to send them to be mounted by a professional. In no private house can this part of the work be done satisfactorily, the large frame that is necessary being alone a great inconvenience. The altar-cloth in question has as background the richest crimson silk velvet. The large cross in the centre is mainly worked in gold and gold-coloured threads, laid down in high relief, in what is known as "basket" couching. To manage this, parallel lines of whip-cord which held the first-laid strands of silk. The centre of the cross is particularly good in effect, although extremely simple. A circle is worked there entirely in white laid work, with a small blue cross resting upon it. Bosses, too, are formed in various parts of the design, by working yellow floss silk over a small round padding, and over that again is arranged a network of fine gold thread. Spangles are judiciously intermingled, and are sewn on according to the old models—that is, sprinkled over the foundation itself as isolated ornaments, instead of being, as in so many modern instances, laid directly upon the embroidery. The cloth is powdered with small crosses worked to correspond with the main central one, and these also have been appliquéd after having been worked. Delicate sprays of gold surround the crosses, and for these two threads of gold are always laid at the same time. The gold used for Church embroidery must be the best that is procurable, as it is indispensable that it should not tarnish. Some of the gold thread is twisted over a silk foundation, some over cotton. As a general rule, the Chinese is perhaps preferable to any other, as being more evenly twisted and more durable. The embroidery of the orphreys would form a pleasant



LINEN CLOTH FOR COMMUNION-TABLE.

are laid down at regular intervals over the foundation, and held firmly in position. Generally three, but sometimes four, lines of purse-silk are then placed across these threads side by side and close together, and are held down with stitches of the same silk brought up from the wrong side, carried over the lines of purse-silk, and back again to the wrong side. Usually a securing stitch is thus placed between every two lines of cord; and when the next set of purse-silk strands is laid, the securing stitches must be placed between those

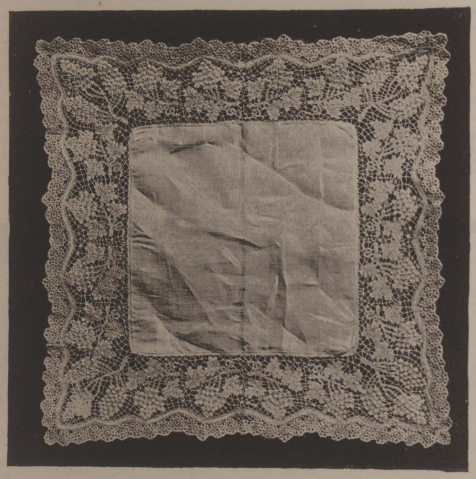
task for any lady who does not care for the labour of working the whole of the cloth. In this case they are embroidered upon a foundation of rich, red silk damask, of a rather lighter shade of the same colour as the velvet. A conventional spike of the white lily forms a charming panel-like filling for these, and the sides are bordered with a band of flat, gold galon edged with fine cord. They must, of course, be finished with rich fringe at the bottom. The super-frontal of an altar-hanging, too, can be recommended as a pleasant piece of work for a lover

of embroidery. It will be understood that a running or scroll pattern—such as that figured—must be, from its position, the best suited for a super-frontal. The foundation must always be of the same material as the cloth itself, and the same colours must be used in the embroidery. In the specimen before us the main colours are blue, green, and shades of gold, the darkest of which is nearly brown; while sprays of gold thread correspond with those upon the larger piece of work. The lower scallops are of gold thread worked in "brick" stitch. This stitch may be briefly described as being like the basket-couching already alluded to, but it is flat, and worked without the cords beneath the strands. A smaller number of threads, too, is laid at the same time.

Penelope, or Berlin wool-work canvas, is often largely used for the embroidery of covers for stools and cushions, and for rugs and carpets. Any of the stitches that are usually worked on canvas with wool and filoselle may be used; but this style of work is not particularly artistic, and never attains to a high standard of excellence.

There are many clever workers who labour under the disadvantage of being unable to manipulate colours and shades of colour successfully; but scope even for their energies may be found in Church embroidery. They might well undertake such a work as the "fair white linen cloth" represented on page 267, which recalls much of the delicate white needlework often achieved by the inmates of conventual schools on the Continent. The execution is simplicity itself, consisting as it does merely of satin stitch more or less raised, with a ribbon-like design worked in dot stitch, and which encloses in alternate oval loops the sacred monogram and crown. Above and below this ribbon are arranged conventional palms—the symbol of victory,—and wheat-ears and grapes—the emblems of the Eucharist. An ornamental cross is worked at the corners above this border, and the ends of the cloth are finished with an edging of wide French lace.

An exquisite little piece of work may be made of a chalice-veil. In our churches this is always white, and so should be as dainty and delicate as possible. The one illustrated has a plain centre, simply finished with a border of Buckinghamshire pillow-lace worked in a good design of vine-leaves and grapes. This lace is now, alas! to be reckoned amongst the decaying industries of the rural districts of England, and unless a speedy revival takes place, the art of making it will soon be as much a thing of the past as are the specimens of mediæval needlework in our museums. The younger generation finds that it does not "pay" to learn the work, and the members of the older generation are yearly lessening in numbers. Little can be said to the credit of those English ladies who choose quantity rather than quality, prefer the common machine-made laces, and are not sufficiently patriotic to support the lace-making trade of their own country, for the simple reason that these productions are not "the fashion."



CHALICE-VEIL.

In conclusion, an acknowledgment is due to Mr. Helbronner, of 300, Oxford Street, through whose courtesy we have been enabled to figure these characteristic specimens of modern Church needlework in explanation of the hints given in this paper.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

10.30 p.m.

PROFESSOR GRAY, F.R.S., D.Sc., was very clever, very irascible, and he had but few intimate friends. Not, however, because he was irascible, for it was by fits and starts only that he snapped and snarled; but because he was unsociable, and the habits of the recluse grew upon him, and each year of the ten he had lived alone in his modest flat in Mordicamp Mansions, he had withdrawn more and more from society; and the few friends who really loved and admired him were sad at heart, for the clever doctor was only just forty, and his dark hair ought not to be turning grey so rapidly; and there was a look in his beautiful keen eyes sometimes that made sentimental women, when they caught it, which was not often, say he had "a story."

And so he had, but the book wherein it was written down was closed and put away ten years ago, before he became famous—before he came to Mordicamp Mansions. One or two old friends, such as Tom Teesdale and his wife, knew the story, and willingly would they have written the chapter, which was still untold, in their own way. But the doctor stoutly declared that it would never be written—while he lived—and what could the kindest friend do or say but just listen to him and submit?

When the story began, as stories so often do with a tender, and even romantic love-passage, Marmaduke Gray had not reached the Professor's Chair which he now so ably filled, but it was well known that honours and distinctions were before him. Indeed, for his age, he was one of the most gifted among many able compeers, and a most delightful companion if only you could get him away from his microscope and his specimens, wet and dry—living and dead! He was just on the point of perfecting the deductions made from the discoveries that followed the patient labour of years (how his fine eyes sparkled, and how the words poured from his eloquent lips as he talked of his work), when the flat above his own was let, and every nerve quivered when he heard a piano-tuner at work in the room over his study.

For days and days, before the Professor spoke of his grievance, the Teesdales knew that something had gone wrong.

Then it all came out bit by bit, and it had to do with the tenant on the third floor.

"She plays the piano from morning till night," he said, one evening as he walked up and down Mrs. Teesdale's drawing-room. It was then about eight o'clock.

"But with a padded ceiling surely the sound is muffled?"

"Intensified you mean! The padding is a fraud! Why did she take that flat?" and the Professor's long slender fingers routed up his hair. It was cropped close, so he could not do much harm.

"You are sure it is a woman?"

"Yes. I read her name on the indicator in the hall—Mrs. Vernon. And she is always at home."

Silence for a few seconds, then he added, with a funny little break in his voice—not the sort of sound one would expect from a Professor—"I should not mind so much if she did not play *her* music. It seems like retribution that I should be condemned to listen to it every day and yet not—not from—Margery."

Mr. and Mrs. Teesdale exchanged a rapid glance. It was the first time the Professor had uttered that name for years.

"How I used to abominate Chopin and all his works!" the clear voice, with now a pathetic note in it, went on, and the Professor's eyes sparkled almost as if they were wet. As he reached the far end of the room in his walk he was seen to take out his handkerchief, but when he passed once more into the circle of light, the man of science was himself again.

"I am not going to bear it much longer," he said, in a cool matter-of-fact tone. "If she insists upon playing all day long I must move. Fancy being driven from a comfortable home by a tinkling piano!"

"Do not be in a hurry. You will get accustomed to it in time."

"Accustomed!" The Professor was getting cross. "I have done my best." Mrs. Teesdale smiled; she knew what his best was. "I set my will to work to force myself not to listen, and I might have succeeded if——"

"If she had not played like Margery."

The Professor started as if he had been struck by a bullet. "You must not speak of her!" he cried out.

"But you said her name yourself this moment, you inconsistent mortal!"

"Very likely; but that is no reason for supposing I can bear it from you."

"But you ought to bear it; and what is more, you ought to put an end to this estrangement. I believe you are just as fond of her as you were ten years ago."

"Fond of her! What put that into your head? I am not the man I was ten years ago. I have no time for love and nonsense."

"Please answer my question."

"You did not ask one."

"Pardon me. I asked if you were not in love? There! I wonder if any one ever saw a Professor blushing before."

"Pish! Rubbish! You make me look like a fool!" the Professor grumbled; and he flung himself into a chair, and took up a newspaper wherewith he screened his face.

"You cannot deny that she was a very pretty woman," he was heard to mutter as he presently turned the sheet.

Mrs. Teesdale knew her man. She let him alone for ten minutes, and then challenged him to a game of chess. As they arranged the pieces the Professor said—

"I sent a polite message the day before yesterday,

stating the hours at which I was out every day; and I asked, as a great favour, that she would practise during my absence."

"A very sensible suggestion. What did she say?"

The Professor laughed his celebrated sardonic laugh. "She was very rude—said she never received messages through servants, and that if I had any request to make, I must make it in person."

"Beware! It is a plan! She wants to see the celebrated Professor of Physiology! You need not frown. I saw a woman buying your photograph at the Stereoscopic the other day. Now you are caught in your own net, for you know you never admit that women are foolish!"

"But what am I to do about Mrs. Vernon's piano?"

"My dear fidgety Professor, I cannot imagine you climbing up Mrs. Vernon's stairs; knocking at Mrs. Vernon's door; and begging of Mrs. Vernon to give up Chopin because he interrupts your scientific studies! If she happens to be nice-looking——"

"Go on," the Professor breaks in. "You have the move."

Then, as he absently followed Mrs. Teesdale's lead, he muttered half aloud, "Two lives were shipwrecked by Mr. Chopin before; at least mine was."

The game lasted barely ten minutes and the Professor was beaten. "A poor victory," said Mrs. Teesdale; "I believe you were thinking all the time of Mrs. Vernon and her piano!"

"I was not thinking of Mrs. Vernon"—he snapped the words out quite viciously, and presently bade his friends good night.

Standing in the open doorway, half in and half out, he spoke again. "I shall send you my new address when I move," he said. "I know it will come to that."

There was work waiting for him when he got home, but he was not in the mood for work. He opened some letters which had come for him by the last post; gushing epistles some of them from women who followed the fashion in running after the cleverest and most attractive man of his day. Strange to say, these letters did not make him angry. Gentleness and toleration for women seemed to increase and multiply in him as his fame grew; but not one of the many fair ones who burnt incense before him could flatter herself that he was falling in love. He was charming in every mood, and nearly always pleasant of speech. Now and then came a crushing rebuke or a withering sarcasm, but immediately after followed the old sweet pleasant smile that each woman tried hard to win for herself. Whether in good temper or bad, Dr. Gray was fascinating.

He was not very amiable, however, this evening, for he was vexed at his inability to work. Events in his life which he told himself were dead and buried came crowding upon his clear and well-ordered brain. Memory played him fantastic tricks. Imagination, more capricious than memory, filled his study with the sweetest, brightest pictures, and made his heart beat as it had beaten ten years before when——

He took up books one after another and flung them here and there about the room; for, just as the mental picture was fairest and most adorable—just as in imagination he felt two soft arms round his neck and saw two sweet eyes looking into his own, some one stirred in the room overhead, and immediately one of Chopin's wild waltzes filled the air about him. The visions conjured up by memory and fancy fled; and the Professor, with an indescribable expression on his face, leaned his elbows on the table and propped up his head with a cheek on either hand.

Five minutes—ten, passed thus; then he got up quietly and looked at his watch. It was nearly half-past ten. "It is rather late to call upon a strange woman," he said; "but I have no time by day; and, if this goes on, I shall go mad. Why in the name of all that's distracting must she play *that* music?"

He picked up the books he had flung about; touched some articles upon his study table without knowing that he did so, then went to the door; opened it, and stood for a second or two irresolute, with the sound of Mrs. Vernon's piano still in his ears. The next moment he was out on the public staircase, and had begun the ascent to the third floor.

To ring Mrs. Vernon's bell; to be admitted and to find himself at her drawing-room door was the work of a few seconds. He got rid of the sleepy-looking servant by saying that her mistress expected him; and, as she disappeared down the passage, he knocked. A voice said, "Come in," but the playing did not cease. He went in, and still Mrs. Vernon played on.

She did not look round. She thought it was the servant who had come in to fetch something.

The Professor felt exceedingly uncomfortable; when Mrs. Vernon told him to come and ask her himself to arrange her practice for the hours he was absent, he knew she did not mean him to come at 10.30 p.m.

"Madam," he began, "allow me to apologise——"

The lady at the piano—she had her back to him, and the room was so dimly lighted that she sat in deep shadow—gave a start, but she did not look round, and she did not stop playing. The Professor felt so obviously in the wrong that courtesy, tact, and temper deserted him at the same moment. But he made a fresh start.

"Madam," he repeated, "I do not intrude upon you for pleasure. I come because you refused to receive a message, and I cannot wait until to-morrow. Will you allow me to make my request and to begone? Your music is distracting."

With a clashing of chords, and a sudden sweep of her fingers over the keys, Mrs. Vernon stopped—closed the piano—pressed her hands for a moment to her temples—rose and faced her visitor.

She was a beautiful woman in the very fullest bloom of life and loveliness: small of stature (so small indeed that the Professor looked tall beside her, and he was by no means a giant), but exquisitely formed and very graceful. Her fine grey eyes had a mischievous light in them as she bent them upon the startled man who had already retreated a step or two, but there was a note of suppressed pain in her voice as she said—

"I am sorry time has not lessened your antipathy to my music, Marmaduke."

The Professor said not a word; but, before Mrs. Vernon could evade him, he caught her in his arms and kissed her, as ten years before he had kissed her on their wedding-day.

"Margery! My wife!" he cried at length as he held her from him to look into her eyes.

What he read therein must have satisfied him (and he was hard to please, as all his pupils knew), for he drew her into his arms again, and, being stronger than she, she could not get away.

"But you hate Chopin still," she said, at last; "and my rival, the microscope, is more formidable than ever."

"You may play Chopin from morning until night, if you will forgive me and love me again, Margery."

"You have more to forgive than I," the true woman answered, as she put up her hand and gently stroked the face which looked older and more marred than when she had seen it last; "I am ashamed when I think how horrid I was. But, let me whisper it, I thought you loved those dreadful worms and things better than your wife, and I was afraid I was too young, and——"

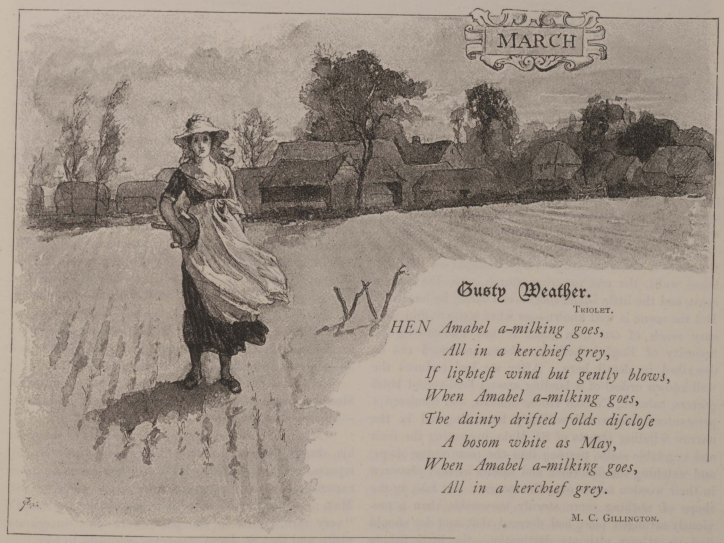
"And so we lost ten years of happiness," he answered, as her voice broke with a sob; but, although his voice was sad and rather stern, he stooped and fondly kissed away the mist of tears from her eyes.

It was some days before the Teesdales heard anything of the Professor. Then came a note from him, from the Isle of Wight. "I found Margery playing Chopin on the third floor," he wrote. "The microscope has a holiday, and we are enjoying a second honeymoon. I like it."

Quoth Mr. Teesdale, "She is a million times too good for that cantankerous little bookworm!" Quoth Mrs. T., "I am sure I hope she will be sensible *now* and treat him properly. Too good for him! Good gracious! Why, he is a perfect angel! I do not know a woman fit to tie his shoes."

Margery was of the same opinion, but she always tied the Professor's.

ELLA J. CURTIS.



Gusty Weather.

TRIOLET.

WHEN Amabel a-milking goes,
All in a kerchief grey,
If lightest wind but gently blows,
When Amabel a-milking goes,
The dainty drifted folds disclose
A bosom white as May,
When Amabel a-milking goes,
All in a kerchief grey.

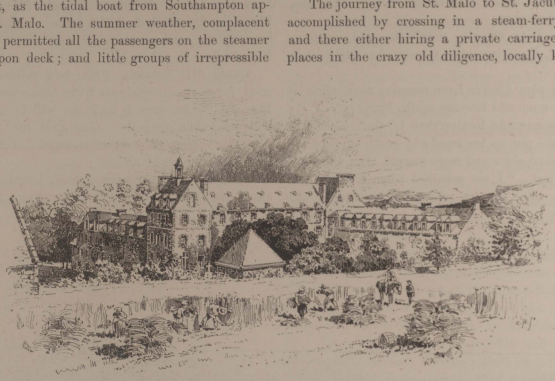
M. C. GILLINGTON.

Life in a Convent.

IT was early morning in August, the waves danced and sparkled, and the tall grey houses and high-pitched roofs of the old sea-girt Breton town glittered in the sunlight, as the tidal boat from Southampton approached St. Malo. The summer weather, complacent to sea-goers, permitted all the passengers on the steamer to remain upon deck; and little groups of irrepressible British tourists, brimming over with topographical knowledge derived from inevitable guide-books, were searching through field-glasses for the island of Grand Bé, where Chateaubriand is buried. We stood by the vessel-side gazing over the sea and the rocky islands; our own party consisted of paterfamilias—whose paraphernalia of easels and canvases proclaimed him an artist—his wife, his sister, two children, and an open-eyed, eager, untravelled English nurse.

A more picturesque view than that of St. Malo from the sea—of the sixteenth-century fortifications, the high stone walls, the one towering church-spire, the broken coast, and the little island-rocks—can hardly be imagined. But the scene is well known—as what scene within such easy reach of our own coast is not known—to the majority of English holiday-makers, and need not be described in detail here. After we had endured the well-known ordeal of a landing among loud-voiced hotel porters, cabmen, Custom House officials, and nondescript persecutors, we would willingly have lingered in the narrow winding streets of St. Malo, inspecting the fruit and vegetable stalls, peeping into the picturesque shops, and watching the fishermen and sailors as they clattered in their wooden sabots over the stones. But fate, in the shape of nothing more sternly inexorable than a previously arranged plan, had decreed that mid-day should find us at our ultimate destination—the little fishing village of St. Jacut, where we had engaged rooms at a hospitable convent. So after a hasty breakfast of soup and bread, at a primitive restaurant in a quaint dusky little *place*, we paid our farewells to the captivating town.

The journey from St. Malo to St. Jacut is generally accomplished by crossing in a steam-ferry to Dinard, and there either hiring a private carriage, or securing places in the crazy old diligence, locally known as the "Courier." But the persuasions of a sailor, who made our acquaintance on the quay at St. Malo, induced us to try a new route; and, spite of a lurking suspicion on the part of one of our party that her seafaring powers had been sufficiently tested for one day, we entered his boat, saw our luggage boarded by himself and his mate, and consented to make the whole excursion by sea.



The Convent of the Immaculate Conception, St. Jacut.

Our sailor—a stalwart, sunburnt, blue-eyed Breton—was accompanied by a taciturn mate, who responded monosyllabically to our attempts at conversation. But the one spokesman did duty for the two men. "No," he said, in answer to a question of ours, as he shifted the sail with a big brown tattooed hand, he did not go into St. Jacut often. *En effet*, he went *rarement*—even *très rarement*. Last summer he had taken a party over to the Grand Hôtel. Without doubt, Monsieur and Mesdames were bound also for the Grand Hôtel.

No, we intended to board at the convent. Naturally, Monsieur knew the convent at St. Jacut, and the sisters—the sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

"Monsieur" looked rather blankly at us from under his shaggy brows. After all St. Jacut was, by all reports, an insignificant little village, and—as later experience proved—beyond a four hours' sail from St. Malo; and the suspicion dawned upon us that the sailor's "very rare" visits to the place were only imaginary visits, and that St. Jacut was *terra incognita* to him.

We passed the prettily situated watering-place of St. Briac, which the sailor, with a wave of his brown hand,

pointed out to our notice. Then he asked permission of "*ces dames*" to light his cigar; he chattered about winds and currents, the mackerel season, and the number of shrimps caught at low tide, and beguiled the time, until at length the grand port of St. Jacut was reached. Here our friend hailed a couple of fishermen in a boat, and to their mystification, and spite of our protests, demanded the way to the Grand Hôtel; his persistent use of this title implied a flattering refusal to believe that any less distinguished destination could suit the dignity of his passengers.

St. Jacut stands out at sea on a narrow slip of land. The village consists of a straggling street of grey granite houses, of occasional *cabarets*, of a few shops—among which the principal is the "Épicerie Centrale," kept by Jean and Marie-Rose Loraine—of a windmill, said to be three hundred years old, of a parish church, with its adjoining *cimetière*, of the somewhat imposing buildings, of a convent, and of a large, rambling, ill-kept, romantic convent garden. At the entrance to the village from the mainland a large wooden "calvary," at the border of a long straight dusty road, rears its head against the sky.

After surmounting a certain amount of difficulty concerning the conveyance of our luggage, we mounted some stone steps, crossed a field, and a bit of road, and presently we found ourselves admitted by a smiling portress in a nun's black dress, hanging crucifix, and white head-gear, within the garden gate of the Convent of the Immaculate Conception. Then we crossed a rough lawn, with a poorly executed gilded modern statue of St. Jacut—bishop and saint of the fifth century—and at the door of the house we meekly solicited an interview with the Reverend Mother.

The Convent of the Immaculate Conception has one comparatively old stone wing, built on the site of an ancient monastery, destroyed in the time of the great Revolution; another wing, with a large refectory and fairly good bedrooms, has been added for the use of visitors, who are received at a moderate charge during the summer season. Garden flowers, running wild as those of Goldsmith's "Auburn," grew in beds cut in the grass, where a number of wet sheets were spread out to dry; a tall fig-tree overshadowed one corner of the building, and a shady avenue led to the garden wall, which at high tide is reached by the sea.



DINAN.

The Mother Superior's room, into which we were ushered by a good-tempered-looking lay sister, whom we afterwards knew as Sœur Marthe, was small and very plainly furnished; it had bare boards and whitewashed walls; a large crucifix hung over the door, and the only

ornaments worthy of the name were a hanging basket of "creeping Jenny" and a few pots of carefully-tended flowers. A portrait of the Pope, with rather a forced smile on his lips, looked down on us from the wall; near it were a professedly "veritable portrait" of "la très Ste. Vierge Marie," and a "veritable portrait" of "Notre Sauveur." There was a gaudily-coloured print of the miraculous appearance of Our Lady of Lourdes to the child Bernadotte; and a large sealed and framed manuscript informed us, as we deciphered its thin, spidery, foreign handwriting, that the Reverend Mother St. Elise, Superior of the Community of the Immaculate Conception of St. Jacut, in the Diocese of St. Brieuc, prostrating herself humbly at the feet of His Holiness, solicited the apostolical benediction for herself and all the Community; and that the Holy Father, through the instrumentality of the undersigned, G. Bonasi, Private Secretary, deigned to accord his paternal benediction "à la Révérende Mère Supérieure et à toute la Communauté."

Our investigation was cut short by the entrance of the "Mother" herself, a dark-skinned, keen-eyed, bright, capable-looking woman, in the black dress and strange white cap of the Order, who advanced towards us with a gravely polite bow, and whom we greeted with an embarrassment due to the novelty of the situation.

After the exchange of a few civilities, the Mother called Sœur St. Sulpice, a handsome lay sister, with regular features and a pale face, betraying—or so we sometimes fancied—certain unrealised aspirations, and gave orders that we should be shown to our rooms. Sœur St. Sulpice informed us, as we followed her up a wide wooden staircase to a long narrow corridor, that the second *déjeûner* was just over. "*Cela ne fait rien*," she added blandly; "a meal should be prepared *à l'instant*."

Our rooms, at first sight, seemed almost startlingly bare; they had each a carpetless floor, whitewashed walls, a crucifix, a bed, a couple of chairs, and a table with a basin and a limited supply of water. But the lattice windows of these otherwise cheerless rooms looked over the sweet-scented, tranquil garden, over a wide, blue, gleaming sea, and a number of island-rocks; the attractions of our quarters outweighed their deficiencies.

Presently we descended into the refectory, a spacious modern room, with latticed, white-curtained windows, and three long tables; the latter adorned with geraniums in pots. We took our first meal, consisting of mackerel, a *ragoût* of veal, plums, and bread, and our life in the Convent of St. Jacut had begun.

A simple, quiet, pleasant life it proved. Our hours were primitive; we breakfasted at half-past seven, had our second breakfast at twelve, and dined at half-past six. There were the broad sands and the rocks, with pools dear to amateur shrimpers, to investigate at low tide; there was a long excursion to be made in a miller's cart, driven by the miller himself in blue blouse and broad-brimmed straw hat, by apple orchards and patches of white, blossoming, coral-stalked buckwheat, to Dinan—notoriously picturesque amongst picturesque Breton towns; there were shorter excursions to Dinard, St. Briac, and Plançoet; and the famous ruined castle of Guildo, where Gilles de Bretagne was arrested, and where, according to popular superstition, the spirit of his young wife, Frances de Dinan, still hovers, "mourning her beloved lord," is within a walk along the waterside. The village of St. Jacut itself was not without its own charms for us. The cottage interiors, with their mud floors, whitewashed walls, rafters, open hearth, shrines, bedsteads of carved oak, copper cooking utensils, and oak cupboards with brass handles and bosses, suggested endless sketches; and we learned to know and like the inhabitants, from the grey-haired, spectacled, mild-faced Curé, to the blue-bloused tiller of the land, who took off his hat to us with a flourish, as in characteristic sing-song he shouted, "Hi donc! Voy—ons!" to his horses, toiling along the sun-scorched road. The villagers are almost exclusively fishermen and sailors; the wives are engaged in outdoor labour, and it was no uncommon sight to see a group of women threshing corn with a flail outside a cottage door. Men and women alike are sociable and communicative. One day, when our artist was engaged on an outdoor sketch, Beau Jean, a fisherman, who chanced to be passing, stopped to inspect the work. "Ah!" he remarked, retreating a few steps to view the sketch better, with his head thrown knowingly on one side, "but it must need patience to draw as Monsieur draws!" "And fishing needs patience, too—*par exemple?*" was the reply, delivered in an interrogative tone. The man nodded. "Yes, for the mackerel," he said, with a smile indicative of intimate personal knowledge.

The long summer evenings, after dinner, were usually spent in the convent garden. Most of the boarders congregated by the sea-wall to gaze over the water, or the wet, shining sands; and some French priests, passing a holiday in the convent, often started Breton songs, in the chorus of which the auditors lustily joined. One song, to "Marie, la Mère chérie," with a refrain ending:

> "Entends, du haut du ciel, le cri de la patrie,
> Catholiques et Bretons toujours,"

was an especial favourite. That song will be permanently associated, in our minds, with a dusky garden, and with moonlight on a broad, serene sea; the scene seems very remote and very peaceful now, as the roar of a London street falls on our ears. In the midst of the singing, the nine o'clock bell would ring—signal that the garden gates were about to be closed, and that all individuals belonging to the establishment must be within the garden at least. As we trudge back to the house, we resume an interrupted conversation with a genial French priest, who—spite of questionable qualifications for the post—is professor of English at a school near Rennes, and who is pleased to practise our barbarous tongue. "Yes," he is saying, "a friend of me has been lately in Ireland; he interests himself much in the 'Home Rule;' he has even had one interview with Lord Gladstone."

The French and English visitors were about equal in number, and, at one time, in the middle of August, the

convent had more than a hundred boarders. One very stout elderly Frenchman, who went out shooting every morning in a blue cotton coat, proved a great acquisition in our musical world. A song from him was always forthcoming, and he rendered it with a comical jaunty consciousness of his powers as a vocalist. Sometimes, when the evenings shortened, or the weather was unpropitious for outdoor enjoyment, a little impromptu concert would take place in the Recreation Room, a long low room opening on the garden. Boarders brought down their own candles and planted them, minus candlesticks, on a centre table, covered with oilcloth.

The lay sisters worked hard. Not only did all the housework, cooking, and waiting fall to their share, but they washed the linen, weeded the garden, dug potatoes, threshed and winnowed corn, milked the cows, made the butter, fed the pigs, and tended the poultry of the establishment. They attended their first mass in the church at five in the morning, and from that hour till nine at night, when they retired to bed, they were always occupied, and always apparently good-humoured. Probably, the extent of their business kept them from quarrels among themselves. Sœur Marthe, who acted as cook, had always a welcoming smile for intruders on her premises, and the big kitchen was a frequent place of resort; it looked very cheerful, with its array of copper pans, and its vase of flowers—the latter placed below an image of the Virgin. When, as was sometimes the case, we heard that one of the lay sisters was *en pénitence*, and found that her crucifix had, as a punishment, been temporarily taken from her, we assured ourselves that the delinquency occasioning this act of discipline was an



RUE JERZUAL, DINAN.

essentially trivial one. These lay sisters were, of course, the servants of the house. The other sisters—or mothers as they were called—were not idle; they taught in the village school, and had certain "external duties" to perform: the Order of the Immaculate Conception is not one of the simply contemplative Orders.

With the religious opinions of their visitors, the Community had, as a rule, too good taste to meddle. But one Mother did betray horror on hearing that the English, as a nation, did not pray to Our Lady. "At least, you love her?" she asked pleadingly, an expression of extreme solicitude in her gentle eyes. The kind soul possessed compassion for heretics, and that compassion had a wide field for exercise; for was it not the business of this very Mother to teach her pupils in the school that "pour être hérétique, il suffit de nier une seule vérité de la foi Catholique"?

The quality of the convent meals was a vexed question among the visitors to the establishment. To the fastidious, the coffee, chocolate, and sour bread of the early breakfast, and the indifferently tender meat of lunch and dinner afforded theme for complaint; but plain appetites, sharpened by the keen sea-air, were thoroughly satisfied. On Fridays and fast-days meat was naturally forbidden; abundance of fish and eggs was provided in its place. Charges were very moderate; men paid thirty francs, and ladies twenty-eight; there was a reduced price for children.

An interesting event—a procession from the church to the port for the "blessing of the boats," occurred while we were at St. Jacut, on August 15th, the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin. The whole fishing fleet of the place had assembled for benediction; and the procession, which took place after vespers at high tide, and which consisted of cross-bearer, of red-robed little acolytes bearing white banners of priests in full canonicals, of village girls in white, with red banners, of four sailors carrying aloft an image of Our Lady of Succour, and of four more, with a model of a boat, was singularly effective and picturesque.

To the sisters, the ceremony was one of great interest. It was one of their number, Sœur Marie-Isabelle, who had framed a wreath of white clematis to adorn the stand of Our Lady's statue, which was carried in the procession; and the floral decorations of the church were the handiwork of members of the Community. In the evening, too, an especial service took place in a grotto within the convent garden. Here a number of candles were lighted before an image of the Virgin; the nuns, singing in procession, made their way thither from the house, and Monsieur le Curé appeared, in cassock and surplice, to chant a few prayers, and to join in the hymn, committing to the care of Our Lady of Succour the coast and the boats of St. Jacut.

"Bon soir, à tout le monde," the Curé said, lifting a three-cornered beaver hat from a tonsured head, as he encountered a little party of English, on his way from the grotto to the garden gate.

The Curé's figure has passed finally out of our sight, though not out of our memory; the patient, smiling faces of the sisters, the moonlit garden, and the little village have been left far behind us. But in the midst of an occupied life it is pleasant sometimes to pause awhile and recall the quiet, serenely-passing summer weeks which we spent "closed about by narrowing nunnery walls." The weather and the season were in our favour, and our holiday was not long enough to allow the charm of novelty to pass away in anything like irksome monotony. Life in a Breton convent for visitors, unrestricted by "professions" and "final vows," seems to us—if our experience may be taken as typical—a very simple, healthy, and, withal, an interesting and happy life.

ANNETTE CALTHROP.



Some Literary Notes.

BY THE EDITOR.

MISS NESBIT has already made herself a name as a writer of graceful and charming verse, and though her last volume, "Leaves of Life" (Longmans, Green, and Co.), does not show any distinct advance on her former work, it still fully maintains the high standard already achieved, and justifies the reputation of the author. There are some wonderfully pretty poems in it, poems full of quick touches of fancy, and of pleasant ripples of rhyme; and here and there a poignant note of passion flashes across the song, as a scarlet thread flashes through the shuttlerace of a loom, giving a new value to the delicate tints, and bringing the scheme of colour to a higher and more perfect key. In Miss Nesbit's earlier volume, the "Lays and Legends," as it was called, there was an attempt to give poetic form to humanitarian dreams, and socialistic aspirations; but the poems that dealt with these subjects were, on the whole, the least successful of the collection; and with the quick, critical instinct of an artist Miss Nesbit seems to have recognised this. In the present volume, at any rate, such poems are rare, and these few felicitous verses give us the poet's defence:—

"A singer sings of rights and wrongs,
Of world's ideals vast and bright,
And feels the impotence of songs
To scourge the wrong or help the right;
And only writhes to feel how vain
Are songs as weapons for his fight;
And so he turns to love again,
And sings of love for heart's delight.

"For heart's delight the singers bind
The wreath of roses round the head,
And will not loose it lest they find
Time victor, and the roses dead.
'Man can but sing of what he knows—
I saw the roses fresh and red!'
And so they sing the deathless rose,
With withered roses garlanded.

"And some within their bosom hide
Their rose of love still fresh and fair,
And walk in silence, satisfied
To keep its folded fragrance rare.
And some—who bear a flag unfurled—
Wreathe with their rose the flag they bear,
And sing their banner for the world,
And for their heart the roses there.

"Yet thus much choice in singing is;
We sing the good, the true, the just,
Passionate duty turned to bliss,
And honour growing out of trust.
Freedom we sing, and would not lose
Her lightest footprint in life's dust.
We sing of her because we choose,
We sing of love because we must."

Certainly Miss Nesbit is at her best when she sings of love and nature. Here she is close to her subject, and her temperament gives colour and form to the various dramatic moods that are either suggested by Nature herself or brought to Nature for interpretation. This, for instance, is very sweet and graceful:—

"When all the skies with snow were grey,
And all the earth with snow was white,
I wandered down a still wood way,
And there I met my heart's delight
Slow moving through the silent wood,
The spirit of its solitude:
The brown birds and the lichened tree
Seemed less a part of it than she.

"Where pheasants' feet and rabbits' feet
Had marked the snow with traces small,
I saw the footprints of my sweet—
The sweetest woodland thing of all.
With Christmas roses in her hand,
One heart-beat's space I saw her stand;
And then I let her pass, and stood
Lone in an empty world of wood.

"And, though by that same path I've passed
Down that same woodland every day,
That meeting was the first and last,
And she is hopelessly away.
I wonder was she really there—
Her hands, and eyes, and lips, and hair?
Or was it but my dreaming sent
Her image down the way I went?

"Empty the woods are, where we met—
They will be empty in the spring;
The cowslip and the violet
Will die without her gathering.
But dare I dream one radiant day
Red rose-wreathed she will pass this way
Across the glad and honoured grass;
And then—I will not let her pass."

And this Dedication, with its tender silver-grey notes of colour, is charming:—

"In any meadow where your feet may tread,
In any garland that your love may wear,
May be the flower whose hidden fragrance shed
Wakes some old hope or numbs some old despair,
And makes life's grief not quite so hard to bear,
And makes life's joy more poignant and more dear
Because of some delight dead many a year.

"Or in some cottage garden there may be
The flower whose scent is memory for you;
The sturdy southern-wood, the frail sweet-pea,
Bring back the swallow's cheep, the pigeon's coo,
And youth, and hope, and all the dreams they knew,
The evening star, the hedges grey with mist,
The silent porch where Love's first kiss was kissed.

"So in my garden may you chance to find
Or royal rose or quiet meadow flower,
Whose scent may be with some dear dream entwined,
And give you back the ghost of some sweet hour,
As lilies fragrant from an August shower,
Or airs of June that over bean-fields blow,
Bring back the sweetness of my long ago."

All through the volume we find the same dexterous refining of old themes, which is indeed the best thing that our lesser singers can give us, and a thing always delightful. There is no garden so well tilled but it can bear another blossom, and though the subject-matter of Miss Nesbit's book is as the subject-matter of almost all books of poetry, she can certainly lend a new grace and a subtle sweetness to almost everything she writes on.

"The Wanderings of Oisin, and other Poems" (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) is from the clever pen of Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose charming anthology of Irish fairy-tales I had occasion to notice in a recent number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD. It is, I believe, the first volume of poems that Mr. Yeats has published, and it is certainly full of promise. It must be admitted that many of the poems are too fragmentary, too incomplete. They read like stray scenes out of unfinished plays, like things only half-remembered, or, at best, but dimly seen. But the architectonic power of construction, the power to build up and make perfect a harmonious whole, is nearly always the latest, as it certainly is the highest, development of the artistic temperament. It is somewhat unfair to expect it in early work. One quality Mr. Yeats has in a marked degree, a quality that is not common in the work of our minor poets, and is therefore all the more welcome to us—I mean the romantic temper. He is essentially Celtic, and his verse, at its best, is Celtic also. Strongly influenced by Keats, he seems to study how to "load every rift with ore," yet is more fascinated by the beauty of words than by the beauty of metrical music. The spirit that dominates the whole book is perhaps more valuable than any individual poem or particular passage; but this from "The Wanderings of Oisin" is worth quoting. It describes the ride to the Island of Forgetfulness:—

"And the ears of the horse went sinking away in the hollow light,
For, as drift from a sailor slow drowning the gleams of the world and the sun,
Ceased on our hands and faces, on hazel and oak leaf, the light,
And the stars were blotted above us, and the whole of the world was one;

"Till the horse gave a whinny; for cumbrous with stems of the hazel and oak,
Of hollies, and hazels, and oak-trees, a valley was sloping away
From his hoofs in the heavy grasses, with monstrous slumbering folk,
Their mighty and naked and gleaming bodies heaped loose where they lay.

"More comely than man may make them, inlaid with silver and gold,
Were arrow and shield and war-axe, arrow and spear and blade,
And dew-blanched horns, in whose hollows a child of three years old
Could sleep on a couch of rushes, round and about them laid."

And this, which deals with the old legend of the city lying under the waters of a lake, is strange and interesting:—

"The maker of the stars and worlds
Sat underneath the market cross,
And the old men were walking, walking,
And little boys played pitch-and-toss.

"'The props,' said He, 'of stars and worlds
Are prayers of patient men and good.'
The boys, the women, and old men,
Listening, upon their shadows stood.

"A grey professor passing cried,
'How few the mind's intemperance rule!
What shallow thoughts about deep things!
The world grows old and plays the fool.

"The mayor came, leaning his left ear—
There was some talking of the poor—
And to himself cried, 'Communist!'
And hurried to the guardhouse door.

"The bishop came with open book,
Whispering along the sunny path;
There was some talking of man's God,
His God of stupor and of wrath.

"The bishop murmured, 'Atheist!
How sinfully the wicked scoff!'
And sent the old men on their way,
And drove the boys and women off.

"The place was empty now of people;
A cock came by upon his toes;
An old horse looked across a fence,
And rubbed along the rail his nose.

"The maker of the stars and worlds
To His own house did Him betake,
And on that city dropped a tear,
And now that city is a lake."

Mr. Yeats has a great deal of invention, and some of the poems in his book, such as "Mosada," "Jealousy," and "The Island of Statues," are very finely conceived. It is impossible to doubt, after reading his present volume, that he will some day give us work of high import. Up to this he has been merely trying the strings of his instrument, running over the keys.

Lady Munster's "Dorinda" (Hurst and Blackett) is an exceedingly clever novel. The heroine is a sort of well-born Becky Sharp, only much more beautiful than Becky, or at least than Thackeray's portraits of her, which, however, have always seemed to me rather ill-natured. I feel sure that Mrs. Rawdon Crawley was extremely pretty, and I have never understood how it was that Thackeray could caricature with his pencil so fascinating a creation of his pen. In the first chapter of Lady Munster's novel we find Dorinda at a fashionable school, and the sketches of the three old ladies who preside over the select seminary are very amusing. Dorinda is not very popular, and grave suspicions rest upon her of having stolen a cheque. This is a startling *début* for a heroine, and I was a little afraid at first that Dorinda, after undergoing endless humiliations, would be proved innocent in the last chapter. It was quite a relief to find that Dorinda was guilty. In fact, Dorinda is a kleptomaniac; that is to say, she is a member of the upper classes, who spends her time in collecting works of art that do not belong to her. This, however, is only one of her accomplishments, and it does not occupy any

important place in the story till the last volume is reached. Here we find Dorinda married to a Styrian Prince, and living in the luxury for which she had always longed. Unfortunately, while staying in the house of a friend she is detected stealing some rare enamels. Her punishment, as described by Lady Munster, is extremely severe; and when she finally commits suicide, maddened by the imprisonment to which her husband had subjected her, it is difficult not to feel a good deal of pity for her. Lady Munster writes a very clever, bright style, and has a wonderful faculty of drawing in a few sentences the most life-like portraits of social types and social exceptions. Sir Jasper Broke and his sister, the Duke and Duchess of Cheviotdale, Lord and Lady Glenalmond, and Lord Baltimore, are all admirably drawn. The "novel of high life," as it used to be called, has of late years fallen into disrepute. Instead of Duchesses in Mayfair, we have philanthropic young ladies in Whitechapel; and the fashionable and brilliant young dandies, in whom Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton took such delight, have been entirely wiped out as heroes of fiction by hard-working curates in the East End. The aim of most of our modern novelists seems to be, not to write good novels, but to write novels that will do good; and I am afraid that they are under the impression that fashionable life is not an edifying subject. They wish to reform the morals, rather than to portray the manners of their age. They have made the novel a mode of propaganda. It is possible, however, that "Dorinda" points to some coming change, and certainly it would be a pity if the Muse of Fiction confined her attention entirely to the East End.

The four remarkable women whom Mrs. Walford has chosen as the subjects of her "Four Biographies from Blackwood" (William Blackwood and Sons) are Jane Taylor, Elizabeth Fry, Hannah More, and Mary Somerville. Perhaps it is too much to say that Jane Taylor is remarkable. In her day she was said to have been "known to four continents," and Sir Walter Scott described her as "among the first women of her time;" but no one now cares to read "Essays in Rhyme," or "Display," though the latter is really a very clever novel and full of capital things. Elizabeth Fry is, of course, one of the great personalities of this century, at any rate in the particular sphere to which she devoted herself, and ranks with the many uncanonised saints whom the world has loved, and whose memory is sweet. Mrs. Walford gives a most interesting account of her. We see her first a gay, laughing, flaxen-haired girl, "mightily addicted to fun," pleased to be finely dressed and sent to the opera to see the "Prince," and be seen by him; pleased to exhibit her pretty figure in a becoming scarlet riding-habit, and to be looked at with obvious homage by the young officers quartered hard by, as she rode along the Norfolk lanes; "dissipated" by simply hearing their band play in the square, and made giddy by the veriest trifle: "an idle, flirting, worldly girl," to use her own words. Then came the eventful day when "in purple boots laced with scarlet" she went to hear William Savery preach at the Meeting House. This was the turning-point of her life, her psychological moment, as the phrase goes. After it came the era of "thees" and "thous," of the drab gown and the beaver hat, of the visits to Newgate and the convict-ships, of the work of rescuing the outcast and seeking the lost. Mrs. Walford quotes the following interesting account of the famous interview with Queen Charlotte at the Mansion House:—

"Inside the Egyptian Hall there was a subject for Hayter—the diminutive stature of the Queen, covered with diamonds, and her countenance lighted up with the kindest benevolence; Mrs. Fry, her simple Quaker's dress adding to the height of her figure—though a little flushed—preserving her wonted calmness of look and manner; several of the bishops standing near; the platform crowded with waving feathers, jewels, and orders; the hall lined with spectators, gaily and nobly clad, and the centre filled with hundreds of children, brought there from their different schools to be examined. A murmur of applause ran through the assemblage as the Queen took Mrs. Fry by the hand. The murmur was followed by a clap and a shout, which was taken up by the multitudes without till it died away in the distance."

Those who regard Hannah More as a prim maiden lady of the conventional type, with a pious and literary turn of mind, will be obliged to change their views should they read Mrs. Walford's admirable sketch of the authoress of "Percy." Hannah More was a brilliant wit, a *femme d'esprit*, passionately fond of society, and loved by society in return. When the serious-minded little country girl, who at the age of eight had covered a whole quire of paper with letters seeking to reform imaginary depraved characters, and with return epistles full of contrition and promises of amendment, paid her first visit to London, she became at once the intimate friend of Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, and most of the distinguished people of the day, delighting them by her charm, and grace, and wit. "I dined at the Adelphi yesterday," she writes in one of her letters. "Garrick was the very soul of the company, and I never saw Johnson in more perfect good-humour. After all had risen to go we stood round them for above an hour, laughing, in defiance of every rule of decorum and Chesterfield. I believe we should never have thought of sitting down, nor of parting, had not an impertinent watchman been saucily vociferating. Johnson outstaid them all, and sat with me for half an hour." The following is from her sister's pen:—

"On Tuesday evening we drank tea at Sir Joshua's with Dr. Johnson. Hannah is certainly a great favourite. She was placed next him, and they had the entire conversation to themselves. They were both in remarkably high spirits, and it was certainly her lucky night; I never heard her say so many good things. The old genius was as jocular as the young one was pleasant. You would have imagined we were at some comedy had you heard our peals of laughter. They certainly tried which could 'pepper the highest,' and it is not clear to me that the lexicographer was really the highest seasoner."

Hannah More was certainly, as Mrs. Walford says, "the fêted and caressed idol of society." The theatre at Bristol vaunted, "Boast we not a More?" and the learned cits at Oxford inscribed their acknowledgment of her authority." Horace Walpole sat on the doorstep—or threatened to do so—till she promised to go down to Strawberry Hill; Foster quoted her; Mrs. Thrale

twined her arms about her; Wilberforce consulted her and employed her. When "The Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World" was published anonymously, "Aut Morus, aut Angelus," exclaimed the Bishop of London, before he had read six pages. Of her village stories and ballads two million copies were sold during the first year. "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife" ran into thirty editions. Mrs. Barbauld writes to tell her about "a good and sensible woman" of her acquaintance, who, on being asked how she contrived to divert herself in the country, replied, "I have my spinning-wheel and my Hannah More. When I have spun one pound of flax I put on another, and when I have finished my book I begin it again. *I want no other amusement.*" How incredible it all sounds! No wonder that Mrs. Walford exclaims, "No other amusement! Good heavens! Breathes there a man, woman, or child with soul so quiescent nowadays as to be satisfied with reels of flax and yards of Hannah More? Give us Hannah's company, but not—not her writings!" It is only fair to say that Mrs. Walford has thoroughly carried out the views she expresses in this passage, for she gives us nothing of Hannah More's grandiloquent literary productions, and yet succeeds in making us know her thoroughly. The whole book is well written, but the biography of Hannah More is a wonderfully brilliant sketch, and deserves great praise.

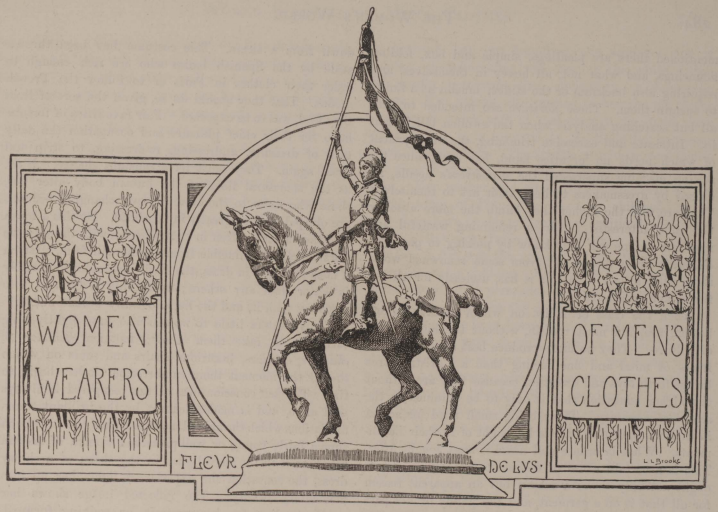
Miss Mabel Wotton has invented a new form of picture-gallery. Feeling that the visible aspect of men and women can be expressed in literature no less than through the medium of line and colour, she has collected together a series of "Word-Portraits of Famous Writers" (Richard Bentley and Son), extending from Geoffrey Chaucer to Mrs. Henry Wood. It is a far cry from the author of the "Canterbury Tales" to the authoress of "East Lynne;" but, as a beauty, at any rate, Mrs. Wood deserved to be described, and we hear of the pure oval of her face, of her perfect mouth, her "dazzling complexion," and the extraordinary youth by which "she kept to the last the freshness of a young girl." Many of the "famous writers" seem to have been very ugly. Thomson, the poet, was of a dull countenance, and a gross, unanimated, uninviting appearance; Richardson looked "like a plump white mouse in a wig." Pope is described in the *Guardian*, in 1713, as "a lively little creature, with long arms and legs; a spider is no ill emblem of him; he has been taken at a distance for a small windmill." Charles Kingsley appears as "rather tall, very angular, surprisingly awkward, with thin staggering legs, a hatchet-face adorned with scraggy grey whiskers, a faculty for falling into the most ungainly attitudes, and making the most hideous contortions of visage and frame; with a rough provincial accent and an uncouth way of speaking, which would be set down for absurd caricature on the boards of a comic theatre." Lamb is described by Carlyle as "the leanest of mankind; tiny black breeches, buttoned to the knee-cap and no further, surmounting spindle-legs also in black, face and head fineish, black, bony, lean, and of a Jew type rather;" and Talfourd says that the best portrait of him is his own description of Braham—"a compound of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel." William Godwin was "short and stout, his clothes loosely and carelessly put on, and usually old and worn; his hands were generally in his pockets. He had a remarkably large bald head and a weak voice, seeming generally half asleep when he walked and even when he talked." Lord Charlemont spoke of David Hume as more like "a turtle-eating alderman" than "a refined philosopher." Mary Russell Mitford was ill-naturedly described by L.E.L. as "Sancho Panza in petticoats;" and as for poor Rogers, who was somewhat cadaverous, the descriptions given of him are quite dreadful. Lord Dudley once asked him, "Why, now that he could afford it, he did not set up a hearse?" And it is said that Sydney Smith gave him mortal offence by recommending him "when he sat for his portrait to be drawn saying his prayers, with his face hidden in his hands," christened him the "Death Dandy," and wrote underneath a picture of him, "Painted in his lifetime." We must console ourselves—if not with Mr. Hardy's statement that "ideal physical beauty is incompatible with mental development, and a full recognition of the evil of things"—at least with the pictures of those who had some comeliness, and grace, and charm." Dr. Grosart says of a miniature of Edmund Spenser, "It is an exquisitely beautiful face; the brow is ample, the lips thin but mobile, the eyes a greyish-blue, the hair and beard a golden-red (as of 'red monie' of the ballads) or goldenly-chestnut, the nose with semi-transparent nostrils and keen, the chin firm-poised, the expression refined and delicate." Altogether just such "presentment" of the Poet of Beauty as one would have imagined. Antony Wood describes Sir Richard Lovelace as being, at the age of sixteen, "the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld." Nor need we wonder at this when we remember the portrait of Lovelace that hangs at Dulwich College. Barry Cornwall, described himself by S. C. Hall as "a decidedly rather pretty little fellow," said of Keats: "His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness; it had an expression as if he had been looking on some glorious sight." Chatterton and Byron were splendidly handsome, and beauty of a high spiritual order may be claimed both for Milton and Shelley, though an industrious gentleman lately wrote a book in two volumes apparently for the purpose of proving that the latter of these two poets had a snub nose. Hazlitt once said that "A man's life may be a lie to himself and others, and yet a picture painted of him by a great artist would probably stamp his character." Few of the word-portraits in Miss Wotton's book can be said to have been drawn by a great artist, but they are all interesting, and Miss Wotton has certainly shown a wonderful amount of industry in collecting her references and in grouping them. It is not a book to be read through from beginning to end, but it is a delightful book to glance at, and by its means one can raise the ghosts of the dead, at least as well as the Psychical Society can.



A LADY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(From a Gouache Painting by Blaremberghe.)

"*SEDAN-CHAIRS*" (p. 287).



JOAN OF ARC.

(*From the Statue in the Place des Pyramides, Paris.*)

IF in ordinary dress we were to follow the sports-women of France, and the Comtesse de Paris when, gun in hand and game-bag at her side, she goes afield, there would be small cause for Mme. Astie de Valsayre's complaints and petitions. They wear dress only less masculine in the manner of wearing them than the uniforms of Highland regiments. The grace and piquancy of the wearers alone render the garb womanly. Frenchwomen, it may be said, never look so feminine as in men's clothes in Carnival-time; and Frenchmen never so awkward and unsightly as when, in that period of saturnalia, they dress as women.

It used to be thought that it was unlawful in France for the gentler sex to go in the habiliments of the stronger one. The Committee of Petitions at the Chamber of Deputies refused to report on Mme. de Valsayre's appeal to it, not on the ground of immodesty or absurdity, but on the uselessness of forcing an open door, there being no law against women clothing themselves like men. The question had been raised not long before by a Commissioner of Police turning Mme. Dieulafoy out of a theatre because she went there in her masher's suit; and the press had pretty well aired it, advocating, as it did so, liberty and personal convenience. The laughers were all for the lady.

Mme. de Valsayre, French-like, wanted somebody to legislate or decree; so when Parliament would do nothing because it had nothing to do, she went to Worth. He, be it remembered, was brought up to the top of his trade by the frivolousness, luxurious idleness, and non-culture of the ladies of the French Imperial Court. "Decree," cried Mme. de Valsayre, "in pity to poor struggling women who can't live in silken sloth, convenient hygienic modes. The reigning fashions impede motion and waste strength, by throwing the load of clothing on the weakest part of the body. Essential organs are compressed and congested. From their reflex action, the mind and morals suffer. The strain on the dorsal region enforces sedentary habits, and involves languor, slow and painful breathing, the upset of the nervous balance, blues, hysteria, and weakens the self-directing faculties."

However right her contention may have been, Mme. de Valsayre was simple-minded in appealing to one who makes a fortune out of irrational finery for crowned and millionaire ladies. The lamb does not go to the wolf for protection.

Analyse a skirt made by any of the male mantua-makers, whether Worth, Lipmann, or Felix. You will find it weighted with bands or breadths of buckram or stiff muslin, to support overlading *plaques appliqués* of jet or bead ornament, or something equally meretricious and heavy, good at most to reflect and throw back the glow of foot-lights when worn before them. A fearful blunder is to dress in what, on the stage, makes a commonplace actress stand out from a glowing environment like a Byzantine saint, just as if footlights and their effects existed elsewhere than in the theatre. With the adornments just

mentioned there are pleatings, simple and box, folding flouncings, and what not, all heavy in themselves, and requiring also buckram or the stiffest muslin as a lining to sustain them. These *fioriture* are intended to defy all but searching analysis when the swollen bill is sent in. Intricate and excessive trimming, the arrangement of which needs no 'prentice hand, has been, since the sewing machine superseded the seamstress's needle, required by dressmakers to keep their art to themselves. They are, and the higher they climb the more absolute the rule, interested in dress remaining wasteful and irrational. One can only know by picking to pieces an elaborate dress turned out from some renowned workshop, what a deal of labour it has, uselessly for all but the maker, swallowed up.

Then the class of ladies on whom mantua-makers batten, are, and must remain, without the highest sort of culture. They no more produce best the flowers and fruits of mind and fine feeling than a Christmas-tree brings forth toys and sweeties, because they are without the higher education that is only to be obtained in the school of necessity. There being small need for action in their lives, convenience is lost sight of in their habiliments. What is ornate and novel is most sought after This is a certain cause of debasement of style. There ought not only to be a reason but an apparent reason for all that is on a garment, and the purely ornate part should come in as a mere finish. Is there anything less becoming than, on a hot day and in the blaze of sunshine, a little bit of a bonnet cocked on the top of the head, unless it is a clear challenge to flirtation, or supplemented by a parasol? On the other hand, the broad-brimmed Tuscan hat has in such weather a delicious effect on the æsthetic sense. What can be prettier either than the dress of the Boulogne-sur-Mer market-women? Their clothes are never in the way of their work. The far-advancing white quilled cap, borrowed, one might fancy, from the scallop-shell, shades the face from sunglare. Unlike the dreadful poke-bonnet now inflicted on little girls, it leaves the head cool, and admits of the wearer looking downward, to right and left, without having to turn the head. There is a kindred fitness in the peasant-women's dress in most parts of Europe where provincial costumes hold their own, and women born to toil and spin do not imitate those of their sex who chiefly aim at being ornamental. In Scandinavia, Holland, Brittany, La Vendée, the Basque country, the Swiss Alps, and Hungary, fitness of costume is always combined with picturesque and beautiful features. Kalmuck women, save in the arrangement of their hair, which is ornate and complex, dress on horseback and when engaged in field-work exactly like Kalmuck men. In the tent they wear over-all pelisses of bright cotton, generally crimson with a gay border. They are frightful creatures unless on horseback, when they look like Centauresses and their fine figures show to advantage. And how appropriate to the climate of Spain are the high, light tortoise-shell comb and mantilla, with short skirts that don't catch dust! The black lace is held up by the comb far enough from the head not to heat it, and can be used as a wrap should a chilling blast sweep down from a sierra. This costume has been thrown aside by the Spanish ladies who are rich enough to order their clothes in Paris or to follow the French modes. That they should do so, given the sort of lives they lead, was to be expected. Fair favourites of fortune have for their chief pleasure and occupation the daily task of dressing, undressing, re-dressing, to strip and dress again. They must have constant change. Now, as the structural lines of the human body alter not, those who cater to the taste for ever-changing fashions are obliged to keep greatly in falsehood. By this I mean that they must be often in contradiction with the æsthetic laws which are deducible from the human form. Given a false principle in dress, the Paris mantua-makers apply it better than any others; everything is brought into harmony with it, and the lie is logically worked out.

This matters little to women who have lightly-hung carriages to take them about, footmen, *femmes de chambre*, couriers, luxurious chairs and sofas on which to fall the moment their cumbersome clothes begin to tire. The self-consciousness of the pampered is always well alive, and is made pleasant by the brilliant transformations which the skilled mantua-maker effects. Each time a fairly young or well-preserved woman of fashion sees herself in the cheval glass in the sheen of a showy dress, the sensation she experiences lights her up into momentary beauty. The reflected image shows her as if standing for her portrait, or walking forward. Her dressmaker, knowing this, dresses her for the glass, and not to sit conveniently, to run up and down stairs, skip into a hansom, an omnibus, or a metropolitan railway train. The more the skirt, under a load of trimming, rustles in dragging along, the better. Rustling is a call to attention. Greek drapery (which is more for dry than wet climates), in flexible silks or soft wools, would ill answer the purpose of the great *couturier* who works to be rich, and best succeeds through the bad taste and folly of his wealthy customers.

The great liberator can neither be Lipmann, Felix, Worth, nor the queens and stage-queens for whom they make. Liberation will be found in the growth of moral courage, and still more the general agreement that each should be free to dress as she is minded. Without such agreement, moral courage in dress would often be a hindrance to a career. Dr. Mary Walker has talent enough to be anything in her profession, but she has not made a fortune in fees. Mme. Dieulafoy's work was done in Persia, and in a part of that country which has reverted to barbarism. Mrs. Bloomer was clever, but what did her ability come to? Whereas Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who was also clever and able, dressed like an ordinary sensible woman, and was able to found a woman's hospital. Rosa Bonheur followed the most liberating of all callings—the artistic—and was born and bred out of society, into which she never cared to enter.

In art one must follow inner light and personal genius. A picture is a speculative investment; those speculating don't care whether the painter (if a woman) wears petticoats or trousers. All they look to is the quality of her work. Rosa Bonheur had to go to fairs to make studies for her cattle, and to wander afield un-

accompanied. Hence her choice of the French labourer's blue smock, cap, and trousers. They protected by keeping her sex out of the sight and mind of the rough men with whom she fell in, saved her from being draggled, and relieved her of the wearisome task of trundling up skirts when she had to carry painting implements. I never saw her in a male peasant's suit, but have seen her in a plain skirt, falling below the calf, and a Zouave jacket over a loose shirt, of the Garibaldi fashion, in grey cashmere. The fashion of her woman's raiment seldom changes. Her hair is cropped, but not to the skull. This tidy, decent dress accords with the rustic, sunburnt face of Rosa—a face that tells of constant mental tension, keen, searching perception, hardness of head, and straightforward simplicity. Sarah Bernhardt's mannish garments in her studio are a part of her play-acting and self-advertising. It may be that she is aware she never looked so charming as years ago in the part of an Italian boy—a vagrant musician. The simplicity of masculine clothes—made in black velvet, and, on the whole, effeminate—must be a pleasant change after the clinging draperies, with the weighty trains and box-pleatings, which make her rustle like a snake in fallen autumn leaves when she advances on the stage. I never knew an elderly lady, however "emancipated," who wore masculine attire. In general, those who don it know that it becomes them and are of an age to make conquests.

There have been occasions in which it was not only convenient but decent for women to wear men's clothes. The great ones that occur to me were Joan of Arc; Grisel Cochrane, when, pistol in hand, she intercepted a king's messenger on a Scotch moor, who was taking to Edinburgh a warrant to execute her father; the Duchess Mazarin (Hortense Mancini) in her attempts to escape from the tyranny of a half-demented husband; her sister Olympia, Constabless of Colonna (in a similar case); the Chevalier, or, rather, the Chevalière d'Eon; George Sand, and Mme. Dieulafoy. Save the two Mancini sisters, all those women cast aside the garb of their sex because it was, circumstanced as they were, a hindrance to higher life. And the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin, if they had not disguised themselves as French gentlemen, Paduan students, Neapolitan fisher-boys, would have been relegated to convents in nowise differing from prisons. The rough adventures through which they passed, and the hardships to which they exposed themselves, renewed their youth, and kept them lovely far beyond middle age. They toiled in a felucca as sailors from Naples to Marseilles, faced storms, hung out all sail to escape from Algerian pirates, and were so browned by sun, sea-air, and work that the officers of the Roman Inquisition who boarded the craft to capture them, did not know them, although they took them down to the hold. The Duchess Mazarin rode from Plymouth to London dressed as a man. She and Nell Gwynn, as Florimel in *The Maiden Queen*, brought men's clothes into fashion at the Court of Whitehall. But in the seventeenth century masculine clothing was as sumptuous and ornate as that of the fine ladies. George Sand dressed in paletot and trousers for cheapness sake. She had to be, when she ran away from her husband, her own laundress, and soon got sick of washing, clear-starching, and ironing the white cotton and muslin petticoats then obligatory on *bourgeoise* women. The paletot also opened to her the pit of the Français, to which part of that theatre she could alone afford to go. It is reserved by the State for men supposed to be students. The artistic nutriment and stimulant George there found had an effect on her literary work. Her mother and aunt, both *vivandières* in the Italian army of Bonaparte, used in childhood to go dressed as boys on bird-catching expeditions with their father. He was by trade a bird-fancier.

Joan of Arc was the greatest of all the women who dressed in men's clothing. She never thought of dressing as a man until persuaded that she had man's work to do. It was easier in the rough and roadless fourteenth century to amble from Lorraine to Touraine in a masculine garb, and more decent, inasmuch as all her companions were men-at-arms. In prison she clung to her military habiliments, because they were a sort of protection from the brutality of her warders. Let us hear what she said about them in her cross-examination at Rouen, in which her truth, good sense, and simplicity confounded her persecutors.

"Why did you wear men's clothes, Joan?" "Going with soldiers, I was moved to dress like them." "But why go with soldiers?" "To do the work for which I was born." "If you were a modest girl you must have shrunk from riding about with men?" "I journeyed with rude men, I know; but I was sure that God who sent me would journey with me too." "You fancy yourself in a state of grace, when you are clearly in a state of damnation." "Why in a state of damnation?" "Because you are in men's clothing. Listen to what God says by the mouth of Moses in Deuteronomy: 'A woman shall not wear the garments of a man, neither a man the garments of a woman. To do so is an abomination in the sight of God.' A Holy Council also says: 'If a woman puts away the clothing of her sex to wear men's raiment she is accursed.'" "I always thought clothes a small matter in the sight of God." "Not so; you defile yourself." "But how can the habit soil the soul?" "Was it at the Sire de Bandricourt's bidding that you put on men's clothes?" "At nobody's bidding but my own." "For what reason?" "It was natural, the saints having told me to do men's work, that I should wear men's clothes." "Did God order you?" "I never had an order straight from God, but I knew I did His will, and expected of Him help and encouragement." "Did you communicate dressed as a man?" "Yes; but I first laid down my arms." "Do you ever mean to lay aside your present garb?" "It's not in my power to say." "You ought in this blessed season to resume woman's attire." "Well, give it me and let me free." "No; you must stay in prison." "If I'm to stay in the hands of soldiers I'd rather remain as I am." "But if by so doing you disqualify yourself from hearing mass?" "Our Lord can enable me to hear it, whether you will or not." "Joan, hearken to me—Easter draws nigh: unless you change your raiment you will be forbidden to approach the Holy Table." "What!

on the glorious day of hallelujahs am I to be shut out from the communion of the faithful? Well, I yield, if you give me a long robe—one that will touch the ground." "Then you won't dress again as a man." "Wanting to please God, and to be admitted to the Holy Table, I shall not henceforth wear men's clothes." "Joan, you're in the way of perdition, and must end badly." "I beseech you, my lords of the Church, to give me at my death a woman's chemise." "What sort of one?" "Any sort, if it's long enough to cover my feet." "Once for all, do you admit yourself defiled?" "I'd rather be martyred at once than revoke our Lord's command made to me by the saints. He gave me men's work to do, and so He purified the clothes I had to wear."

The Princess Marie d'Orléans, in her statue of Joan of Arc, rather toned down into a sort of *Figlia del Reggimento* costume the armour and surcoat about which the Casuists who tried Joan made so much ado. The true copy of what she wore is in the equestrian statue of the Place des Pyramides, Rue de Rivoli. Nor could Joan have been the girl of soft, pensive visage which the Princess Marie's Versailles statue makes her out. Old documents brought to light since Louis Philippe's accomplished daughter worked as an artist, under Ary Scheffer and Baron Marochetti, show that Joan was tall, finely built, very dark, of a rustic countenance full of life and purpose, and soft of speech, and choice and appropriate in her diction. She was very particular about the quality and make of her cavalier habiliments, and the sword which she ever kept sheathed was of great beauty. To be certain not to use it, she was her own standard-bearer. Acting on a revelation of St. Catherine, she had disinterred it at the foot of the high altar in a church dedicated to that saint. Soul-beauty must have beamed out splendidly through Joan's dark eyes and rustic visage. The common people thought when they looked upon her that angels and other good spirits fluttered as butterflies around her head, and made it seem invested in a glorious halo.

Mme. Dieulafoy has mind, beauty, charm, and piquancy. I fancy she looks better in her dapper suit than she could in the raiment she has discarded. Not that she attempts to bring out the rounded hips and full gorge of her sex, her paletot being loose and long. One sees the tiny woman in the feet and ankles, the hands and wrists, the pretty throat, and the small ears. Her light brown hair is cut as close as the scissors can go. She has a large square forehead, blue eyes shot with hazel, and a fresh complexion. The crow's feet and lines proclaim the thirty-six years to which she owns. What are peculiarly charming in her are her smile, her diction, and her pretty way of showing volition strong as steel. She is beautifully neat, and her cuffs, collars, and cravats are irreproachable. Nothing could be more Frenchwomanly than the thoroughness with which she carries out the fiction of an *incognita* which is no disguise. It is delightful to see the little woman, hat in hand, talking to a lady. I could not say to her, "Couvrez-vous, Madame, je vous en prie," and it was impossible to treat her as a Monsieur. She was presented to the Shah at Teheran in the masher's suit. He at first objected, but got over his feeling when it was explained by her husband that she could never have got through her work at Shushan dressed as a woman. There is no alloy of "brass" in this enterprising resurrectionist of old Asiatic palaces fallen into the earth-mound state. Her spirit is an irrepressible one. General Sir Robert Murdoch Smith, who knew her when she was engaged in her Persian mission and saw her at her work, says that no difficulty, no fever, no discouragement weakened her brave heart or daunted her. Mme. Dieulafoy was brought up with Puritan severity, and was never at a dancing party until she was married. Her first assumption of the pantaloons was when she was a bride and to follow her husband through the campaign of the war. After having enjoyed wearing clothes that did not hamper movement, she could never bear again the pressure of stays and the clinging of draggled skirts. Her home is full of pleasant riches, commodious and handsome, each room being quite a subject for a picture. But it has lost zest since she was in Persia, and she pines for the unconventional life, intense interests, and absorbing work which she led at Shushan.

EMILY CRAWFORD.





Sedan-Chairs.

ANY one asked to cite instances of present-day use of sedan-chairs, would naturally call to mind portable bathing-boxes at French watering-places, *chaises à porteurs* in Switzerland, litters and palanquins of Indians and Chinese, and especially that rather cumbersome red cloth covered box, which is to be seen solemnly carried in state, surrounded by an escort of the Papal Swiss Guards, through the corridors of the Vatican. It would be fair to quote also the custom, preserved up to within the last fifteen years, by ladies in residence at Hampton Court, of being conveyed in sedan-chairs from one part of the Palace to the other; whilst *Notes and Queries*, of course, has a record of the sedan-chair which was seen in use at Newcastle in 1885, and of another at Genoa in 1882.

Sedan-chairs were adopted in England (and for the matter of that, Europe too) towards the end of the sixteenth and the early days of the seventeenth century, and Massinger ascribed their appearance to the "pride of woman."

> "Ladies think they keep not state enough
> If for their pomp and ease they are not borne
> In triumph on men's shoulders ——"

a sentiment which somewhat accords with "the great indignation of the people who," on seeing the Duke of Buckingham (*temp.* James I.) carried in a chair, exclaimed that "he was employing his fellow-creatures to do the service of beasts." A little archæology would have tempered this outburst. Fifteen hundred years earlier the Emperor Claudius was borne along in a *sella gestoria*, a portable covered chair; the first, it is said, of the kind so commonly used afterwards in the country and towns of Italy, and in more modern times under the name of *sedia portatile*. But even the *sella gestoria* did not involve so considerable a degradation of man's labour as the porterage of the *lectica*, or couch, upon which Roman ladies and sybarites were carried. From period to period, as man has studied his convenience, so has he called into being and play the means by which he was to be easily

conveyed from place to place. One period has favoured the confection of *chaises à porteurs*, or sedan-chairs, and the consequent servitude of men as "beasts;" another has rid itself of these particular conditions, which were was but one of a number, which were conveying people home from a ball at the Pump-rooms. Bath-chairs and cabs were not full-blown then. Just as England was a few years later in many things than France, so was



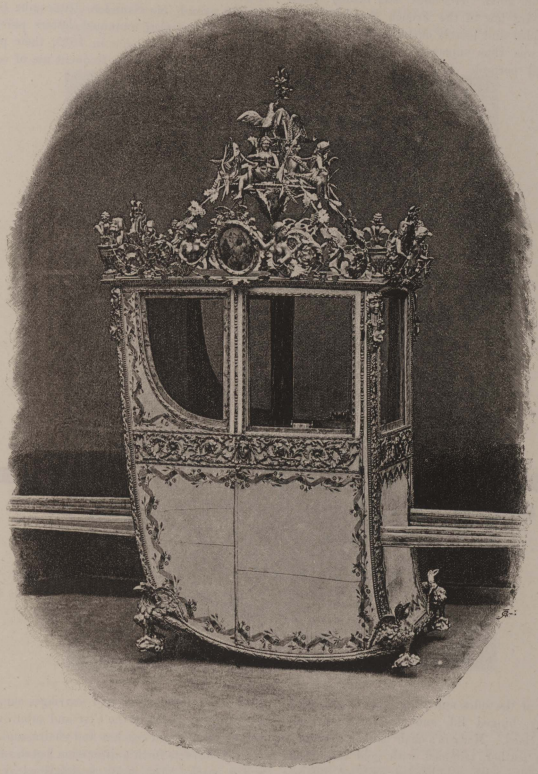
FRENCH SEDAN-CHAIR.

(*In the Museum at Cluny.*)

virtually extinct at the beginning of the present century. The "watch-box in mourning," vigorously assaulted by Sam Weller as it jogged along with Mr. Pickwick *en route* to Mr. Nupkins, Mayor, was the cast-off sedan "originally built for a gouty gentleman," and kept in an inn-yard at Ipswich. The use of these vehicles survived longer, however, in Bath than in Ipswich, as may be gathered from the historic incident of Mr. Winkle's bolting into Mrs. Dowler's chair one cold night when the street-door slammed behind him. Mrs. Dowler's sedan Ireland than England, and within the last forty years sedan-chairs stood for hire in Hume Street, off Stephen's Green in Dublin. "Exceptional legislation," curiously, pursues Ireland, even in the matter of sedan-chairs. For an Act of Parliament (25 Geo. III.) empowered the Lying-in Hospital of Dublin to improve its revenues by levying a tax on sedan-chairs employed in Dublin, which tax at the end of the century yielded £547 a year. The public, however, is served differently now. The taxes have ceased, and sedans are no longer to be seen in the

streets of Dublin. Such as belonged to private persons are few; rare specimens of them may sometimes be found in country houses, or in use by portly butlers and old-fashioned lounging men-servants in the halls of Georgian town houses, the entrances to which retain fragmentary ironwork, with inverted extinguishers for the torches of the linkmen who accompanied the chairmen at night. The sumptuous decoration of chairs which carried them enshrined in glass cases now stand in museums for the study of those who delight in the combined workmanship of fanciful gilders and wood-carvers, of coach-painters and varnishers, of upholsterers and makers of gimps and fringes.

It is not quite clear why the term "sedan" came to be connected with portable chairs. The encyclopædias say that the town of Sedan in the Ardennes was noted for

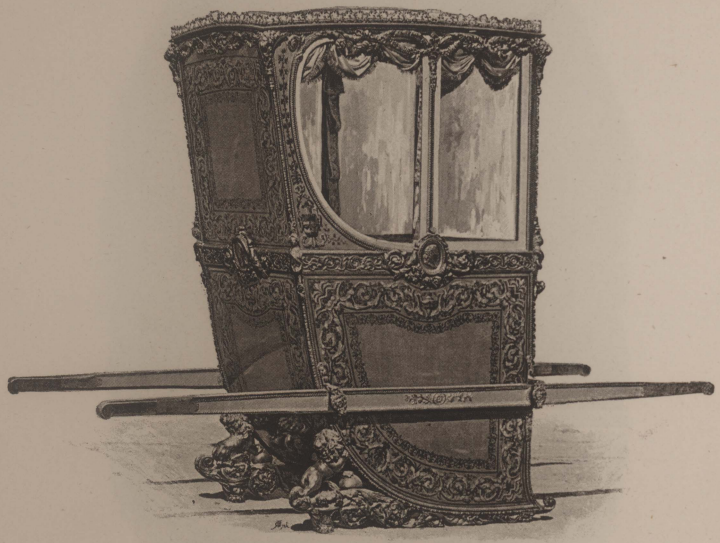


SEDAN-CHAIR USED AT THE BAPTISMALS OF THE GRAND DUCAL FAMILY OF TUSCANY (EIGHTEENTH CENTURY).
(Original in South Kensington Museum.)

gallants and ladies, "close mewed in their sedans for fear of air," to Court, galas, and ceremonies, explains the effect of luxury and taste on such things. Examples of inventing them late in the sixteenth century. But references to them in French documents of the period are always made under *chaises à porteurs*, and Sedan is not

peculiarly glorified in its own country. A plausible reason may be found in the fact that Sir Saunders Duncombe, who introduced the chairs into general use in London, saw them for the first time in his life when travelling through Sedan, and so christened his stock of forty odd chairs "Sedan-chairs." However this may be, in no other country than England were these portable chairs known as sedan chairs. Reine Margot is credited with the notion of having a stiff hood fastened to her portable chair in 1605. Her idea was readily seized upon, and a select few of the French Court followed suit. The canopied and loosely curtained portable chair of earlier date was thus superseded by the more cunningly contrived portable chair of the coach-builder, His Excellency, however, would have scouted the title sedan, and called them *sillas de manos*.

But Paris was before London in providing its public with these conveyances. In 1617 the Marquis de Montbrun formed an association of chair-carriers, to whom rights were granted for plying their business in Paris and other towns. This venture was not altogether successful, as the regular institution of public *chaises à porteurs* in Paris did not take place until some years later. In the meantime, the "traveller and pensioner" already named, Sir Saunders Duncombe (some say Sir Francis Duncombe), obtained letters patent for their introduction into London in 1635, their purpose being "to interfere with the too frequent use of coaches to the



SEDAN-CHAIR OF FERDINAND VI. OF SPAIN.
(Original at the Royal Palace, Madrid.)

with windows at the sides and front, leather-covered or lacquered body, hinged lid, and interior luxuriously cushioned and lined. Mazarin's chair had an exterior of black morocco leather, trimmed with gold tassels and cords, and studded with gold-headed nails of different sizes. Its inside was fitted with crimson velvet of Genoa, and gold fringes; its windows on each side were of bevelled glass framed in gilt-lead. Spain perhaps took her cue from France, for Prime Minister Olivares presented Charles I., when as Prince of Wales he visited Madrid, with three sedan-chairs of curious workmanship.

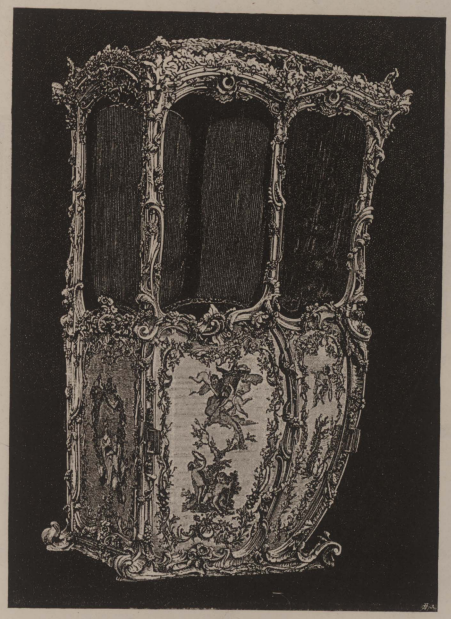
hindrance of the carts and carriages employed in the necessary provision of the City and suburbs." A rivalry sprang up between coaches and chairs, and a tract of the time (1636) sets forth a discussion between a sedan-chair and a coach. The sedan is described as "in a suit of green, after a strange manner windowed before and behind with isinglasse, having two handsome fellows in green coats attending him: the one ever went before, the other came behind." The backs of the men were harnessed with "leather angles cut out of a hide as broad as Dutch collops of bacon." The sedan got the best of its

colloquy with the coach, a butcher's cart deciding in its favour. In somewhat similar circumstances the proprietors of sedan-chairs in Paris carried the day against the *brouettes*, or little chairs upon wheels, which, however, were not allowed fair play until towards the end of the seventeenth century. The Thames watermen imitated the French chairmen in attempting to maintain a monopoly of passenger traffic. The watermen did their best to raise a storm against the introduction of sedans and coaches. "Coaches and sedans!" cried the representative Tom Tug, "they deserve to be thrown into the Thames, and but for stopping the Channel, I would they were; for I am sure, where I was wont to have eight or ten fares in a morning, I now get scarce two the whole day."

The Duchesse de Nemours set the fashion of making long journeys in sedans. For many years she was annually conveyed in one from her house in Paris to that at Neufchâtel, forty relays of chairmen being posted along the road. A number of similar travelling chairs were started as a speculation by the Abbé de Hautefeuille a few years subsequently.

But sedans were not only used for carrying people from place to place and house to house. Old Monsieur de Lorme, physician to three Kings of France, used, during the winter months, to have his chair carried from the street right into his sitting-room, placed before the fire, and the front thrown open, so that he might rest with comfort in his chair, and also be ready to be off again in case of need.

However much the ordinary porters may have been degraded to the condition of beasts of burden, those in the service of private persons were often called upon to take part in delicate transactions, frequently receiving *douceurs* from *beaux* and bloods who sought overt occasions of intriguing with the fair occupants of daintily decorated sedans. Marie de Medici's chairman, Charles Guillier, was rewarded for faithful services to his mistress by a legacy of ten thousand livres. This, no doubt, was a mark of genuine gratitude, such as the Earl of Harborough, a century later, may have felt towards his chairmen for their stout defence of his lordship when attacked during broad daylight by foot-



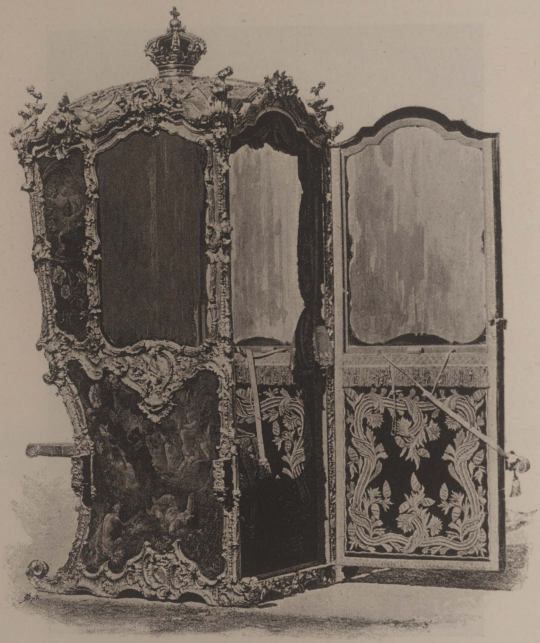
SEDAN-CHAIR OF LOUIS XV. PERIOD.

(*From an Engraving in South Kensington Art Library.*)

pads in Piccadilly. Some little intrigue may, perhaps, have been connected with the stoppage, near Bond Street, of the Duchess of Montrose's sedan-chair as she was returning from Court. One of the most flagrant scandals which appalled the sensitive French Court is connected with a sedan-chair used by Mme. de Maintenon. At a great public review of his troops, the Grand Monarque actually kept the proceedings in suspense for fully half an hour, whilst, hat in hand, he gallantly discoursed with the Marquise seated in her chair!

Spicy suggestions of escapades with sedans may be gleaned from adventures related about the Tom Joneses, Roderick Randoms, and Peregrine Pickles of the last century. Belinda's flutter of delight on being handed to her chair by the Duke is recorded in the *Rambler*, and Hogarth has shown us how the sheriff's officer served Tom Rakewell with a writ in St. James's Street as he was stepping out of his sedan.

Hard-seated, draughty, and flimsily-lined sedan-chairs, with rusty-looking exteriors, were, during the eighteenth century, proportionately as numerous as the hansoms of to-day; whilst golden, bright-coloured, and tasty chairs, borne by liveried chairmen, enlivened the aspect of the Mall more vivaciously than do broughams and landaus on a Drawing Room day now. Many of the chairs belonging to persons of distinction were, as the illustrations indicate, remarkable works of art, and chiefly in the French taste. The scene depicted by Blaremberghe (see Frontispiece) may have been laid in Austria, where the *chaise à porteur* was called a *Sänfte* or *Tragsessel*. Still it is just such an one as might have occurred in the gardens of a Royal French Palace during the days of Mme. de Pompadour. This lady greatly affected the dazzling glitter of ormolu, and the pretty work of Martin. Sedans painted and varnished by the Martins were highly esteemed, and wood-carvers and gilders bedecked them with fluttering ribands and broken scrolls—the *rocaille-coquille*—of the *rococo* style. Although they retained an upright, box-like form, the backs and sides of state and gala sedans were frequently



SEDAN-CHAIR OF PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN.

(*Original at the Royal Palace, Madrid.*)

shaped into undulations—*bombé*, as it was termed. The upper portions of some consisted of clear glass panels framed in elaborate carvings of floral devices, Cupids, and twirlings—all painted and gilt. Little or no records are discoverable of the handicraftsmen who produced these things, though many were evidently influenced by the work of the Caffieris and the Gouthières. Most of such skilled artisans were in the employ of coach-builders who also had recourse to painters like Vanloo and Boucher, or their pupils.

The rage for all sorts of conceits in sedan-chairs and decorated equipages was on the decline about 1760, when ladies took to adorning their extravagant head-dresses with tiny models of such vehicles. "Nelly," cries a dame of fashion—

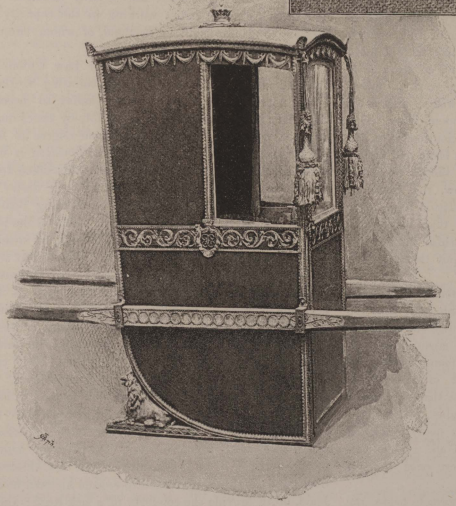
"'Why, where's the creature fled?
Put my post-chaise on my head.'
Your chair and chairman, ma'am, is brought;
The stupid creature has no thought."

Silversmiths and potters made little *bibelots* of sedan-chairs. Wheeled chairs, however, gradually supplanted sedans in England and abroad, and in 1791 Horace Walpole writes that "the town is so extended that the breed of chairs is almost extinct."



MODEL OF A CHAIR (ENGLISH POTTERY, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY).

(*In the possession of Mrs. Cole.*)



AN ENGLISH CHAIR.

(*Original in South Kensington Museum.*)

Since then their memories have been sung by Mr. Austin Dobson. "Where's Troy? Where's the Maypole in the Strand?" And where, indeed, is the sedan-chair?

"'*Heu quantum mutata*,' I say as I go,
It deserves better fate than a stable-yard, though,
We must furbish it up, and despatch it, 'with care,'
To a Fine Art Museum—that old sedan-chair!"

But Mr. Dobson's verses, of which I have only quoted the last, must have been read long ago in the *Century Magazine* of November, 1884, by all interested in sedan-chairs. They form a charming tribute to a lost and in its way delightful fashion.

ALAN S. COLE.

The Need for more Women Guardians of the Poor.



IN urging upon ladies the necessity that exists for undertaking the duties of Guardian of the Poor, we are often met by the objection that they are already working for the poor in the customary channels of district-visiting, soup-distributing, mothers' meetings, Bible readings, and similar unobtrusive and promiscuous charities which have long been supposed to be women's exclusive province; and it is urged that the administration of the Poor Law requires so much organisation and system, and is of so public a character, that it is more wisely left in the hands of men. To this we answer that we have no wish to dissuade ladies from exercising judicious charity (if indiscriminate alms-giving can really be classed as such), but that the vast sums under the control of the national Poor Law Boards, and, above all, the elaborate machinery which gathers into its grasp all the absolutely destitute of the country, renders all work done under its agency tenfold more effective than work done outside it; and, in nine cases out of ten, a lady, if she will submit to work in unison with others in guiding this machinery wisely, may effect far more lasting good than by independent work. Our grandmothers exerted themselves conscientiously on behalf of the poor, and made jellies and broth and flannel petticoats with their own hands; but though jelly and flannel may be equally necessary now, the enormous numbers in our great centres of population have made organisation of charity more necessary than heretofore; and if women want to do good and faithful work, as in past generations, they must submit to put themselves in harness and act by recognised methods.

The governing faculty is not new for women to possess. John Stuart Mill long ago pointed out that the function for which women had generally shown themselves the fittest was the function of government, and that the proportion of capable rulers among Queens and female Regents was far above that of male Sovereigns. There is no reason to believe that this talent for government is confined to royal ladies, and the history of the last half-century has shown many wonderful instances of the power of organisation and system possessed by women, of which they were once thought incapable.

The public offices now filled by women below the rank of Queens are those of churchwardens, overseers of the poor, the Metropolitan Asylums Board, registrars, School Boards, an occasional inspectorship, County Councils, and Boards of Guardians. It has never been incompetent by English law for a woman to be a Guardian, but owing to the usual sleepy sense of leaving things to take their own course, which, till lately, characterised all local management, it was only thirteen or fourteen years ago that women made efforts to be elected. In 1875 the first lady—Miss Merington—was elected in Kensington, and the following year another—Miss Collett—in St. Pancras. A few more followed their example, but there were so many difficulties to be overcome, and so much ignorance and inertia to be dispelled (in one borough the clerk refused to allow ladies even to vote for Guardians, alleging that none but inhabitants might vote, and women were not inhabitants!) that in 1880 a small society was established to promote the return of women Poor Law Guardians. This society* has been working unobtrusively, but with a fair measure of success, ever since. Through its agency, and that of similar associations established in Bristol, Birmingham, Brighton, and latterly in Richmond, Southport, Manchester, and other places, the number of women Guardians annually elected has steadily increased till now there are seven ladies working in this capacity in Scotland and fifty-eight in England, of whom twenty-five are in London.

As, however, there are 649 Poor Law Unions in England and Wales alone—without counting Scotland—the necessity for inducing more ladies to become Guardians is only shown the more forcibly by the example of those who have been elected. Some degree of fear is expressed in many Unions, when this question is first broached, that women are pushing into this office from a spirit of rivalry with men, and that their desire to be Guardians implies a reproach to the existing Boards. This is absolutely untrue; there is no spirit on the part of women candidates of antagonism to men, of meddlesome intrusiveness, or of unkindly criticism. But they cannot help seeing that the management of Unions is housekeeping on a large scale, and that just as the best and happiest households are those in which a man and woman are jointly at the head of affairs, a Board of Guardians, in order adequately to perform its duties, needs the association of women with men, each contributing their special knowledge and experience. It falls to the lot of few men, who are not doctors, to have the particular experience necessary for looking after the sick, the aged, or the infants, but such experience comes into most women's lives. An average man is greatly puzzled if he is consulted about his children's frocks and pinafores, if obliged to engage his own housemaid, or to provide the comforts of a sick-room; and a

* The head-quarters of the society are at present 19, Notting Hill Square, London, W.

Board of gentlemen acquires no special faculty by being associated together, or because the questions under discussion involve the well-being of hundreds instead of two or three. A few homely instances of this difficulty will suffice. In more than one Union it has been left for the lady Guardian to find out that the infants, children, and even the women were not properly dressed; that their clothes were insufficient for warmth in winter, and for cleanliness in summer; the matron probably knew this already, but "did not like to mention it to a Board of gentlemen." In another school, afflicted with ophthalmia, the lady Guardian found the washing arrangements fearfully insufficient, more than thirty children being bathed without the water in the tub being changed. But these are details of management which evidently no man could inspect.

Speaking generally, women are necessary for this work, because parish-housekeeping is housekeeping on a large scale. Accustomed to regulate her own house, a lady has had precisely the training needful to fit her for this office. She has had the management of children, and looked after their health, their clothing, and education; she has ordered in her household stores, and is accustomed to inquire into their prices and quality; she has superintended her servants, and she has certainly, at some time of her life, acquired some practical knowledge of the duties of a sick-room. Enlarge a house, and it becomes a workhouse; multiply the servants by tens, and the children by hundreds, and you have a workhouse school; lengthen a sick-room, and fill it with a score or two of suffering, ignorant, and probably discontented paupers, and it becomes an infirmary ward; so that every woman who has looked "after the ways of her household" knows something of a Guardian's duties, which the average man must guess at in the dark or leave to the discretion of officials.

Part of the work which seems peculiarly feminine is the charge of the children. If pauperism is ever, as we hope, permanently to be reduced, it must be by bringing up the little ones to be self-reliant and capable. Among the systems adopted for bringing up children are the great district schools to which two or three Unions combine, and where 600 or 800 children are often massed together; the cottage homes, where not more than twenty or thirty are in charge of any individual matron; boarding-out, where one or two children are placed in charge of poor but respectable families; and emigration. None of these systems, whatever may be our individual preference, have any special connection with our present subject; but it is obvious that none would be effective without close and continual supervision; and a lady, cultivated and practical, can, as Guardian, exercise immense influence in each. The majority of women Guardians hitherto elected have declared themselves in favour of boarding-out; but it is evident that some motherly inspection is quite as necessary in the large establishments where each little child runs the risk of growing up "marked as sheep with figures," and not as individual Johns and Marys. She will also have to see that the children—particularly the girls—have some kind of training fitting them for their probable destination of domestic service (we have heard of some Unions where they were never taught to darn a stocking or wash out a cloth), and when the time comes for placing the girls in situations, she must be careful in inquiring what sort of families they are going to, and afterwards, if possible, helping them by advice and sympathy. Many women Guardians have started a Girls' Friendly Society, or a branch of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, and it is manifest how great a help it is to these associations to have "a friend in office" who can often co-operate with them in assisting cases beyond their power.

In the sick wards, too, the help of a woman Guardian is invaluable. The reign of the Mr. and Mrs. Bumbles is not entirely over in our country districts, and although great efforts have been lately made by the Association for Workhouse Infirmaries Nursing to substitute trained nurses for the pauper nurses in workhouse infirmaries, this is seldom done except in the larger Unions. A lady Guardian can carry great comfort to the poor sick patients even by a few cheery words (which women have more time for than men), by giving the convalescents some easy employment to occupy the tedious hours, by seeing that the bedding is sufficient (in one Union we know of it was only the lady Guardian who discovered that the flock mattresses were all in knobs, not having been picked over for years). Then, if she has been fortunate in getting a superior kind of nurse appointed, there are many reforms in her food, hours of relaxation, and other small matters for her comfort which none but an educated woman is likely to think of or to be able to introduce. In many small points of internal management also the matron, if she be of the right sort, will be thankful to have ladies to consult with, or to lay her requests officially before the Board.

One most important part of a woman's work we have not yet alluded to: it is the kindly influence for good over the women in the house or infirmary, and the management and rescue of girls who, from poverty or feebleness, have drifted into the path of vice. Many of them pauper children, they have come back naturally to the workhouse as the only home they know; they have probably no other friends, and they may be burdened with the care of another creature even more helpless than themselves. There is probably no situation in life in which a warm-hearted Christian woman can do more to raise, purify, and comfort these helpless and unfortunate girls, than in that of a Poor Law Guardian. From her official position she has an authority which no ordinary workhouse or infirmary visitor possesses. From her sex she has an influence which no male Guardian can exercise. It is only necessary to picture the despair and humiliation, or it may be the callousness and apathy of an unfortunate girl, summoned before a Board of men, were they the most kindhearted in existence, to feel that ordinary womanhood demands that some representative of her own sex should be also in charge of her. The ladies already elected as Guardians have done inestimable good in helping these poor creatures back into respectable life, restoring them to their friends, or aiding them to maintain themselves honestly. Work such as this can

hardly be over-estimated, and renders them in the truest sense the Guardians of the Poor.

The economical argument for having women as Guardians is no doubt secondary in importance to those we have already adduced, but it is not to be ignored. We should remember that the greater number of ratepayers are men and women who have a hard struggle to keep themselves from pauperism, and a Board of Guardians owes a responsible duty to them in endeavouring to make the rates lie as lightly as possible. Now the small economies of life, that attention to petty details which makes the difference between extravagance and thrift in domestic life, are mainly practised by women. As with their private money, so with the public funds; women have hitherto been more cautious about spending them, more anxious to get a good economical equivalent for them in the shape of the contracts for food and clothing. We are not now speaking of such gross cases of extravagance as where one Board gave £40 for a carpet for the Board-room, and in another Union 8¾d. a yard was given for a contract of calico that was worn out in two months; but of the ordinary economies of household life. The domestic training of the woman helps her to calculate and price many of the household stores which Guardians must contract for, and this training men, unless grocers or drapers by trade, do not, as a rule, possess. On other points there is not, and there cannot be, any rivalry between men and women; the lady Guardians, if they are of the right sort, fall naturally into their places, and those Boards where they have worked the longest have best learned to appreciate their value.

Such being the need for women Guardians, it is strange, we shall be told, that their number is not increased tenfold. The work is often unpleasant, but it becomes intensely interesting, and women who have once put their hand to the plough do not, as a rule, look back on account of the disagreeables and roughness of their path. Some ladies are deterred by the trouble of the election, and the actual expenditure of time and strength involved in the duties, but they should remember that when we have recapitulated the duties of a woman Guardian, these duties would not be undertaken by her all at once. The work is portioned out among committees, and no one need take up more committees than she likes. But there are other difficulties that act as restrictions on the number of women Guardians, which, in our opinion, should be removed. One is a direct restriction, as in Ireland, where, by the Poor Law of 1838, no woman nor clergyman can be elected as Guardian. A short Act might surely be passed to remedy this absurdity. But a farther-reaching restriction which, though apparently acting impartially towards men and women, practically nearly excludes the latter, is that requiring all Guardians to be ratepayers for the Union in which they are elected. Not only is the proportion of ratepayers much less among women than among men, but those individuals who have leisure and inclination to devote themselves to charitable work, do not, as a rule, belong to the class of householders. Ratepaying women are mostly elderly, or are widows with family cares depending on them. The plea for retaining this ratepaying qualification is that the Guardian is responsible for the public money derived from the rates, and his own interest as a ratepayer should therefore be involved; but this reasoning has not been held necessary with regard to members of the School Board, who equally pay away public money, or with Members of Parliament, who perhaps are the greatest sinners in this respect. For the past two sessions Mr. H. J. Wilson, M.P., has brought in a Bill to Remove the Property Qualification of Guardians, and this will be watched with great interest by all who want to see an increase of women on these Boards.

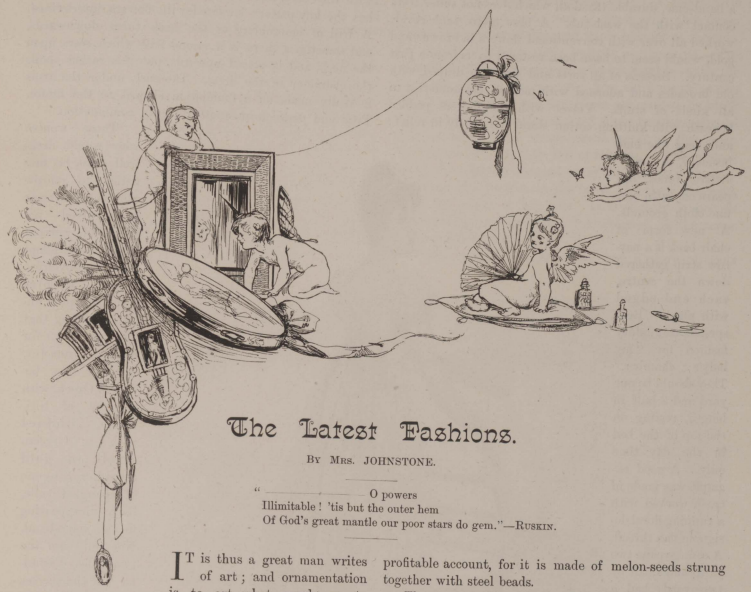
Lastly, as to the kind of woman who should come forward. It is a mistake to suppose that a large previous experience among the poor is essential to success. Some knowledge of their special habits and needs is undoubtedly an advantage, but a practical domestic training in her own household is of greater importance. A few months' quiet observation and listening at the Board meetings will teach her the rest. A woman Guardian is not required to make speeches, though she must have a good reason ready for her opinion. "We were careful," said one lady, "at first not to speak, so that really the other Guardians were quite annoyed at our silence." To be a useful Guardian a woman must have courage, but she must also have tact. She must be persevering and patient, remembering that even if she has a majority on the Board in favour of her reforms, its powers are strictly limited by the Local Government Board. She must be kind-hearted, but strictly conscientious, remembering that if she has a great duty to discharge to the poor, she has no less a duty to perform to the ratepayer whose representative she is. Above all, she must be what, for want of a better term, we still call "a lady," not meaning by this that she must have wealth or influential connections, but that she must be truthful, courteous, kind-hearted, and never forgetful of a high standard of moral worth and purity.

No power was ever put into our hands without the corresponding duty to make use of it. "Wherefore," said Joseph Mazzini, fifty years ago, to the working man, "do I speak to you of your *duties* before speaking to you of your *rights?* Wherefore in a society wherein all, voluntarily or involuntarily, tend to oppress you; wherein the exercise of so many of the rights that belong to man are continually denied to you, and all that which men call happiness is for other classes, do I speak to you of self-sacrifice rather than of conquest?" The answer which is pressed upon us with greater force as time rolls on is, that the only conquest possible lies through self-sacrifice. If England has

> "Called her daughters forth to share
> The duties and the rights of all,"

it is because she expects they will not be unworthy of the trust. On one side there is a festering mass of misery, on the other side the machinery intended to relieve it, and women have no right to keep aloof from either. As voters they are bound to elect the best candidates they can for Guardians of the Poor; as women, and Christians, the office itself has claims on them which they are pledged not to disregard.

CAROLINE A. BIGGS.



The Latest Fashions.

By Mrs. JOHNSTONE.

"_____ O powers
Illimitable! 'tis but the outer hem
Of God's great mantle our poor stars do gem."—Ruskin.

IT is thus a great man writes of art; and ornamentation is to art what words are to thought. I have chosen for the heading of this chapter a few pretty trifles which help to make that atmosphere of beauty in their surroundings which all true women love. They are culled from a large selection at the Crown Perfumery Company's establishment in New Bond Street. There is a dainty pin-cushion for the dressing-table, and a looking-glass set in old brocade. It is well that the use of this beautiful material has not proved a passing one, for the kind employed for such decorative purposes is subdued in colour and excellent in design, a revival from the period when the Grand Monarque's rule was absolute and when ugliness was deemed a crime. It covers also the guitar with a photograph in the centre—a pretty notion, to encase a friend's effigy in an instrument dedicated to harmony. The tambourine is turned to many uses: a frame for a friend's picture, also the background of a musical programme, or a dinner menu, a hold-all for letters, and a wall decoration.

A woman's surroundings would scarcely be complete without some trace of needlework. The cream-coloured lantern with a blue pattern on it and red points is a work-case filled with necessary implements, and the bag will hold a quantity of work. It is an instance which shows how trifles, often thrown away, may be turned to profitable account, for it is made of melon-seeds strung together with steel beads.

There are fashions in needlework as in everything else. The mode now runs in the direction of rich silk appliqués, and the application of embroidery to felt-work—this felt to the inexperienced eye closely resembling cloth. There are pleasing examples of many new kinds of work at the Kensington School of Embroidery, Bath Place. Some of the most recent felt-work is laid over canvas, and the open portions of the pattern are filled in with subdued colourings worked in a square grounding stitch. In other pieces such interstices are filled in with velvet, which is embroidered with fine chenille as well as with silks and metallic threads. All these are applied to cushions, table-covers, and similar uses. The demand for table-cloths of many kinds is always on the increase, and the want is well met. Some are made of a light pretty canvas in many colours, either worked all over with a running pattern in outline or with a border in Holbein or satin stitch by those fancy workers who ignore cross-stitch. Holbein stitch is very simple; the silk is carried across several threads in a straight line. The edge is fringed. The Aureca silk table-covers are bordered with plush or have plush centres with the silk for a border, being closely allied both to pongee and satin, or rather a texture between the two fabrics. Others are worked on linen with white or coloured threads, while some have a plain guipure border entirely embroidered in white on the material itself:

a handsome, durable tea-cloth which does not suffer from contact with the wash-tub. A blue moire table-cover, worked all over with conventional flowers in browns and gold, would seem to have been restored to us from a past century. Screens of all sorts and sizes are draped with old brocades and adorned with modern embroideries in all kinds of stuffs. Velvet with the flowers padded beneath with knitting cotton stand out boldly in relief; and very fine embroidery, in lovely artistic tones, appears on satin and fine cloth grounds. A new form of chair-back is a narrow strip gathered down the centre, each end edged with plush. Bed-spreads are a dainty fashion for "my lady's chamber." They should be one yard and a half in length, resting on the top of the bed in the day-time only. A good example was made of crash worked with a running floral design, in flax thread. A counterpane two yards and a half by two yards had a quaint and curious design of telegraph wires entwined with flowers; a flight of swallows rests on them and above them. Devotees to church embroidery will find new and really beautiful designs at the Kensington School of Embroidery.



NEW DIRECTOIRE COSTUME.

When our grandmothers were young, they wore just the kind of dress shown in the accompanying illustration of Mme. Poncerot and Langstaff's latest novelty in gowns now to be seen in Alfred Place, South Kensington. The model is made with an all-round skirt, fully gathered at the waist, and has a low baby bodice, with a wide waistband and sash-ends, tied in a bow and brought to the middle of the back, just below the shoulder-blades. This style seems simplicity itself, and yet there is a vast deal of art required to bring about this aspect of an *ingénue*. The skirt is pink silk bordered with pinked-out flounces of the same. Over it is another skirt of mousseline de soie, studded all over with tiny embroidered rosebuds, and in front the hem has the key pattern bordered with flowers, intertwined. A frill of embroidery at the neck turns downwards, and sometimes there is a second frill which rests upon the neck, and is placed upwards, but this rather spoils the character of the dress. The sash under the arms is really made on a foundation shaped to the figure. Pink and maize form another pretty combination.

Those women who would dress well must be prepared to throw aside most of their preconceived notions of current modes, and adopt veritable novelties. These Empire styles are quite unlike anything that has been worn for many decades. Another new bodice is Greek, with a front of Sicilienne, bordered with a Grecian scroll in gold thread, crossing one of spangled tulle, both disappearing in the waist-band. Not only are the two sides dissimilar, but the sleeves also. One is made as a single puff of the tulle, the other of the silk as a half-handkerchief.

The three figures in the cosy corner are seen to advantage. Messrs. Godfrey Giles and Co.'s clever invention, the so-called "Angle," is a comfortable addition which most people would like to make to their rooms. Nearly every house boasts of a recess by the fireplace, and how seldom is it artistically utilised! The framework is made of wood to match the furniture, and is either stained or enamelled. The spring stuffed seats and cushioned backs are surmounted by Lincrusta, and that again by a shelf for china. The whole takes to pieces in a few minutes, and can be packed away in a small compass, when the space is needed for a dance, or for any other purpose.

The three dresses here illustrated—sketched at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's—show the special features of the spring fashions in woollen gowns. The first is made

in prawn-pink nun's-veiling—a tint closely allied to deep pink blotting-paper. The tunic takes the form of a scarf of check, with a plain border all round, worked with feather-stitches. One point is drawn up on to the front of the bodice made of plain material, and forming a pointed bib. A pointed belt, coming from beneath the arms, keeps this bib in its place, though the appearance is maintained of the cross-cut bodice and skirt being in one. The skirt is edged with a feather-stitched band, and the checked scarf forming a tunic is draped at the sides; a V-shaped piece of the check is introduced on the back of the bodice; white guipure embroidery edges the neck and cuffs. In happy contrast to this costume is the one worn by the second figure, which is of reseda cashmere croisé. The plain skirt is bordered with an appliqué of lace, after a Venetian design, coming up



IN THE "COSY CORNER."

a considerable depth all round. The fulness is arranged to be scanty in front and very ample at the back. The bodice has the fulness gathered in the centre at the back, and boasts of three side-pieces. There is a network of cord and satin drops at the neck in front; the collar is pleated, and there are revers of the guipure. The sleeves are of the coat form, with cream cuffs. A smart little jacket is made to wear out of doors with this dress. It has white moire revers, and triple buttons at the side, the sleeves also have three buttons at the wrist. The third dress is made in a deep red-pink camlet—quite the dominant tone of the season. The skirt opens at the side over pleatings, but the edges are united by black leather straps, fastened with small silver buckles—a novel ornamentation. The straps occur again at the waist. The sleeves are unusually full at the top, and have black cuffs. The skirt is fastened on to the bodice, with similar straps and buckles at the back, and there are long, plain, flat pleats at the side. It is slightly draped in front, falling in easy folds. "Diablesse" is the name given to this new shade.

Those women who are wise, buy a store of boots and shoes early in the season, before warm weather tries the feet, and there are many items in *chaussure* worth recording. Messrs. Lilley and Skinner, of 107, Westbourne Grove, brought out, some years since, what they were pleased to call the "Sensible" boot, and it is true to its name, and not by any means

unsightly. Their combination tennis and boating shoe is ingenious. A sheet of rubber is placed between the inner and outer leather sole, rendering it impervious to damp, under all conditions, and very durable. The so-called "Convent" shoe, with a flap over the instep, is largely worn by sick-nurses, and those who must of necessity stand about. Another aid to comfort is the "Sanitary" woollen-lined boots, to be strongly recommended to those who suffer from cold feet. They are lined throughout with Shetland flannel, the uppers being cloth, with only just a necessary piece of glacé kid at heel and toe.

Having discussed the utilitarian side of the question, a word or so with regard to the most ornamental class of shoes now worn. The stage is the best reflector of modern fashions, and the pretty damsels in the *Yeomen of the Guard* are shod in the new yellow kid Norman shoe, with its pretty pointed toe. There are several kinds of shoes suited for every-day as well as for fancy costumes. The "Eastern" dual-strapped shoe, for example, is, as the name implies, an idea borrowed from the East. The straps cross over the foot, and fasten, in an ingenious fashion, with elastic and hooks, at the back. They are brogued all round, and the straps also, and are in make quite unlike any recent introduction. The Italian and Spanish shoe is the very thing for an Egyptian or Spanish or gipsy costume. It is laced across the foot with silk laces, and the embroidery not only covers the toe, but is carried all round, even at the back of the heel. The stocking is seen between the interstices, as also in the "Dorothy," an exact counterpart of what is worn in that favourite play; the shoe comes high up on the instep, and has vandyked straps on either side, having a hole at each apex, through which the lace is passed.



COURT DRESSES.

Messrs. Lilley and Skinner are introducing some new colourings. Court shoes and Oxford shoes are being made in grey and dove-colour. The pale fawn Russian leather laced shoe is of a subdued neutral tone that can be worn with any dress, and is a great improvement on the too conspicuous tan of last season. There is also a new chestnut-brown tint, applied alike to boots and shoes, and Bordeaux red Russian shoes have a certain smartness which is pleasing on a pretty foot.

With one Drawing-room already disposed of, and others in prospect, fashions in Court dress assume much importance. The three gowns opposite, designed by Mr. Joyce at Messrs. Russell and Allen's, are worthy of a firm who prepare so many for each Court reception. No. 1 is unique in its style. The petticoat is composed of white moire antique, covered all over with sprays worked in metallic threads of tender blue, green, and pink, with a profusion of pearl-shaped pendants hanging from every bouquet. The bodice is very slightly draped, but is kept in place by two girdles of gold passementerie. The sleeve is of the handkerchief form; the train of petunia velvet is lined with silk, and starts from the right shoulder.

No. 2 displays magnificent embroidery of another kind. The bodice and skirt are composed of pale pink Vénétienne; the centre of the petticoat, and the vest, are of pale green pleated mousseline de soie, all embroidered with roses, and so are the sleeves. The emerald-green velvet train starts from one shoulder. It has a square train, embroidered with yellow roses standing up in bold relief. The linings of the trains are exceedingly rich, for they show almost as much as the outside, and are of silk and satin, generally in contrast. The third is a presentation dress, the train white satin, embroidered in white and silver. The petticoat is crêpe de Chine, the vest made of crossway folds, bordered at the waist with silver lace.

Winter always leaves us reluctantly, and warm mantles are a necessity till summer is well upon us. The two examples designed by the Maison Worth et Cie., New Bond Street, illustrate a long and a short wrap of the most elaborate kind. The smaller mantle is made in light fawn-coloured cloth, lined with shot silk of a brownish-yellow tone. It has a bordering in open embroidery, through which this silk shows, as well as in the front, and the gimp ornaments are very handsome. The long cloak is made of peacock-blue plush, elaborately trimmed with black gimp, and drops; the oblong pendent sleeves are supplemented by close-fitting under ones.

Mme. Vera, in Lower Belgrave Street, has secured a most honourable position among Society milliners, which she has greatly strengthened by her spring novelties. They possess that distinctive *cachet* of good style, difficult to attain, and eagerly sought by those women who dress well. Brown, mousse-green, certain shades of red and heliotrope, and clever combinations of grey, are the leading colours in millinery. The toques are high, the bonnets close and small, the hats not large enough for the Gainsborough, nor small enough for the Spanish type. The brims stand round the face like a saint's aureole. A close chaudron velvet bonnet is trimmed with black beads in happy contrast, and a drawn pomme velvet with black butterflies and black lace; another black bonnet displays maize and violets; but it is the masterly hand with which these combinations are contrived that renders them becoming.



NEW MANTLES.



Paris Fashions.

By VIOLETTE.

WINTER has passed into spring, and the fashions heralded in by the dreary season have grown more decided in character. Our gowns are to cling closely to our figures, as did those of our grandmothers in the days of the Empire.

No more bunched-up draperies, no more dress improvers (!) nor hoops of steel let in at the back; no shadow of Frou-Frou trimmings—nothing but flat embroideries, garlands of flowers, and beaded ornaments hiding the material.

The gowns for day wear are to be of watered silk or satin, round which twine three sashes—one placed under the bust, another about the waist, and a third about the hips. Crêpe de Chine, light foulard, or some supple woollen fabric, is to be used for evening wear.

Dress, thus reduced to its slightest proportions, becomes a silken sheath, adorned by floating ribbons, outlining the wearer's figure.

Embroidery in all its dainty variety of stitches, wrought in many-coloured silks, the tender and vivid dyes of which rival the hues of woodland and garden blossoms, will continue to be the trimming in highest favour.

The skirts are either embroidered round the hem, or covered with sprigs of delicate needlework. A design of palms, a Grecian border, or a wreath of flowers is worked on some of the most beautiful gowns designed by our artists in dress. A number of tenderly-nurtured women find well-paid employment in imitating flowers and foliage with their needles. Some, gifted for design, arrange in clusters or garlands the blossoms and leaves they copy; usually, however, the embroiderers work out the scheme of the artist who has designed the dress as a whole, planning it out in every detail of line and colour.

Such an embroidered dress was made by Duchot for the Grand Duchess Wladimir of Russia. It was of king-cup-coloured satin, edged at the hem with a band of moss-green velvet, above which circled a garland of small clusters of violets finely worked in relief. The velvet band was repeated round the edge of the bodice, with its charming accompanying chaplet of purple flowers. The bodice was sleeveless (this goes without saying); the Empire sash, of lilac satin, was fastened with a clasp of amethysts. The feature of this gleaming golden dress was the exquisite embroidery adorning it.

Already the summer fashions are beginning to prelude, in fresh and coquettish harmonies of bright-hued Eastern silks, the melodies in colour and line that will, from the opening days of May, flood the galleries of the Exhibition and the tree-shaded avenues of our beautiful city. Paris will shortly be invaded by the most elegant women of all nations, and at this cosmopolitan concourse of beauty and grace the Parisiennes have resolved to come out triumphant. They have determined to retain not only the prize long awarded to them of surpassing all other women in the art of beautiful dressing, but of being supreme also in that other art—that of putting on clothes—an accomplishment which, more than any other, lifts clothing from the covering of the body to the rank of its eloquent adornment.

A very pretty trousseau that I have just seen, destined for a charming South American bride, might be looked upon as a miniature encyclopædia of all that a fashionable young woman may wear this season. Armure silk will definitely replace peau de soie; it may not have the sheeny softness of the discarded fabric,

but it has a delicate grain which gives delightful opportunities for an impression of light and shade playing over the surface.

The wedding-dress was of dazzling swan-white armure silk, very supple and thick. The front of the skirt was composed of a wide flat fold; the sides, of panels of crêpe de Chine, all bouillonné; a double chaplet of little clusters of orange-blossoms fastened the skirt to the long Princesse redingote. The bodice opened over a gathered plastron of crêpe de Chine, and a cluster of orange-blossoms was fastened at the throat. The wide white watered silk sash, with floating ends, was knotted at the side.



COSTUME FROM THE MAISON LA FERRIÈRE.

A dinner-dress, brilliant and fresh, was of armure silk of the delicate shade of green seen in earliest spring. The low sleeveless redingote was cut heart-shape at the back, and square in front; over it was draped a fichu of net embroidered in gold and fine pearls, disposed in a point at the back. The same gleaming and diaphanous drapery floated over the skirt, crossed in the front by a perpendicular flat fold of armure. The bretelles and sash were of green satin.

A reception-dress was also made with a Princesse redingote. It was of lampas of the new shade known as Roman lilac, striped with satin of the same shade brocaded over with rose-buds. The redingote was outlined with a soft border of lilac marabout feathers, circling also round the throat. The gathered plastron of the bodice and the skirt were of white embroidered gauze. A scarf of lilac crêpe was fastened at the side with a large *chou*. The embroidered sleeve was edged with feathers.

An ideal *sortie de bal* (illustrated on this page) was of white matelassé silk, all bordered with a foam of white marabout feathers; the dainty little hood was of Brussels lace.

I think that no garment—neither ball-dress nor gala reception-dress—can compare with the grace of a well-made *déshabillé*. The sweeping line and the unconventional cut lend to the *négligé* gown artistic possibilities no other gown possesses. In this trousseau were two model *déshabillés*. One was of embroidered pale green crêpe de Chine striped with ribbon of the same shade. The narrow panels were of plain crêpe finely pleated. The long open sleeves fell like delicate verdant wings from the shoulders to the ground; the narrow clinging under-sleeve and the wide turned-back collar were of plain crêpe de Chine.

The other *déshabillé* was all tender rose-colour and white—shell-like in its opalescent shimmer. The upper dress, of white crêpe de Chine, was embroidered in relief in silk; it opened in front, displaying a clinging under-dress of finely-pleated coral-pink crêpe de Chine. The sash was of pink satin of the same shade, repeated in knots of narrower ribbon at the throat and wrists.

Three morning visiting-dresses were delightfully, demurely grey. One, of mouse-grey watered velvet, had the prettiest *reflets;* it was made with a straight skirt. Across the bodice crept a slender chaplet of shamrocks embroidered in silver and steel; the trefoiled leaves wreathed the collar and the cuffs, and made a gleaming line over the shoulders.

The second (see page 304) was, if possible, yet more graceful; it was of spotted dove-grey silk poplinette. The blouse-shaped polonaise was gathered into a yoke of grey velvet matching the shade of the poplinette, and embroidered with a double row of beads of steel and iron, which also edged the cuffs. A wide scarf-sash of watered grey silk, and an under-skirt of grey velvet edged with a gathered flounce, brought subtle notes, played in the same tone, to this harmony in grey. The third dress was of smoke-grey watered silk, striped—the lines and ground of the same shade, in Louis XV. style; the collar and sleeves were embroidered in chenille and steel; the straight skirt was mounted in flat folds.

Another charming dress, which was a good example of the use of varied tones of the same colour, was of laurel-green armure, all embroidered in different shades of green. The bodice and sleeves were made with wide revers of plain silk.

A spring dress was of garnet-red surah shot with black, the skirt round and straight, the bodice loose in

front and close-fitting at the back; a wide sash of black watered silk was fastened at the side, the wide sleeves were gathered into deep wristbands of bise guipure, the deep collar was of the same lace.

A gown especially distinguished by the elegance and richness of its effect was composed of a redingote of black shoulders and floating down, gives height to the figure, and enhances the animation of its movements. It is a very becoming fashion to slender and graceful women. A magnificent cloak was of olive-green velvet, fitting the figure at the back, falling loose and straight in front, like a stole. Foliage worked in gold thread in



MORNING VISITING-DRESS, FROM THE MAISON LA FERRIÈRE.

Pekin, the bodice trimmed with double bretelles of embroidery, the fine needlework repeated at the wrists and round the throat. The skirt was of black Spanish blonde.

As brides seem to consider black dresses nowadays *de rigueur*, there was another black dress in this trousseau. The sombre garment was of lace, draped with rare art; the folds caught up here and there with black satin ribbon. Of satin also were the wide sash, the ribbons at the throat and at the wrists, the bretelles fastened over the shoulders, the ends of which fell to the hem of the skirt, caught up there in another knot. The fashion now much in vogue, of wearing flowing ribbons knotted at the relief ornamented the stole, the sleeves, and the collar. The cloak was edged with a border of rich fur.

This charming trousseau contained a number of woollen dresses for morning wear. One, of carnation-red cashmere, was richly embroidered in black. The embroidery was placed under and over the arms, and on the sash and collar. The tablier and sleeves, which were of black faille, were embroidered in red.

Another, of admiral-blue vigogne, was an excellent example of an elegantly simple dress. The long tunic was very slightly draped over a black petticoat, the bodice opened over a plastron of black Venetian guipure, and the wristbands were also of guipure. Black and green

still continue to be a favourite combination. A pretty dress was of willow-green vigogne. The bodice was made with a narrow plastron of black velvet, repeated at the back, edged on either side with a fine Russian embroidery in black silk. The plastron was continued in



FANCY DRESS COIFFURE, FROM THE MAISON LENTHÉRIC.

a long narrow strip down the front of the skirt between two rows of the embroidery.

Two pretty dressing-gowns were not the least charming items in this collection of feminine apparel; one, especially, was coquettishly graceful. It was made in the Louis XV. style, and brought suggestions of Watteau in its daintiness of colour and picturesque flow of line. In rose-coloured surah, of that delightfully vivid pink to be found in Sèvres porcelain, the skirt and bodice were finely pleated. A deep cape of white lace draped the shoulders and bust, and the long ends, reaching to the hem of the dress, fell in soft billows, apparently held in place here and there by knots of pink satin ribbon. The pink satin sash was fastened in front.

Lastly, we must mention a loose morning-wrap of grey vigogne striped with pink and lined with pink surah, the sleeves and flat collar trimmed with the effective Breton lace. Quaint little reticules accompanied a number of these dresses; some of black velvet, or of pleated deep-coloured satin, embroidered with mottoes and initials; others of lampas embroidered in gold —all fastened with knots of ribbon. Then came the silk stockings, the exquisitely finished-off stays, and the embroidered flat petticoats trimmed with a deep flounce of lace. Under-linen, delicately white, daintily fine, embroidered, and edged with Valenciennes lace, lay in scented heaps. Amongst this perfumed whiteness the night-gowns alone were coloured; some were made of Indian foulard trimmed with Mechlin lace, others of lawn embroidered in silk matching the varied tints.

White under-linen embroidered in white and edged with Valenciennes is the only elegant fashion for under-garments. The use of crêpe and of thin silk, now in vogue, is due to the thirst for eccentricity which impels some women—foreign women especially—to be singular in the matter even of their under-garments. Coloured silk or crêpe chemises are made very short, edged with lace round the neck and throat; the knickerbockers to match are wide, and fastened above the knee with straps of ribbon; the miniature petticoats are finely pleated and edged with a flounce of lace, the undulating lines of which fall above the strap of the knickerbockers. Everything is short, transparent, coloured—rose, blue, maize, black, lilac. Such under-garments may be fantastic, coquettish, but they lack the reserve of elegance. They are the outcome of a taste which has nothing of that chastened quality which distinguishes the dress, in all its details, of the woman of style.

A word about head-dresses before I close. The Maison Lenthéric remains unrivalled for artistic arrangement of the hair; under its touch a woman's locks become her crowning grace.

We give a design from this house for a classic head-dress. Thus some sea-nymph, or the Queen of the Ocean herself, might have appeared, her flowing locks bound with gold, her brow crowned with the emblem of the great god—giver of the horse to man, queller of the waves—who, for love of Amphitrite, set the dolphin, his successful messenger to her, as a constellation in the starry heavens. Our second illustration on this page



NEW COIFFURE, FROM THE MAISON LENTHÉRIC.

will show that we are returning to the pretty fashion of wearing the hair low in the neck, and more amply accompanying the face. Nothing is so decorative as hair. Would the fair ladies of Gainsborough be half so lovely without their soft background of locks?

Reasons for Opposing Woman Suffrage.

I CONCLUDED the article in which I endeavoured to show the "Fallacy of the Equality of Woman" with the remark that "with difference of function go different duties, and with different duties, different rights. But this leads to a question on which, if I now run away from it, I may have an opportunity of fighting another day." That question is naturally the kindred one of the extension of the franchise to women. And in replying to Mrs. Fawcett's recent article on "Women's Suffrage," I hope to be able to show the fallacy of the arguments advanced in support of the claim of women householders to the Parliamentary franchise.

As I pointed out in that article, the terms "superiority" and "inferiority" cannot be correctly applied either to the mental or to the physical qualities of men and women, nor yet can the sexes be said to be equal, but rather co-equal. But as this co equality does not constitute women equal to men in the sense of being the same as men, and as women have not precisely the same capacities and functions, they are unable to perform the same duties, and cannot therefore justly claim the same rights. And the mental capacities of women are not, I would maintain, such as to make it either desirable or expedient that the franchise for the Imperial Parliament should be conferred on them. Setting aside for the moment all those virtues and qualities in which women are admittedly pre-eminent, let us consider the characteristic mental and moral differences between the sexes. These differences have been made the subject of careful study by such eminent moralists and scientists as Mr. Lecky, Mr. Romanes, and Mr. Galton. The conclusions to which their several observations have led them are uniformly the same, and they cannot, I think, fail to be endorsed by all who have impartially considered the subject. With regard to judgment Mr. Romanes tells us, in a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, that in women all the elements which go to constitute what is understood by a judicial mind are of comparatively feeble development, and that there can be no question that, in this respect, the female mind stands considerably lower than the male—a fact which has been universally recognised from the earliest times. It will be understood that this refers to average standards, for taken individually it would be easy to find innumerable instances in which the woman is superior in this respect to the man. With regard to the emotions, "we find," says Mr. Romanes, "that in woman, as contrasted with man, these are almost always less under the control of the will—more apt to break away, as it were, from the restraints of reason, and to overwhelm the mental chariot in disaster. Whether this tendency displays itself in the overmastering form of hysteria, or in the more ordinary form of comparative childishness, ready annoyance, and a generally unreasonable temper—in whatever form this supremacy of emotion displays itself, we recognise it as more of a feminine than a masculine characteristic. Coyness and caprice are very general peculiarities, and we may add, as kindred traits, personal vanity, fondness of display, &c. &c. There is also, as compared with the masculine mind, a greater desire for emotional excitement of all kinds—and even for what are called 'scenes,' provided these are not of a kind to alarm her no less characteristic timidity. . . Coming lastly to the will, I have already observed that this exercises less control over the emotions in women than in men. We rarely find in women that firm tenacity of purpose and determination to overcome obstacles which is characteristic of what we call a manly mind. When a woman is urged to any prolonged or powerful exercise of volition, the prompting cause is usually to be found in the emotional side of her nature, whereas in man we may generally observe that the intellectual is alone sufficient to supply the needed motive."

Though inferior to men in active courage, women are said to excel in the courage of endurance. But this passive courage is not so much, says Mr. Lecky, "fortitude which bears and defies, as resignation which bears and bends." Intellectually, women are, according to the same authority, more desultory and volatile than men, more occupied with particular instances than with general principles, and prone to judge rather by "intuitive perception than by deliberate reasoning" or the results of experience. They are in general more addicted to the petty forms of vanity, jealousy, spitefulness, and ambition; and "in the ethics of intellect they are decidedly inferior."

It is assumed by some advocates of the "Emancipation of Woman" that higher education will have the effect of modifying, if not of entirely removing, the mental differences which now characterise the sexes. But even if this is admitted to be true, it will take as many generations to produce the new kind of woman as have been necessary to produce the existing type, and, as evolution is a very slow process, millenniums must pass before any such desired change could be obtained. But it is not true. No amount of female education could possibly overcome the natural and fundamental distinction of sex, or endow woman with the moral and mental, any more than with the physical attributes of man. Indeed, before such a change could take place in woman, man himself must first change. For, according to the Darwinian theory of sexual selection, the physical qualities of one sex are determined by the selection of the other. As men generally possess the qualities of self-reliance, courage, determination, and the rest of the characteristically manly virtues, they admire in women what are regarded as the distinctively feminine physical and mental qualities; and, conversely, women admire in men the distinctively masculine attributes. Sexual

selection, by thus acting directly, as well as indirectly, on the mental qualities of men and women, is constantly engaged in moulding the mind of each sex upon a different pattern.

But apart from the capacities for public life claimed by, and for women-suffragists, much has been said, and many arguments deduced, from the principle that with taxation must go representation. This principle is a constitutional maxim of all free States. But the fact of a class being taxed, and therefore represented, by no means implies that every member of that class has, individually, the right to a political vote; and in the misapprehension of this principle lies the fallacy of the arguments deduced from it.

I must leave Mrs. Fawcett to explain how it can happen that "paupers are sometimes discharged from workhouses in order to vote," as I am assured by men learned in the law that such a proceeding is at once illegal and impossible. This misleading statement, added to the assertion that "we have an all-embracing franchise, from which no man, however ignorant, criminal, pauperised, or imbecile, is permanently excluded," would lead a reader unacquainted with the subject to believe that the suffrage has been conferred indiscriminately upon every male Briton. Let us, however, look at the facts. The right to vote at an election is acquired only by a residence of twelve consecutive months in the same borough. Every householder or lodger, therefore, who, at any time within twelve months of an election, removes to another borough, is thereby disfranchised for that election. The ladies who have submitted to the distraint of their goods and chattels rather than pay taxes which they had not personally voted, comfort themselves with the belief that they are "following in the steps of those numerous Nonconformists who, on conscientious grounds, refused to pay Church rates." The cases are, however, hardly parallel. For these ladies, I believe, based their refusal on the passage in Blackstone which says that "No subject of England can be constrained to pay any aids or taxes even for the defence of the realm or the support of the Government, but such as are imposed by his own consent, or that of his representative in Parliament. It may be argued that while wives and daughters are represented by husbands and fathers, single-lady and widow-householders are unrepresented. But let us consider for a moment the very large number of men who are "constrained to pay aids and taxes," and yet have actually no voice in the election of "representatives in Parliament," and no prospect of ever being in a position to "exercise the franchise." Of the hundreds of thousands of men and officers belonging to our army, navy, and mercantile marine, only a small proportion will be found to be householders; and of these a mere fraction will be found at home on the occasion of a Parliamentary election. The duties of our Consular, Civil, and other Services requiring residence abroad are carried on by men of education and ability, who receive their salaries *minus* the income-tax. The leave of absence to which Consuls and other Civil servants are entitled, is not, as a rule, sufficiently long to constitute them voters, even if they are able to take it immediately before an election, and spend it all in one borough, so that all these officials, though themselves experienced politicians, are "permanently disfranchised." No word of complaint, however, do we hear on this score, either from Civil servants or naval and military officers, for it is perfectly well understood that their interests at home are represented by the voting members of the class to which they belong. The reports of Revising Barristers show that the extension of the franchise to lodgers has added in a very small degree to the number of electors, the majority of this class being seldom able to fulfil the condition of twelve months' consecutive residence in the same borough, which alone entitles them to vote. Among the educated classes will be found a large number of men, who, though occupying good social positions, cannot claim the suffrage. Take, for instance, the considerable section who live in chambers or apartments for say eight or nine months of the year, and during the remainder are abroad, or in the country. They pay high rents, and, in many cases, the income-tax, besides indirect taxes. Indeed, no member of our very large erratic population, from the aristocratic dweller in palatial hotels who consumes champagne and cheroots, down to the poorest tramp who pays twopence for his night's lodging, and consumes his beer and tobacco, can escape the indirect payment of taxes on the house that shelters him, and the duties levied on articles of consumption. It does not, however, follow that this very large proportion of rate and tax-payers, direct and indirect, are, according to their different classes, unrepresented, because they cannot personally fulfil the conditions necessary to constitute them voters. "The possession of the Parliamentary franchise" is still, as it was "before the two great extensions of the suffrage in 1867 and 1884 . . . a privilege entrusted to a select few," and women are now, as then, "associated in their exclusion with large bodies of their countrymen to whom no exception on the ground of character and capacity could be taken." As, therefore, the principle of taxation and representation does not constitute every taxed man a voter, what just ground is there for demanding that privilege in the case of women? For the British Parliament has by no means yet—as Mrs. Fawcett expresses it—committed the "absurdity of including every creature (fit or unfit) of one sex, and excluding every creature (fit or unfit) of the other, from the privileges of representation."

The reason of the extension of the franchise to a certain class of the population has, in all cases, been that that particular section was not duly represented. The proof of this absence of representation was found in the existence of special class grievances, which could only be remedied by the extension of the franchise to representative members of such a class. But without such grievances, and merely because of some abstract notion of "right" or "justice," it would have been impossible to get working men to agitate for these reforms. In the movement for Women's Suffrage the reverse has been the case. The franchise has been demanded, not because of serious grievances, of which a remedy is hopeless save through the suffrage, but because of the assumed logic

deducing Women's Suffrage from some misapprehended immutable principle. In order to claim the extension of the suffrage to women householders on the same grounds that men have done, it must be shown that they also, as a class, have, apart from all other women, special grievances of which a remedy is hopeless save through the franchise. That the would-be suffragists have any such grievance I have been unable to ascertain.

It is generally assumed that the new voters under the present Bill would be enlightened women, whose action in politics would bring about beneficent changes. But let us consider for a moment the women who, under the present Bill, would become entitled to legislate for all other women, and what are their special qualifications for that privileged position. The proposed new voters may, I think, be said to fall, generally speaking, into three classes—(1) The daughters or widows of professional men and men of fortune; (2) tradeswomen and lodging-house keepers; (3) women of the unmentionable class. The women included in the first category almost uniformly derive their incomes, and consequent position as householders, from the fruits of the labours of deceased male relatives; and, with perhaps a few rare exceptions, have personally done nothing to entitle them to a privilege not demanded for those less favoured by fortune and domestic circumstances. The education possessed by tradeswomen is usually limited to "the three R's"; their time is fully occupied; and the little leisure they can command is, very naturally, devoted to amusement rather than to study or serious thought of any kind. A lodging-house keeper is certainly directly responsible for the payment of rates and taxes; but the taxes are virtually paid and the woman supported by her lodgers. These may be men whose right to exercise the suffrage will depend largely upon whether the "landlady" has a conscience tender enough to enable them to remain a year in her rooms. But take the very common case of a house let in three suites of apartments, all occupied by ladies. The householder may possibly be "a lady who has seen better days," but, in all probability, she will be a *ci-devant* cook or lady's-maid. Her three lodgers are, probably, highly educated and cultured women, and it is they who supply the funds which enable the landlady to pay the rates and taxes. Of the objections to the enfranchisement of the third class of women householders, it is unnecessary here to say anything. It is difficult to see in what way women belonging to these three categories are specially qualified to pronounce upon matters affecting the well-being, not only of their own sex, but of the Empire at large, to the exclusion of the majority of educated women who are not direct taxpayers. The greater number, indeed, of the eminent women enumerated by Mrs. Fawcett would, as wives and non-householders, still continue to "bear the badge and stigma of political disability," while the women belonging to the three above-mentioned categories would, whether "fit or unfit," alone be "selected for the privilege of exercising the franchise." To use Mrs. Fawcett's illustration of the widow-farmer—which seems to be so highly appreciated by women-suffragists—surely the "anomaly and absurdity" would remain if the widow were to have a vote, and the lady whose tenant she is were denied the same privilege should she happen to be married, or, as would probably be the case if she belonged to a county family, to reside in the house of her father, her brother, or her son? My laundress would, under Mr. Woodall's Bill, be entitled to vote; so would her neighbours, the charwoman and "the lady who takes in mangling," for they are all householders. The proposed measure would, therefore, aggravate, rather than remedy, the present "cruel" state of affairs, and there would still remain the grievance that "hundreds and thousands of men [and women] in the lowest depths of ignorance concerning politics and history" would be admitted to the franchise, "whilst [men and] women of intelligence and education were kept out."

Women, however, cannot correctly be said to be, as Mrs. Fawcett terms them, "a class of persons." They belong to every class of the community; their interests and welfare are identical with those of the men of their respective classes; and, so far as the interests of the men of each class are represented, so are those of the women. One might, indeed, suppose, to hear all the clamour made about the "disabilities of women," the "injustice of withholding from them the franchise," the "hardship of their position," the "brand of electoral incapacity," &c. &c., that our legislation is carried on solely for the benefit of the masculine section of the nation, without any regard for the interests of the feminine element.

The mental characteristics of women being such as I have indicated in the beginning of this paper, it is not difficult to foresee what would be the effect upon legislation, and the conduct of public affairs generally, of their admission to equal voting rights with men. The chief political danger of the day lies in emotional suffrage. The emotions of women generally are not, we have seen, kept under control by the judgment or will, as are those of men, and they are very apt to take superficial views and to be unduly biassed in matters on which their readily-awakened sympathies are excited. This generous enthusiasm, amiable and even meritorious as it may be in itself, could not fail to be turned to account by short-sighted Temperance faddists and repressive legislationists, whose object is usually to remove the effects, rather than the causes of evils, thereby increasing rather than diminishing the evils themselves. To extend the suffrage to women would therefore add immensely to the danger of questions being decided by sudden accesses of emotional enthusiasm rather than by deliberate consideration of facts. And our present national position is far too grave, both socially and politically, to justify any such hazardous experiments—experiments that might result in the ruin of the Empire. For one of the results, we are told, of Woman Suffrage will be that there will be no more wars. Grants for keeping up our defences will then be opposed by the overwhelming female votes, and the foreign policy of the country will be hampered by wild outcries for peace when war is a duty. Mrs. Fawcett gives us an example of dangers of another kind, when she says that "if once the women of England were roused on the subject, the reform of the infamous marriage laws of India would be enormously hastened." Very probably. But this would be another instance of

"untutored zeal," of which the consequences might be most disastrous. Let us hear what Dr. Cust, who is, I believe, an authority on missions in India, says on the subject. "Missionaries should not take up fads, and give way to crazes and join crusades against the evils of this wicked world. Many practices which seem strange to them have the sanction of centuries—such as child-marriage—and will only be abandoned under the gradual enlightenment of Christian education." Any such interference of the Imperial Parliament with the family life and social customs of the native races could not but be bitterly resented, and have no good results. To be successful, the movement must come from within.

We have heard a great deal of misleading sentiment talked about "the elevating and purifying influence that will be brought to bear on our social and political life" by the association of women with men in public duties. We are told that "the influence of women on politics cannot fail to be a healthy one," and that "it will infuse a high tone in the discussion of public questions." Are women, then, more honest and truthful, more impartial and high-minded, more fair and generous to opponents, than men? And has this been shown, I would ask, in the history of the agitation? A candid consideration of the conduct of the movement certainly points to a contrary conclusion, and affords the strongest proof that could be adduced of the unfitness of women generally for public and political life. The following extracts from a letter which appeared in one of our London dailies fully bears out this conclusion. Replying to a correspondent who complained that the question of Women's Suffrage was not "being pushed forward with the energy of former years," this writer says that "the cause of the change of opinion is simply the teaching of experience. The knowledge gained of women in public positions, which is now considerable, and has lasted some years, has not been favourable. Take this town as an example. There is no town in England where the propaganda of women's rights and fitness for public life and for the franchise has been preached with more fervour and ability, and not one probably where women have filled more public offices. We have them on nearly all the governing bodies of the grammar and high schools, on the School Board, and on the Board of Guardians. Now it is simply a fact which will hardly be questioned that, in the judgment of most thoughtful men and women of all parties, the result has not been favourable. The women on the public bodies . . . have not added to their efficiency or moral influence. They have not done anything which could not have been as well or better done by men, and they have introduced a painful amount of friction and ill-feeling into public life which, while effecting no good purpose, would not have happened but for them. They have, as women are wont to do, lacked judgment . . . . and have often spoiled a good cause by their intemperate and untutored zeal." And the writer concludes by saying that he hears it confessed, not only by outsiders, but also by some of the leaders of the women's party, that their cause has of late years distinctly lost ground.

While loudly demanding freedom of thought and liberty of action for themselves, there are very few among the advocates of Political rights for women who respect either sincerity of conviction or independence of judgment in those who differ from them as to the method of securing the best interests of women, and with those of women of society in general. Those familiar with the controversies which have been carried on through the medium of the press can testify to the wilful misrepresentations made in heated argument by the advocates of the new measure, and to the "angry correspondences" into which these ladies have entered. As I have myself experienced with these ladies, "epithets stand for arguments, and personal abuse for dialectics." My recent article in THE WOMAN'S WORLD brought me anonymous letters from angry women who, while making no attempts to refute my arguments, assailed me with scurrilous abuse. As another example of this feminine petulance, we find such words as "absurd," "absurdly," and "absurdity," strewn broadcast through Mrs. Fawcett's article, and occurring no fewer than nine times in the first page. There is indeed only one side of the question that will be listened to by women-suffragists, and that is naturally the side they advocate. As Mrs. Fawcett very characteristically and amusingly says, "To every one who genuinely wishes to extend to women the blessings of citizenship, we would listen with the greatest respect," implying evidently that any contrary argument would be treated with scorn. I have heard many an attempt made by experienced politicians to discuss the subject with lady-suffragists, but a calm, dispassionate argument it has rarely—indeed, I might say, never—been my privilege to hear. In almost every instance the wrath of the fair disputants was kindled at the first dissentient remark; and when, as generally happened, they had the worst of the argument, they became angrily personal in their replies, and sometimes even either flung out of the room in a rage, or refused to behave with ordinary courtesy to those who had expressed opinions opposed to their own. Under these circumstances anti-suffragists, both men and women, naturally decline, if possible, discussions in which contrary views are looked upon as personal affronts, and may lead to violent scenes. And when the glove is thrown down by a Woman's Rights champion, and is not, for this very good reason, taken up, one hears such triumphant exclamations as, "No one can deny the justice of our claim!" "Every sensible person is in favour of Woman Suffrage!" and so on, *ad nauseam*. The reason of the want of success that has attended the establishment of clubs "for ladies only," may, I think, be found in this tendency of women to regard all those who differ from them with something like personal enmity. In men's clubs are constantly found representatives of the most opposite shades of political, social, and religious opinion; but as no one member attempts to obtrude his special views on the others, but each considers the opinions of others as fully entitled to respect as his own, we hear of little courtesies passing between Right Reverend Bishops and reputed atheists, and between ultra-Radicals and rigid Conservatives.

Every one will agree with Mrs. Fawcett in insisting that "we want women . . . above all things to continue

womanly—womanly in the highest and best sense—and to bring their true woman's influence to bear on behalf of whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report." But that there are grave reasons for believing that a public life for women does not conduce to their remaining "womanly in the highest and best sense" has, I venture to think, of late years been startlingly shown. Among the attributes generally considered "womanly" are, I believe, gentleness, modesty, submission, patience, purity; but where is the "womanliness" of those who in every possible way court publicity, and—as Mrs. Lynn Linton puts it—"are dismayed by no kind of abominations ensuing"?

Mrs. Fawcett concludes her article by stating five "main considerations" in support of Mr. Woodall's Bill. The first is, "That women are not unfitted, by reason of their sex, from forming a judgment on political questions." I have shown that as women are, speaking generally, admittedly more emotional than men, their inclusion in the suffrage would immensely increase the danger of hasty and unsound legislation.

The second and third are, "That the representation of women would tend to secure the speedy amendment of laws unjust to women," and "to prevent the passing of laws injurious to them." Mrs. Fawcett does not specify what are the laws unjust to women, and as the references of other writers to these laws are equally vague, I have been unable to ascertain that there are any which have no chance of being amended save through Woman Suffrage. And I do not know that men are anxious to pass laws injurious to their mothers, or even mothers-in-law, their wives, their "sisters, their cousins, and their aunts."

Mrs. Fawcett's next plea is, "That it would give additional weight in Parliament to the consideration of the domestic, as well as political, results of legislation;" and this argument I have already answered by showing that such questions will not probably in future be decided by the Imperial Parliament. And her concluding "consideration" is "that if the claim of women to the suffrage is just, the moral sense of the nation is injured by their continued exclusion." As the principle on which Mrs. Fawcett endeavours to prove the justice of the admission of women to the political franchise has been shown to be a fallacy, and as there is no injustice in their continued exclusion, there is no injury to the moral sense of the nation. On the contrary, as the vast majority of men and women evidently believe that evil would result from the passing of such a measure, the moral sense of the nation would be injured by the establishment of Woman Suffrage.

LUCY M. J. GARNETT.

Cloudy Skies.

By M. C. GILLINGTON.

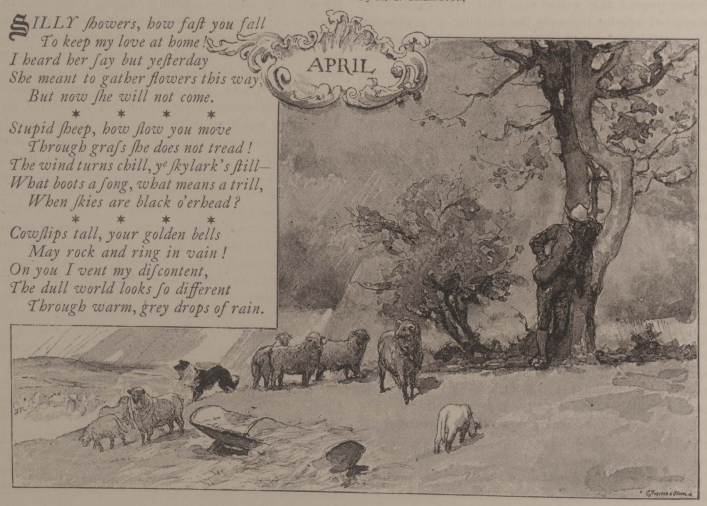
SILLY showers, how fast you fall
To keep my love at home!
I heard her say but yesterday
She meant to gather flowers this way
But now she will not come.

* * * *

Stupid sheep, how slow you move
Through grass she does not tread!
The wind turns chill, ye skylark's still—
What boots a song, what means a trill,
When skies are black o'erhead?

* * * *

Cowslips tall, your golden bells
May rock and ring in vain!
On you I vent my discontent,
The dull world looks so different
Through warm, grey drops of rain.



A Few Words about Florida.

IN these days when the field is narrow and the fight is fierce—when in the struggle for existence so much of British nerve and muscle, heart and brain, is crowded out from the close-serried ranks in our Old Country—when the overflowing tide of Britain's sons sets to the far East and golden West and sunny South—many eyes are turned to Florida, as one of the latest resorts for the seekers of the future and the fortune they have no hope of winning in their own land.

There are many things to be said in favour of Florida. It is a young and growing State, in the plastic and promising stage of development; the tide is rising there "that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

It is easily attainable. From the great cities of the Northern States the iron highway stretches in an unbroken line down to Tampa, the principal town of the western coast of Florida, where the steamers from the West Indies anchor at the wharf, washed by the waters of the Mexican Gulf.

Then the climate is an attraction. When the white and wintry north lies fast bound in frost and snow, the happy Floridians are plucking their oranges from the tree and basking in the sunshine—sometimes! There are other times when they are gathering round the pine-log fire; for the temperature is very variable. Lying in the latitude of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, in the opposite hemisphere, the climate of Florida, like its foliage and flora, is, even in the southern portion of the State, only semi-tropical. Although snow is unknown, slight frosts are not infrequent winter visitants; and the "cold wave" has been known to sweep down to Tampa. This favoured State lies in the lap of the Gulf Stream, that mighty "river in the ocean"—

> "Like the Rhone by Leman's waters washed—
> Where mingled and yet separate appears
> The river from the lake all bluely dashed!"

Through the cold green depths of the Atlantic this warmer, bluer, salter current winds its way, bearing with it the blessings of its gentle and genial air, and enfolding Florida in its soft embrace. Thus the east wind—here our dreaded enemy, with biting tooth, and grip that seizes and slays—is there a breath of balm, tender as a kiss. From south and west also the breezes bear the same soft and gracious influences over Florida. Only from the north the cold wave flows down, and now and again carries with it the dreaded frost.

Here, then, the convalescent invalid finds, in open out-door life, in fresh air and pure sunshine, the true elixir of health; the pleasure-tourist finds—if not such infinite variety of landscape as California, queen State of the golden West, affords—yet beauty enough to satisfy even an artist's eye. It is the beauty of calm and not of storm—Nature in a fair and passionless mood, reposeful, with a slumberous smile. Here are no deep gorges, nor dark frowning cañons, no heaven-scaling peaks, nor battlements of rugged towering cliffs, but rolling uplands of peaceful pine-woods, luxuriant tangles of tropical-looking forest, known here as "hammock land," placid lakes like inland seas, and mazy rivers winding through pathless wilderness, of which every fresh curve is a pure delight. The tourist finds also excellent hotels on the highways, and, even in the by-ways, all necessary creature comforts, whilst accommodation on the river-steamers is generally all that even the convalescent travelling for health can desire.

The drawbacks of this pleasant land—mosquitoes and malaria—can be to a great extent avoided by precautionary measures and prudent selection of locality. Fever often haunts the picturesque wilderness of the "hammock" woods, but the high rolling pine-lands are as a rule free from it; and there are happy places which the mosquito does not invade in the full force of his sleep-murdering battalions, but is content with sending a few scouts and single spies.

The settler here finds drawbacks which do not confront the mere traveller for health or pleasure. Unless he goes with a full purse to well-populated towns, or with robust health, strength, and resolution to grapple with the roughest work, disappointment surely awaits him. If he does not hold the golden pass-key to success—which would open doors for him at home as well as abroad—he finds that he must literally set his hand to the plough, must fell the tree and dig the ground, wield pick-axe or spade or saw—finds, in a word, a frontier life, where work is hard and wages high, and he who cannot work "on his own hand," must pay handsomely for hands to help him.

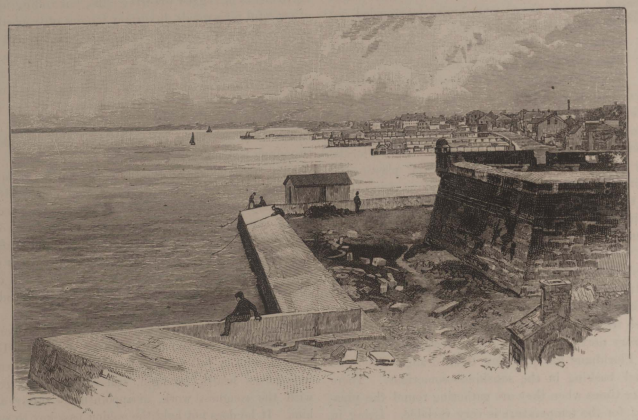
If he has indulged in dreams of the "sunny South" as a sort of earthly Paradise, where he can lie in a hammock and watch his oranges ripen, and make a swift and easy fortune by gathering the golden crop, his castle in the air will be rudely shattered. The ground will not till, nor grove plant, nor orange-tree prune itself; and basking in the semi-tropical sun is one thing, working in its fierce blaze is quite another. The fair landscape that is entrancing when viewed from the vantage-ground of a hammock swinging on a luxurious piazza, loses its charm to the eye of the weary labourer toiling with aching bones in the sun-glare.

To misconceptions of the conditions of life in Florida—especially in the newer settlements—are due many of the failures of which we hear from those who return disappointed. Others are attributable to falling into wrong hands. Here, as elsewhere, when there are pigeons to be plucked, the hands to pluck them are not lacking; and besides the sharks that disport themselves around the sea-coast, there are other sharks on the land, whose mission it is to prey on the unwary. And there is yet a third class of failures—those who would be failures

anywhere—at home or abroad. To offset the list of disappointments there is, however, a goodly roll-call of successes, of those whose capital, well invested, has doubled and trebled itself, and of those whose only capital has been heart and brain and muscle, who have settled unflinchingly to hard, rough, steady work, and built up little by little a home.

mingled flavour of orange and lemon, tartly sweet, is delicious. In the most sheltered and southerly quarter of the grove there is a splendid row of guava-trees, all fully laden with their dainty and luscious fruit.

Should a sharp cold wave of frost sweep down on the wings of the north wind, good-bye to the guavas! and,



VIEW OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

And these Florida homes, surrounded by their own orange-groves, and fronting on some pretty lake, are sweet and peaceful, though unlike the dear old homes of England so far away. A picture of one of these lake-side homes may be taken as a fair picture of all, allowing some, but not large, margin for individual taste in architecture. It may suggest a barrack broken out into piazzas; it may be a fanciful erection, all gables and porches; it may resemble nothing so much as a magnified dog-kennel: but whatever its architectural style may be, there are certainly broad piazzas running around it below, and probably balconies above. On piazza and on balcony a sociable array of chairs and hammocks witness that the family spend more of their time out of doors than within doors. The house is built entirely of wood, of course, and raised on piles some three feet or so from the ground; the dogs get under the house to sleep, and the family are apt to throw old bottles and boxes there. The house stands in the middle of an orange-grove; in front a slip of garden slopes down to the lake, where a boat is tied up. On the orange-trees, with their firm, full foliage of deep and glossy green, the ripe fruit glows a fiery gold in the winter sun. There are also a few lemon-trees, grape-fruit trees, and dwarf citrons, that is to say, dwarf trees bowed to the earth under the burthen of giant citrons, some of them bigger than a man's head. These last are very insipid things; but the grape-fruit, with its perhaps, to the lemons too. The tender guava wilts and withers up under a slight frost, which the hardier orange will endure undamaged; the lemon, too, more delicate than its sister-fruit, is first to die of the breath of winter.

Tall and graceful oleander-trees, sturdy and stately magnolias—both bloomless as yet—tower above the garden beds and borders wherein now only a few straggling roses and violets, and "wild olive" or "cherry-laurel," are scattered, in scanty promise of the opulent display that will in the coming season turn the grounds to one great nosegay. The deep still lake reflects as in a mirror its banks of spiky palmetto-scrub, tall reeds, and bushy thicket. Surrounding lake and grove there stretches a background of pine-wood—the light, airy, feathery-foliaged "yellow pines of the South"—unlike their sombre brethren of the sterner North. An early winter morning; and yet the sun's blaze makes the shelter of the piazza pleasant, even necessary as regards comfort; and save where the dark fringe of bushy banks is reflected in the clear water, blue waveless lake below and blue cloudless sky above are one monotone of radiant azure.

Over and over again by these fair lakes is this same scene repeated. It is level, monotonous—yet in its very monotony, its unruffled and suave serenity, there is a certain subtle charm that grows upon you. It would be hard to decide which is the loveliest hour of the day. Is

it when the morning sun rises up like a golden flame in a sky of pure and unflawed sapphire, and the burning blue of the heavens seems to pulse with live light, and strikes out in vivid hues every tone and semitone in the chromatic scale of colour—the exquisitely tender green of the baby pines, the darker, yet delicate, leafage that crowns their stately elder brothers—the rich warm russet of the sturdy "black jack" oaks—the ruddy-golden fruit and deep-tinted, polished foliage of the orange-grove?

Is it at sunset, when land and lake lie lapped in dream-like peace? when, as the daylight ebbs, a wave of colour surges up in the west, the eastern sky catches



Cypress Pass, Ocklawaha River.

and reflects a tenderer blush, and a roseate haze, strangely shot with shimmers of gold, flows over and floods the heavens above and the earth beneath? or when the swift twilight, dropping like a veil on the landscape, has dimmed the hues, without blurring the outlines, of wood and grove, and the moon sailing slowly up above the pine-trees, looms like a huge fiery lamp through faint opalescent mists that brood with indescribable softness, like sleep, over the distant woods? If it is hard to decide to what hour to give the palm of beauty, there is no question, however, as to what season merits it. It is when the winter that has been like a spring melts softly into a spring whose breath is like balmy summer's, when the water-lilies spread a carpet of green and gold and snow over the lonelier creeks and uninvaded inlets, when the banks are abloom with flowering reeds and bushes, the wild-flowers fill the woods, and the gardens blaze with all the colours of the rainbow; when the mocking-

bird's fitful carol shrills "piercing sweet" from the oleander-tree, and the pomegranate opens its scarlet bells; when in favoured southerly spots the banana unfolds its mammoth petals, like a colossal rosebud of purplish-crimson; when the air is heavy with the almost overpowering sweetness of the blended fragrance of magnolia and orange-blossoms, and in the bridal-odorous groves the red-gold globes of fruit and scented snow of blossoms mingle on the trees! No, there is no doubt as to the fairest season in Florida.

The scene is lovely and tranquil as an earthly Paradise, wherein, luxuriously sheltered from the sun and fanned by the eastern breeze, we sit down to read an article on "The Florida Fraud: a Warning to Would-be Settlers South," which sets forth in vigorous terms the drawbacks of this State. The happiest, healthiest, and heartiest of our little party—also the most enthusiastic about the charms of Florida—reads it aloud to us, with frequent explosions of mirth:—

"Just listen to this!" he exclaims: "The unwary dupe finds that the thriving settlements are only 'paper towns.' Where a city is mapped out with main street, school-house, church, bank, and gaol, not a tree is felled in the virgin forest. The 'fine tract of orange-land' is a waste of worthless scrub, the haunt of rattle-snakes and other poisonous reptiles. The dreamy tropical lakes are hideous swamps, breathing forth pestilence and death!"

Well, this is all true enough, but a "one-sided truth!" it is the black side of the shield, which is as much a fact as the white one. Many a land-shark is ready to foist upon the credulous buyer a "bargain" in barren, low-lying "flat-woods," "neither good for man nor beast." Many a town is mapped out on paper, on the site of which as yet not a stick is cut. There are alligators in the lakes and rivers, whose encounters with man, however, are generally all to their own disadvantage. They afford good sport, and seldom is the sportsman one penny the worse. And there are snakes in the woods, not many, but one rattlesnake is enough to meet in a day's walk. There are pestilence-breathing swamps, plenty of them; but where land is plenty and population sparse, there is not the slightest need to settle in their vicinity.

The most picturesque and tropical parts of Florida—the cypress-swamps, and rich wilderness of hammock-land, the rivers winding through dense and pathless jungle—which offer inexhaustible interest to the pleasure tourist and sportsman, are just those spots which possess no recommendation to the settler, nor to the invalid, except for a brief pleasure excursion. The pine-woods are generally flat and monotonous; indeed, taking a general view of Florida, as a whole, these are its characteristics, with the exception of some of the north-west counties, which seem geographically to pertain more to Alabama than to Florida.

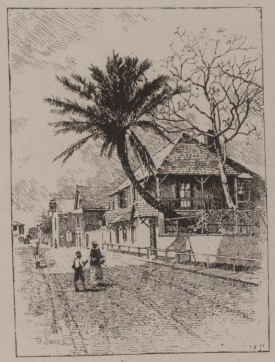
The Gulf Coast is developing fast, its progress being much more rapid than that on the Atlantic side—the Indian River region. The only apparent reason for the swifter advance of the west side is that a handful of men of brains and capital have taken it up, and are pushing it vigorously on. The pretty town of Tarpon Springs—a wonderful five years' child!—is fast becoming a highly popular winter resort, and deservedly so. Its situation, on the highest and healthiest rolling pine-lands of the Gulf Coast, is unsurpassed. It lies between Lake Butler (a fine sheet of water, six miles long, with bold bluffs and picturesque pine-clad banks) and the "bayous," or winding creeks and inlets of the Gulf of Mexico, which curl around the little town, and feed another great lake—a salt and tidal lake this—just north of the fresh-water Lake Butler. Around Tarpon Springs, too, runs the Anclote River, which for pure tropical beauty all but equals the far-famed Ocklawaha. Lakes, rivers, gulf, and bayous teem with fish; the huge Tarpon fish, with their shining scales like mother-of-pearl, have been known to come up to the very wharf. On the Anclote River, where as yet no puffing, snorting steamer scares the alligator from his haunt, he may be seen stretching his ten or twelve feet of length like a log on the bank; but although he looks like a great dry stick of dead wood as he lies with his grim jaws closed, his cold glassy eyes are open! and that sportsman is swift of aim who sends his bullet to its mark in time, before the alligator has slid with a splash down into the river-depths. There are large oyster and sponge fisheries on this coast; and the facilities for safe pleasure-boating are unequalled, as for miles and miles the smooth and shallow bayous—crystal-clear and still—wind in and out like a gleaming chain curled and twisted around the wooded shores.

The new "Orange Belt Railway" is already graded along the Gulf Coast as far down as Point Pinellas (now to be called St. Petersburg), and promises that the trains will run to Tarpon Springs by the time that this is printed. Meanwhile, the routes thither are by hack-drive of twenty-five miles from Tampa, or by steamer from Tampa or Cedar Key. No visitor to Florida should omit a trip to Tarpon Springs, although it lies a little "off the beaten track," which, of course, the good tourist will tread. He will voyage on a palatial steamer down the broad and placid St. John's River; he will take a run to Fernandina, with its famous ocean-beach drive, luxurious hotels, and noble harbour, whence the Mallory steamers sail direct for New York; he will on no account fail to pay his respects to St. Augustine, the picturesque, the beautiful, the romantic! the old Spanish settlement, the oldest in all the States, with its ruins and its relics, its ancient walls and modern luxuries, its streets of quaint houses built of *adobe* and *coquina*, wherein the Old World curiously jostles the New. There also the tourist will find in the coming season three new and splendid hotels, built and decorated in the Moorish style—the Casa Monica, the Alcazar, and the Ponce de Leon; and the myriad charms of St. Augustine—the historic, the old and hoary, yet the ever-young and fair!—may well allure him to linger there, even to the neglect of his duty to other popular resorts in Florida. But he cannot deem his tour complete until he has "done" the Ocklawaha excursion and seen the Silver Springs.

The Silver Run is just nine miles of enchantment. You seem to be sailing over a fairy lake fed by crystal springs of living light. Gazing down into its wondrous

transparency, you lose all sense of space and distance. The turtle paddling sixty feet below seems only a few inches beneath the surface. Far down in those pellucid and prismatic depths of liquid crystal you can count every softly-stirring blade of gleaming river-grass, every little fish that darts like a flash of silver. The rocky bed of the "Run" looks not like mere rock: it seems richly veined with jewel hues, varying from malachite to turquoise, and streaked with royal amethyst-purple. From this enchanted lake you sail into the Ocklawaha River; and the tropical forest—a dense tangle of cypress and palm and bay, and giant magnolias and veils of moss and matting vines—seems to close upon you.

The Ocklawaha is a river without banks—a waveless, winding, and for ever tortuously twisting water-way through the stagnant pools and swampy shores from which the impassable, trackless, primeval forest rises defiant of the touch of man, for whom there is no foothold in these dense and pathless depths. The queer, but by no means comfortless, little steamers that navigate the Ocklawaha, are built expressly to fit it, and only just fit it at its narrowest, where the trees bordering the channel actually graze the boat as it glides between. Similar steamers run on the Upper St. John's, the water route to the Indian River, landing the traveller at Lake Poinsett, within a short drive of Rock Ledge, on the western bank of the Indian River. There is also a railway to Titusville, higher up on the same bank.



Oldest House and Date Palm, St. Francis Street, St. Augustine.

The Indian River, running parallel with the Atlantic coast-line, and separated from the open ocean only by a long narrow slip of land, is one of the most promising regions in Florida; but, strangely enough, is as yet one of the most backward and unprogressive. The land is rich and fertile; the oranges reputed the finest in all the State; the more tropical fruits also flourish, especially on the southern banks of the river, and on the tracts of rich hammock-land which alternate with the pine-woods. The climate, with all the benefits of ocean breezes, and the close proximity of the balmy Gulf Stream, is reported very healthy; the frost seldom reaches so far south as the middle and lower part of the river, where there are fine oyster-beds. Fish abound in the waters, turtles on the shores, and game in the woods, where occasionally a wild cat, bear, or panther, and often wild deer, may be found. The advantages of land, air, and water of this part of the country are great; but it sorely needs means of transportation—a railway, a steamer, even a waggon-road. The "silent highway" of the river is the only path to the southern settlements. There is no road, not even a mule-track, through the wild woods along its banks. It may be that it is handicapped by the reports of the insect pest—the mosquito plague—in summer; but in all probability, if men of energy and capital would take hold of these beautiful and fertile lands in earnest, the stories of the insect horde would frighten very few.

At the extreme south of the river lies Lake Worth, a small and scattered settlement. Here were settled, at the time of my visit to the river, some dear friends of mine, who wrote me glowing accounts of their earthly Paradise in this "sun-land of the palm and pine!"

"We are planting out a large grove," one wrote, "but not of oranges. Our climate is too precious to be wasted on oranges, which can be grown on thousands of acres all over the State. We are setting out limes, which can be grown on only a few hundred acres in Florida. Also pine-apples, lemons, dates, figs, guavas, tamarinds, cocoa-nuts, Eucalyptus, sugar-apples, loquats, and olives"—a goodly list!

They also dilated upon the ease of getting to their Eden. I had simply to step on board a passenger schooner at Rock Ledge, and the thing was done. But it proved to be a great deal easier said than done. Rock Ledge seemed to me as if it might be more fitly named the "World's End," or, in good American, the "Jumping-off Place." It consisted of a couple of hotels, a general store, and a few—very few—scattered houses on the banks of the broad majestic river, in the midst of a vast forest of tall and stately palmettos, pricking the sky with their coronals of lance-like leaves. It was eminently picturesque and beautiful; but we felt as if we had reached the very end of the world. Save the rough waggon-track to Lake Poinsett there was no road, and apparently no place for a road to lead to. The deep stillness of the wilderness brooded over the place, unbroken by railway-yell or steamer-whistle. Certainly there were two little steamers plying at the north end of the river, but one was as capricious as a spoiled beauty in regard both to the times of running and her destination; no one ever knew when she would come or when she would go, or where she would be going; and she could not go as far south as anywhere near Lake Worth if she would, owing to her draught. The other was as good as the funniest farce I ever saw to laugh at; my belief to this day is that her furnace could have been nothing larger than a kerosene hand-lamp, her engines like a little squirrel's cage; she resembled nothing so much as a very rickety coffee-pot set afloat; she made a great fussing and puffing, and seldom got a mile without ignominiously breaking down.

However, my hopes were built on the "Weekly

Passenger Schooner Yacht" in which I had been directed to take passage for the voyage to Lake Worth, which might occupy any time from thirty hours to six days. In my mind's eye I pictured a small yacht with a little saloon-cabin, and half a dozen berths, with three or four companionable fellow-passengers, a polite captain, and two or three "jovial sailors." Alas! that "Weekly Yacht" proved a delusion and a snare! It melted out of my prospects "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and "left behind"—well, not a "wrack," but a rough open boat, cabinless, berthless, shelterless, filled to crowding with about a dozen men in flannel shirts and jack-boots. Far down the lonely river my friends awaited me in their Eden; but how was I to get there when there appeared to be no means of transit for a lone and lorn one of the helpless sex? There was neither waggon nor road, boat nor balloon! At last, after weary days of waiting and wondering how I could procure a conveyance where no conveyance was to be had for love or money, my heart was gladdened by the news that the *Leda*, a most comfortable vessel for ladies, with a perfectly charming captain, was at the wharf.

I viewed the *Leda*—I interviewed her captain. The *Leda* was a small sail-boat which could boast of a tiny cabin and two berths, one on either side. The cabin was so low that you had to bend double to get into it; the berths were only raised a few inches above the floor; and over them were two trap-doors so conveniently placed that when you desired to sit up in your berth, in lieu of knocking your head against the ceiling (which you must certainly have done had it not been for this accommodation) you simply slid open the trap-door, and sat up with your head and shoulders emerging into the free, fresh air of heaven. There was also a tin basin and a sixpenny oil-lamp. With all these conveniences the *Leda* would no doubt have been quite a nice little craft for a five or six days' voyage—on the Indian River, and her captain did full justice to his reputation; but, alas! an insurmountable difficulty here loomed before me. "Pelion upon Ossa piled," towered still between me and my friends at Lake Worth! There lay the *Leda* at the wharf; there stood her captain; and there sat I, disconsolate! Where, oh where, was any human creature—feminine by preference, but a nice little cabin-boy might have been better than nothing—to make a third on the voyage? I was not at all particular as to class, caste, colour, or condition. An old negress-cook or charwoman would have served the purpose. But women in this interesting little frontier settlement on the outside edge of the world were but few; and none of the few, black or white, old or young, wanted to go to Lake Worth. And the passenger yacht came not (for my own part, I do not think it ever existed except on paper!) and the little coffee-pot of a steamer broke her engines; and the end of it all was that I left Lake Worth like "the Braes of Yarrow—unvisited!" and the tropical Paradise where my friends awaited me, awaits me still—a Land of Promise unfulfilled! But, as Florida moves so fast, it may be that even as I write this, some path may be hewed through the wilderness, some pioneer steamer may startle the silent solitudes of that "Far South" of the Indian River.

IZA DUFFUS HARDY.



VIEW ON THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER.

From Gay to Grave.

A SKETCH OF AMELIA OPIE, AUTHOR OF "FATHER AND DAUGHTER," &c.

"THE covering of silence" wrapped the dear Norwich Quakers like a mantle of peace, as in their palmy days they gathered in their meeting-houses for worship —in the "Goat Lane" in winter; in summer, under the square lichen-tiled roof of the "Gilden Croft," at the extreme end of the city, on its western side.



AMELIA OPIE.

The "Gilden Croft" had always a saddening atmosphere about it, for the burial-ground of the Friends lay near, and many of those silent worshippers possessed grassy graves in that secluded God's Acre—graves unmarked by marble, stone, or granite monument, whereon is inscribed the day of birth and death, with words of loving praise and tender regret for careless eyes to read. But the Friends keep the memory of their departed ones written in their hearts in characters which, while life lasts, can never be effaced.

In both these meeting-houses, in my very early childhood, I sat week by week with my mother. To this day I can recall with vivid distinctness the aspect of the Friends as they came in with noiseless footsteps and took their seats, some in the minister's gallery, some on the "cross-forms," some on the side seats.

It was on one of these raised side seats I sat, my feet resting on a high hassock, and my hand often clasped in my mother's, to insure stillness. From this vantage-ground I could survey every one who came in, with deep interest, for my mother was always in her place very early, and eschewed the little gossip of the "women's cloak-room," where bulletins of health, and information about births, deaths, and marriages were given and received. I used to watch the Friends glide to their places and settle themselves to their devotions, their heads bent, their hands folded above the corners of their shawls, upon their knees. One figure had always

a peculiar fascination for me. This Friend did not glide in noiselessly, nor did she walk with bent head and a meek demeanour; the train of her gown made a "swish" upon the matting as she passed. And as week by week I watched for her advent, which was generally soon after the wheels of the Earlham and Keswick carriages had grated on the gravel drive before the "Gilden Croft" Meeting-house, I always recognised in this stately Friend something which distinguished her from the rest. Tall and somewhat portly, with her head thrown back, and her bearing that of one who knew she was an exceptional personage in that sober throng, Amelia Opie would pass to a seat of honour below the minister's gallery, and compose herself to her devotions—not so quickly as those around her. I have caught her eyes wandering many a time, and I can recall the abstracted "upward gaze," which is related of her as characteristic, when she rehearsed the experiences of her past life to her friends. Sometimes I now think the meditations of Amelia Opie, as she sat in silence, might be upon those brilliant scenes and gay company from which she had separated herself for ever. For it was a marvellous change, when one comes to think of it, that Amelia Opie made in her mature years—from the "feathers and finery" of a fashionable lady in the early part of this century to the stiff Quaker bonnet (always, by-the-by, small, and perched somewhat coquettishly on her head) and the grey and fawn-coloured silk gowns, which were the colours *en règle* for the garments of the "plain Friends."

Dear souls! there are but few of them left. The Friends of to-day are no longer "plain," and I confess to a thrill of pleasure when I come unawares upon the real Quaker bonnet and the spotless cap tied under the chin.

Amelia Opie's life was a varied and brilliant one in its earlier years. Vivacious and sparkling, she made her way in the fashionable world of London, and shone as a bright particular star in her own native city of Norwich.

Her father was a physician of eminence in that ancient city, where once a greater than he (Sir Thomas Browne) practised the healing art. His brother, John Alderson, was a celebrated physician or surgeon at Hull. There were four brothers, and the daughter of the eldest was Amelia Opie; the son of the youngest, Sir E. R. Alderson. Thus Amelia came of a goodly stock; and her mother, whom she lost early in life, seems to have been a person of culture and refinement. At fifteen the doctor's daughter took the head of her father's house. The love existing between the father and daughter seems to have been of the most devoted character, and it was not till Amelia was twenty-eight that she yielded to the often-rejected entreaties of the painter John Opie, and became his wife.

It is curious to read the description of Amelia Alderson as she entered the drawing-room of an early friend in London, and rose like a sun on Opie's horizon. "Who is that? who is that?" the artist exclaimed in eager excited tones as Amelia entered, bright and smiling, "in a robe of blue," her neck and arms bare, and on her head a small bonnet placed sideways and surmounted by a plume of three white feathers. Her beautiful hair hung in rich waving tresses over her shoulders, and her whole appearance was animated and glowing.

The somewhat saturnine painter was *bouleversé* on the spot. He had found his ideal, and after he had made the fair Amelia his own, his skill as an artist, and especially as a portrait-painter, rapidly increased. There is a portrait of his wife, which was doubtless painted *con amore*, which is before me as I write, and is most fascinating, and even beautiful.

It is not to be supposed that Dr. Alderson could cordially approve his darling child's marriage to a man of humble origin, whose manners were rough, and who was in all ways the very opposite of his attractive wife. But nine years of happiness followed, and then Amelia returned to her father's house a widow. She certainly did not long remain desolate; her buoyant nature rose above bereavement, and in the following year we find her in London society again, and the centre of attraction wherever she went.

In 1814 she writes in ecstasy of a beautiful trimming for the bottom of a dress, worked in white satin flowers, given her by old Lady Cork, in which she was to appear at a fancy ball.

As every one knows, Amelia Opie was the author of many tales or novelettes—"Father and Daughter" was perhaps the best known. We may scarcely care to read them now; they have not become classics, like Miss Austen's works, nor do they come near the sensational romances of the present day. Many of us could not read them if we tried, and how few would wish to try! And yet Robert Southey wrote to Amelia Opie in praise of "Madeleine," published in 1822. "The tale," he says, "is beautifully told and true to nature; and I will do my best to get it reviewed in the *Quarterly*."

On one memorable occasion Amelia met Sir Walter Scott at a breakfast-party in Mount Street, and during a long conversation (in which, she records with delighted triumph, she had Sir Walter all to herself, as Wordsworth was a greater attraction to the rest of the guests) he told her, he had wept over "Father and Daughter," and that it was not his habit to cry over stories!

Sydney Smith, too, gave her his meed of praise. Her book called "Temper" was said to have cured an irascible personage by holding up a mirror in which he saw himself, for the first time, as others saw him. "Lying in all its Branches—the Black and the White Lie," had a great success; and so had "Tales of Real Life."

They may be forgotten as a dream now—vanished like the white satin trimming of the ball-dress, and the "blue robe" in which she took the painter's heart by storm; but it is good to remember their author as a woman who made a bold stand for what she believed to be right.

It could have been no easily-won victory which made her take quietly the scoffs of the gay companions she left in the fashionable world, and the wonder of her friends as she adopted the "thee and thou" of the Quaker—exchanging brilliant hues, in which she delighted, for sober greys and fawns, and plumy headgear for muslin

caps with plaited whimples under her chin, and dainty hats for cardboard bonnets over which silk was tightly stretched; and finally uniting herself to the Society of Friends in 1825.

There was doubtless an influence at work to produce this change. Mrs. Elizabeth Fry and her brother, Joseph John Gurney, had been the magnets to attract her towards "plainness of speech, behaviour, and apparel." Let no one think the change was only on the outside. Amelia's generous sympathetic nature seemed henceforth to deepen in a stream of ceaseless charity and good works. The friendship had begun with Elizabeth Gurney very early in life, when she used to ride to Earlham on a little pony by her father's side. Then "Betsy Gurney" was a gay girl of nineteen, who danced with the Duke of Gloucester, and rode to cover in a scarlet riding-habit; but on her marriage with a plain Quaker, Joseph Fry, the gaiety was renounced, and Elizabeth Fry became a very plain Friend in her London home.

Thus in Amelia Opie's gay days the two friends had drifted apart, but on Amelia's return to Norwich as a widow, the old friendship was renewed, and the results were seen in the way I have described. Amelia's affection for Joseph John Gurney was that of a disciple for a master, though the master was by many years the younger of the two. Enthusiasm for noble work like Elizabeth Fry's was kindled, and with the Quaker garb Amelia Opie took also the mantle of an ever-ready charity. Her diary tells of frequent visits to the gaol, and especial interest in various cases—reading to the sick, diligence amongst the sick poor, and substantial aid given to the organised charities in Norwich.

At a sale of work in St. Andrew's Hall for the benefit of the sick poor, held always on Maundy Thursday, and called "The Repository," Amelia Opie's stall had the place of honour assigned to it; and I can see her before me now, selling her wares with the sprightly vivacity which no Quaker dress could extinguish.

A fashionable and literary lady of our own day would find it hard to bear raillery like old Lady Cork's, who wrote to Amelia Opie when in her new character she went to London—not to attend masked balls and crowded routs, but to sit at the Yearly Meeting of Friends at Devonshire House, and receive the salutations of the throng of "quiet people" who came (and still come in the merry month of May) to discuss the affairs of their Society, change or add to its bye-laws, and hear the reports from the various centres—known as "Quarterly Meetings for Discipline"—from all parts of the United Kingdom, and from America also.

Lady Cork writes:—"Will your primitive cap never dine with me and enjoy a quiet society? Really am I never to see you again? Your Parliament Friend (probably John Bright) does not wear a broad-brimmed hat, so pray, pray, *pray* do not put on the bonnet. So come to me and be my love—in a dove-coloured garb and a simple headdress. Teach us your pure morals, and your Friend of the Lower House shall join us. He will agree with me that good people mixing with the world are of infinitely more use than when they confine themselves to one set. . . . I could fill a paper with fun, but the cold water of your last makes me end my letter. God bless you!—Adieu!—Your ever sincere sinner or saint, M. Cork and Orrery.

"P. S.—*What!* do you give up Holkam (the Earl of Leicester), your singing and music? Do you *really* see harm in singing?"

Another letter from a French lady (Lady Charleville) says: "Et je te jure, que quand tu te ferois '*Bramens*' cela me seroit égale—tant que tu conservais pour moi la même bonté que jadis. Pour la secte dont tu fais partie je la respecte au delà de toutes autres. Vienne nous voir, j'en serai trop enchantée. Son cœur n'est point changé, et je suis sure que ta costume ne te rendra pas moins interessante pour les amies. Comptez, ma chère, que la temps ne fait nul effet, sur moi, pour changer à l'interêt que je prendrai toute ma vie à toi."

I think these letters show that Amelia Opie, amongst her other gifts of music and literature, possessed the art of "grappling her friends to her soul with hoops of steel."

We may trace throughout the Quaker's life the old love of "society," of a different type, indeed, from that which was welcomed in the stately abode of the Gurneys, at Earlham Hall. Paris—its people and its tongue—had always great attractions for this lively lady. In 1830, when Paris was convulsed with one of her frequent revolutions, Amelia Opie, unable to control her desire to be on the spot, slipped off to the scene of action without consulting her friends in Norwich. Her journal which details the events of this visit is *naïve* and amusing. Here she is dining with M. Cuvier, there meeting Baron von Humboldt; effusively embraced by that ancient lady Mme. de Genlis, who died before she left Paris, and whose "lying in state" she attended. It was characteristic of one who loved life so well, that she records her thankfulness that the coffin was closed before her arrival, so that she was spared the sight of the dead. But the great event of her visit to the gay capital of France was her appearance at one of La Fayette's brilliant receptions, and she thus describes it:—"For the first time the Quaker garb threw a *gêne* over me. Though at one period of my life I was accustomed to follow my name into rooms filled with princes and nobility, the confidence which custom gives was so annihilated in me by long disuse, that as I ascended the wide staircase of the splendid *hôtel* of the 'État Major,' I desired that my name might not be announced; and I was the more satisfied that it was not, when I found the General had not arrived, and there were many gentlemen whom I did not know assembled in both apartments, or *salons de réception*. I know not when I have felt more ill-at-ease, feeling myself in a sort of crowd waiting the coming of, if not a king, a much greater man, and one whose influence over France was at that moment almost supreme. I sighed as I looked at my simple Quaker dress, and considered whether I had any business there. I shrank into a corner, and for the *first time in my life* wished the apartment I was in less brilliantly lighted."

"The ladies of the family, as the General dined out, did not arrive as early as usual, and thus my 'painful solitude in a crowd was unusually lengthened." At

last the "family" arrived; Mme. La Fayette went forward to meet their guests. The *salons* were filled with a brilliant company, and the Quakeress was most kindly welcomed. "From that moment the scene is changed," she says; "the evening was too short and fleeting;" adding with amusing frankness, "I felt elated, but at the same time overwhelmed, with the kind attentions and flattering words which, as a *woman of letters*, I received, and again doubted if I ought to have been there. But I had a duty to fulfil, a commission to execute, and I resolved to go through with it."

And now at past midnight let us picture the stately figure of the "plain Friend" (bearing the insignia of her people as gracefully as the gay ladies around her bore their plumes and costly garments) as she approached the General and begged an audience. She then presented him with a letter from a dear friend and member of the Society, and a longer document written by her valued friend, Fowell Buxton. That document set forth the claims which the great cause of anti-slavery had on all civilised nations, and La Fayette seems to have given a gracious promise to use his influence in France for the abolition of the slave trade.

This little episode in Amelia Opie's life is certainly full of interest; but her friends at Earlham, no doubt fearing that "the elation" she speaks of would be unwholesome, wrote and urged her return to Norwich. She appears to have taken her place once more in the old meeting-house, true to her colours; and even while in Paris we find entries: "Went to meeting; had a comfortable sitting;" and again—"A very comfortable meeting."

There are many amusing incidents in this Quaker lady's later life upon which there is not space to dwell. She was very fond of travelling, and after that memorable visit to Paris she went to Cornwall to visit the scenes of her husband's early life, to Scotland, and in 1835 to Switzerland and Germany. Her yearly visit to London, her frequent sojourns at Cromer, where she was generally the guest of some of the Gurney or Buxton family, varied her life.

The old love of bright colours never died out; and her prisms arranged on a screen, which were moved as the sun struck them, sent the vivid rubies, gems, and amethysts dancing and flying hither and thither; and she would call attention to them with delight. The old tastes never lost their sway. From her earliest childhood she had loved to frequent the court at the assizes, and when her cousin, Baron Alderson, was on the Eastern Circuit, she has been seen on the bench at his side. Once, too, the sheriff's carriage, with judge and chaplain within, drove up to the house in Castle Meadows, and out stepped the Quaker lady, to whom Baron Alderson with affectionate fervour bade adieu as "Cousin Amelia."

Amelia Opie retained her *esprit* almost to the last, and delighted in painting word-pictures of her former life to the many friends who were admitted to her drawing-room. In one of her letters she says: "Death is the change of all changes;" and by one so full of life, and the enjoyment of life, that change was dreaded.

It came very peacefully at last, in December, 1852; and on the ninth day of that month, the quiet burial-ground near the old "Gilden Croft" Meeting-house received all that was mortal of Amelia Opie. She lies by her father's side in a sequestered spot, and their graves are shadowed by an elm-tree, that drops its golden leaves upon the turf every autumn—giving a touch of the rich colour which one who rests there loved so well. A small slab marks the place, and by this the grave of the physician's daughter, and the artist's widow, is distinguished from the rest. *Requiescat in pace.*

EMMA MARSHALL.

A Wall-Flower.

I lounge in the doorway and languish in vain
While Tom, Dick, and Harry are dancing with Jane.

MY spirit rises to the music's beat;
There is a leaden fiend lurks in my feet!
To move unto your motion, Love, were sweet.

Somewhere, I think, some other where, not here,
In other ages, on another sphere,
I danced with you, and you with me, my dear.

In perfect motion did our bodies sway,
To perfect music that was heard alway;
Woe 's me, that am so dull of foot to-day!

To move unto your motion, Love, were sweet;
My spirit rises to the music's beat—
But, ah, the leaden demon in my feet!

AMY LEVY.



PERFUME-SPRINKLER.
(*Spanish-Mexican, Seventeenth Century.*)

SMELLING-BOTTLE OF BLOODSTONE.
(*French, Eighteenth Century.*)

Scent and Scent-Bottles.

"And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown."

LIKE the flowers from which they are extracted, perfumes are universal favourites. In the early ages of the world's history their place was in the temple, forming a part of every act of worship, and taking a conspicuous place in funereal ceremonies. Passing from the temple to the Court, they added to the elegance of regal functions and imposing ceremonials; they were in request at private festivals, at the toilet of the bride, and in the every-day life of the wealthy; the perfumes used by an Egyptian lady being as numerous, if not as elegant, as those of a European lady of the present day.

The taste for perfumes reached its climax in the time of Cleopatra, who made a lavish use of them always, but more especially on the occasion of her first interview with Mark Antony, the memory of which has been preserved by Shakespeare. The habit of using perfumes was transmitted by the Egyptians to the Jews, and from them it passed to the Assyrians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs, and to the nations of modern Europe. The Persian Kings wore on their heads crowns made of myrrh and a sweet-smelling plant called labyrus. Their winter residence was Susa, a place celebrated for its beautiful flowers, especially for the lily "Souson," which gave its name to the town. In the palaces of monarchs and persons of rank, aromatics were constantly burning in richly-wrought vessels. The Greeks ascribed a divine origin to perfumes, which they numbered amongst the attributes of their deities; and the appearance of a goddess is generally connected with ambrosial fragrance.

In the South Kensington Museum is a small antique Roman scent-bottle of brown glass in the form of a dried date, and an "essence-bottle" of a whitish colour ornamented with the various articles used in the bath. But luxurious Rome was trodden under foot by barbarian hordes, and fragrant perfumes wafted their odours over the metropolis of the East. Here the art of perfumery made great progress, and to the Arabs we are indebted for many important discoveries. Avicenna, an Arabian doctor who flourished in the tenth century, is said to have invented the art of extracting the aromatic or medicinal principles of flowers and plants by means of distillation; hitherto only scented resins and spices had been used in the making of perfumes. He succeeded in producing rose-water, which was soon made in large quantities. It is said that when Saladin entered Jerusalem, in 1187, he had the floor and walls of Omar's Mosque entirely washed with it. This delicious scent is still a favourite in the East; the stranger is welcomed by being sprinkled with rose-water, and when again the censer is directed towards the visitor, it is taken as a hint that the reception is at an end.

There are few countries in the world equal to India for the abundance and variety of its flowers, and we find that perfumes have been used there from very early

times; they are an important feature in Indian poetry, and are compared to moral qualities, as in the "Anvari Suhaili":—

"Like musk is moral worth from sight concealed,
'Tis by odour to the sense revealed."

Perfumes are so constantly used in China that there are ten thousand makers in the province of Canton alone. When the mandarins come to pay their respects to their monarch, incense is burnt; the same ceremony is observed if he is absent, the homage being then offered before the empty chair of state. Perfume is also used at the Chinese funerals. China is represented at the South Kensington Museum, and amongst other articles connected with perfume is to be seen a green glazed porcelain scent or snuff bottle, with embossed ornaments of Chinese workmanship.

Passing into Britain, we find that the Druids appear to have known and highly valued the aromatic plants indigenous to the soil; the Druidesses crowned their brows with verbena, and compounded balms with fragrant herbs, but perfumes do not seem to have been used in Druidical worship.

We owe to the Romans the introduction of civilisation, and the luxuries that followed in its train; but for a long period perfumery was too costly for use in Europe, except in the rites of the Church and in Court ceremonials. When Clovis was baptised at Rheims, in 496, incense was burnt; and when Hugh the Great asked in marriage the sister of King Athelstan, he sent such perfumes as had never before been thought of in England. The Crusaders brought home to their lady-loves some of the far-famed perfumes of the East,



POMANDER.

(German, Early Seventeenth Century.)

and then their use became more general in Europe; but they were sufficiently costly to form part of the valuable presents offered to St. Louis, King of France. Rose-water was introduced at this time, and in noblemen's houses it was offered to guests to wash their hands with after meals. In the twelfth century Philip Augustus granted a charter to perfumers; this was renewed for the last time in 1658. Alcoholic perfumes do not appear to have been known until the fourteenth century. Europe owed to Venice, in particular, the introduction of the fragrant treasures of the East; and to Italy, generally, the supply of the choicest perfumes. As we have said, they were brought into Britain by the Romans; and although the fair civilisation introduced into this country by that mighty nation was nearly destroyed by the fierce German tribes that came after, the following riddle, translated from the "Exeter Book," shows that perfume was known in the Anglo-Saxon period:—

"I am much sweeter than incense or the rose,
That so pleasantly on the earth's turf grows;
More delicate am I than the lily,
Though dear to mankind that flower may be."*

Passing to the Plantagenet era, we find that Eleanor of Provence, the wife of Henry III., received as a present from Marguérite of France a large silver peacock, the train of which was set with sapphires and pearls and other precious stones wrought with silver; it was used as a reservoir for sweet waters, which were forced out of its beak into a silver basin.

It was not until late in the Tudor period that the use of perfumes became general in England. Queen Elizabeth received a present of perfumed articles from the Earl of Oxford, brought by him from Italy, and in about the fifteenth year of her reign washes and perfumes began to be made in England. The University of Cambridge presented the Queen with a pair of scented gloves, with which she was so much pleased that she put them on at once. The delight that the Queen took in these scented articles, and the growing use of perfume in England, explain Shakespeare's frequent allusions. In the *Winter's Tale*, Act IV., Sc. 3, Autolycus offers—

"Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses,
Bugle, bracelet, necklace, amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber."

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III., Sc. 4, Hero says: "These gloves the Count sent me; they are an excellent perfume."

It appears that fragrant herbs were sold by apothecaries, who, in London, mostly lived in Bucklersbury. Shakespeare says: "Smelling as sweet as Bucklersbury in simpling time." These fragrant herbs included all aromatics then used. The floors of the rooms were strewed with sweet rushes, or scented with sweet waters; the churches were perfumed with scents in the winter, with flowers in the summer. There is an allusion to the custom of perfuming the floors in Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*: "Pride enters, saying, 'Fye! what a smell is here! I'll not speak another word, for a king's ransom, unless the ground is perfumed.'"

Perfumes were used to fumigate the sheets, and the practice of placing lavender amongst sheets and clothes, to keep them sweet, gave rise to the current phrase for

* Possibly the *Calamus aromaticus*.

"to pawn," which was "to lay in lavender." Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, refers to a black satin suit which, "for the more sweet'ning, now lies in lavender."

Lavender was also considered an emblem of affection. Drayton says—

> "He for his lass him lavender hath sent,
> Showing his love, and doth requital crave."

Musk and civet were also much used, and are frequently noticed by the writers of the day. But the most evident proof of the use of perfumes both in England and on the Continent at this period is the immense variety of form which the "scent-bottle" assumed. Many specimens of this great variety still exist. The fish was a favourite shape. There is one in the South Kensington Museum, lent by J. Dunn Gardner, Esq. Or, again, the "scent-bottle" or perfume-box took the form of a snail. This specimen is of silver-gilt, and is chased in strap and foliage pattern; the work is German. Diverse indeed were the forms and the material and the workmanship of the "perfume-holders." *Now* we see one of gold, chased with classic figure subjects, with birds and flowers enamelled in relief, or perhaps a German scent-case pierced with Gothic tracery.

Here we have a silver-gilt heart-shaped scent-box, chased with scrolls and surmounted by a coronet; it is German work of the eighteenth century.

Of difference in material we have an example (shown in the illustration at the head of the article) which is of bloodstone carved in low relief and mounted in gold; its workmanship is French, its date the eighteenth century; and another instance of variety in form, material, and workmanship (also shown in the headpiece), in a Mexican scent-bottle or perfume-sprinkler; it is in the shape of a gourd, decorated with arabesques, and dating in the seventeenth century.

Humour seems to have entered into the field, and to have devised a flask or scent-bottle of wood with a bulbous body, carved in relief with four grotesque masks, and a head for a stopper.

Queen Elizabeth frequently carried a pomander in her hand, and it must have been known in England before her reign, as in one of Sir Thomas More's portraits he is represented as carrying one. Sometimes the pomander was a dried Seville orange stuffed with cloves and other spices; sometimes it was a ball composed of ambergris, benzoin, and other perfumes. As with the scent-bottle, so with the pomander, ingenuity was taxed to furnish fresh designs; sometimes it appeared in the form of a poppy-head, or, again, in the shape of a pomegranate.

Sometimes the material and workmanship were alike costly, as in the gold enamelled pomander with its scrolls and flowers, and its bracket-shaped ornaments and precious stones, an illustration of which is given on page 325. It is intended to hold a musk-ball or bezoar stone, is of the Italian style, and sixteenth-century date.

Spain gives a beautiful and curious specimen of a scent-bottle formed of a small fir-cone or nut set in enamelled gold and suspended by chains of plain links. It was brought from the treasury of the "Virgen del Pilar Saragossa." (See page 325.)

In the eighteenth century real oranges were introduced into portraits, a practice satirised by Goldsmith in his "Vicar of Wakefield." As an instance of the variety of devices in vogue may be mentioned the perfumed bellows adopted by Richelieu in his apartments. Perfumes shared the same fate in England and France; they were in great request during the reign of Charles I., so they were at the Court of Louis XV. of France; a particular sort was prescribed for every-day use at Versailles, a custom which gained for that place the name of "la Cour parfumée." At the Revolution the use of scents was dropped, but only to be revived again with the return of the Court. In England, perfumes fell into disrepute during the Commonwealth, but at the Restoration they were again much used, and they continued to be more or less in favour during the Georgian era. At the commencement of the last century the fashionable perfumer was Charles Lilly, of the Strand. He is noticed in the *Tatler* for his skill in preparing "snuffs and perfumes which refresh the brain in those that have too much for their quiet, and gladdens it in those who have too little to know the want of it." The next perfumer of note was a Mr. Perry, who lived at the corner of Burleigh Street, and whose wares were made known to the world in a paper called the *Weekly Packet*.



CURIOUS SCENT-BOXES.
(*German, Eighteenth Century.*)

We are indebted to foreign countries for the flowers used in the preparation of perfumes. English flowers are beautiful in form and in colour, but they do not yield a sufficiently strong scent for extraction. There are only two perfumery ingredients which our climate will give us in perfection—lavender and peppermint,

the odour of which in warmer countries is too strong. All attempts at producing other flowers suited for extraction have at present failed, even the scent of the



GOLD SCENT-BOTTLE.
(French, Eighteenth Century.)

beautiful English rose being faint when compared with that of Southern countries. The best lavender is grown at Mitcham in Surrey, and at Hitchin in Herts. The essence of lavender manufactured in France is very inferior to that made in England; the foreign peppermint is also inferior to the English. But although England produces only two perfumery ingredients, she takes a high rank amongst the nations of Europe in the art of manufacture of scents and similar toilet accessories. There are manufactories in Germany, Russia, Spain, and the United States, but those of London and Paris are far superior to them all. In one year alone the exports of perfumery from the United Kingdom amounted to £106,989.

"But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Terse but their show, their substance still lives sweet."
Shakespeare.

The South of France supplies the greatest abundance of materials for the making of perfumery, such as the rose, jasmine, orange, &c. From Italy we have essences of bergamot, orange, lemon, and others of the citrine family; from Turkey we have the far-famed otto of roses; from British India we procure cassia, cloves, sandal-wood, patchouli, and several essential oils; and from China we have musk, which gives strength and piquancy to other perfumes. There are four processes in use for extracting the aroma from fragrant substances—distillation, expression, maceration, and absorption. Distillation is employed for plants, barks, woods, and a few flowers. These are suspended in the still on a sort of sieve, and a jet of steam passes through and carries off the fragrant molecules. Expression is used for the essences obtained from the fruits of the citrine series, as lemon, orange, bergamot. It is performed in various ways; sometimes the fruit is rubbed against a grated funnel, sometimes rolled between two bowls, and sometimes the rind is pressed in cloth bags. Maceration and absorption are both founded on the affinity which fragrant molecules have for fatty bodies. The aroma of flowers is first transferred to greases (called pomades) and oils, which are made afterwards to yield it to alcohol. Maceration is used for the less delicate flowers, as the rose, orange, jonquil, violet, and cassia. The process of absorption is chiefly confined to the jasmine and tuberose. Mr. D. Séméria of Nice, Mr. Piver of Paris, and Mr. Millan, a French chemist, have invented different modes of *enfleurage*, as the process of absorption is called by the French.

Grasse, Cannes, and Nice are the principal towns where the maceration and absorption processes are carried on. Nice is the best situated of the three for producing flowers for the purposes of perfumery, and its violets are superior to any other.

——"breathing o'er a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour,"

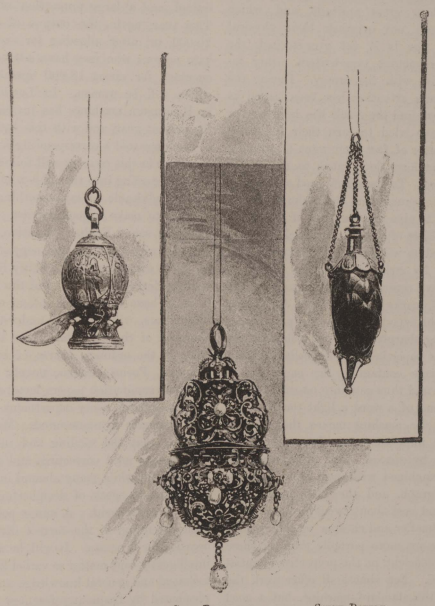
is one of the many allusions made by Shakespeare to this



WOODEN SCENT-BOTTLE.
(German, Eighteenth Century.)

delicately-scented little flower. There are twelve species of materials used in the manufacture of perfumery, and these come from all parts of the world; they are the

animal, floral, herbal, andropogon, citrine, spicy, ligneous, radical, seminary, balmy or resinous, fruity, and artificial. The animal species has three substances—musk, civet, and ambergris (the musk from the musk-deer, which inhabits China, Thibet, and Tonquin; the civet from the civet-cat, which is found in Africa and India; and ambergris is picked up on the coasts of Greenland, Brazil, India, China, Japan, &c.; it is the result of a disease in the large-headed spermaceti whale). The floral series gives eight available for perfumery—the jasmine, rose, orange, tuberose, cassia, violet, jonquil, and narcissus. The herbal series comprises all aromatic plants, such as lavender, spike, peppermint, rosemary, thyme, marjoram, geranium, patchouli, and winter green, which yield essential oils by distillation. The andropogon series has three sorts of aromatic grasses—lemon-grass, citronella, and "ginger-grass oil," also called the Indian geranium. The citrine series gives bergamot, sweet orange, bitter orange, lemon, cedrat, and limette. The spice series includes cassia, cinnamon, cloves, mace, nutmeg, and pimento. The ligneous series has sandal-wood, rose-wood, rhodium, cedar-wood, and sassafras. The radical series has orris-root and vetivert. Orris, or iris, is cultivated in Italy—principally in Tuscany. Vetivert, or kus-kus, grows wild in India. The seminal series includes aniseed, dill, fennel, and caraway—all umbelliferous plants, with aromatic seeds, which yield essential oils. The balmy and gummy series include balsam of Peru, balsam of Tolu, benzoin, styrax, myrrh, and camphor; with the exception of the last they are exudations from various trees. The fruity series includes bitter almonds, Tonquin beans, and vanilla. A full account of the making and history of perfumes is given in M. Rimmel's delightful "Book of Perfume," to which I refer the reader.



POMANDER. (*Dutch*, 1700.) GOLD POMANDER. (*Italian, Sixteenth Century.*) SCENT-BOTTLE. (*Spanish, Eighteenth Century.*)

The perfume of the rose was esteemed amongst the ancients, and has preserved its reputation to the present day; it is deservedly a universal favourite. The following story is told of the origin of its fame in the East:—A fair young maiden named Milto placed fresh flowers every morning in the temple of Venus: she was too poor to make more costly offerings. Her great beauty was once nearly destroyed by a tumour on her chin, but in a dream the goddess appeared to her, and told her to apply to it some of the roses from her altar. Milto did this, and her beauty returned to her so completely that she became the favourite wife of the Emperor Cyrus.

The most ancient alcoholic perfume now in use is Hungary water, which is said to have been first known in the fourteenth century, and to be so called because it was first prepared by Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, who had the recipe from a hermit, and became so beautiful from the use of it that, at the age of seventy-two, she was asked in marriage by the King of Poland. The story is taken from an old book published at Frankfort in 1639.

Eau-de-Cologne, or Cologne water, was invented in the last century by an apothecary living in that city; the materials for its manufacture come from the South of France and Italy.

"Toilet vinegar," or that which is now called "toilet vinegar," has been produced since the favourite eau-de-Cologne, and contains, in addition to *its* ingredients, balsams and vinegar; but the idea of "toilet vinegar" dates from the time of the great plague which visited Versailles.

Ladies no longer have private still-rooms where they may superintend the making of confections and sweet waters, but, as with all other fair and pleasant things connected with woman's wants, comforts, and luxuries, the art of perfumery has received fresh impetus, and has continued to flourish, during the reign of our good Queen Victoria.

"ANNE HATHAWAY."

Type-Writing and Shorthand for Women.

"I advise parents to have their boys and girls taught shorthand-writing and type-writing. The shorthand-writer who can type-write his notes will be safer from poverty than a Greek scholar."—Charles Reade.



IN these days of higher education and the gradual extension of woman's sphere of activity, a few particulars of a new field of labour opened to women by the type-writing machine may be of service. The profession is one for which they undeniably show great aptitude, and which does not overtask their physical and mental powers; nor is it yet over-stocked, the demand for really competent type-writers rather increasing than otherwise with the supply. During the last three or four years attention has been called at intervals to the subject, and the result has been that a good many women have tried to earn their living by "typing," but as a matter of fact their want of training and deficient education have done much to retard the progress of the machine. To show how good an opening there is for educated women who will take up type-writing seriously, and to give some account of the training necessary, is the object of the present article.

For the uninitiated it will be well to explain that type-writing is done by striking with the fingers in the order required keys representing the letters of the alphabet, the numerals, marks of punctuation, &c. Each time a key is struck the type-bar is thrown up by means of a lever, and, hitting sharply the inked ribbon, leaves its impression upon the paper between the rollers. With each stroke the carriage containing the paper moves automatically forward and thus gets into position for the next letter. At the end of a word a light touch of the space-bar in front of the machine moves the carriage without making any impression on the paper, thus separating the words by spaces. The three machines preferred for speed combined with neat work are the Remington, the Caligraph, and the Hammond. All three are portable, and cost about twenty guineas each. Besides these, many smaller and cheaper machines have been invented. They are more portable than the three just named, but are deficient in the properties essential to a high rate of speed. For almost all office work the Remington No. 2 is the standard machine, but a good many Caligraphs and Hammonds are also in use.

Only some ten years ago the type-writing machine was almost unknown in England, but in the last four years it has made rapid strides, and now its popularity, in London especially, has established itself so thoroughly that many large business houses are adopting it. The provincial towns have been slower to give it a trial, but, now that they have seen its work, they are beginning to recognise its merits in the excellent quality of the work and the saving of time and expense. In such towns as Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and a host of others, there is a good opening for enterprising business women.

The following figures will give some idea of the extensive use of the machine. In the United States there are at the present day nearly 40,000 Remington machines alone in use, and more than half of them are operated by women. Last year the output from the Remington factory numbered nearly 18,000. Deducting 2,000 for exchanges, &c., about 16,000 operators were thus required, and a large proportion of them were women. This year, again, the output of Remingtons alone is 20,000, or, after allowing for exchanges and the private persons who may have adopted the machine, new openings for about 18,000 operators, the majority of whom will be women. In London the business done in Remington machines has increased seven-fold during the present year, and with this increase in the number of machines sold a corresponding demand for experienced operators in this country will follow.

Before going into the subject of practical training it will be advisable to say something of the qualifications that go to make a good copyist. First and indispensable is a sound English education. This cannot be too strongly urged, not on the copyist-of-all-work only, but on those who propose to qualify for situations as type-writing clerks, secretaries, and the like. How necessary it is to have a good education, coupled with a quick intelligence, will be easily understood when the varied character of the work that passes through a type-writing office in the ordinary course of business is taken into account. Poems, dramas, novels, political and medical articles, examination papers, lectures, catalogues, financial reports—indeed, every department of literature, science, and commerce is represented. Moreover, it not rarely happens that the spelling and the punctuation of the manuscripts need correcting, and omitted words have to be supplied, while many abound in scientific and foreign terms, not to speak of deciphering the illegible writing which is so frequent. A minor point, but one requiring some attention, is the correct dividing of words when occasion for it occurs. It will be obvious that ability to intelligently copy matter so varied involves a good deal of technical and general knowledge and common sense, supplemented by frequent references to dictionaries, gazetteers, and other such books. In addition to the foregoing qualification, a knowledge of shorthand is valuable, and for secretaries and corresponding clerks it is essential. Some knowledge of languages is also useful, German in particular for commercial purposes. Accuracy, neatness, and punctuality in the execution of work are qualifications which go without saying.

The day when women expected to succeed in a vocation without any preparation for it whatever is fast going by, and they are slowly but surely realising the fact that even a good education must be supplemented by good training, must be specialised in fact. With

type-writing, happily, the training proper is neither long nor costly, but it can none the less be disregarded, nor should the work itself be taken up in a half-hearted or impulsive spirit. As with other things, good education, combined with training, will "methodise and lighten labour;" without them, men and women alike will find themselves "thrust on their work in the helplessness and confusion of ignorance," to result too often in bitter disappointment, if not hopeless discouragement. Equipped with a sound education, the best training for a type-writer copyist is to be had, of course, in a type-writing office or training school, where type-writing in all its various branches, shorthand, and business correspondence are all taught. The fees for tuition in these subjects vary very considerably in the different schools, but so does the instruction, and before finally selecting their school women would do well to make full inquiries as to what is taught and what are the fees. In some offices the fee for six weeks' instruction in type-writing only is two guineas; for this sum the pupil receives lessons, is provided with paper, and is allowed the use of a machine. In other offices, the pupil for the same fee may remain till she considers herself proficient. In these cases shorthand is generally an extra, to be taken or not as the pupil pleases. On the other hand, shorthand and business correspondence are compulsory in some of the best training offices, that is to say, they cannot be dropped at the will of a pupil, unless a previous thorough acquaintance with them is satisfactorily proved. The inclusive fee for instruction here is six guineas, while the course of training lasts three months—a short period and a moderate fee, surely, considering the outlay required to learn many other businesses.

Owing to the careless and slipshod character of the work which untrained copyists have been instrumental in circulating, much injury has been done to the reputation of the machine and the operators. Because the machine is simple, the value of training is apt to be underrated. But it "pays" to take the little trouble necessary to learn it properly at first. To manipulate the machine skilfully, careful fingering, and a quick, even touch, similar to the staccato touch of the piano, are essential. From the beginning great attention needs to be paid to the method of fingering, if speed is to be ultimately attained, but the art is slow and tedious to acquire from text-books; it is naturally easier and quicker to acquire it by the aid of a good teacher. Without a firm and quick touch, the print will be indistinct and irregular; the letters will be either blurred or too pale, and possibly crooked. After skilful manipulation, there is a good deal to be learnt: for instance, manifolding or the taking of several copies simultaneously by means of carbonised paper; the setting out and arrangement of the matter; and last, but not least, something of the principles of the mechanism of the machine itself.

Neat and correct work should be aimed at before speed. True, speed is a desideratum, but to it accuracy and the formation of good habits should not be sacrificed. Great stress, however, is laid on speed, and the chief advantage which the type-writer claims over the pen besides legibility being speed, a competent operator must be able to keep up a minimum rate of from forty to fifty words per minute, while copying printed matter; when dictated to, a higher rate would be reached, say from fifty to sixty words per minute. Some experts have reached the extraordinary speed of more than one hundred words per minute, but such a rate cannot be long maintained. The speed common in America is higher than has hitherto been the rule in England; one of the reasons for this may be found in the fact that type-writing in this country is still in its infancy, and consequently there has been less competition among us.

As a large number of typists find employment in commercial houses, it will be seen that for them at least some idea of the mode of conducting business correspondence cannot be dispensed with. The duties of type-writing clerks in mercantile houses consist for the most part in taking down in shorthand from dictation the correspondence of the firm, and transcribing the notes afterwards on the machine. It is well worth while, therefore, for every one who takes up type-writing to study shorthand at the same time. Without a knowledge of shorthand a typist will find herself very much hampered, and her chances of employment will be few. Tuition in shorthand can be had in most of the type-writing offices, and in some it is compulsory. But, it will be asked, which of the 480 odd systems can be mastered in three months? Mr. Coombe's "Comprehensive System" has been found to answer the purpose so well that two of the best City type-writing offices have adopted it. The author undertakes to teach its principles in eight private lessons, and a pupil of average ability, who works at it diligently for an hour a day, practising writing from dictation, ought at the end of eight weeks to be able to write at a rate of from sixty to eighty words per minute; apter pupils will do eighty to ninety. In a class it will take a little longer perhaps, but a great deal can be done in three months with daily dictation practice between the lessons. The system is so simple that writing from dictation begins with the first lesson, and by the end of the course the principles of abbreviating and phrasing have been gone through. A great part of the practice, where shorthand is taken in connection with type-writing, consists in taking down in shorthand business correspondence, &c., to be transcribed at once on the machine; extra evening reporting classes are also held for more advanced pupils. A woman who would earn her living as a type-writer and shorthand clerk must be able to write shorthand from dictation at a speed of from ninety to one hundred words per minute; with "Comprehensive Shorthand" this rate can be reached in four or five months. A system of shorthand which shows such satisfactory results in so short a time commends itself, and aspirants to secretarial and clerical posts cannot do better than learn it.

It remains to refer to the chances of employment, and the remuneration which an efficient typist and shorthand writer may expect to receive. This, of course, will greatly depend on her ability and the kind of work to which she devotes herself. Hours, too, vary; but as a

rule they are from 9.30 or 10 a.m. to 5.30 or 6 p.m. For these hours salaries range from twenty-five shillings to fifty shillings a week, and a competent writer will have no difficulty in getting a start at twenty-five shillings in a mercantile office. In publishing houses and general type-writing offices the pay is not so high, but the work may be more congenial, and there may be a greater variety of it. Engineers and architects are also taking to the type-writer, and in a few offices women are already employed at good salaries, presumably because of the more technical nature of the work. In course of time, no doubt, there will be more openings of this sort, and it is to be hoped that those who are fortunate enough to secure them will at once set about learning the technicalities which are likely to recur, and many of which can only be acquired in the office itself, and so show that women are capable of performing such work. In order to assist deserving women to find suitable situations, a register has been opened at 100, Gracechurch Street. This register is quite free; no charge whatever is made for obtaining situations, nor is anything deducted as a commission from the first year's salary of the applicant after a situation has been found. Women who desire their names entered have only to give satisfactory proof of their capability. If they have already had some experience in a good type-writing office, they will find this easy enough, as the principal under whom they were trained will give them certificates stating what they can do. There are one or two offices where assistants are paid by piece, and there, of course, the earnings vary with the speed of the operator and the amount of work that comes in. The openings for home work are few. A woman who buys a machine, and advertises in the hope of getting plenty to do at her own home, is almost certain to be disappointed, unless, indeed, she has a very large influential private connection.

Let no woman suppose that in any sense whatever type-writing, any more than shorthand, is a purely mechanical art. In both the mind must be entirely concentrated on the work in hand, and where the two are used in connection the mental strain is necessarily greater. Either may be learnt at any age, but it will be readily admitted that a girl fresh from school is likely to do best. Special training is less irksome to her then. All, however, are urged not to shirk the training, for it inspires confidence in both the employer and the assistant; and, as shorthand and type-writing have come to be considered inseparable, intending operators will greatly increase their chances of employment by taking shorthand lessons. The change from type-writing to shorthand affords welcome relief to the beginner, type-writing being found very fatiguing at first if continued too long at a stretch; and shorthand, if learnt a little more slowly, is better taught and is infinitely more interesting in a class than if studied privately. Type-writing is a much healthier occupation than the life of drudgery often led behind shop-counters, and it is one pre-eminently adapted to women. It has been truly said that women have more cause than men to bless the invention of the type-writer. Certain it is that, but for the new field of activity which it has opened out to them, many women would be, as Mr. Moreton Frewen once put it, "condemned to wear out their lives in the mind-narrowing monotony of the schoolrooms of our children." Business men often prefer women amanuenses, because they think them less likely than men to divulge business secrets. On the other hand, women are considered less accurate than men, and some prejudice against the machine still exists in consequence. It is for women to remove this prejudice by taking real pride in their work, and by striving to maintain a high standard of excellence; under no other conditions will their efforts be attended with success.

ANNIE HETHERINGTON.



The Gymnasium for Girls.

NOT that girls need physical training more than boys; but for boys it has been accepted as a necessary part of their education, while for girls it has still to be debated about among numbers of otherwise intelligent people who have in their hands the power to do, or not to do, for the young. The non-understanding of the differences created by difference of sex has led humanity into strange blunders and prejudices, but none much more pernicious than the superstition that has denied physical and mental opportunity of progress to the sister, but conceded them to her brother.

Hotly, indeed, has the battle raged round the setting up of one standard of intellectual attainment without regard to sex, and many are the victories scored of late on behalf of the victims of feudal monopoly; but over the question of equal need of physical training, and equal opportunities for securing it, has yet to be fought the toughest battle; for, unfortunately, the subtle consequences of an inadequate physique are not so apparent to the majority of parents and educators as are those brought about by inadequate mental capacity. As intelligence advances, mankind will perceive as a truth of universal application that which is now but a struggling conception on the part of a few who belong to the noble army of fanatics and heretics—viz., that physical inadequacy is at the root of far more of the vices and sins of to-day than moral delinquency, and a systematic intention of doing wrong.

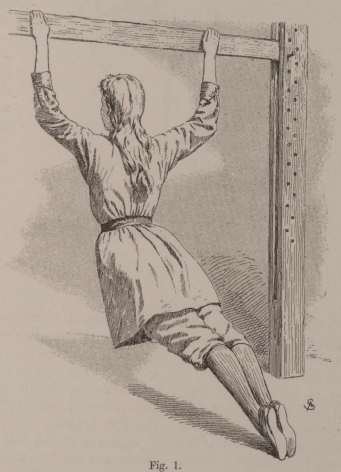


Fig. 1.

The incapable body endeavours to carry its burden of life at a disadvantage: resorts to some artificial help, acquires some morbid practice which becomes a habit, and which increase of knowledge develops into a sin, and accumulation of circumstance makes a crime. The criminal is then treated for the later elements of his conduct—wilful, moral badness—and punished accordingly, while the earlier and fundamental sources of that conduct are unnoticed, unpitied, untreated, and tabooed.

And they might be prevented!

To cut the chain of heredity of evil, and strengthen that of the heredity of good, should be the ideal set up high and clear before all who have the in-bringing and up-bringing of the young. And even when we have set up a scientific ideal, there is always the difficulty of attaining it in a scientific manner.

Unfortunately, the ideal of physical beauty has been so overgrown by the fungus of a mistaken theology on the one hand, and distorted by the wretched dictums of a servile conventionality on the other, that beauty is looked upon as a rather sinful and altogether dangerous manifestation, and the love of it evil, by one set of people; or as an appeal to the lower and baser senses, to be manipulated to the service of what is base and sensual, by another. In the one case, the divine use of beauty lost sight of; in the other, misuse made of it, to its utter degradation and defacement.

True physical beauty is health, adequacy, and life at its best. In order to secure a realisation of this ideal, we must demolish every vestige of the other two wherever and whenever we find them; and one of the most potent means of doing this is the careful, scientific, physical training of our young.

Up to now, the fashion- or poverty-cribbed, cabined, and confined bodies have retaliated upon the souls they enshrine; and the perpetual presence of an inadequate and degenerate type of body has dragged down the mental ideal of what it ought to be, so that not only in the spiritual world is beauty rejected for the ashes of it, and the oil of gladness set on one side to make place for mourning in the name of holiness.

The girl whose dorsal and abdominal muscles have been trained from babyhood to do their work efficiently, and to develop as nature intended they should, will not need to squeeze herself into a gin of steel and whalebone for so-called "support;" and as waists cannot be pinched without stays, the idea that a pinched waist is beauty will die a natural death; and backs will be graceful and mobile, instead of the uninteresting, rigid, and non-inspiring things our young women make of them to-day. To be sure, a certain section of the reading public will no longer be able to find a feast of reason in the announcement, "Waists will be worn sixteen inches this winter;" nor a flow of soul in such a letter as that

written by a male correspondent to a recent periodical, in which he innocently takes his readers into his wife's confidence and his own, by remarking, "My wife laces my stays for me of a morning, and I lace hers."

"I am such an object without my corsets," said a mother, as an excuse for making her young daughter wear them.

Doubtless she is; undue fat is not beauty, it is disease, and no one could blame her for doing what she could to palliate the unpleasant appearance of disease; but it was stupid, to say the least of it, to force a surgical apparatus upon a young, healthy girl, and, by flattening and stunting her muscles, bring about that very flabby and weak condition that makes stays, in her own case, a necessity. Healthy, well-developed muscles will not invite the accretion of fat.



Fig. 2.

Again, the girl to whom the scientific use and training of them has made known the meaning of her feet, will not imagine that toes crumpled up into pointed shoes are beautiful; or an artificial prominence under the heel an aid to graceful walking. Generations of toe-spoiling have so deprived them of their true function, and enfeebled the plantar arch, that heels have become a necessity to give the foot a rigid position in stepping, that should be an elastic one, regulated and modified by the movements of the toes.

The use and management of ankles, knees, hips, wrists, elbows, shoulders, and neck, need to be taught with infinite wisdom and patience, and with sufficient knowledge of superficial anatomy, to make the teaching scientific in the completest sense; but it stands to reason that if the guardians and trainers of the young are themselves ignorant of these things, and have a false idea of physical beauty, they will neither be able to appreciate the kind of training given to the children, nor be anxious for them to have the best.

This is why much of the so-called physical training, both in England and America, is merely an effort that secures a pretty and effective spectacle for on-lookers to applaud when the pupils are on exhibition; and the term "musical drill" has become almost a test of orthodoxy.

Of course, musical drill has its uses; it is a delightful pastime, full of the enjoyment that comes with rhythmic movement to charming music; and every school and institution for children should include musical drill in its category of educational amusements. But musical drill is no more the serious, scientific, physical training so greatly needed to-day, than the pleasant game of word-taking and word-making is mental culture, and the acquisition of a knowledge of literature.

Besides that the results of musical drill as a developer of some of the most important groups of muscles will be very disappointing, it is too mechanical to rank higher than as a useful pastime. The pupil will probably walk well enough so long as the music is going on, but if she has not received careful individual training of all the muscles that take part in locomotion, directly the music stops she will walk after the fashion that bad boots, tight garters, ill-fitting stockings, and uncomfortable clothing have imparted to her. In addition to this, the child that most needs physical training is not the one for whom musical drill is desirable; it is the weakly, ill-formed one, rather than the strong and well-built, that needs the best cares of the gymnastic teacher. Much of the drill system is quite too fatiguing for delicate and growing children; and, however beneficial dumb-bell, wand, or club exercise may be for persons in robust health, it should be very sparingly and cautiously introduced into the training of young ones. For them, it is enough to set the manifold muscles in action, and teach them harmonious work in supporting the weight of their own economy, without taxing them to support extraneous and wholly artificial weights. It is in this very particular of exhausting fatigue that the gymnasium has been, now and again, a fatal mistake for the child who stood most in need of its benefits.

During a recent visit to America I visited many schools, and was introduced to several large and good gymnasiums, although I observed that the size and importance of the school was by no means a criterion for the excellence of the gymnasium.

In the Normal School, Philadelphia, for instance, where fourteen hundred girls filed out after the address was over, in two diverging streams, single file, with almost one footfall between them, to very beautiful music, and where, in everything else, the teaching seemed most excellent, a drill and wand performance in ordinary conventional clothing, and, alas! the detestable high heels, was all that could be described as physical training.

At Bryn Mawr College for Women, ten miles out of Philadelphia, there is a splendid gymnasium, with a running or walking track for wet weather, and great care appears to be exercised to suit the training to the needs of each pupil; but our visit to the college was too hurried to admit of inspection of the gymnastic system of Dr. Sargent.

At Wellesley College, fourteen miles from Boston, where there are seven hundred young lady students, there is also a fine gymnasium.

For the all-round goodness of it, and the excellence of its results as manifested in the bearing and movements of the pupils, the gymnasium of the Girls' Classical School, Indianapolis, impressed me most favourably of all; though even here one would like to have seen more of the solid, patient Swedish system of individual attitudes and feats of posture, and less of the trapeze, horizontal bar, and giant-stride, beautiful as they undoubtedly are. So beautiful, indeed, that the performances of one most lovely American girl of fifteen stirred me as do some of the tones of Joachim's violin—not to tears, but a sort of heart-sob for want of language that can express the indescribable poetry of graceful and natural motion.

There, in Indianapolis, as here in England, the mothers of the girls are the chief obstacle to the perfecting of a scientific and universal system of physical training, including the wearing of a most charming and appropriate gymnastic costume, specially designed by the foundress and principal of the Girls' Classical School, a woman of high literary attainment and artistic taste.

"I am afraid that it will make her a hoyden," pleaded one mother; so the young lady, her daughter, went delicately through her gymnastic exercises in stays, steels behind, high heels, bangles, and inappropriate under-clothing.

"How many years," we felt tempted to ask, "will it be before our mothers will learn that it is the girl who should make the dress, and not the dress the girl?"

The only gymnasiums in England where the Swedish system is carried out in its entirety, that I have visited, are those of Mme. Bergman-Österberg, at South Hampstead; and Morley Hall's, 316, Regent Street, the headquarters of the Young Women's Christian Association. But there is a really splendid gymnasium at the Crampton Street Board School, Walworth; and Ling's Swedish system has been introduced into many private schools and colleges for girls by that indefatigable priestess of physical righteousness, Mme. Bergman-Österberg.

Thanks chiefly to Mrs. Westlake, but also to one or two other members of the London School Board, the system was introduced into the Board Schools under the auspices of the then Miss Bergman, some seven years ago; and it would be difficult to over-estimate what benefits have resulted from so common-sense an endeavour to grapple with the wide-spread evils of narrow shoulders, pigeon-chests, flabby muscles, rigid joints, and cramped movements, which are the piteous heritage of our city-born-and-bred children of the poorer classes. Of course, those who look for scenic effect and the display of pretty movements done by a number with military precision to charming music, will be much disappointed with the performances of the pupils trained under the Swedish system, when exhibition of them takes place. But those wiser folks who prefer what is really useful to what is merely pretty, and who are able to discriminate between what is of most enduring value to the pupil, and that which gratifies a transient gathering of on-lookers, will find more real beauty and true "inwardness" of physical training evidenced in such a feat as that shown in Fig. 1, than in rows upon rows of girls holding wands above their heads and slowly dropping them to soft music.

As for the self-possession and muscular facility that can achieve the feat of falling easily and quickly into such positions as those exemplified in Figs. 2 and 3, let any one who has not been trained to do it try the experiment, and he or she will probably come to the conclusion that it is not so easy as it might appear, and betokens the calling into activity and health, muscles and their attachments, of whose existence we are only conscious when, at a moment that takes us out of the beaten track of ordinary sitting, standing, walking, and reclining, we have come across an attitude which we needed to assume, and found we could not assume it; or aspired to save a child from danger, and our rigid unused muscles held us back.



Fig. 3.

In Fig. 4, where every part of the well-poised body expresses ardour and desire to press forward, there are grace, beauty, and passion of life enough to provide a motive for a study of Atalanta.

The illustrations here used are taken from photo-

graphs of Mme. Österberg's pupils at work; and it will be observed that the dress worn by the pupils is what dress ought always to be—appropriate to the needs of the occasion. One could hardly help smiling—as troops of girls came, one after the other, over the back of the wooden horse, which they mounted and vaulted with marvellous dexterity and grace—at the thought of the mock-modesty that could object to the dark blue tunic and knickerbockers and dark stockings, in place of the dangerous and, for gymnastics, altogether ridiculous petticoat.

Another feature in the gymnasium are the rope and wooden ladders, which the youngest of the pupils—children as young as nine and ten — climbed with manifest delight and skill, making our unaccustomed brains dizzy at the heights from which they looked smilingly down at their instructress, waiting for her to give the word of command to descend.



Fig. 4.

"Have you ever an accident? Do they never fall?" I asked.

"Oh, no! During the three years this gymnasium has been at work we have not had one accident. I never force the timid or unwilling ones. I let them take their own time," continued Mme. Österberg; "they see others doing the thing easily and without fear, and the very training they are getting by other exercises is teaching them that self-possession and self-reliance which enables them to overcome timidity. It is not long before they beg to be allowed to try, and I, or an assistant, keep a close watch on them till they can be trusted alone."

An essay on physical training for movement on land or in air would be incomplete without a few words on movement in water; and it is high time that swimming was recognised as just as essential an item in education as the traditional three R's. Education is to fit us for the emergencies as well as the routine of life; and what with the increasing facilities for travelling, and the larger part that water plays in the business and pleasures of to-day, it is surely short-sighted to leave to chance the very important art of moving safely in water. Apart from the hygienic benefit to our city children of the bathing thus put within their reach, is the immeasurable value of providing them with such a means of self-preservation. It seemed natural and easy in America to advocate that swimming should form part of the education code; is it too much to hope that England will before long make it part of hers?

To sum up in conclusion, physical training is as necessary as mental; it ought therefore to form a recognised part of the education of all. Superstition has retarded the physical development of the race as it has the mental, therefore all our educational efforts must be in accordance with the dictates of science, and not the parrot-cries of superstition. We shall then cease looking for sex in a biceps muscle, and give both sides of the body equal training instead of giving the right side the preference and neglecting the left. As a result of common sense and justice, we shall have symmetry instead of lop-sidedness, and efficiency in place of inadequacy. Science, and not sentimentality, must dictate the method of physical training to be followed, so that what is best for the pupil, not what is prettiest to the onlooker, shall be the ideal; and then only shall we attain that physical beauty which is the result of being true and natural, instead of the counterfeit, which comes from what is false and artificial.

Home, good food, suitable clothing, fresh air, time and space for happy work, play and rest, cleanliness, kind treatment—these are the absolute necessaries of every human being, from the cradle to the grave; and in proportion as we neglect to secure them for all and for each, retribution presses down upon our national progress. The command to increase and multiply is carried out to the letter in the sickly, stunted forms, ugly faces, ugly natures, and still uglier conceptions, that wait to punish us in the future for our refusal to take adequate steps to remedy the origin of them in the present.

L. ORMISTON CHANT.

Some Literary Notes.

BY THE EDITOR.

"IN modern life," said Matthew Arnold once, "you cannot well enter a monastery; but you can enter the Wordsworth Society." I fear that this will sound to many a somewhat uninviting description of this admirable and useful body, whose papers and productions have been recently published by Professor Knight, under the title of "Wordsworthiana" (Macmillan and Co.). "Plain living and high thinking" are not popular ideals. Most people prefer to live in luxury, and to think with the majority. However, there is really nothing in the essays and addresses of the Wordsworth Society that need cause the public any unnecessary alarm; and it is gratifying to note that although the society is still in the first flush of enthusiasm, it has not yet insisted upon our admiring Wordsworth's inferior work. It praises what is worthy of praise, reverences what should be reverenced, and explains what does not require explanation. One paper is quite delightful; it is from the pen of Mr. Rawnsley, and deals with such reminiscences of Wordsworth as still linger among the peasantry of Westmoreland. Mr. Rawnsley grew up, he tells us, in the immediate vicinity of the present Poet-Laureate's old home in Lincolnshire, and had been struck by the swiftness with which,

> "As year by year the labourer tills
> His wonted glebe, or lops the glades,"

the memories of the poet of the Somersby Wold had "faded from off the circle of the hills"—had, indeed, been astonished to note how little real interest was taken in him or his fame, and how seldom his works were met with in the houses of the rich or poor in the very neighbourhood. Accordingly, when he came to reside in the Lake Country, he endeavoured to find out what of Wordsworth's memory among the men of the Dales still lingered on—how far he was still a moving presence among them—how far his works had made their way into the cottages and farm-houses of the valleys. He also tried to discover how far the race of Westmoreland and Cumberland farm-folk—the "Matthews" and the "Michaels" of the poet, as described by him—were real or fancy pictures, or how far the characters of the Dalesmen had been altered in any remarkable manner by tourist influences during the thirty-two years that have passed since the Lake poet was laid to rest.

With regard to the latter point, it will be remembered that Mr. Ruskin, writing in 1876, said that "the Border peasantry, painted with absolute fidelity by Scott and Wordsworth," are, as hitherto, a scarcely injured race; that in his fields at Coniston he had men who might have fought with Henry V. at Agincourt without being distinguished from any of his knights; that he could take his tradesmen's word for a thousand pounds, and need never latch his garden gate; and that he did not fear molestation, in wood or on moor, for his girl guests. Mr. Rawnsley, however, found that a certain beauty had vanished which the simple retirement of old valley days fifty years ago gave to the men among whom Wordsworth lived. "The strangers," he says, "with their gifts of gold, their vulgarity, and their requirements, have much to answer for." As for their impressions of Wordsworth, to understand them one must understand the vernacular of the Lake District. "What was Mr. Wordsworth like in personal appearance?" said Mr. Rawnsley once to an old retainer, who still lives not far from Rydal Mount. "He was a ugly-faäced man, and a mean liver," was the answer; but all that was really meant was that he was a man of marked features, and led a very simple life in matters of food and raiment. Another old man, who believed that Wordsworth "got most of his poetry out of Hartley," spoke of the poet's wife as "a very onpleasant woman, very onpleasant indeed. A close-fisted woman, that's what she was." This, however, seems to have been merely a tribute to Mrs. Wordsworth's admirable housekeeping qualities.

The first person interviewed by Mr. Rawnsley was an old lady who had been once in service at Rydal Mount, and was in 1870 a lodging-house keeper at Grasmere. She was not a very imaginative person, as may be gathered from the following anecdote:—Mr. Rawnsley's sister came in from a late evening walk, and said, "Oh, Mrs. D——! have you seen the wonderful sunset?" The good lady turned sharply round, and, drawing herself to her full height, as if mortally offended, answered, "No, miss; I'm a tidy cook, I know, and they say a decentish body for a landlady, but I don't know anything about sunsets, and them sort of things; they've never been in my line." Her reminiscence of Wordsworth was as worthy of tradition as it was explanatory, from her point of view, of the method in which Wordsworth composed, and was helped in his labours by his enthusiastic sister. "Well, you know," she said, "Mr. Wordsworth went humming and booing about, and she—Miss Dorothy—kept close behind him, and she picked up the bits as he let 'em fall, and tak' 'em doon, and put 'em together on paper for him. And you may be very well sure as how she didn't understand nor make sense out of 'em; and I doubt that he didn't know much about them either himself; but howivver, there's a great many folk as do, I dare say." Of Wordsworth's habit of talking to himself, and composing aloud, we hear a great deal. "Was Mr. Wordsworth a sociable man?" asked Mr. Rawnsley of a Rydal farmer. "Wudsworth, for a' he had no pride, nor nowt," was the answer, "was a man who was quite one to hissel, ye kna. He was not a man as folks could crack wi', nor not a man

as could crack wi' folks. But there was another thing as kep' folk off: he had a ter'ble girt deep voice, and ye might see his face agaan for long enuff. I've knoan folks—village lads and lasses—coming over by old road above, which runs from Grasmere to Rydal, flayt a'most to death there by wishing-gaate, to hear the girt voice a-groanin' and mutterin' and thunderin' of a still evening. And he had a way of standin' quite still, by the rock there in the path under Rydal, and folks could hear sounds like a wild beast coming from the rocks, and children were scared fit to be dead, a'most."

Wordsworth's description of himself constantly recurs to one :—

"And who is he with modest looks,
And clad in sober russet gown?
He murmurs by the running brooks,
A music sweeter than their own;
He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noonday grove."

But the corroboration comes in strange guise. Mr. Rawnsley asked one of the Dalesmen about Wordsworth's dress and habits. This was the reply :—"Wudsworth wore a Jem Crow; never seed him in a boxer in my life; a Jem Crow and an old blue cloak was his rig; and *as for his habits, he had none;* never knew him with a pot in his hand, or a pipe in his mouth. But he was a great skater, for all that—none better in these parts. Why, he could cut his own name upon the ice, could Mr. Wudsworth." Skating seems to have been Wordsworth's one form of amusement. He was "over feckless with his hands"—could not drive or ride—"hadn't a bit of fish in him, and was no mountaineer." But he could skate. The rapture of the time when, as a boy, on Esthwaite's frozen lake, he had

"——— wheeled about,
Proud and exulting, like an untired horse,
That cares not for his home, and, shod with steel,
Had hissed along the polished ice,"

was continued, Mr. Rawnsley tells us, into manhood's later day; and Mr. Rawnsley found many proofs that the skill the poet had gained, when

"Not seldom from the uproar he retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star,"

was of such a kind as to astonish the natives among whom he dwelt. The recollection of a fall he once had, when his skate caught on a stone, still lingers in the district. A boy had been sent to sweep the snow from the White Moss Tarn for him. "Did Mr. Wudsworth gie ye owt?" he was asked when he returned from his labour. "Na, but I seed him tumble, though," was the answer. "He was a ter'ble girt skater, was Wudsworth, now," says one of Mr. Rawnsley's informants; "he would put one hand in his breast (he wore a frill shirt in them days), and t'other hand in his waistband, same as shepherds does to keep their hands warm; and he would stand up straight, and swing away grandly."

Of his poetry they did not think much, and whatever was good in it they ascribe to his wife, his sister, and Hartley Coleridge. He wrote poetry, they said, "because he couldn't help it, because it was his hobby," for sheer love, and not for money. They could not understand his doing work "for nowt," and held his occupation in somewhat light esteem because it did not bring in "a deal o' brass to the pocket." "Did you ever read his poetry, or see any books about in the farm-houses?" asked Mr. Rawnsley. The answer was curious —"Ay, ay; time or two; but you're well aware that there's poetry and poetry. There's poetry with a little bit pleasant in it, and poetry such as a man can laugh at or the children understand, and some as takes a deal of mastery to find out what's said, and a deal of Wudsworth was this sort, you know. You could tell from the man's face his poetry would never have no laugh in it. His poetry was quite different work from little Hartley. Hartley would go running along beside the brooks and make his, and go in the fust open door, and write what he had got upon paper. But Wudsworth's poetry was real hard stuff, and bided a deal of making, and he'd keep it in his head for long enough. Eh, but it's queer, mon, different ways folks has of making poetry, now. Not but what Mr. Wudsworth didn't stand very high, and was a well-spoken man enough." The best criticism on Wordsworth that Mr. Rawnsley heard was this :—"He was an open-air man, and a great critic of trees."

There are many useful and well-written essays in Professor Knight's volume, but Mr. Rawnsley's is far the most interesting of all. It gives us a graphic picture of the poet as he appeared in outward semblance and manner to those about whom he wrote.

"Mary Myles" (Remington and Co.) is Mrs. Edmonds's first attempt at writing fiction. Mrs. Edmonds is well known as an authority on modern Greek literature, and her style has often a very pleasant literary flavour, though in her dialogues she has not as yet quite grasped the difference between *la langue parlée* and *la langue écrite*. Her heroine is a sort of Nausicäa from Girton, who develops into the Pallas Athena of a provincial school. She has her love-romance, like her Homeric prototype, and her Odysseus returns to her at the close of the book. It is a nice story.

Lady Dilke's "Art in the Modern State" (Chapman and Hall) is a book that cannot fail to deeply interest every one who cares either for art or for history. The "modern State" which gives its title to the book is that political and social organisation of our day that comes to us from the France of Richelieu and Colbert, and is the direct outcome of the "Grand Siècle," the true greatness of which century, as Lady Dilke points out, consists not in its vain wars, and formal stage and stilted eloquence, and pompous palaces, but in the formation and working out of the political and social system of which these things were the first-fruits. To the question that naturally rises on one's lips, "How can one dwell on the art of the seventeenth century?—it has no charm," Lady Dilke answers that this art presents in its organisation, from the point of view of social polity, problems of the

highest intellectual interest. Throughout all its phases —to quote her own words—"the life of France wears, during the seventeenth century, a political aspect. The explanation of all changes in the social system, in letters, in the arts, in fashions even, has to be sought in the necessities of the political position; and the seeming caprices of taste take their rise from the same causes which went to determine the making of a treaty or the promulgation of an edict. This seems all the stranger because, in times preceding, letters and the arts at least appeared to flourish in conditions as far removed from the action of statecraft as if they had been a growth of fairyland. In the Middle Ages they were devoted to a virgin image of Virtue; they framed, in the shade of the sanctuary, an ideal shining with the beauty born of self-renunciation, of resignation to self-enforced conditions of moral and physical suffering. By the queenly Venus of the Renaissance they were consecrated to the joys of life, and the world saw that through their perfect use men might renew their strength, and behold virtue and beauty with clear eyes. It was, however, reserved for the rulers of France in the seventeenth century fully to realise the political function of letters and the arts in the modern State, and their immense importance in connection with the prosperity of a commercial nation."

The whole subject is certainly extremely fascinating. The Renaissance had for its object the development of great personalities. The perfect freedom of the temperament in matters of art, the perfect freedom of the intellect in intellectual matters, the full development of the individual, were the things it aimed at. As we study its history we find it full of great anarchies. It solved no political or social problems; it did not seek to solve them. The ideal of the "Grand Siècle," and of Richelieu, in whom the forces of that great age were incarnate, was different. The ideas of citizenship, of the building up of a great nation, of the centralisation of forces, of collective action, of ethnic unity of purpose, came before the world. It was inevitable that they should have done so, and Lady Dilke, with her keen historic sense and her wonderful power of grouping facts, has told us the story of their struggle and their victory. Her book is, from every point of view, a most remarkable work. Her style is almost French in its clearness, its sobriety, its fine and, at times, ascetic simplicity. The whole ground-plan and intellectual conception is admirable.

It is, of course, easy to see how much Art lost by having a new mission forced upon her. The creation of a formal tradition upon classical lines is never without its danger, and it is sad to find the provincial towns of France, once so varied and individual in artistic expression, writing to Paris for designs and advice. And yet, through Colbert's great centralising scheme of State supervision and State aid, France was the one country in Europe, and has remained the one country in Europe, where the arts are not divorced from industry. The Academy of Painting and Sculpture and the School of Architecture were not, to quote Lady Dilke's words, called into being in order that Royal palaces should be raised surpassing all others in magnificence:—"Bièvrebache and the Savonnerie were not established only that such palaces should be furnished more sumptuously than those of an Eastern fairy-tale. Colbert did not care chiefly to inquire, when organising art administration, what were the institutions best fitted to foster the proper interests of art; he asked, in the first place, what would most contribute to swell the national importance. Even so, in surrounding the King with the treasures of luxury, his object was twofold—their possession should indeed illustrate the Crown, but should also be a unique source of advantage to the people. Glass-workers were brought from Venice, and lace-makers from Flanders, that they might yield to France the secrets of their skill. Palaces and public buildings were to afford commissions for French artists, and a means of technical and artistic education for all those employed upon them. The Royal collections were but a further instrument in educating the taste and increasing the knowledge of the working classes. The costly factories of the Savonnerie and the Gobelins were practical schools, in which every detail of every branch of all those industries which contribute to the furnishing and decoration of houses were brought to perfection; whilst a band of chosen apprentices were trained in the adjoining schools. To Colbert is due the honour of having foreseen, not only that the interests of the modern State were inseparably bound up with those of industry, but also that the interests of industry could not without prejudice be divorced from art."

Mr. Bret Harte has never written anything finer than "Cressy" (Macmillan and Co). It is one of his most brilliant and masterly productions, and will take rank with the best of his Californian stories. Hawthorne re-created for us the America of the past with the incomparable grace of a very perfect artist, but Mr. Bret Harte's emphasised modernity has, in its own sphere, won equal, or almost equal triumphs. Wit, pathos, humour, realism, exaggeration, and romance are in this marvellous story all blended together, and out of the very clash and chaos of these things comes life itself. And what a curious life it is, half civilised and half barbarous, *naïve* and corrupt, chivalrous and commonplace, real and improbable! Cressy herself is the most tantalising of heroines. She is always eluding one's grasp. It is difficult to say whether she sacrifices herself on the altar of romance, or is merely a girl with an extraordinary sense of humour. She is intangible, and the more we know of her, the more incomprehensible she becomes. It is pleasant to come across a heroine who is not identified with any great cause, and represents no important principle, but is simply a wonderful nymph from American backwoods, who has in her something of Artemis, and not a little of Aphrodite.

It is always a pleasure to come across an American poet who is not national, and who tries to give expression to the literature that he loves rather than to the land in which he lives. The Muses care so little for geography! Mr. Richard Day's "Poems" (Cassell and Co., New York) have nothing distinctively American about them. Here and there in his verse one comes

across a flower that does not bloom in our meadows, a bird to which our woodlands have never listened. But the spirit that animates the verse is simple and human, and there is hardly a poem in the volume that English lips might not have uttered. "Sounds of the Temple" has much in it that is interesting in metre as well as in matter:

"Then sighed a poet from his soul:
'The clouds are blown across the stars,
And chill have grown my lattice bars;
I cannot keep my vigil whole
By the lone candle of my soul.

"'This reed had once devoutest tongue,
And sang as if to its small throat
God listened for a perfect note;
As charily this lyre was strung:
God's praise is slow and has no tongue.'"

But the best poem is undoubtedly the "Hymn to the Mountain":

"Within the hollow of thy hand—
This wooded dell half up the height,
Where streams take breath midway in flight—
Here let me stand.

"Here warbles not a lowland bird,
Here are no babbling tongues of men;
Thy rivers rustling through the glen
Alone are heard.

"Above no pinion cleaves its way,
Save when the eagle's wing, as now,
With sweep imperial shades thy brow
Beetling and grey.

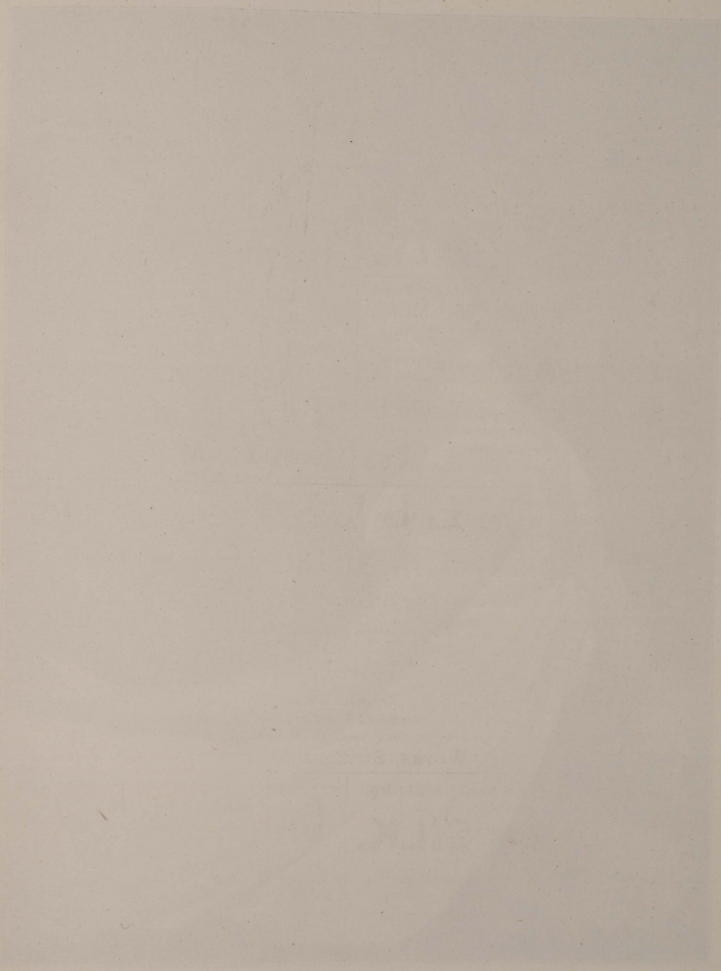
"What thoughts are thine, majestic peak?
And moods that were not born to chime
With poets' ineffectual rhyme
And numbers weak?

"The green earth spreads thy gaze before,
And the unfailing skies are brought
Within the level of thy thought.
There is no more.

"The stars salute thy rugged crown
With syllables of twinkling fire;
Like choral burst from distant choir
Their psalm rolls down.

"And I within this temple niche,
Like statue set where prophets talk,
Catch strains they murmur as they walk,
And I am rich."

Miss Ella Curtis's "A Game of Chance" (Hurst and Blackett) is certainly the best novel that this clever young writer has as yet produced. If it has a fault, it is that it is crowded with too much incident, and often surrenders the study of character to the development of plot. Indeed, it has many plots, each of which, in more economical hands, would have served as the basis of a complete story. We have as the central incident the career of a clever lady's-maid who personifies her mistress, and is welcomed by Sir John Erskine, an English country gentleman, as the widow of his dead son. The real husband of the adventuress tracks his wife to England, and claims her. She pretends that he is insane, and has him removed. Then he tries to murder her, and when she recovers she finds her beauty gone and her secret discovered. There is quite enough sensation here to interest even the jaded City man, who is said to have grown quite critical of late on the subject of what is really a thrilling plot. But Miss Curtis is not satisfied. The lady's-maid has an extremely handsome brother who is a wonderful musician, and has a divine tenor voice. With him the stately Lady Judith falls wildly in love, and this part of the story is treated with a great deal of subtlety and clever analysis. However, Lady Judith does not marry her rustic Orpheus, so the social *convenances* are undisturbed. The romance of the Rector of the Parish, who falls in love with a charming schoolteacher, is a good deal overshadowed by Lady Judith's story, but it is pleasantly told. A more important episode is the marriage between the daughter of the Tory squire and the Radical candidate for the borough. They separate on their wedding-day, and are not reconciled till the third volume. No one could say that Miss Curtis's book is dull. In fact, her style is very bright and amusing. It is impossible, perhaps, not to be a little bewildered by the amount of characters, and by the crowded incidents; but, on the whole, the scheme of the construction is clear, and certainly the decoration is admirable.





MADAME DE RECAMIER.

(From the Painting by David in the Versailles Gallery.)

(See p. 349.)

Field-Work for Women.

IT is difficult to understand why there exists such a prejudice against women working in the fields. It is spoken of usually in terms of violent censure; as a thing degrading, cruel, demoralising, and barbarous. Why should it be so? It is infinitely healthier than factory work, than seamstress's work, than any of the work done under what is called the sweating system; and it allows the free enjoyment of the open air, and the preservation of all natural ties. It may be hard work; it no doubt is; but women accustomed to it from childhood have their frames inured, and their muscles and sinews adapted to it.

It is strange that any idea of degradation in field-work should ever have arisen. It is the oldest, the most primitive, and the most poetic of all forms of labour. Even a line of women hoeing or gathering tubers on a flat expanse of earth, and standing dark against the sky-line, has great nobility and beauty in it compared to a line of similar women standing before a row of tables, of looms, or of machines. Field-work does not necessarily either age or injure the woman. I know a woman—one out of numbers like her—who is fifty-five years old; she is very handsome in feature, and clear of complexion, her stature is firm, and her form lithe and active; she has been the mother of twelve sons and daughters; she is now the head of the family, being a widow; she still works early and late in the fields, as she has done ever since she was a small child employed to cut grass for the calves or weed the rows of lettuce or endive; her strength is vast, she can lift immense weights with no effort; she rises at four to send her family off to their various labours; she rules them with patriarchal severity, and, with the exception of two or three hours' rest at midday in summer, she is out of doors all day in the fields, or by the edge of the river washing, or on the road with her eggs, and fowls, and fruit; in leisure moments she is always plaiting straws, a bundle of which always hangs from her waist ready to occupy any spare idle instant. On her country-side she is not in any way an exceptional figure; there are many like her; her food is of rude and simple kind, chiefly of herbs and unleavened bread, and her drink is a weak wine largely watered, a wine made from the lees of what is left in the vats where the grapes have been pressed. This is an absolutely true, unexaggerated, and exact description of a peasant who has done hard work in the fields all her life, and has a clear, smooth skin and fine form, which duchesses might envy her. It may be said that she is a woman of unusually admirable *physique;* and no doubt she is so; but she has toiled in the fields and woods, in summer droughts and winter rain-storms, all her days, and she has thriven magnificently upon it. She is like a matron of old stepped out from the eclogues of Virgil or the pastorals of Theocritus.

This woman has led a wholly natural life; obeying natural instincts, enjoying natural affections, and fed by the pure, fresh, sweet air of a sunny hillside. Is not this an incomparably higher, wiser, more enjoyable and useful life than a life spent in the streets of a city, in the reek of a work-room?

Where women work in gangs the labour in the fields may become degrading and brutalising; but where they work on land either temporarily their own by rental or by the *métayer* system, the occupation is the healthiest that can be found. To drive the sheep afield, to take the ducks to the pond, to fodder and feed the cattle, to lead the cart-horse to water, to thresh the nut-trees, to cut the grass with a reaping-hook, to weed, and hoe, and sow, to dig up and gather potatoes, turnips, or mangolds, all these are labours which country-women have fully strength to perform, and which are infinitely preferable as pursuits to the foul and ghastly occupations offered in cities to the mill-hand, the factory-girl, the match-maker, the piece-worker, and the miserable seamstress. Open-air work is considered to age women prematurely, but it does not do so one-half so quickly and so hideously as the indoor work in close dens and chambers, in vitiated air and monotonous employment.

Hard, no doubt, must ever be the daily life of the rural poor, but it need not be joyless, and it is surely a very heaven compared to the existence of the worker in cities; to be wet through with the clean and wholesome rain is better than to be soaked in the sweat of stifling machine-sheds and engine-rooms.

It is not such education as is given anywhere, in any schools, in either hemisphere, that will keep the rural poor to a finer perception of what lies around them, and a more intelligent use of the narrow means at their disposal. To educate them in a way which only awakens the city hunger in sick souls is worse than folly; they could only be benefited by an education which should teach them to open their eyes to the nature around them, and appreciate the consolations which it contains. The labouring man may be all day in the fresh air, but he sleeps in a stifling, shut-up crib where no air reaches; he has no eyes for the wood flowers under his feet, if a wild animal crosses his path he tries to stone it; he has the grand and gracious sky above his head from dawn till twilight, and never looks once up at it; the long and continuous labour of his day makes his stomach need food both nutritious and abundant, but his wife knows nothing of the first elementary rules of cookery, and gives him sour bread and raw vegetables, so that if a tavern or a wine-house be near it is no wonder that he

slinks off to it. This evil is at its worst in English provincial life. In the countries of the Continent rural fare is prepared by the women more wisely and more healthfully than by the British housewife. The stew is almost unknown in England; the *pot au feu* is an unknown blessing to English hearths; the innumerable uses and excellences of vegetables are unknown also, or ignored; bakers' bread is eaten in lieu of the much cheaper and much more wholesome home-made bread, creeps along beside the hedges with her little load of faggots, of fennel, or of dried fern is, by many degrees, a happier creature to look upon than her wretched sister of the streets, pleading in quavering tones for a dole which will be spent on gin, or offering a match-box or a bootlace in the mud and mire of a city thoroughfare.

It is the habit of the present day to decry all preference for the rural life as sentiment. Yet it might fairly be urged that there is much more sentiment—*i.e.*,



CONTADINO'S HOUSE ON THE GREVE RIVER, SCANDICCI.

(From an Oil Painting by Ouida.)

and fat bacon and bad tea run away with the money of the English labourer's wife, and bring to her and hers neither nutrition nor health in return. Female ignorance of the simplest laws of culinary and hygienic common-sense amounts to absolute barbarism in English rural districts, and scarcely one woman in ten thousand knows, in any English county, how to make and bake a wholesome and satisfying loaf of bread.

In Italy field-work is largely done by women; in France and Germany also women are the handmaidens of agriculture, and the classic figures which Leopold Robert and Puvis de Chavannes have placed on their canvases have living prototypes in the broad wheat-covered plains, between the green wet cabbage-ridges, under the twisted garlands of the vine, and amongst the tall brown rustling tassels of the maize, in all the countries of the Continent. There is always something of Ruth, of Ceres, of old-world dignity, and of suggested peace and fruitfulness, in the erect and solitary figure of any young woman coming over meadow or moorland with a bundle of cut bracken, a basket-load of roots, or a sheaf of gleaned wheat upon her well-poised head. Even the aged and bent figure of the old woman who

false sentiment—in the untruth which dresses up in false colours the coarse and dreary desolation of the life of the poor in towns. When first a town is built on a waste, on a plain where only the kangaroo has leapt or the elk wandered before, we are told that it is a work of civilisation. It would be nearer the truth to say that it is a work of contamination and corruption; a work by which waters will be polluted, air be befouled, virgin earth be laden with bricks and iron, and grass be obliterated under clay and refuse; whilst the men and women decoyed into it by hope of gain, will be taken from the natural life of the fields and woods in an unsullied atmosphere, to crowd together in sickly droves under its vitiated and gaseous fumes.

No doubt the terrible pictures of the most terrible (and, in some ways, the greatest) book of the century, "La Terre," are only too true of the bestial and brutalised life of the toilers of the soil in some portions of the provinces of every country. But, like all Zola's conclusions and descriptions, they are drawn too entirely without light, too wholly and unbrokenly *en noir*. George Sand is, I think, the only author of novels of rustic life who has kept within the just medium, and

who has painted at once the debased and savage bestiality, and the simple and homely excellences which are to be found in it. Corydon and Phyllis, sporting amongst the asphodels, may have been too delicate and poetic an idyll; but that every homestead is a brothel, every ploughman a satyr, and every peasant-woman half she-devil, half beast of burden, is as certainly untrue. It is not wonderful that brutality and bestiality are both engendered often in any life of toil where decency cannot find scope, or self-respect much consideration; it is rather wonderful that in such lives as these as much honesty and chastity are to be found as do often exist in them.

Under Zola's guidance we have now descended into such deeps beneath the dunghill of the hamlet, that it would seem impossible to find a lower deep; was deeper and stronger in her than all her assumed philosophies; and which made her actually judge her poor innocent Hetty Sorel with the narrow severity of a Nonconformist school-teacher. Millet saw nothing but misery, Zola sees nothing but filth and ferocity, in these lives; nevertheless, innocent laughter may be heard amongst the bean-sheaves and the flowering tares, and kindness and fidelity may dwell beneath the low roofs where the houseleek grows and the swallow does not scorn to nest.

It is natural that the world, having been cloyed with sweet and shadeless idylls of rustic life both in literature and art, has welcomed the sad veracity of Millet and the savage realism of Zola. But the pendulum has swung too far, the reaction has been too strong. In our admiration of the faithfully rendered drudgery



CONTADINO'S HOUSE, VAL DE GESCA, TUSCANY.
(From an Oil Painting by Ouida.)

and it is very probable that in the sheer contradiction to which human nature, and therefore human taste, is subject, we shall revert to the *lac et nascelle* of Jocelyn, to the moorland children of Wordsworth, to the lilies and roses of Herrick, to the bread and butter of Werther. The just mean lies between the two. George Eliot would have found it but for the unhappy puritanism, which and pain of the painter, and the brutal *approfondissement* of brutish natures of the author, we have too entirely forgotten that as there is joy in the harvest-time, and gaiety in the *bourrée*, and faith in the "Angelus" still existent, so there are cleanly, contented, and virtuous lives still under the thatch of the cottage and the reed-roof of the hovel. "La Terre" and "La Faute de l'Abbé

Mouret," like the gentler and purer, but colourless and dreary, "Moissonneurs," and "Le Départ pour le Travail," only represent a portion of the realities of rural life.

Because pastorals were sung too smoothly to pipe and tabour, we have too rashly concluded that there is no song at all in the village better than the discordance of a drunken carol. Because we were weary of the poets' and painters' Queens of the May and Gardeners' Daughters, we have too violently taken for granted that the *rosière* is always a lying slut. It is a false and cruel notion which has crept in amongst the rural classes that rural labours are degrading, and the poisonous and pent-up work of towns a means of "bettering" themselves. The decay of English agriculture and national prosperity generally is due to the desertion by the farmers' womenkind of all their farmhouse duties. They are too "fine" to churn, to keep the poultry and the bees, to be busy in lambing-time, to be adroit in fruit-preserving, in herb-drying, in pork-pickling, in chicken-rearing. Instead of these homely and useful occupations they strum on a pianoforte, speak the French of Stratford-le-Bow, buy cheap finery, and read cheap newspapers. The wives and daughters of their labourers follow the example thus set them, and forsake the fragrant cowslip meadows and the hawthorn hedges of the country-side for the smoky garret and the stinking work-room of the nearest big town. All the political and socialistic efforts of the time to make the peasant his own landlord *pêchent par la base;* there is a growing hatred of the country in the breasts of the rural population, and this is mainly due to the restlessness and uneasiness and silly envies which render their women impatient of the broad, calm, silent, solitary fields.

Any life spent where the four winds of heaven blow freely over growing grass and fresh-turned clods must be saner, more solid, and with more probabilities in it of health and enjoyment, than a life passed in the foul gases and noises of a choked-up and over-populated city. Rural work is, it is true, followed in damp climates by rheumatic affections; but these might be greatly avoided if there were a better knowledge of the uses of food and clothing, and it is a less evil than the diseases which accompany over-crowding and sedentary work in towns. Nothing on earth is so frightful as those nervous maladies, now so enormously on the increase, which are known under the generic name of *nevrose*. In all its hideous varieties, cerebral, spinal, *anæmique* or *clownique*, it is the vengeance of Nature for the violation of her laws, and its innumerable victims are chiefly to be found in those classes of women whose lives are passed in factory rooms and shops, in the unwholesome and exciting lives of cities, where food and drink are poisonous, where air is vitiated, and drawn through tens of thousands of diseased lungs, and where the sickly passions of envy and jealousy are incessantly roused by the spectacle of a wealth and pleasure alien and unattainable. The possession of a strip of arable ground will not be sop enough to these cravings to silence them, and change the sullen and discontented *déclassés* into the cheerful and healthy labourers that their grandparents were.

A false philosophy, a false social science, have combined with the crude errors of a rash revolutionarism, to tempt the workers of the country into the crowded streets of the cities. A false shame is suggested and taught to all those who have the good sense to be contented with a rustic lot. A false estimate of the gains and superiorities of urban over rural life is incessantly placed before all peasantries by all demagogues. And, above all, all theories and doctrines of modern radicalism, whilst bidding the peasantries clamour for the possession of the acres they dwell upon, tell them, with every ingenious variation of theme, that the culture of the soil is an inferior and degrading slavery compared to the labours of the machine-room and the mill. That it is not so, even for women, may fairly be claimed by all those who have studied the labours of women in the fields. Let it be distinctly understood, and repeated as often as possible, that field-work does not degrade women in any way, does not unsex them, does not expose them to any especial temptations, but does render the probabilities far greater of the children whom they bear being robust in frame and healthy in constitution.

OUIDA.

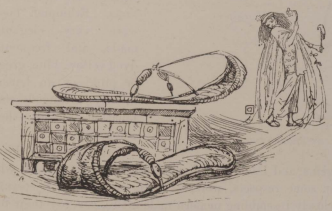


Boots and Shoes.

THE all-powerful influence of Fashion, and the absurd results that have arisen from blind obedience to the ever-changing dictate of this imperious ruler of the human race, may, with both interest and amusement, be noted in a study, however slight, of the various descriptions of covering for the feet that have been adopted throughout the universe.

In what country, and for precisely what reason, shoes, or more probably leather sandals, for the feet were first invented, no authentic record exists, but it may be safely assumed that the fashion arose, in the first instance, more from a desire of embellishment, than from any actual need of such a protection for the sole of the foot, which, if from earliest childhood suffered to remain uncovered, would appear to be equally as well adapted for locomotion as that of the monkey or dog, or any other soft-footed animal. As a proof of this we need go no further than the byways of our own towns, and observe there with what utter unconcern bare-footed urchins disport themselves, in many instances indeed with evidently far greater ease and comfort than other children of an equal age, upon whom fashion, or rather custom, has enforced the restriction of ill-proportioned boots and shoes.

That the habit of going bare-footed was, so late as the sixteenth century in some countries, adhered to even in conjunction with an otherwise elaborate costume, is proved by Scotch and Irish manuscripts and drawings preserved in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries.



Egyptian Shoes.

In an MS. at the British Museum, the "Histoire du Roy d'Angleterre," written by a "gentilhome de France" in A.D. 1399, and which is an account of an expedition made by Richard II. into Ireland, the Irish warriors are depicted riding without stirrups or boots on, though otherwise fully equipped for fighting. Planché in his "Dictionary of Costume" gives an engraving taken from a photograph of a picture at Ditchly (the seat of Lord Dillon) of a Captain Thomas Lee, who is represented in the national Irish dress of the period (Elizabethan). This consists of a very elaborately embroidered shirt, terminating in a short skirt, falling below the hips; over the shirt is a short loose black jacket with wide collar; the jacket is richly trimmed with gold, and lined



Etruscan Shoes.

with scarlet; and the captain, with his carefully pointed beard and various military accoutrements, such as shield and morion, may well be looked upon as a typical beau of a by no means uncivilised portion of the country. Strange, however, to relate, he is absolutely bare-legged and bare-footed, and the portrait is therefore a most important corroboration of the other earlier records of this singular method of attire, which certainly, though so near at hand, calls forcibly to mind the stories one occasionally hears of African monarchs regarding the remnant of a soldier's coat as the height of courtly costume.

To discover the earliest traces of shoes and boots, we must, of course, turn to the East, the fruitful mother from whom has sprung Civilisation, and all her endless progeny of science and arts, luxuries and follies. Luxury and the love of display no doubt first led to the invention of sandals and shoes; but probably, however, as is still more or less the case in the East, they were, in the remote days of antiquity, reserved almost exclusively for out-of-door use. It was certainly always the duty of inferiors to remove them when entering the presence of persons in authority. Moses was commanded to take his shoes from off his feet; and as there is no mention of any covering for the feet amongst the otherwise minute details of the priestly vestments to be worn in the Temple, it is evident that Aaron and the priests ministered bare-footed therein.

In Egypt, amongst the wealthy classes, the attiring of the feet was of a most costly and elaborate description, their sandals and shoes being encrusted with gold and precious gems, and the soles made of gold; indeed, if

Herodotus is to be believed, the entire revenue of a town was assigned to an Egyptian Queen for her shoes.

A curious custom prevailing in ancient times was for warriors to have engraved on the sole of the shoe or sandal the names of the people they had vanquished. The purpose of this was that in their walks the names might be imprinted on the sand, and thus literally as well as typically become trodden under foot. In proof of this custom it is curious to note that mummies have been found with paintings of the human figure on the soles of their sandals, and that these figures are always represented with their arms bound and coloured white or black, thus denoting conquered European or negro races; red, the typical colour adopted by the Egyptians, being never shown in such a position. This custom of engraving the sandals with portraits or names was not, however, by any means exclusively confined to warriors, for in these early times lovers engraved upon their heels the names and sometimes the portraits of their beloved one, as a token that as at each step the impression of it was made upon the ground, equally so was it with their hearts. We may be permitted to query if such a readily-effaced token of their devotion was not frequently in those bygone days, as it would be now, a very apposite illustration of the transient emotion aroused by some fair face and form. It must have been awkward, to say the least of it, when some gay Egyptian spark substituted thus prominently the name of some fresh divinity for one become less precious in his sight.



A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY SHOEMAKER.

As before stated, the materials of which Egyptian shoes and sandals were made were frequently of the most costly description, and enriched with gems and precious stones, but the more ordinary ones were made of ox and sheep skin, and kid, the lighter of these leathers being reserved for the use of women. In form many of these shoes closely resembled those in use in the present day. Some most interesting examples may be seen at the British Museum, and quite a numerous collection was exhibited a few months ago amongst the Egyptian relics exhumed by Mr. Flinders Petrie. The upper portions of many of these leather shoes were beautifully pierced or stamped out, and one pair of tiny infant's shoes was almost exactly similar in form to a modern-day baby's strap-shoe. Sandals with points elongated and very much curved back were apparently, in Egypt, exclusively the prerogative of royalty. Such may be seen on the portrait of the wife of Sesostris, and in the pictures found at Thebes, representing the Ramses who succeeded that monarch. They are always represented with points more or less turned back. These sharply-curved points bear a very close resemblance to the "Poulaines" worn by the Valois 3,000 years afterwards; and as another instance of the recurrence of fashions, it is curious to note that the Duke of Marlborough, in the eighteenth century, had some hunting-boots made, in which the soles protruded considerably beyond the upper leather. Instead of, as he thought, inventing a novelty, the noble duke was merely following a fashion which existed amongst the early Egyptians. Ethiopian boots were very elegantly made, and frequently dyed yellow, blue, green, or pink, or an harmoniously arranged combination of all these colours.

The Amazons, Phrygians, and Dacians, and some other Asiatic nations, who, in some respects, wore, even in early times, a costume closely resembling modern male attire, covered their feet with boots made of skins of animals tied with thongs of leather, the ends of their trousers either fitting closely over the boot, or, if loose, being tucked into it.

Amongst the Greeks and Romans the use of sandals, buskins, and shoes, was for a long period exclusively reserved for the upper class; and, judging from vases and sculptures, even amongst these both men and women were frequently bare-footed. Slippers, however, were in use in the house; and we find Anacreon, in one of his

delicious Odes, wishing to be transformed into a variety of things in order to be near his favourite lady, and concluding with the saying, "Oh, that I were a sandal (or slipper) only that you might trample me under your feet." In the "Odyssey" we read of "golden-sandalled Juno;" and Thetis is celebrated in Homer for her little



NOBLEMEN OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

silver slipper, and as the *silver-footed* goddess, she is frequently designated in the "Iliad."

Pliny, in one of his Epistles, affirms that the ladies were not content with ornamenting their boots with precious stones and jewellery, but that they must needs also embellish in an equally lavish manner the slippers they wore in the house, and that not only on the upper parts, but, to be in the fashion, they encrusted the soles of their shoes with pearls and gems. Heliogabalus—who it is said never wore the same pair of sandals or shoes twice—had many of them decorated with exquisitely engraved gems, and the soles made of gold; for the sake of pliability these latter were very probably composed of woven threads of the precious metal, similar to the sandals interwoven with gold thread, with which, according to Roger of Wendover, Richard I. was shod upon the occasion of his coronation by Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury.

In considering this apparently absurd fashion of lavishly decorated soles, we must not overlook the fact that the recumbent position of the wearers, at their frequently prolonged banquets, afforded an excellent opportunity of displaying the precious metal of which they were made and the gems encrusted upon them. Upon the upper portion of the Roman Imperial boots, the eagle embroidered in pearls and jewels was frequently displayed. But as regards form, judging from sculpture and other records, they were all made to fit the foot with ease, and the soles were broad and serviceable in shape, and betrayed none of the eccentricities which crept into use a few centuries later.

Of the former kind were no doubt the shoes made in the third century of our era by those worthy Romans, SS. Crispin and Crispinus, who, being converted to Christianity, left their native land and found their way to France, and then wandering from city to city preaching the Gospel, and finally settling down at a little town since called Soissons, maintained themselves by working at their craft by night, while they spent their days teaching the people. These worthy shoemakers suffered martyrdom under the persecution of Diocletian, on the



NOBLEMEN OF THE TIME OF RICHARD II.

(From an Illuminated MS. in the British Museum.)

25th of October, 289, and apparently they almost at once were raised to the position of tutelary saints of the craft, and as such are still venerated in connection with it, shoemakers being even now proud of being termed "Sons of Crispin." These early Christian missionaries, or rather representations of them, are frequently to be met with upon ancient stained glass; occasionally they

are shown standing together, holding the palm in one hand, and in the other the awl and shoemaker's knife; at other times they may be seen working at their trade and making shoes for the poor. The Roman method of covering the feet was no doubt introduced into England by the Roman invaders of her soil, that in vogue prior to the Conquest having been apparently a primitive kind of slipper, generally made of a piece of undressed leather, slit in various places, through which a thong of leather was passed; this being drawn tight, fastened the shoe round the foot like a purse. In the ninth and tenth centuries, personages of distinction in England wore well-shaped, rather tightly-fitting, black leather shoes, finishing off at the ankle, and above this cloth hose or bands of cloth bound crosswise round the leg. Very high black leather boots with turned-over tops, greatly resembling the top-boots of the present day, were worn over the bare leg in the fourteenth century—an example of these may be seen in an exquisitely illuminated Lectionary in the British Museum.

Low strap-shoes, of natural as well as black leather, were fashionable in the fifteenth century. These were worn over brightly-coloured hose, and impress one with an idea of comfort as well as comeliness. Nearly all the figures in a fine MS. copy, dated 1405, of the Bible written by Petrus Comestor are thus represented.

Endless representations of similar foot and leg coverings may be seen in illuminated books of that period, those of the common people being as a rule painted black. Frequently those of nobles and ecclesiastical dignitaries are represented of gold stuff with lattice pattern embroideries, or rather carved or stamped leather. Some idea of the appearance of this open-work may be gained from the illustration of the nobles of the fourteenth century



A GENTLEMAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

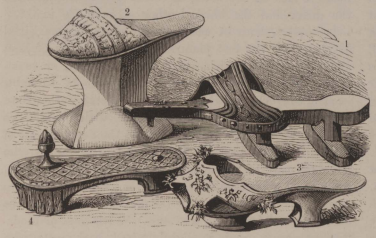
(From an Old Italian Print.)

engraved after Strutt (page 345); but some of the patterns, a variety of which were at one time to be seen on a wall painting at St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster, and beautifully reprinted in Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations," were very elaborate and elegant in design, closely, in fact, resembling the carvings of stone windows, and thus practically illustrating Chaucer's lines descriptive of the priest who had

"Paules windows graven on his shoes."

In the fourteenth century shoes gradually increased in length, until the prolongation of the toe rivalled in absurdity that of the towering peaked and horned head-dresses worn by the ladies of the same period. An illu-

mination (*temp.* Richard II.) in an MS. in the British Museum, of which a copy is given on page 345, gives some idea of the preposterous length of these shoes, and in the foremost figure may be seen dangling from the knee the golden chains which were used for fastening up the points of these *Crackowes*, which were named after the city of Cracow. Magnificent and massive gold chains were used for the Crackowes, and those who



Curious Shoes.

1, Peaked Patten (Fifteenth Century); 2, 3, Venetian Pattens (Sixteenth Century); 4, Indian Patten.

could not afford this precious metal had perforce to substitute silver, or even silk laces—for poor and rich, high and low, all were votaries of a decree of fashion, surely as senseless as any which has ever asserted itself over the masculine mind. The trailing garments of the women, rather than any virtuous scorn on their part of these pointed shoes, were probably the reason that they were apparently seldom worn by the gentler sex.

The Crackowes were constructed as continuations of upper garments, and were stuffed with hay or moss, and they must certainly, even when tied up, have been the cause of great discomfort to the wearer. Parti-coloured hose were also worn during the fourteenth century, and apparently the greater their contrast the greater was their charm, the beau of the period rejoicing in one leg being attired in brilliant scarlet whilst its companion leg appeared in blue; and even a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other was occasionally sported by those who wished to outvie their friends in eccentricity.

Ridiculous as such fashions may now appear, are they, after all, any more so than those affected by the nineteenth-century masher and girl of the period? the present-day pointed toes and absurdly high heels being, if not quite so ridiculous in appearance, certainly more injurious to health than the Crackowe, which at any rate had the merit of affording in its upper portion ample space for the play of the foot.

The illustration of a fourteenth-century shoemaker's shop very pleasantly portrays the various proportions and styles of the pointed shoes and boots, some it will be noticed being similar to modern Turkish slippers, devoid of casings to the back of the foot; others have these detached from the front portion; whilst the pair the customer is in the act of trying on very nearly approaches the climax of elongation affected by the most ultra fashionables of the day. The clogs at times worn with the Crackowes are also shown in the engraving. These pointed shoes and hose continued to be worn late into the fifteenth century; indeed, the extravagance of their length appears to have culminated in the reign of Edward IV., at which time princes indulged in points measuring two feet in length. When the wearers of this form of shoe became tired of them, they adopted the fashion of finishing them off by a beak or bill-shaped form four or five fingers in length, whilst others, probably from a spirit of contrariety, fell into the opposite extreme of wearing slippers measuring at least a foot in breadth. So absurd were these fashions that laws were enacted for the suppression of them, and heavy fines imposed for violation of the same by persons under a certain rank.

With the reign of Henry VII. the pointed shoe passed away, and the absurdly wide ones which had supplanted them became modified to very sensible proportions. Under his successor, Henry VIII., close-fitting slashed shoes and buskins with broad toes were worn. The latter soon probably became of absurd proportions, as they were publicly proclaimed during the reign of Mary. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth shoes were worn exquisitely embroidered, and provided with extraordinarily high heels, which were connected to the toe of the shoe by an under-sole. A pair of shoes of this kind worn by Queen Elizabeth, and left during a royal progress at the Earl of Essex's, were lent by Lady Hamilton to a recent loan



Curious Shoes.

1, German (Sixteenth Century); 2, Peaked (Seventeenth Century); 3, Flemish (1752); 4, German (Early Sixteenth Century); 5, Peaked (Fifteenth Century).

exhibition of ancient needlework, and a similar pair which belonged to Mary Stuart were lately exhibited amongst the relics of that unfortunate sovereign at the New Gallery. The passion for lace which raged in the seventeenth century led to its adoption as a decoration for boots, the tops of them being bountifully trimmed with the most exquisite Venetian and other point laces, whilst broad bows decorated the fronts of the shoes. A

very square-shaped toe which was fashionable at this period is shown in the reprint of a curious old Italian engraving, which also admirably illustrates the mode of wearing the hair and the shape of the coats then worn; also the snuff-box, which was the almost indispensable accompaniment of the toilette of fine gentlemen of the day.

Returning once again to female costume, we find that in the days of Queen Anne short shoes with high scarlet heels were much affected. The size and shape of the generality of shoes then and for some succeeding years appear to have been both becoming and healthful, but early in the present century we find the ladies wearing the most ridiculously slight protection to their feet; indeed, it is little short of marvellous to think how walking, even of the briefest description, can have been performed in the slender covering represented in the fashion plates of *La Belle Assemblée*.

Kemble slippers of white jean are detailed amongst the fashionable items of news in the same periodical. Later we read of "half-boots of coloured kid, laced with a ribbon to suit the colour of the boot, but not of the same, being universally worn in the morning, and the Roman sandal being exploded for the elegant little slipper of the Italian kind with the heel entirely flat, and made of white satin plaid and vanilla-brown silk, with bugle and other fancy rosettes." "My slippers are of white satin, with a small topaz buckle, this latter entirely new," writes a fashionable young lady to her friend in the country. Of the Regency boots, with hussar heels, sported by some dashing belles; the demi-broquins or quarter-boot, with lacings of the same, put aside for the half-boot by those London fashionables who loved to preserve the fine rose on their cheeks by wholesome exercise; the plaid slipper, the blue kid, the levantine, the pea-green, and other dainty *chaussures* affected by the *merveilleuse* whom we might possibly claim as a grandmother—space permits but this passing mention. Equally slight must be the allusion to the Oldenburg boots of light texture fringed with black or white, and made to lace up the sides, in colour corresponding with the dress, and the black leather shoes made in 1823—precursors, both of them, to the now well-conceived coverings for the feet planned for the use both of men and women; but which, alas! through vanity, or sometimes perhaps mere negligence and want of thought, become converted into instruments of torture rather than of comfort. Well-proportioned shoes, with broad soles and uppers affording ample space for the development of the foot, should be carefully insisted upon by all who have the care of young children, and no persuasion on the part of a boot-maker should ever induce an adult to permit his or her feet to be pressed into limits too circumscribed for health and ease. With soles of moderate substance, and a slightly-raised heel, pedestrian exercise can be enjoyed with delight, and a graceful gait insured. For indoor wear slippers or house-shoes should on no account be constricted over the toes. The vanity which prompts such a condition will, if indulged, but too surely and speedily meet with its self-incurred punishment, and weariness, pain, and inconvenience replace the comfort enjoyed by those who disdain to place themselves in the ranks of Fashion's folly-guided slaves.

B. DE MONTMORENCY MORRELL.



Madame de Recamier.

"SHE appeared upon earth," said one who knew her well, "like an angel of consolation;" and for once this well-worn term does not seem to have been misapplied. To begin with, the character of her beauty was in itself angelic, or at least, what we are pleased to so consider. She was fair-skinned, sunny-haired, radiant-eyed as we instinctively picture the children of light; an exquisite blending of grace and dignity invested her every movement, "transporting the beholder as if by magic into the region of poetry;" and the expression of all this loveliness was a benignant sweetness tempered by "dreamy sadness," which might be looked for on the face of an exile from a happier and a better world.

She was fond of clothing herself in pure, unbroken white, from her large plumed hat to her silken shoes or sandals; and doubtless, so attired, looked like a tall white lily in the sunlight. Certainly no lily of the field or of the garden was ever more gloriously exempt from toil or trouble. Not merely did she neither toil nor spin; she took no thought, nor needed to, not even for the day, far less the morrow. The costly garments, which formed so fine a setting for her beauty; the carriages and horses which bore from place to place this lady, who, after the manner of her time, never walked a step beyond her own garden; the Parisian palace where she entertained half Europe; the lovely country homes where she dreamt away the summer months with her friends; the servants who waited on them and her with every delicacy which wealth could command—all these things were provided; and the daily round of this luxurious existence was accomplished without effort or concern of hers. "She was never expected, or even allowed, to trouble herself about a single detail of business, or of household management."

The time and energy thus saved were not wasted; Mme. de Recamier devoted them to cultivating the great art of her life—to charm. Some one has said that to be a genius is to know what one can do best, and to do it; and judged by this standard Mme. de Recamier was certainly a genius. There have been many more illustrious women, many more beautiful, more talented—not one who charmed like she did; establishing for herself a reputation so enduring, that for this she is best remembered, as others are famous for their wisdom or their wit.

The source of this faculty, which "concentration, the secret of success," developed, would probably be as difficult to explain as that mysterious and indefinable something which made a poet-admirer exclaim: "You are yourself a poem; more, you are poetry itself!" It was certainly not dependent on her beauty only, for in that she was surpassed by many less bewitching contemporaries. Probably it was the outcome of what in modern language we call the "whole personality;" and the crowning grace of that is thus described by her biographer:—"Of all the gifts with which Heaven had endowed her, that which best explains the affection she inspired was a rare capacity for listening to and attending to others." Can any spell more potent be imagined, especially in a creature with so good an excuse for being absorbed in herself? It is the one quality which, even in an artificial world, may hold its own against beauty of appearance or demeanour; what must it be, then, combined with both, and when, as in this instance, the gracious disposition is perfectly translated by a lovely face and manner? The best part of her beauty—as her women admirers were the first to discover—was its perfect revelation of the soul that it enshrined.

"How is it that you bear rule in the kingdom of beauty?" cries one. "Your sovereignty there is so willingly acknowledged because you are so eminently kind, that it seems natural a soul so sweet should find expression in a lovely face."

"No one ever forgets you," cries another; "not only because you are kind, gentle, indulgent, and because every one remembers you in a way flattering to his vanity, and perhaps also to his heart, if he has one—but because your innate and bewitching kindness persuades every one that his fate cannot be indifferent to you." Without being clever or learned, she was intelligent enough and cultivated enough to be the friend of those who were—to give sympathy, and by some it was said even help and counsel, to the great politicians, philosophers, artists, and poets who flocked around her. To genius of a certain type her mere presence was a stimulant. "Your office," says one, "is to inspire." Then, when they were in trouble, as natures of this fine strain too often are, her pity fell like balm upon their wounds.

"All those who knew her must have more or less experienced," says her biographer, "that for those sufferings of the imagination which reach in some minds so acute a pitch she was the Sister of Mercy *par excellence*."

It was a singular task (when one comes to think of it) for a fashionable beauty, in the heyday of her youth and in the zenith of her fame. How did this "spoilt child of love and friendship" learn to minister to sorrows, of which, one might suppose, she could know nothing?

The question touches the pathos which is not absent even from this outwardly smiling picture of a favoured mortal. Never was there a more striking example of that irony which the modern spirit discovers at every turn of destiny. A beauty with the great world, not only of France, but of all Europe at her feet—with kings for her admirers, and queens for her intimate friends—watched and waited for in every land she visited with more than royal honours—her progress through life is like a triumphal procession; but if you listen attentively you will distinguish an undertone of sadness in the brilliant music, and the central figure looks out upon it all with almost tearful eyes.

"That which characterises your fortune," wrote one who knew her well, "is not what you yourself would have desired. The phœnix—marvellous but solitary bird!—pined, it is said, in his loneliness. He was nourished on sweet odours, and breathed the pure air of the heights; but often, no doubt, he envied the white dove the sweet companionship of her mate."

Years afterwards Mme. de Recamier gave thanks that to the niece whom she loved as a daughter the highest earthly happiness had been vouchsafed — "*l'amour dans le mariage*" — married love. Alas! how worse than vain to be a phœnix if one has the heart of a dove!

It seems only just to say a few words here concerning Mme. de Recamier's husband. Their marriage was one of convenience only, entered into of her own free will, when, indeed, she was too young to know all she forfeited, as well as secured, by the alliance; but it was as good as such a union can be made. M. de Recamier furnished the necessary escort and protection in society, and the wealth which enabled her to shine there, and required so little in return that Mme. de Recamier paid for these advantages by merely bearing his name, doing the honours of his house, and rendering him the attentions of a dutiful daughter. There was no strong affection, and at the same time no strong dislike, on either side. Each faithfully fulfilled the singular compact which, if not the ideal marriage, was in some points superior to what the real too often is.

Still, it left a void which Mme. de Recamier felt more keenly as time went on and her character developed. She satisfied her maternal cravings by adopting a little niece of her husband's, who became afterwards the delight of her old age, the most devoted of her friends, the least discriminating of biographers. Her "Life of Madame Recamier" is from beginning to end a panegyric—as a work of art, therefore, a failure; but what a tribute to Mme. de Recamier, paid as it was by her most intimate companion!

The next thing with which this starved heart stayed its hunger was friendship—a sentiment, by the way, which is said to be as far beyond the female heart as the higher mathematics are beyond the female brain. This was not the only popular assumption concerning her sex on which she throws discredit. Toleration—political toleration too—was another of her virile traits. This did not arise from indifference; she thought, she felt deeply on the great questions of her day, but was able, at the same time, to respect the opinions of those who differed from her. Her friends were often her political opponents without ceasing to be her friends, and her *salon*, the meeting-ground of men of all parties, was for that very reason the only *salon* which, for some time after the Revolution, could be held at all. But the stay and basis of her friendship was a quality rarer in either men or women than toleration; it was constancy. Affection in a nature so high-strung and emotional is always fervent, but not always, or often, as with her, steady and enduring also, unchilled by passing gusts of temper or caprice, increasing rather than diminishing with time. It was not, moreover, without its heroic strain. She knew well all she risked by visiting Mme. de Staël when that unfortunate lady had been banished from France by the great man who then reigned there. She dared and she brought down upon herself the same sentence of exile, so terrible to a Parisian of that day. Yet it was not for this bold act only, or chiefly, that Mme. de Staël swelled the general chorus which proclaimed Mme. de Recamier to be an angel. The friend who can be loyal in the hour of danger is not always kindly in that of prosperity, or in the larger average of daily life which lies between the two. Mme. de Recamier was both. Of friendship, too, she had made a fine art, "imparting to the only sentiment in which she might indulge, such tenderness, fidelity, and delicacy as rarely has been equalled." She received in return—from women as well as men—something akin to worship. For the latter, indeed, she may be said to have invented a new kind of feeling which was neither friendship nor love, but a mixture of both. It was not unlike that which Beatrice and Laura inspired, only their lovers worshipped from afar, while Mme. de Recamier's enjoyed the companionship of their idol without flagging in the zeal, or (what is, perhaps, more astonishing) the reserve of their adoration.

They formed a remarkable group, differing in nearly everything but their attachment to Mme. de Recamier, and their marked superiority to the common run of men—Camille de Jourdan, whom St. Beuve calls "the intrepid patriot," true to his Republican principles at the price of failure and obscurity, when all France was bowing before Napoleon; Matieu de Montmorenci, the handsome ascetic with the mind of a mediæval saint, and the manners of a Parisian courtier—the guide, philosopher, and guardian angel almost, though so young himself, of his beautiful and bewitching friend; Ballanche, the poet, with the distorted face and lovely eyes—"poor exile from happiness," as he plaintively called himself—whom Mme. de Recamier found in his desolation and consoled, earning for herself thereby a love passing the love of women in its unwavering fidelity and entire self-forgetfulness; Ampère, the youngest and most lover-like of those who fell at her feet when she was nearly sixty, and he little more than twenty, and then learned to love her, not less but more wisely, with an ardour which neither time nor separation altered. A still more illustrious name remains, but it cannot rightly be classed amongst the others. Call him what she would, Chateaubriand was more than a friend. If the word "affinity" had not been made ridiculous one might be tempted to use it here. Chateaubriand, if the most distinguished, was far from being the best or the most lovable man that Mme. de Recamier had ever met, or the one most after her own heart. On the contrary, he bristled with all the faults she most disliked, and was poor in all her favourite virtues; yet, such as he was, arriving somewhat late in life—for Mme. de Recamier was over forty when she met him—he took at once the supreme place in her heart which no one had ever held before. Love it certainly was, and, had they both been free, would have frankly been so called; but, as they were not, Mme. de Recamier determined that it should bear the name and more conform to the outward conditions of friendship, however fond, however intimate. To this

no one objected. M. de Recamier was indifferent; Mme. de Chateaubriand was complaisant, relieved to have found some one who could occupy and amuse her somewhat intractable husband. No one objected, that is, but M. de Chateaubriand himself—one of those spoilt children of fortune who are accustomed to take everything that they want, and to take it greedily and imperiously. A conflict ensued, which, however, ended in the triumph, not of the stronger but of the more stable character. Separation was Mme. de Recamier's last resource, and when, after a long sojourn in Italy, she returned, "not a word of explanation or of reproach was exchanged; but, as she observed the deep delight with which he resumed his old habits, and the respectful tenderness and perfect confidence of his manner towards her, she felt that Heaven had rewarded her self-denial, and that his friendship, henceforth undisturbed by storms, would be unalterable, because calm as a quiet conscience and innocent as virtue itself."



MADAME DE RECAMIER.

(*From the Painting by Gérard.*)

So, on the whole, it proved, though "calm" is not the

word with which to speak of Chateaubriand or his friendships. A more restless mortal never breathed, or one more difficult to satisfy. Even Mme. de Recamier provoked his wrath at times by such "frivolity" and "giddiness"—to use his own language—as forgetting to date her letters, or to answer his with sufficient punctuality. Fortunately for their union, not even he could complain of her temper. The atmosphere of perpetual and gentle calm in which she lived must have been like Elysium to this unquiet spirit, and her "sweet compassion"—to quote the words of Ballanche—"was always his best refuge." And so these two went hand-in-hand down the decline of life—through age, through infirmity, to the brink of death. Then, indeed, the ties that held them asunder existed no longer, and they might have been married. Chateaubriand desired this, but Mme. de Recamier decided differently. All that he could ask of her, all that she could do for him, was to nurse him through what was evidently his last illness; and not even a censorious world, as she said herself, would grudge them that. So friends, and nothing more, they remained even to the last. It will seem a sorry ending to young readers, and to all who like every story to end with marriage bells; but some of us, who have learned that in this life constancy is much rarer than love, may feel that an affection which can exist and persist, without bond of any kind, has a moral beauty of its own which even wedded love may not display.

Mme. de Recamier's history, though it began like a fairy tale, does not end like one. Her husband lost one fortune after another, and she ended her days in what might be called poverty compared to the splendour which surrounded her youth. The little *salon* where she held her later court—where Ampère saw her for the first time, "all in white, a vision of hitherto unimagined grace," which Chateaubriand visited daily, with such punctuality that the neighbourhood set their clocks by his coming—was one of a very modest suite of apartments in the Abbaye aux Bois. It was there, probably, though youth and fortune had both deserted her, that she spent her happiest days, surrounded by her little body-guard of devoted and tried friends, and assiduously visited by those who came from far and near to pay her homage. Her career did not end with youth, as a beauty's so often does, because she was so much more than a beauty; and her extraordinary fascination depended on gifts which time can only ripen. It was, no doubt, in some measure, the outer reflection of those which made her so fair to see even in old age. But even death was gentle to Mme. de Recamier—at least, so says her niece, triumphantly recording how the dreadful disease of cholera, to which she fell a prey, and which usually so disfigures its victims, left her almost more beautiful than in life.

Few characters can bear so well the trying light of another day. There is a fashion even in virtues, and our moral taste alters with time. Mme. de Recamier lived in a much more artificial atmosphere than our own, and was inspired by a very different ideal of feminine excellence. The limp and clinging draperies in which she appeared like a goddess to her contemporaries, would not be more out of place in a lawn-tennis ground than she herself in the arena of modern life. But there are some qualities which are never out of date—benevolence, kindness, sweetness, and, above all, sympathy—which we of this over-strained, over-sensitive generation apprize so dearly. These, which made her lovely upon earth, still enhalo her memory, and the picture of her which Love has painted and preserved, is one of the most winsome in the great portrait gallery of biography.

M. E. HAWKER.

Disillusioned.

I.

LOVE met me late upon the way
Of Fancy's frail dominions;
A thousand radiances of day
Throbbed on his spirit-pinions.

II.

He caught my heart—the lovely thing
And held it with embraces;
"Come thou and sit apart and sing
With me in pleasant places!"

III.

Alas! the truths we hold to-day,
We learn anew to-morrow;
And I have found that child of play
Companioned close with sorrow.

DOROTHY BLOMFIELD.

The Latest Fashions.

By Mrs. JOHNSTONE.

"Will she thy linen wash, or hosen darn,
And knit thy gloves?"



THIS was Gay's test of a good wife, but machinery is quickly superseding the use of the fingers. Among the cultivated classes a wife's duties lie rather in regulating her household well—in creating an atmosphere of happiness, beauty, order, and cheerfulness in the home, than in personal labour on behalf of her husband and family. The few who still use their needle in repairing the ravages of time, and "hosen darn," will welcome the clever little darning-machine which minimises the labour. It is so simple that it does not try the eyes, a child might use it, and it replaces the rent by a strong new piece. In a few more years what further improvements in domestic machinery may we not expect?

Queen Bess was a far-seeing monarch, but she showed a certain want of judgment when, on being asked to aid the introduction of the stocking-frame, she replied, "I have too much love to my poor people who obtain their bread by the employment of knitting, to give my money to forward an invention which will tend to their ruin by depriving them of their employment, and thus make them beggars." Nevertheless, William Lee's invention proved a mine of wealth to the country; and so rapidly did the number of those who earned a living by stocking-making increase, that Cromwell was petitioned to form them into a guild.

Continual improvements in stocking-weaving and designing are brought to a successful issue in our day, and the stockings in our headpiece give some of Mr. F. Penberthy's latest novelties in Oxford Street.

Some are made with a very pretty style of silk, which can be had in all colours to match any dress, and the embroidered designs are the best that have been brought out for some time. But every one, especially those who walk much, cannot wear silk stockings from morning to night, so others made of Lisle thread meet a general want. There is no longer any fear of stained feet from black stockings; the sanitary black-dye hosiery is absolutely fast; it will neither rub off nor wash out; and many of the open-work and embroidered Lisle thread hose so closely resemble silk that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. Such stockings are worn with vertical stripes extending from the toe to the top in black mixed with any colour, while some are embroidered only, and others are embroidered and woven also in an open-work pattern on the foot. Sometimes the embroidery is self-coloured, sometimes multi-coloured; and in stripes the widths are as varied as the stockings. As long as shoes continue to be worn, stockings will assume more than their usual importance; but no woman can be well dressed unless she be careful as to the coverings of hands and feet. Happily, now, no extravagance of design has found favour in stockings, and the prices are so moderate that even the most careful of housewives need not have them too continuously mended.

Time was, by-the-by, when the task fell on men; hence our word "botcher." Do you remember that Falstaff, in his simulated disgust at the cowardice of his companions, exclaims, "Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too"? The craft was not held in much esteem, and Beaumont and Fletcher speak of them as "woollen-pated fellows."

The fans in this same illustration embody some new ideas. In the embroidered fan the flowers are appliquéd, the edges worked round in silk. The blooms are white chrysanthemums—some with embroidered centres, others left open. The painting and embroidery introduced on quite inexpensive fans nowadays are really artistic, and well conceived. Some gauze hand-screens with gold



DIRECTOIRE COAT AND MANTLE.

handles, recently revived from those in favour half a century ago, are marvels of delicate flower, bird, and insect painting, and are so little costly that almost any one with a moderate income could delight the eye with a veritable thing of beauty. Several are octagon; and while some have a black foundation, most of them are white, for there is a great feeling for white this year in many things. The other fans here sketched, however, are on quite a new plan. The upper portion is double; the butterflies, flowers, or whatever the design may be, are cut out in crêpe de Chine, and superposed; the insects are set wing to wing, with the antennæ painted on the fan itself; and they stand out well when the fan is opened, and do not crush when folded. Handles are often scented. A beehive and bees have been arranged on the same plan, and they do not get easily out of condition. The shapes of the modern fans are almost as varied as their designs. Some have oval, others arched tops; sometimes one large butterfly constitutes the entire fan, occasionally a very large flower; and when important blooms are painted upon them, the upper edge almost invariably follows the outline, as in the case of the heart's-ease, and the bold, well-painted iris. Occasionally the flowers are cut out, even in the centre of the fan, leaving interstices between; and the ribs are steeled, carved, and painted. The steel-spangled black fans are very much used in mourning. I have one other and more decided novelty to describe, however, keeping the *bonne-bouche* to the last, viz., the dagger-fan, to be had in all colours, and when closed an exact counterpart of a veritable dagger, with metal sheath, the handle painted in different colours to suit the toilette. Pressing a button at the side it opens, and the pretty fan is disclosed; it closes by slightly drawing the trigger. So the peaceful fan for the nonce is to "flutter in the female hand" in the form of a formidable-looking weapon.

Though the London season is well upon us, it is by no means easy to speak positively as to which particular style of dress will really be worn. The Empire modes find many adherents; the Directoire is likely to be well worn throughout the year, and it has now a formidable rival in the new Incroyable coat. Our first illustration (sketched at Mr. G. Sykes', of Regent Street and Great Castle Street) shows a Directoire coat worn with a mantle, which may be discarded when the weather permits, and the dress will then be found suitable for outdoor wear without it. It is made in one of the new pink tones, and their name is legion. The difficulty lies in deciding where pink ends, and red or terra-cotta begins. The vieux-rose tints are still much worn. Vandyke is the newest name and perhaps the newest colour. I have often seen the tone in that artist's paintings; but it is not vieux-rose, there is more red in it. Mogul is a pinky-red, with a predominance of red—more than in Vandyke. Vesuvian has a dash of flame. Afrique is between terra-cotta and mahogany. Stanley has a brick tint. Nymphe is the lightest of all pinks; and camellia, which is to be worn a great deal this summer, is like the Pochard of some years back. Hortense and Ophelia are allied to mauve, but still come under a very wide range of red-pinks; and another departure is the new apricot (yellow and pink blended, but boasting of far more pink than any other tone). It really requires a long education to understand the names of this year's colours and the exact shades they represent; and these tones of which I am now speaking, and the myriads of greens (from light to dark), are without any manner of doubt the fashionable colours for 1889.

The dress in the illustration, and the cloak to match, are of the bois-de-rose shade, just that purply-pinky-green which you find on some rose-stems. The material is the corkscrew cloth, that owes its name to the new departure in weaving which makes it quite different from the smooth habit-cloths that have been worn a long time. The waistcoat is of a lustrous silk, also used for the entire front of the skirt; and the waistcoat is elaborately

worked in silk, while the lapels, collars, and cuffs are edged with cord made to match. Dresses cannot be arranged hurriedly now, for they nearly all have special trimmings made for them. Beads are for the moment set aside; but cord galons (many of divisible patterns) are employed, as well as much metallic thread. A clever French machine has been brought over to England, and is now being almost universally employed in our large houses. By its means any material can be elaborately embroidered in cord or fine braid (cord is newer) in any design. Where lace is also used, the work is not unfrequently carried on to the heading of the lace. In this way the front breadths often have a bordering a quarter of a yard deep in front; and the lapels and cuffs, ornamentation to match. A new mode of trimming is to have some three points descending point downwards from the waist, thereby reversing the order of things, such trimmings usually starting from the feet, the points upwards. The little mantle in the illustration is trimmed with black, to exactly match the dress, and is cleverly arranged, so that it seems to form a part of the gown, whereas usually with these coats, any kind of mantle, except those that completely cover them, takes from their effect.

The other figure (also sketched at Mr. Sykes') wears an Incroyable coat, of Quaker-green velvet, which has lapels, waistcoat, and cuffs, of shot silk brocaded with fawn sprigs. This is totally different from the Directoire style, and the distinction lies in the accompanying Incroyable frill, and the long tails, after the order of those in a man's tail-coat, which reach to the hem of the skirt. Miss Vaughan wore several such coats in the *School for Scandal*, and most bewitching garments they looked upon her, especially one in fawn velvet or corduroy, over a skirt of blue brocade. In France, without doubt, the stage mirrors existing and coming fashions, and it is beginning to do so in England; but this popular actress has always heralded some mode or other, which has become universal. Jerseys and elastic bodices never were generally adopted till Miss Vaughan appeared in one, which the Countess of Bective saw, admired, and immediately adopted, many of her friends doing the same; the rest of the fashionable world followed, and subsequently the million. I therefore recommend this Incroyable coat to special notice. One in black cashmere, with various waistcoats, might be worn with many dresses. In my model the large buttons set in a framework of steel points harmonise with the shade of the dress; and it is worn over a skirt of Quaker-green vigogne, with long loops of ribbon falling from the waist, simulating the châtelaine or watch-chain and seals which the veritable Incroyables hung on both sides of the waist. A pretty little mantle, which may be worn with it, can be made in Armure Royale trimmed with jet and lace.

A tailor-made gown should be strong, simple, and fit perfectly; which demands are faithfully carried out in Mr. Doré's model, just completed in George Street, Hanover Square. It is made in a soft red cloth, with a fawn-coloured waistcoat and skirt-panels; the lapels are braided, and so are the sleeves (coming in a point from the shoulder), and there is a band round the wrist. Wire cord is often introduced in lieu of braid for such trimmings, and has the great advantage of not tarnishing, as it can always be restored to its original brightness by rubbing with a chamois leather. It is to be had in many colourings. A dress of this kind is suited



INCROYABLE COAT.

to almost all seasons, and all occasions when morning dress is permissible. Such costumes are worn in London at the smartest weddings and afternoon parties, and it would not be out of place in a long country walk across stubble-fields, or for a tour abroad. Those who do not care to spend a fortune on dress will find themselves always suitably attired if they select this class of garment. The same remark applies to the light-coloured cloth mantle with broad trimmings; it entirely covers the dress, and is lined with silk. A chamois leather habit-shirt, or a woollen waistcoat beneath, would add to its warmth when required. It is close-fitting at the back. The long, pointed sleeves are its new feature, and they have the merit of not crushing or rubbing the sleeves of the dress. Round the neck it fits

closely. For Sandown, Ascot, and journeys to and from any races, such a mantle is invaluable, as well as for ordinary wear.

"J'aime le militaire" is a sentiment which is not by any means confined to the French nation, and English women show their predilections by the preference they always give to military braiding, rather than to any other kind, especially on jackets. The basques are all very short; and this class of jacket fits as closely as a dress-bodice, but displays the figure to even greater advantage. They are made in black, green, blue, or fawn, and are a most useful stand-by for the mid-seasons and cold days, for the style so rarely alters that they may be worn for years. Their cut, finish, and workmanship are perfect, or they would not thus stand the test of time. The two illustrations on the opposite page are both from Mr. Doré's models. For more dressy occasions the leading dressmakers and drapers are selling most jaunty little jackets, in art-coloured cloth or velvet, which do not fasten, and are kept in their place by a waistcoat beneath. The jacket is so cut that the fronts may turn down to hide it, or be turned back to show it to perfection; and when shown, it is worth seeing, for it is generally made of pearl-grey or white silk, bordered with cord and tinsel braid, steel and silver, a large lace jabot veiling the front. It can be worn thus for indoors, and most women like this dainty little garment.

Society, which erewhile despised trade, has now made it her own, and duchesses and *femmes du monde* do not disdain to sell behind a counter and pocket the results. Among those who have thereby scored a signal success is Mme. Vera (Mrs. Franklin) at her pretty house, 24, Lower Belgrave Street, sacrificing her dining-room to the exigencies of her trade. Always well dressed herself, she understands what suits her customers, and what the fashionable world of London really wears. Her pretty daughter, Lady de Trafford, exemplifies in a charming fashion the delightful styles her mother can create.

The two bonnets and two hats on page 358 give a just idea of some of Mme. Vera's latest styles. The hats follow the form of the head; but there is little doubt that before London is once more deserted at the annual exodus,



MORNING DRESS.

many of the best-dressed women will be wearing their hair low at the nape of the neck, and many will adopt the catogan. The shape of the first hat is best adapted to such a coiffure, though it would accord well with the present style. It is made in light green chip, for coloured



NEW MANTLE.



NEW CLOTH JACKET.

fancy straws and chips are among the new modes. The brim, which is shallow at the back, and turns up in front, is lined with lace drawn together on narrow ribbon. Dresses, bonnets, parasols, all show this "trou-trou," as it is called—viz., material with holes through which ribbon can be threaded; and many of the piece-laces used for the fronts of tea-gowns and dinner-gowns are often so treated, green ribbons having the preference over other colours. On the outside, this hat is covered with velvet marguerites, shading from dark to grass green, tied with bunches of the new ribbon-grass, which is of a firm gelatinous substance, just the tint of a lily of the valley leaf when the blooms first unfold, and now employed frequently in lieu of ribbon — a very charming novelty. The Chelsea hat is simpler, but most stylish; made in chip of any colour, and trimmed with two shades of ribbon to match. It requires a fringe of hair over the wearer's forehead, and is best suited to a young fresh face.

Red is so becoming, no wonder that most of the very prettiest bonnets both in winter and summer are of this tone. They relieve a sombre toilette, and make it dressy at once. The first of the two bonnets is made of drawn crimson crêpe, divided by jet cords. The lace strings are run with baby ribbon; and the same narrow crimson ribbon forms the bows in front. We have for so long a time been content to wear ambitious bonnets, towering to the skies, that we can hardly accept all at once the new flat shapes; but they are not unbecoming, and, when on, are not really flat. The trimmings generally come from the back, as in the last illustration, which is a simple black lace and Empire bonnet, with terra-cotta bows at the back, and strings which start from the centre. Strings will not be wide, though

the majority of bows are made of the six to eight-inch width of ribbon.

Peasant's raiment has generally many merits; it is nearly always picturesque, mostly becoming, and invariably exactly adapted to the life and requirements of the wearer. The world of fashion continually copies the modes of the peasantry. This year it is the Alsatian headdress, which is faithfully reproduced in all its severity sometimes, but more frequently is relieved by the addition of a jet horse-shoe, or a tuft of flowers peeping above the centre tie, while sometimes a coronet of blooms frames the face.

Society women are proving themselves not only clever at business capacities, but also of inventive talent, and a young lady has invented a really practically useful collapsing bonnet, now to be seen in Mortimer Street. As a bonnet, it is fashionable, well shaped, becoming, and just like any other; but in a second it becomes perfectly flat, and by means of two hooks and two loops is transformed into a fan. How useful this is for travelling, for journeying by train, to the theatre, and for a hundred other occasions when the possession of a bonnet entails either great inconvenience or many shillings expended! A hat is being brought out on the same plan, and, like all successful inventions, it is simplicity itself.

There are some dainty trifles connected with millinery which deserve to be mentioned—a semicircular Chantilly lace aigrette, and some very finely-wrought silk embroideries on lisse, frequently edged with ribbon. Black flowers and green blooms in velvet are new, and have not the merit of being natural, but as a rule the artificial flowers this season are very faithfully copied from Dame Nature. They are used in great profusion, especially on hats with broad brims in front, which seem to swallow up sufficient for a large old-fashioned nosegay.

I do not hear that the floral parasols of last year are to be revived; they met with but scant patronage last summer, when the sun scarcely ever deigned to shine. This year's shapes are of the en-tout-cas order.



NEW HATS AND BONNETS.

Suspended from the line at the beginning of the chapter there is to be seen hanging, with the stockings, a little figure. It might, at a first glance, be mistaken for a turtle or a tortoise; but is, in fact, a scent-sachet made of striped satin in the form of a bag, with a doll's head, hands, and feet. It emits the most delicious perfume. The demand for these things is on the increase. There is a fashion in perfumes as in everything else, and the most popular now originate in our woodlands, where the flowers smell sweetest. Sachets are made in every conceivable device, from an apple to a kitchen saucepan, and they emit the odour of violets, roses, cowslips, cherry-blossom, cut hay, and an *omnium gatherum* of all the scents combined, which after all is perhaps the best. Most of the tea-gowns and dressing-gowns are scented, the powder being concealed in a tiny bag at the cuffs and neck, and scattered about the skirt between the linings.



Paris Fashions.

By VIOLETTE.

WE are growing alarmed over here at the vogue that has set in for flat skirts. Such straight lines, such scanty use of draperies, such uniformity of trimmings—nothing but embroideries—are beginning to exhaust the imaginative resources of our great dressmakers.

They foresee the disappointment awaiting the crowd of fashionable women coming from all points of the compass to visit the Exhibition, when they find such extraordinary simplicity reigning in Paris—the Alma Mater of fashion.

This alarm has given rise to a revival of the Louis XV. and Louis XVI. styles—a revival the approach of which I signalised in my last letter, and which is beginning to be distinctly felt in the "make-up" of the light and delicate summer fabrics.

The revival is at present in the tentative stage only. All but pretty fal-de-rals, the coquettish garnitures, the fuller and more sweeping draperies, are putting in a timid appearance, reduced to their slightest proportions. The Directoire style holds its own during this period of transition; but by this time next year our readers may expect to see our Parisian ladies habited as if they had stepped out of the middle of last century.

Women with exceptionally fine figures deplore the coming change. Those clinging Empire gowns were admirably suited to display the elegance and grace of their beautifully proportioned forms. Less-favoured women hail the approaching revolution. The thinner ones see in the floating mystery of draperies a means of concealing angularities of form, of suggesting rounded outlines. The stout ones hope to dissemble, by the skilful balancing of folds, the excess of curves with which over-bounteous Nature has endowed them. As beautifully-made women are in all countries, alas! and in all ages, in the minority, the majority are in favour of the approaching change of fashion. Nevertheless, at the social réunions, at morning calls, in concert-rooms, in picture galleries, at all the various gatherings where morning dress is displayed in its most charming varieties, we find that for gowns the prevailing style is now the narrow, straight, scantily-draped.

Mme. Lebouvier, a *première*, who for fifteen years worked in our best houses, has lately taken the hôtel in the Rue Bondreau formerly inhabited by Mme. Tarbé des Sablons, and has set up there on her own account. The hôtel, that was once the scene of many brilliant social gatherings, contains now a suite of showrooms, where Mme. Lebouvier exhibits a series of costumes that, by the grace and originality of their design, places her at once in the first rank of our dressmakers.

A description of a few of these gowns will give my readers a fair idea of what will be worn during the spring and early summer.

Gold is the trimming in highest favour. The artistic use of this brilliant colour for morning wear was displayed in a gown of black Sicilienne. The straight skirt was adorned on either side with panels of wide gold ribbon veiled with black spotted net. The bodice, the folds of which were arranged to imitate a fichu, crossed over a plastron of gold, also veiled with black net. The wide

scarf-sash, the puffed sleeves, the deep wristbands, the straight collar, and the shoulder-knots, were all of gold silk softened with black net.

Another costume of sober yet brilliant effect was of plain Venetian-red foulard mingled with cashmere foulard. The rich medley of colours of the latter appeared on the wide revers of the long, plain redingote bodice. The skirt was likewise trimmed with drapery arranged in Louis XVI. style. The vest opened over a chemisette of plain foulard, and a scarf of the same material formed the sash. The plain sleeves were buttoned all the way up inside the arm, and the buttons were covered with the cashmere foulard, which was repeated in a cravat at the throat.

The note of black which plays so important a part in the designs of our leading French dressmakers is skilfully used by Mme. Lebouvier to give value to lighter tones of colour. A dress of willow-green foulard, over which spreads a pattern of black foliage, was tastefully trimmed with black lace. The gathered bodice opened over a guimpe of black lace, the wide sleeves were of black lace, and the black sash fastened behind. The straight collar and the shoulder-knots were of willow-green watered silk covered with black lace. Another tasteful example of the manner in which the mingling of black with colour enhances the vividness of the latter, might be seen in a crêpe de Chine dress of tender pink brocaded over with boughs of dead-leaf shade. There was a singular charm in the blending of the pink ground and dimly golden foliage. This dress was made with a loose polonaise draped with Grecian simplicity, gathered up at the left side, and disclosing the plain under-skirt. Round the hem of the polonaise circled a delicate flounce of black lace, which was repeated in the deep Pierrot collar, and undulated down the front of the dress.

The new drapery sash was shown in a gown of black Bengaline, the skirt of which was gathered into deep pleats at the back. The plain bodice was made with a wide olive-green drapery of silk guipure. This drapery started from under the arms, crossed in front, and formed a corselet. The gathered sleeves were plain.

A similar gown might be made in navy-blue foulard patterned over with white foliage; the drapery sash would in this case be of dark blue satin or white guipure. This corselet gives a picturesque finish to the dress and suits most figures. This is an important consideration. The young and pretty look well in almost anything; loose chemises russes, closely-fitting vests, straight redingotes, become them alike; but when middle age comes, when portliness or thinness threatens to mar the outlines of the figure, then must come reflection before a new fashion be too rashly adopted.



EVENING DRESS, FROM THE MAISON LAFÈRRIÈRE.

Blue is now decidedly rising in favour. A navy blue vigogne dress was made with a long tunic gracefully draped over the plain skirt. A wide double border of dark blue passementerie edged the skirt; this passementerie was laid on a band of pale pink satin; and the gleam of colour, with its accompaniment of braid, was repeated at the wrists and throat.

A charming gown in the new draped style was of surah merveilleux; the softly-falling draperies of delicate brown shot with old-rose, almost entirely covered a skirt of plain pink surah; wide shoulder-knots and a corselet of Byzantine embroideries of pink, green, gold, and silver, gave a suggestion of Eastern richness to the dress. The leg-of-mutton sleeve was gathered very high on the shoulders, and the wristbands were of embroidery.

A gown, suited for the young only, was of pink cashmere, the skirt edged with a wide band of embroidery worked in white silk, above which circled three bands of black watered ribbon. The white embroidery formed a fichu across the bodice. The black watered ribbon was repeated on the wristbands and collar, and in the wide sash.

Such a gown might be effectively made in delicate grey or mauve, with the same trimming of white embroidery, and the accentuating touch of black.

As for ball-dresses, they were never prettier or more daintily original than they are now. Their make is simple: straight skirts, and low bodices fastened behind. All the charm of the gown depends on the beauty of its material, which furnishes the keynote to the trimming. Flowers brocaded in the silk, artificial flowers, and flowers wrought with the needle, appear on these ball-dresses. Nothing, for instance, can be prettier than a white lampas dress brocaded over with a design of large roses, a wreath of roses, laid upon a ruche of pink gauze, garlanding the hem of the dress, roses circling round the bodice, clusters of roses forming epaulettes on the shoulders, and a wide sash of pink satin at the waist. This poetic dress may be made in the palest pink lampas brocaded with violets. Wreaths and clusters of violets would then replace the roses; the ruche and sash would be of lilac gauze and satin.

A yet prettier dress might be silver grey lampas patterned over with forget-me-nots. The tender azure of the flower would now take the place of the roses and violets; the delicate ruching of tulle, in which the pretty wildings of the brook-side would nestle, must be blue as the stuff; the sash of the same shade of blue. A no less charming dress might be of straw-coloured faille brocaded over with white lilies of the valley. The floral trimmings would be lilies of the valley or silver foliage laid upon white net, sprinkled with silver. The sparkling net might in this case form a drapery placed *en sautoir* across the bodice; and knots of silver ribbon, holding the drapery in its place, might replace the sash in this softly radiant ball-dress.

When the stuff is plain, the trimmings are no longer artificial flowers, but flowers embroidered in relief, and in silks imitating the hues of nature. On some of these dresses are displayed marvels of needlework. The brush cannot imitate more cunningly the bloom and the varied tints of blossoms and leaves, than the needles of our deft embroideresses.

A kingcup-coloured satin gown was wreathed at the hem with a garland of leaves, among which peeped clusters of violets. On a mauve-coloured satin, Bengal roses spread their sweetness; on twig-green satin were laid reeds and pearly-white narcissi; and another was embroidered with great iris-blooms of incomparable purple shades, holding the golden secret of their loveliness amidst their petals. The same floral garniture edges the bodice. The sash of satin repeats the colour of the blossoms.



BALL-DRESS, FROM THE MAISON LIPMANN.

I have seen a white peau de soie gown embroidered with chaplets of red carnations. Pink and white carnations might be worked upon ash-grey faille. Sometimes the dresses are unadorned, save for the crêpe de Chine draperies folding across the bodice, and knotted behind in a scarf-sash.

All these ball-dresses have straight skirts; but some women do not care for this somewhat severe style, and cling to Frou-frou draperies. Charming ball-dresses are made with upper dresses of brocaded Pekin or Bengaline, opening in panels over under-skirts matching the colour of the upper garment; spotted crêpe or gauze, finely embroidered in gold or silver. A sprinkling of flowers sometimes edges the hem of these dresses; sometimes it is a fringe of pearls, or clusters of beads; sometimes crystal pearls are scattered like raindrops over the cloudy fabric. Gold, however, is the favourite trimming for these non-floral ball-dresses, as it is for the less fantastic morning costumes. It appears in every adornment—it brightens the skirt, it gleams in the bodice, it touches the headgear. Then next in favour come fine pearls, crystal drops, amber and jet.

The ball-room headdress is entirely altered. Our

great artist hair-dresser Noviat, against whose decree there is no appeal, at the opening of the winter season declared against aigrettes, side-tufts, and panaches. He gathers the hair in a knot low on the neck, with a cache-peigne of flowers; or he dresses it in the Greek style, binding it with gold ribbon, or a chaplet of flowers without foliage; or he garlands it with a Ceres wreath, forming a diadem over the forehead, in the Roman style.

One word about the hats and bonnets displayed in the show-rooms of the Maison Virot. The tall pegs upon which they hang, seem to be the stems from which droop many-coloured blossoms of fantastic form.

With the month of May, the reign of the pretty, becoming cap-like bonnets will almost have come to an end, and that of the large round hats will have begun. These are wide-brimmed, flat crowns, laden with flowers or feathers. Some are made with the garlands resting on the hair.

The Maufrigneuse hat is a bell shape; it casts a pleasant shade over the face, and it is adapted to the large floating veils that are now in favour. These veils are made of embroidered net and gauze, spotted tulle having gone out of favour. This hat, of black paille de riz, lined with velvet, rested on a diadem of maize-coloured crêpe. The crown was covered with a tangle of iris-blossoms and reeds, mingling with loops of straw-coloured ribbon, the long ends of which, knotted below the crown, fell floating behind.

Another charming hat was an arrangement of vernal tints skilfully harmonised, and running from the lightest green to the sober neutrality of the laurel. The rim of the hat was of willow-green paille de riz, striped at the border by three rows of lighter green, all lined with laurel-green velvet. The flat crown was covered by three long pale green feathers, and long sheafs of reeds; green velvet and ribbon were twisted about the crown.



"PRIVATE VIEW" COSTUME, FROM THE MAISON FELIX.

Another hat, the brim forming a halo round the head, was of gold-green straw, all veiled with black lace; the lappets, gathered up in loops on the top of the crown, appeared held there by clusters of Parma violets.

Another hat of the same shape was of black straw lined with black embroidered net finely gathered in with yellow ribbon; round the crown, twisted black ribbons. A cluster of ostrich-tips—black, pink, yellow, and orange—was placed on one side.

A simpler hat of smaller dimensions, soberly elegant in its suggestion of half-mourning, was of Leghorn straw flattened over the brow. A dainty border of black straw surrounded the crown; the brim was lined with Chantilly lace; a wide knot of black velvet, on which perched a small black bird, was placed in front.

Another hat was very wide and flat-brimmed; it was of English straw, delicately green, striped with another shade of green, and lined with velvet. Under the brim was placed a wreath of roses, to rest on the wearer's hair; *choux* of pink and Tosca-green ribbon were disposed above.

Another hat, no less wide and flat, was of pale chestnut paillasson straw veiled with gold blonde, the scalloped edge of which fell over a wreath of jonquils; delicately speckled partridge-wings and a wide turquoise-blue velvet bow adorned the crown.

Position of Women in the Australian Colonies.

GREAT and marvellous as has been the progress of the Australian Colonies within the last fifty years, it is only necessary to bear in mind the fact that, covering as they do a territory nearly as large as Europe, they have as yet but a population of barely 3,000,000, to be convinced that the country is still but in its infancy; that as the babe in swaddling-clothes is to the full-grown woman, so is the Australia of to-day to the Australia of a hundred years hence. The area of the Colonies, including New Zealand and Tasmania, is *greater* than that of Continental Europe; and in the whole of them there are but 3,546,725 people, while Europe contains 300,000,000 inhabitants. France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Portugal would only about fill the one Colony of West Australia, the most sparsely peopled of all the Colonies, having a population of only 42,488.

Before proceeding to the details of woman's position in the Colonies, I would like to indicate, though but in sketchy lines, a background to the picture.

The climate of Australia, extending through tropical, sub-tropical, and temperate zones, and the richness of its soil, enable the colonists to produce almost everything under the sun that man needs or luxury can lust after. The pastoral lands are of such mighty extent, and the increase of stock so great, that in flocks and herds Australians are already, in proportion, richer than any other people in the world. The mineral regions, which include gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, iron, and many others, not to speak of the almost inexhaustible coal-fields, extend over tens of thousands of square miles. Notwithstanding the wealth already produced, there are evidences cropping up daily that richer supplies than have ever been yielded are but awaiting the hand of man to bring them to the surface.

To develop this wonderful country, labour and capital are required. The labour is to be found among the thronging multitudes of old England, the overwhelming and so rapidly increasing number of which seem to be causing such grave apprehensions in the minds of so many good people. In this large continent, capable of sustaining, at a low figure, 100,000,000 inhabitants, the whole population of England, Ireland, and Scotland could be absorbed, and, so far as extent of territory is concerned, scarcely be felt. But with the labour must come a measure of capital, or disaster can be the only result. Human beings cannot eat and drink land, neither can they clothe themselves with minerals, no matter what their richness, especially if they lie still underground in their native ore. They must have capital to till and stock the land, and to win the treasures from the clasp of Mother Earth. Money, *with judgment*, thus invested, returns such profuse and generous interest that the most avaricious can find no fault with it. But without this developing medium, and its concomitant labour, all the riches of the country, in so far as they are unutilised, are as though they were not.

The late Bishop of Melbourne, Dr. Moorhouse, now the Bishop of Manchester, in his speech at the meeting held in support of State Colonisation at the Manchester Free Trade Hall in March last year, said, "Victoria needed developing and people to develop it. In England there were capital and labour needing employment. These were kept apart because of the absence of an intermediary, and the best way to get the two together was to have the two Governments agreeing in a plan whereby the capital and labour of the Mother Country could develop the natural resources of the Colony to the mutual benefit of both." This may be said not only of Victoria, but of all the Colonies, and is, I believe, the only solution of the difficulties which beset over-populated England, and the so sparsely peopled Australian continent. With this shadowy background, for time and space forbid more, I will proceed to my subject, the "Position of Women in the Australian Colonies."

In Australia there are nearly 247,000 more males than females. Including New Zealand and Tasmania, the excess of males over females is 301,949. Women are constantly arriving in the Colonies, but the men are always in the majority. In the excess of arrivals over departures during the year 1887, the numbers stand as follows:—males 45,565, females 19,291; showing an inequality of 26,274 more males than females in the arrivals for one year alone. Thus the position numerically is all in favour of the women. Outsiders might suppose in this state of society that the demand for employment on the part of women would be small. But such is not the fact. Many thousands of women in the Colonies are gaining their own livelihood, and in not a few cases assisting their families. It is with these toilers I shall deal principally.

Socially, the Colonial woman enjoys all the advantages of her English sisters, with perhaps a little more freedom and independence. The calm self-possession and the early development of power to assume her place in society is one of the characteristics of the Australian girl. I have heard strangers to the country express surprise at the ease and facility with which a girl of sixteen or seventeen will take her mother's place as hostess in the absence of her parent, discharging her duties with the dignity and charm of mature age, combined with the freshness and grace of youth.

Women generally marry in the Colonies between the ages of twenty and thirty. They marry at all ages, more or less; but, notwithstanding the disproportion of the sexes, a few do not marry at all.

There is little to be said in a paper of this kind about the women of the wealthy classes, and those who, though not wealthy, are yet placed above the cares and anxieties of providing for their daily necessities by

their own mental or manual labour. In Australia, as elsewhere, they find their occupations and interests in their own homes, and in the gay whirl of society. Many good women among them employ themselves in charitable schemes and other good works; for so long as deserted wives and children, and poor widows with families exist, so long as sickness, accident, drunkenness, thriftlessness, and sin, with the woeful consequences to all who come within the circle of their influences, are in the world, and until workers and employers are in fixed and sympathetic touch, each with the other, women, and men too, of the leisured class, inclined to help their fellows, can find plenty to occupy them, here in the Colonies, young as they are, as well as in the Old World.

We are, at present, and shall be for many years to come, a mixed community, consisting mainly of British-born and Australian-born subjects. I am myself not an Australian, but a colonist of over twenty years' standing. I love my adopted country, but I am an Englishwoman, and loyal to the backbone. This great southern land, so full of potentialities, is fast becoming the cradle of a race of native-born Australians, who are rising up thickly on every hand, and already beginning to assume distinctive characteristics, and who, in the course of a few years, will become a power in the Empire. As Dr. Cameron Lees states in speaking of the Australian woman in the *Scotsman* of July 27th:—"Her education has been good, for the educational system of the Colonies is copied from the best models to be found in the Old World." I may mention here that in the Melbourne Shakespearean Society, which is said to stand second only to the London Society, the lady members are largely in the majority.

At the Colonial Universities the Australian girl has proved that her intellectual capacities are sound and vigorous. It is some fifteen or sixteen years since the first lady passed the matriculation examination at the Melbourne University. Since then hundreds of young women have presented themselves, and a large proportion have passed successfully; but it was not till 1880 that the University was thrown open to females, and they were admitted to all its corporate privileges. The latest statistics show for the year that 41 per cent. of males presenting themselves matriculated, and 49 per cent. of females; that 30 males out of 249 who passed obtained honours, and 38 females out of 123 who passed obtained honours. It will be seen the ladies carried off the laurels in both cases. The matriculation examination is equal to junior Cambridge; honours equal to senior Cambridge. The majority of ladies who matriculate cease their studies at this point, but seven or eight ladies have taken the degree of B.A., and three or four that of M.A. Six ladies are at present studying at the Melbourne University for the medical profession. Many difficulties and objections were at first placed in the way when these ladies made application to be admitted as medical students, but by dint of perseverance on their part all obstacles have been removed, and these pioneers in this—in the Colonies—as yet untrodden field for woman's enterprise are now prosecuting their studies without let or hindrance. Perhaps the result may be, in the future, that these ladies, like the twenty ladies practising the medical profession in England, may have greater practices than male doctors.

Woman's suffrage is a bone of contention here as "at home" (as we English and many native-born Australians still call the old country). A band of women are working hard to induce the Legislature to pass an Act legalising woman's suffrage. One of the number recently expressed her indignation that "the larrikin and greatest criminal were allowed on payment of a shilling to record their votes, and the naturalised Chinaman too had the right, but it was refused to woman because she was not on a mental equality with man."

In the face of the University statistics given above, this objection is comical and ludicrous in the extreme. I am not a member of the Woman's Suffrage Society myself, but I believe that many of the grave lamentable evils of social life, from whose victims a sad wailing arises for redress and sexless justice, will never, either here or in England, be stamped out until women have a voice in the framing of the laws which affect their physical, moral, and social well-being so closely, sharply, and acutely.

We have not in the Colonies as yet attained to the platform of equality on which the American women stand with their brothers and husbands. A handsome American lady said to me not long ago: "I have earned my own dollar ever since I was fourteen years old. I was employed in the Government service. In the city of New York 2,500 women are engaged in the Treasury, and 700 in the Government printing and engraving office. I was in the printing department myself, so also was my sister. These appointments are only given to unmarried women and widows: principally to the daughters and widows of professional men and Government officials, and women are equally well paid with the men." Women are not employed in the Treasuries in the Colonies, but they are extensively engaged in the Government printing offices, and in the post and telegraph departments. Unlike the American women, their salaries are inferior to those of the men in similar positions. This I think is an injustice, wherever it occurs. In the *Melbourne Argus*, I noted an advertisement from the Government printing office for female folders and sewers, "applications to be accompanied by certificates as to moral character, sound bodily health, and competency for the work."

The employées, as they issue from this office, present a well-dressed, neatly-gloved, lady-like appearance, and though they make their exit from the gates in the same stream with the males, they walk away to their homes in twos, threes, and groups of their own sex, with a quiet decorum which could not be surpassed.

Women are engaged also by the large private printing establishments, wholesale stationers, and bookbinders of the city.

In the Post Office the salaries of the female officers begin at about £1 per week. After awhile, they will perhaps be promoted to the position of post-mistress in a country district, with house, firing, and lighting found, and a salary of £84 a year.

Women are employed almost exclusively in the

telephone department of the Melbourne Stock Exchange, and by some of the merchants in the same capacity. They are extensively engaged in the tram and omnibus company's offices for counting the money, which by the way is not very cleanly work, the coins being so greasy and dirty that the hands speedily become soiled. Large aprons and sleeves have to be worn to protect the dresses. An expert hand can count eighty bags an hour, a novice about twenty. Each bag contains the receipts for one trip. The salaries at these offices range, I am told, from £50 to £200 per annum.

To a limited extent women are employed as clerks and private secretaries; more largely as copyists and type-writers. One or two of the banks employ them in the latter capacity. Several ladies have opened offices in Melbourne, and started as type-writers on their own account, choosing their offices where lawyers abound, and generally are kept very busy by these gentlemen and others.

Female engravers are not unknown, but obstructions, I understand, have been put in the way of further increase of their number.

A few ladies have gone into mining business, a leader among whom is now well known to the London world as the floater of the Midas Mine. Without entering into mining as a business, many women speculate in gold, silver, and, to a considerable extent, in land.

To mention isolated cases of female enterprise in the Colonies:—A widow and her two daughters have for years carried on the business of a large bonded store, and have lately added another extensive building to their premises. Another lady is a large importer of agricultural implements, and the drays and lorries, bearing her name, are to be seen in the busy thoroughfares of the city. A third has carried on her late husband's business for the last fifteen years, going in every day to her office the same as any other merchant. Thus she continued to her young children the comforts to which they had been accustomed, and has given them the education requisite to their station in life.

The proprietor of the largest, the most flourishing, and the best boarding-house in Melbourne is an unmarried and highly educated lady, who has within the last ten years, alone and unaided, except by her own brave spirit and wondrous energy, worked her establishment up to its present pitch of prosperity. Her house is patronised not only by the *élite* of the Colonies, for its merits are as well known in the sister Colonies as in Victoria, but also by many English people of exalted rank, who have lately visited Australia. A peer of the realm, with a strawberry-leaf on his escutcheon, so far forgot himself the other day as to keep his hat on his head during a recent business interview with this lady: a marked contrast to the courtesy and polished bearing of an illustrious Russian prince, a near relative of the Czar, at a similar interview—a contrast which placed the Englishman at a great distance below the Russian in discrimination and good-breeding, leaving common civility out of the question.

Speaking of the lady referred to, her powers of organisation and management of her household—which includes, besides her staff of servants, men and women of many nationalities and diverse minds—I heard an enthusiastic Irishman say he "considered her a perfect marvel, and that the like of her could not be found in the United Kingdom."

There are many lady artists in the Colonies who have studios in the cities, where they execute orders, receive their pupils, and make very comfortable incomes.

The salaries of resident governesses range from £20 to £100; in rare cases to £150; the latter only when exceptional ability and exceptional liberality meet. As head-teachers in large semi-public schools the emoluments range as high as £300 or £400 per annum, but these appointments are scarce and difficult to obtain. The average governess is paid from £30 to £50 a year. Many young women come from England expecting to fall into high-salaried positions at once, and are terribly disappointed to find that such vacancies are few and far between, and that when they occur there are scores besides themselves applying for them; girls, probably, who have matriculated and taken honours at a Colonial University, and who can bring private influence to bear. It is a fact that here, as elsewhere, the most petty as well as the highest appointments go by influence. I do not mean to say they go by influence *only*, without qualification, but that qualification *with* influence invariably carries the day against qualification *alone*, no matter how high the latter may be.

New arrivals in the Colonies should never take situations as governesses up-country without having certain and reliable information as to the places and the people to whom they are going. In these cases the word of the registry office keeper is not always to be depended on. Several cases of girls being entrapped into most sad and unpleasant positions have occurred. If young women come out alone, as many do, it is better that they should connect themselves with the Young Women's Christian Association, or the Girls' Friendly Society. They would then bring with them a travelling certificate to those societies here, and would be met on their arrival, and would at once find themselves among friends. Unprotected women, who have no friends in the Colonies, and who do not meet with immediate employment, are liable to fall an easy prey to the foul ghouls, male and female, who are always on the trail seeking whom they may devour. Women who leave England for Australia must not come expecting to find a fortune awaiting their arrival, ready to thrust itself into their hands the moment they step on shore. They must be content with the day of small things to begin with, and patiently abide their opportunity, which, if they have health, energy, and industry, is certain to come sooner or later. I am speaking now of people with small means. With regard to the moneyed classes, English people are awakening to the fact that there is not a better field anywhere than Australia for the investment of capital. Accordingly, a tide of English money is already beginning to set in towards this country.

Female State School teachers, who have to be certificated by the Colonial Board of Education, obtain

salaries of from £60 to £200 a year, according to certificate, school, and position occupied. I believe in some cases, including payment by results, the income amounts to £300, but the important schools and posts to which these larger salaries are attached are limited in number. I may mention that several ladies have made their fortunes in Melbourne and Sydney by private school keeping, and have retired on their means. It is only right to say that these ladies had the best times in which to make their money: times when money was plentiful and good schools were scarce. Doubtless others will do equally well in the future; but good schools are not rare now, and where one principal makes a fortune, fifty do not, though all, almost without exception, make a comfortable living. Much of success depends upon the possession of high qualifications; yet I think as much, or perhaps more, upon the amount of private influence that can be brought to bear in high quarters, and among the colonists of wealth and position.

A large number of trained nurses are yearly graduating from our hospitals, and many are arriving from England. Occasionally it seems as if the supply were beyond the demand, and then again all appear to be absorbed into the work, which comes on in seasons, the nursing profession having its fluctuations the same as other professions. The salaries paid to nurses in the hospitals are from £30 to £60 per annum—the latter to head nurses. Matrons and superintendents of hospitals get from £80 to £100 or £150 a year, with quarters, firing, &c. In the Sydney hospitals probationers receive a small salary. In Melbourne they do not. On the contrary, in the probationers' class A, fees are demanded by the hospital committees and paid by the nurses. For attendance in private families trained nurses receive two guineas and three guineas per week, according to case. A great number of gentlewomen are taking up nursing as an occupation. The St. John's Ambulance Society is much in favour among ladies who wish to be prepared for all emergencies, but who do not enter into nursing as a profession.

Many young women become "lady helps," which corresponds to the American "mother helps." But this is a position I would not recommend to any one. The people who employ this kind of assistant expect a lady thus engaged to do all the menial work they would require from a general servant, very often to do the washing, and offer less remuneration than they would dare to offer to an ordinary maid-of-all-work. They seem to think that the favour which the lady help is supposed to be accorded of being treated as one of the family is sufficient compensation for all shortcomings in the monetary recompense for their onerous services, that it should stand as a set-off to a considerable portion of the wage they would pay to a common drudge. A lady help is seldom offered more than £20 per annum. I have known £13 to be offered.

In the best drapers' shops women are, in certain positions, paid very highly, As heads of departments or head dressmakers they receive salaries of £500 and £600 a year, and even in middle-class shops the head dressmaker will get £5 per week. On the other hand, when girls first enter shops, they have to begin either without salary or upon a very small one, with a slow rise until their experience is obtained. When this is fully gained, which seems to require a long probation, they may then get a post with a salary attached of £2 or £2 10s. per week.

Milliners and dressmakers do exceedingly well in the Colonies. It matters not to what kind of dressmaker one goes, fashionable or the reverse, in the city or the remotest country districts, one finds they are all overwhelmed with more work than they know how to execute, and it is almost impossible to get a gown made until weeks after the order has been given. The charge for making a dress by the better class of dressmakers is about twenty-five shillings, but these all expect to find the dress-lining and all the etceteras, and you are lucky then if your dressmaker's bill is under £3 or £4. That is exclusive of material and trimmings. The cheaper dressmakers permit you to find your own linings, &c., and charge from eight to eighteen shillings. Dressmakers' apprentices receive wages from the time they enter upon their work.

With regard to the plan mentioned by the Hon. Mrs. Joyce in her article on "Emigration" in the February number of THE WOMAN'S WORLD last year, of transferring "a group of well-born women of taste and capability, ready to begin life in the Colonies on the principles of a co-operative and profit-sharing community," I may say that if the requisite funds could be procured such a project would, probably from the very novelty of the thing, succeed, especially if carried out in connection with the scheme of social life proposed conjointly with it. As the writer of that article states:—"It would, of course, be necessary that these workers should have had skilled instruction, and an experienced forewoman must accompany them." Skilled workwomen in their particular lines they must be, in order to compete successfully with those already here. A well-planned and wisely carried-out organisation of this kind would no doubt go far to break down the social prejudice that reigns here, as well as in England, against gentlewomen entering into commercial pursuits. In Australia, as in the old country, ladies who connect themselves with shops are in a manner ostracised from society, that is, from the society of those who consider themselves superior, inasmuch as the accident of their surroundings and circumstances in life have not compelled them to live by buying and selling; or if they have to live by commerce, it is as wholesale and not as retail traders. This being the case, there would probably be some difficulties at first in arranging that part of the programme which says that "introductions to society should be obtained and received for the residents" (of the Home suggested) "by the lady at the head of the establishment, who would practically fulfil the part of a mother to her adopted family." The success of this part of the scheme would depend much upon the chaperon chosen, and the extent of interest excited among the leaders of society in the Colonies, but still more greatly upon the amount of private influence possessed by the gentlewomen themselves, in the way of letters of introduction from friends

at home to influential people here. If such a project were realised, probably in course of time the members of the association would marry well, when others could be transferred from overcrowded England to fill their vacated places. Perhaps the scheme would develop others of a similar kind and bring great results.

The demand for domestic servants is far beyond the present supply. We could do with many shiploads of good, trained domestics. Any kind of untrained young woman can command her ten shillings a week. General servants' and housemaids' wages are from 10s. to £1 per week. Cooks are paid from £1 to £2 10s. per week. Laundresses who work at home do well, many of them charging from 4s. to 10s. for print and muslin dresses. Some earn as much as £5 a week.

Thousands of girls are employed in the clothes factories as machinists. They make from 15s. to £1 per week; perhaps some a little more.

It will be seen that servants do much better than machinists, as the former, of course, have not board and lodging to pay for; but many girls take the factory work in preference, because they think it more independent, and they have their evenings free to spend as they please. Tailoresses who do piece-work, that is, take their work home, are paid at the rate of three shillings per dozen pairs for finishing trousers, which consists of lining, binding, sewing on buttons, and making button-holes, the worker finding her own thread. A woman who has no domestic duties to interfere with her work may finish thirteen pairs in a day, which means three shillings and threepence for her day's work. I hear some of the factories are now paying four shillings per dozen for these garments. Shirt-finishing is paid at the rate of ninepence per dozen, boys sixpence per dozen. For straw bonnet making one employer pays six shillings per dozen, another three shillings. Workers will accomplish about six bonnets in a day.

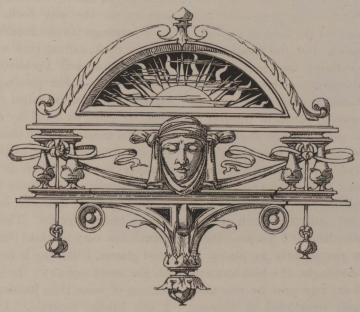
With regard to the working classes educationally:—All the native-born Australians receive excellent instruction in the State schools. It is no uncommon thing if a child at school presents a piece of parsing too suspiciously correct to pass without question, when asked by the teacher "Who helped you?" for the answer to be, "Our servant helped me."

The Melbourne Working Men's College is thrown open to working women also, and the classes are attended largely by them out of working hours, for cookery, French, freehand drawing, shorthand, elocution, singing, theory of music, voice production, sight-reading, and violin-playing. Besides these, the female students are scattered throughout all the other classes, including those for physiology, geometry, physics, book-keeping, and photography. The only classes where they are not found are the technical classes, in which are taught trades suitable to men only.

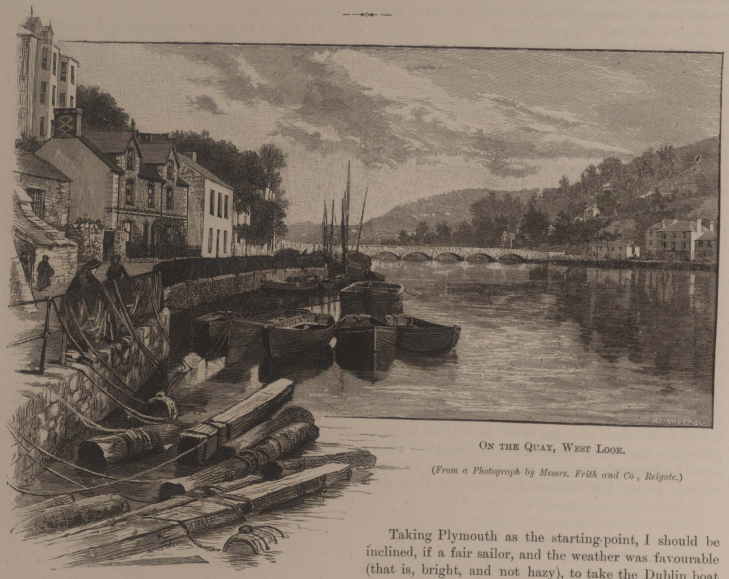
It is manifest, I think, notwithstanding their minority as to numbers, that women take a leading part in the drama of life in the New World; that their position in the Colonies is a worthy as well as a prominent one.

It is well that it should be so, and augurs favourably for the years to come; for on the physical, mental, and moral tone of its women depends in great measure the future history and national character of Young Australia.

M. HIRST BROWNE.



Round the Cornish Coast.—I.



On the Quay, West Looe.

(*From a Photograph by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.*)

CORNWALL may well be called the land of the wild, the picturesque, the varied, and the imaginative. A month or two passed in exploring the beauties to be found in this extreme western county is time well spent, for often as it is visited, and frequently as are its praises sung, there yet remain fresh places of interest to be found; while the primitive simplicity of the Cornish native is as yet unspoilt, except in the spots more overrun by tourists, where possibly the love of gain has been developed by the visitor element. The coast-line is well known for its grandeur, and though the inland scenery is by no means to be depreciated, still the sea is, to the generality of people, more attractive. I propose therefore to confine myself more particularly to places on the coast, the fishing ports and villages, of which formerly nothing was heard, but which are now year by year more widely known and more largely frequented by tourists. Being Cornish, and knowing my county well, a brief description of some of the many seaside places which may be visited within the limits of a summer holiday is to me a labour of love, and may prove acceptable to the readers of The Woman's World.

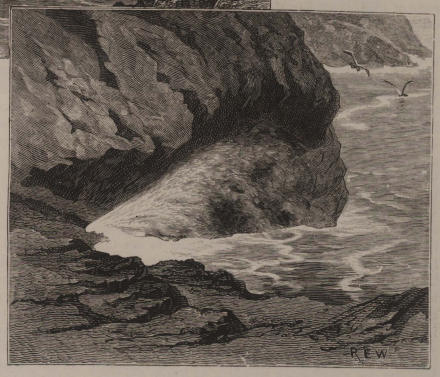
Taking Plymouth as the starting-point, I should be inclined, if a fair sailor, and the weather was favourable (that is, bright, and not hazy), to take the Dublin boat from Plymouth to Falmouth, taking the inland railway journey on the way back. These boats, which have good passenger accommodation, leave London and Dublin twice a week, calling both ways at Falmouth, Plymouth, Southampton, and Portsmouth, at any of which intermediate ports cabin passengers can break their voyage. On one occasion we sailed from London to Falmouth instead of going as usual by rail, and found the short sea-voyage a most agreeable change—time being no particular object—from the long railway journey, which in warm weather is always more or less hot, dusty, and tiring. All particulars about these boats (which are well found), respecting fares, time, &c. &c., can be discovered in Bradshaw's railway guide. The trip from Plymouth to Falmouth is a very pleasant portion of the voyage, and with good glasses, if the day is fine, a good idea can be obtained of the coast scenery; the places missed which are deserving of more than passing notice between these ports I will briefly describe. I will begin with East and West Looe, on the banks of the Looe river, up which are situated the seats of some of the oldest Cornish families —for example, Morval, sacred to the name of Buller; Trelawne House, where the famous family of Trelawny have dwelt for hundreds of years, the name recalling the

old "Tre, Pol, and Pen" and "Shall Trelawny die?" rhymes, which Mr. Hawker's oft-quoted ballad incorporates. The neighbourhood of Looe is very interesting and attractive, and from thence the celebrated Cheesewring is within easy distance. The mode of reaching it is of a somewhat primitive character, the "carriages" used on the line being in reality only open coal-trucks; but they are kept clean, and provided with seats with backs, the scenery along the route being pretty enough to make up for any trifling suspicion of roughing it. The view from the Cheesewring itself is beautiful in the extreme, embracing as it does the Exmoor and Dartmoor tors, Plymouth heights and Sound, and the Cornish hills.

—Menabilly, the seat of the Rashleighs; and Place House, that of the Treffrys. The Carlyons' residence — Tregrehan, close to Par—is prettily situated and well wooded. St. Austell, which lies more inland, is a pleasant old town, and might well form a resting-place on the return journey, as there are several excursions to be made from it. Those commercially inclined will be interested in the china-clay works in the neighbourhood, which are worth going over. Roche Rocks are also within easy distance, which I remember as the scene of many a merry picnic party. They are the ruins of what was once the Chapel of St. Michael, and a hermit's cell, and are composed of granite. The Cornish are a superstitious folk, and with these ruins connect a legend of the famous Tregeagle, whose pleasing task is to empty Dogmare Pool—a weird-looking sheet of water on the Bodmin Moors—with a limpet-shell. It was to Roche Rocks this worthy fled when pursued by the devil across the moors from the scene of his fruitless labours.



KYNANCE COVE.



"THE POST-OFFICE." ASPARAGUS ISLAND, KYNANCE COVE.

Polperro is a quaint little fishing village, very charmingly placed in a rough rocky valley, down which dashes a lively little trout-stream; not far from it is Killigarth, the old residence of the Bevilles, another name dear to a Cornishman's heart. The Well of St. Keyne with its magic waters, which Southey's ballad has immortalised, is also in these parts, on the direct road from Looe to Liskeard. Going coastwards again, a little lower down we pass Fowey. It is a place well known to all yachting-men, being much frequented by owners of yachts on account of its harbour, which makes a very convenient place between Plymouth and Falmouth to run for in dirty weather, many making it their headquarters when cruising round the coast. In former times Fowey was one of the chief sea-ports of England, its seamen being known as "the gallants of Fowey;" the said gallants, however, so says history, being sadly given to piracy. There are some fine houses round Fowey

Mevagissey (returning to the coast again)—noted, as we learned when children in our geography books, for its fisheries—is essentially the home of that particularly Cornish fish the pilchard, and this fact is brought home to our olfactory senses not always very pleasantly: pilchards are here, there, and everywhere; alive, dead, in

the flesh and in the spirit—or rather, I should say, in oil. For these reasons I prefer not visiting Mevagissey in the pilchard season; neither is there any special feature, beyond the excessive quaintness of the place, to recommend it. Below Mevagissey we have Deadman Point, a fine headland (which I see in the distance from my window as I write), Veryan Bay, Penair Point, Gerrans Bay, and, nestling within its embraces, the delightful little fishing village of Porthscatho, just now quite gay, the number of visitors being considerably in excess of previous seasons.

I like Porthscatho; it is beautifully clean—its houses and walls a trifle too whitewashy to be quite restful to the eyes, perhaps; but this is a fault one can pardon, as it gives, at all events, a sweet and wholesome appearance, which many other places lack. It has nice lodgings, small and primitive, but sufficient as yet for the wants of its summer visitors. These houses—or rather cottages, for they are little more—rise tier upon tier, commanding a delightful view of the bay and the various headlands. Bathing, boating, and fishing are the only amusements to boast of, with perhaps a concert, got up by the musically inclined among the visitors for local charities. There are a few shops, and a reading-room, a post-office of course, and a telegraph. What more can the holiday-seeker, in search of quiet and rest, require? It is exactly the spot suited for what the Americans call "a laze," and where one can be just as idle as one chooses. Artists affect Porthscatho; here Mr. Napier Hemy has painted some of his most taking sea-scapes, and made some of his best studies of Cornish fishermen and their calling. There are several places of interest round Gerrans, which lies on the hill above Porthscatho. Rosteague, an old place famous in the Royalist days, which Mrs. Bray made the scene of one of her novels, lies to the right along the cliffs. It is a queer old mansion, built in the Elizabethan style, with the dearest old-fashioned garden with queerly-cut yew-trees and those world-old flowers one rarely sees now. Of course it is said to be haunted, and equally of course does it possess walled-up rooms and underground passages, one leading to the seashore and connected with stories many and wild. What better foundation could a novelist require on which to build a blood-curdling romance? Overlooking Rosteague is Trewince, belonging to the Carlyons, and now the residence of a member of the Vyvyan family; it is well wooded and prettily situated, with a lovely view of the sea. From the deck of the Irish steamer Trewince is clearly visible, as it stands high, and its flagstaff directs the eye to the spot. Still on Falmouthwards the twin castles of Pendenis and St. Mawes are passed, commanding Falmouth Harbour, and connected in old days, it is said, by a chain. The former castle was once commanded by a member of the old family of Killigrew, now extinct; the latter, by Sir Michael Vyvyan, of Trelowarren, on whose lands the castle was built: both places are worth seeing. St. Mawes is another very pretty, but not much known, fishing village, clean and gay-looking with its garden hedges of thickly-flowering fuchsias. Here many people who prefer being more in communication with the outer world than they would be across the water at Porthscatho, take up their abode for a few weeks in the summer. Steamers run several times a day into Falmouth, and make excursions during the week up the Truro river past Tregothan, Lord Falmouth's seat, where the Prince and Princess of Wales stayed on their last visit to Cornwall. Trefusis and St. Just are usually visited from St. Mawes or Falmouth, which seaport makes good headquarters for tourists. During the yachting season is the gay time for Falmouthians. The town itself is not remarkable, unless for the extreme narrowness of its streets; but the environs are interesting, and the ancient history of the place worth studying, either in abridged form in modern guide-books, or in the old Cornish histories written by Borlase, Polwhele, and Gilbert, or the more recent productions of Sir John Maclean, Colonel Vivian, and Lake. The "Falmouth," "Green Bank," and "Royal" are the chief hotels, the last-named being in the centre of the town, the others having good sea-views. Flushing, the other side of the harbour, has a wonderfully mild climate, very suitable for invalids suffering from lung affections.

Tourists generally move on from Falmouth to the Lizard, to which there are several routes, that by road through Penryn, Gweek, and Trelowarren being one of the prettiest. Since I was last in Cornwall a branch line has been opened to Helston, which is a considerable convenience—many people now availing themselves of it, and thus avoiding the long drive through Penryn—a town of historic, if not of present, interest. The head of the Helford river is passed at Gweek, which place Charles Kingsley has written of in "Hereward the Wake;" from thence the road to the Lizard is through the fine woods of Trelowarren, the old family seat of the Vyvyan family, Sir Vyell Vyvyan being the present possessor of the handsome granite-faced mansion, to which is attached a well-built chapel. A fine portrait of Charles I. by Vandyke, presented to the family by Charles II. in recognition of their loyalty during the Civil War, is one of the most-prized heirlooms. In the grounds is a curious earth cave—The Fogou of Halligey, locally known as "the Cave"—a capital description of which, fully illustrated, is published in the Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall for May, 1885; it is taken from an unpublished MS. of the late Sir Richard Rawlinson Vyvyan. The Fogou is not very easy of access, and has to be explored with candles—a descent backwards through a very narrow opening having first of all to be made; connected with the cave is a well, situated some two hundred yards or so from it. In the same number of the journal referred to is a graphic account of the Helston Flora or Flurry Day, a local festival of great antiquity, and one of the most singular of the Cornish institutions, at which, for once in a way, it is a curiosity to assist. The ancient dance is, however, now shorn of a good deal of its ceremonial; it is supposed to date back to a period antecedent to the days of Alfred, as in his period Helston was the chief place in Kerrier.

I have diverged sadly from the route to the Lizard, but as Helston is a sleepy little town, not famous for anything but the keeping up of the above-named dance, no

further mention need be made of it. Leaving Trelowarren Woods, the old residence of the Bochym family, Bochym House and Bonython, the place belonging to the family of that name, are passed; then over the wild heath-covered Goonhilly Downs, and we are in the Serpentine district, and close to the Lizard, the favourite haunt of western tourists. Here very fair accommodation is to be found, either at Hill's or Skewe's Hotel, or in the lodging-houses, which are gradually increasing in number. A week or so can be well made out in visiting the places round—Landewednack, Cadgwith, Coverack (a village greatly resembling Porthscatho), St. Keverne, Poltescoe, Kennack, Mullyon, Gunwalloe, Cury, &c. &c.—places I have only here space to name.

The Lizard Head, the southernmost point in England, is a grand though dangerous spot. The Lights—"them inflictors," as the old fishermen called them when they were first built, meaning presumably reflectors—can be seen a distance of twenty miles off. The steam fog-horn is blown continually in hazy weather, having a dismally weird sound. The walk along the top of the cliff to the Lights from Lizard town-place—or Church-town, as it would be called in the vernacular—and on from thence to the Lion's Den, is a rich treat to those in search of the beautiful. All the cliff scenery on the Cornish coast is delightful, but round the Lizard and Land's End are to be found the pleasantest bits of all; and to lie on the short thyme-clad turf, swept by the sea-breezes of the Atlantic, and gaze and gaze and gaze dreamily on the indescribable beauty of the surroundings, the finite lost in contemplation of the infinite, must arouse in the hearts of even the most callous and indifferent, innermost feelings of reverence and thankfulness—gratitude for the many pleasures Nature gives, and more especially for that sense of repose to the brain-weary holiday-keeper which nothing short of her grand and majestic scenery, wedded to the absolutely restful calm of her vastness and immensity, can bestow. This is the sort of place in which one really drinks in health, feeding the body through the eyes with beauty, and through the lungs with fresh, bracing, life-giving air. A fortnight—or more, if possible—of body and brain rest of this character will give renewed vigour of thought, and a sense of regained freshness and heart for more work when the holiday is over, which those who felt before utterly and unspeakably weary would hardly believe possible.



LAND'S END.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.)

Kynance Cove, not far from the Lizard, is known far and wide for its wonderful beauty. Here is Asparagus Island, on which is still to be found the vegetable (in its wild state) from which the place takes its name. On this island are the rocks called "The Bellows" and "The Post-Office;" and separated from the island by a chasm, which bears the not very pleasant name of "The Devil's Throat," is the Gull Rock, which has figured in many a painting of this part of the coast. There is much to admire at Kynance—its beach of yellow sand, a tone of colour in strictest harmony with the varied tints of the Serpentine rocks, in which black, purple, red, pink, grey, and green all blend; the emerald hue of the nearer waves, the deeper blue of the middle distance, and the hazy uncertainty of the more distant water—the sea and cloud lines being

hardly distinguishable—falling in admirably with the general scheme of colour.

From the Lizard Point towards Penzance there is, besides the places already enumerated, the charming little fishing village of Portleven, situated almost in the centre of Mount's Bay; it is picturesque to a degree, and always frequented in the summer by the artist class. Some worthy of bygone days, I forget who, called Portleven "the Brighton of the West;" but the idea of comparing fashionable London-by-the-Sea with this primitive and wholly natural little fishing-cove strikes one as rather absurd—especially so must the comparison have been years ago, when the place was smaller and of far less importance than it is at present, for then Brighton was in the height of her glory, the residence of royalty and the fashionables of George IV.'s day.

From the cliffs above Trewavas fine views are to be obtained, this bold point, which stands well out, being bounded on the left by the Lizard and on the right by the Land's End, between the two lying the full sweep of Mount's Bay, with St. Michael's Mount and Penzance. At low tide the tourist can walk across to the Mount from Marazion; during the absence of the St. Aubyn family, visitors are very generally admitted. It seems curious to write of the present possessor as Lord Leven—the older title of Sir John St. Aubyn, which so many of his ancestors as well as himself have borne, being so much more familiar. The history of the Mount dates as far back as the fifth century, and is well worth considering, English history generally being so closely connected with it.

Penzance is the town usually selected by visitors for their headquarters while in the Land's End district, as it is a very convenient place from which to make a number of pleasant excursions—by rail, boat, or carriage. It has the largest pier in Cornwall, good public buildings, excellent hotels, clean lodging-houses, and a fine esplanade to the west of the pier, which is a great convenience to visitors. To me it has always been a matter for surprise that medical men do not more frequently order their patients affected with lung diseases to the extreme south of England instead of abroad, where too often they die, away from all their loved ones. Penzance is only nine hours by rail (express) from London, and so within a day's reach of the invalid if summoned by wire; the climate is marvellously mild, summer flowers blooming in the depth of winter—it being quite a revelation to see roses, geraniums, fuchsias, mignonette, &c., in full blossom in the open air in January, and to have kidney potatoes and strawberries in the early spring months. Sheltered spots are to be found for invalids even in the most inclement weather. It is not the fashion, however, as yet to order patients to Cornwall instead of to Madeira or the South of France; but in time the benefits of Cornish air will become more widely known, and then Penzance will have an assured future before her, and be more sought after as a health-resort in extreme cases.

A. E. F. ELIOT-JAMES.



LAND'S END.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.)

A Lady of Fashion in 1750.

ON the 2nd of November, 1741, Sir Thomas Robinson gave a ball at his house in Mayfair. "There were a hundred and ninety-seven persons present," says Horace Walpole, "and yet it was so well conducted that nobody felt a crowd." Folk filled their rooms no less than they do now apparently, for Walpole attributes the success of the evening to the fact that the host "had taken off all his doors and so separated the old and the young that neither were inconvenienced by the other. The ball began at eight; each man danced one minuet with his partner, and then began country dances. There were four-and-twenty couple, divided into twelve and twelve; each set danced two dances, and then retired into another room while the other set danced their two. The beauties were the Duke of Richmond's two daughters and their mother—handsomer than they; the Duke sat by his wife all night kissing her hand. Then Lady Euston, Lady Caroline FitzRoy, and Lady Sophia Fermor—handsomer than all, but a little out of humour at the scarcity of minuets. However, as usual, she danced more than anybody else and took out what men she liked. Lord Holderness is a little what Lord Lincoln will be to-morrow (for he is expected)—that is, in love."

A typical assemblage indeed! Lady Caroline and Lady Emily Lennox, fair daughters of Lady Sarah Cadogan, the fair Duchess of Richmond, the elder famous for her elopement and marriage with Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland; the younger, for her defiance of parental authority in visiting her disobedient sister, even before she was emancipated by her marriage with the Earl of Kildare; Lady Dorothy Boyle, daughter of that benevolent Countess of Burlington who protected Marie Eva Violette, previous to her marriage with David Garrick—a young and lovely lady, unfortunate enough to be the wife of Lord Euston, the Duke of Grafton's profligate son; Lady Sophia Fermor, daughter of the ambitious old Countess of Pomfret, Lady of the Bedchamber to the late Queen Caroline; and last, but not least, Lady Caroline FitzRoy, sister to the bad Lord Euston, but kind-hearted as he was brutal, and, for all a trifle fast as the times allowed, one of the raciest, merriest figures of that merry age. It is a pretty sight. Lady Caroline and Lady Emily Lennox in simpler and soberer dresses than many others, their bodices more modestly cut, as befitted the daughters of a stricter dame than some; Lady Caroline FitzRoy in the last fashion—her skirt very stiff and ample, her bodice very tight and long—her dark hair turned straight and flat off the forehead with rows of pearls, her dark eyes sparkling, her cheeks brilliant with pink and white; Lady Sophia Fermor, with "her head dressed French and her body English," for which Walpole is "full as sorry as she is, for her figure is so fine in a robe," and the higher head suits, perhaps, scarce so well with the less flowing gown.

Lady Sophia, as we have seen, holds the palm to-night, though she has but just recovered from a severe cold caught in Florence, whence Walpole and the whole party of Pomfrets have only lately returned, and though she might fairly be less gay than usual, seeing that her lover, Lord Lincoln, has not yet returned from the Continent. But if Lady Sophia is "a trifle out of humour," Lady Caroline FitzRoy's frank black eyes shine defiantly as ever, although upon the gentle brow of her lovely sister-in-law opposite a cloud rests—half sorrow, half fear; for, still in her bridal satin, the brutality of her husband has already begun to show itself, and but a fortnight ago so deep was the embroil that he forbade her mother the house.

"The whole family is in confusion," wrote Walpole; "the Duke of Grafton half dead, Lord Burlington half mad—he has challenged Lord Euston, but they were prevented." And yet to-night "they are quite bridal and honeymoonish together." Alas! it was not to last. Poor Lady Euston must have felt it instinctively, but Lady Caroline is too jolly to be troubled by any one else's misgivings.

The talk is of the meeting of Parliament next week, when "bottled-up politics" are expected to fly out on the subject of the vacillating conduct which George II.'s fears for the Electorate of Hanover made him pursue in the matter of the German war. The chronic quarrel between the King and Frederick, Prince of Wales, is also matter for comment, for it has just been decided that father and son are to go to the opera on different nights so as to run no risk of meeting; but more interesting to the ladies is theatrical news—old Colley Cibber's benefit, Margaret Woffington's growing popularity, in spite of Walpole declaring that he can see in her "nothing but an impudent-faced Irish girl, and a bad actress, although one must allow that she has life."

One might fancy smart Lady Caroline fighting it out with the accomplished critic and travelled gentleman. Other folk may think too highly of clever Horace Walpole, but Lady Caroline is never wont to be daunted. She knows him well, moreover; her father—the Duke of Grafton—is his sponsor, and her sister Isabella married Francis, Lord Conway, brother of the Hon. H. S. Conway, Walpole's maternal cousin and dearest friend. She might fancy, perhaps, that there is even a closer sympathy between them than this, for that same friend is madly in love with her handsome self, and she little guesses that Horace disapproves of his cousin's attachment, believing him to be too high-minded and tender a soul to be happy with one so eager for the rush and excitement of life.

Be that as it may, there is, perhaps, just the suspicion of a disappointment on the brilliant face to-night, for the Conway family have not yet arrived in town, and

it is not till a fortnight later that we find Lady Caroline dancing with Lord Lincoln out of prudence, while Mr. Conway danced with Lady Sophia Fermor; "the two couples were just mismatched," says Walpole, "as every one soon perceived, by the attentions of each man to the woman he did *not* dance with: it was an admirable scene."

Yet her partner was a man whom any fashionable belle might have been proud of; Lord Lincoln was voted the handsomest man in England, and was certainly far more bold and dashing than the gentlemanly Mr. Conway; but then no beauty likes to dance with a man who is ogling another woman, especially when that other woman is beside the man of her heart. Flippant Lady Caroline must really have cared for that brave, quiet hero, or she would not have refused so many matches for him. Poor girls! Neither of them was to win the man of her choice.

Lord Lincoln was so enamoured of handsome Lady Sophia that he would turn pale at speaking to her, and sigh at going away; but it is not a fortnight later before Walpole declares that he is sure Lord Lincoln is not going to marry her, and although he gives a dinner-party to the Pomfrets on Midsummer Day, when the chronicler declares him to be not quite cured, and the wound liable to be re-opened by a partner in sentiments (Mr. Pitt, in love with Lady Charlotte, the sister), both sisters' suitors "declare off in form," not a year after their first meeting, Mr. Pitt marrying Penelope, sister of Sir Richard Atkins, one of the first beauties of the age; and Lord Lincoln being contracted to Miss Pelham in the June of the following year, when poor Lady Sophia is "at the gasp of her hopes."

Of Lady Caroline FitzRoy's love-affair, Sir Horace gives us fewer details, perhaps because the light-hearted beauty wore her heart less openly upon her sleeve. What is to be learned we know only from a letter of Walpole to his friend three years after that ball to which we have alluded.

It is plain from it that there was an engagement between Lady Caroline and Mr. Conway, upon which the latter maintained a reserved silence with his friend, knowing probably of his dislike to it; but in 1744 the loss of some part of his already slender fortune seems to have set Mr. Conway thinking whether such an engagement was fair to the lady of his heart, upon which Walpole, with commendable impartiality, writes: "You never had fortune enough to make such a step at all prudent, but she loved you enough to be content with that, and I can't believe this change will alter her sentiments, for I must do her the justice to say 'tis plain she preferred you with nothing to all the world. So I will only leave you to consider whether you think it honester to break off with her after such engagements as yours (how strong I don't know), after her refusing very good matches for you, and show her that she must think of making her fortune, or whether you will wait with her till some amendment in your fortune puts it in your power to marry her."

Apparently Mr. Conway considered the former course the more honourable, for although his generous friend, in spite of "wishing it might be right" for him to break off with her, offers him the half of his fortune, we find her match settled to the content of all parties with Viscount Petersham, afterwards Earl of Harrington, in June, 1746.

Poor woman! Who knows but that with a more congenial companion she might have been something more than the mere fashionable beauty she became? but with so peculiarly cross and unprepossessing a lord as the gentleman who, from his singular gait, acquired the nickname of Peter Shamble, perhaps it was not to be wondered at that in such a society such a woman became typically a woman of the world. At all events that is what she was; a good-natured, racy, rollicking, but not necessarily undignified beauty in a not always good-natured, but always racy and rollicking world.

Though the climate of our island—to judge from a letter written by Walpole on May 26th, when he describes himself as shivering by the fire—was not so much better in those days as it is now supposed to have been, people were no more deterred than their neighbours across the Channel from attempting to amuse themselves out of doors.

In spite of the more difficult intercourse between France and England, French manners and customs seem to have been altogether more affected a hundred years ago than they are now. Whether the facile, foreign Court of George II. and the pleasure-loving princes of the blood set the tone of life, whether the dainty grace of Queen Anne fashions had led to a love of inoffensive loitering in order to display them, or whether the strong demarcation of classes peculiar to the age made it easier for the quality to show themselves on foot without fear of too close contact with working folk, certain it is that neither men nor women thought it any disgrace to adorn their persons with the brightest colours, and parade merrily up and down the Park and the Mall, exchanging witticisms and compliments in which every man tried to exceed his neighbour.

In such an age one Vauxhall was not enough. On the 25th of May, 1742, Ranelagh Gardens was opened at Chelsea, "and we have as much waterworks and fresco diversion," writes Sir Horace, "as if we lay ten degrees nearer warmth. The Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob were there. Twice a week there are to be Ridottos with guinea tickets. But Vauxhall is better, for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water."

The critic altered his opinion, however, and soon vowed it had quite beat Vauxhall, and that nobody went anywhere else; and it was at Ranelagh, at a subscription ball in 1744, that Lady Sophia Fermor—still smarting from wounded vanity and resentment at the rejection of Lord Lincoln—first made her public appearance as the wife of Lord Carteret, the minister. He was fifty-four, and she not three-and-twenty; but she would be Lady Granville as soon as his mother died, and Lord Lincoln had just gone into waiting, and would have to present her at Court!

"Imagine how many passions are gratified there," cries Walpole. "How politic and pedantic is the

mother who thinks to govern her son-in-law out of Froissart, how graceful, charming, and haughtily condescending the daughter!" "She looks ill, and is grown lean," probably from the scarlet fever which, to the consternation of the impatient old bridegroom, delayed the wedding; "but is still the handsomest figure in the world," splendid in a "magnificent brocade," and doing the honours of Ranelagh with her ancient lord, who "stopped to kiss her every five steps." Lady Caroline FitzRoy is not there to-night; it is just at the time of her rupture with Mr. Conway, and not long after the death of her unfortunate sister-in-law, Lady Euston, of whom her mother, Lady Burlington, was at the time giving away an extraordinary portrait with this inscription, in true last-century style: "Lady Dorothy Boyle, the comfort and joy of her parents, the delight of all who knew her angelic temper, the admiration of all who saw her beauty; born 1724, married 1741, delivered by death from misery, 1742."

With these two causes of mortification—for the cruelty of her brother was known to have caused Lady Euston's death—it was not surprising that the dashing beauty should have absented herself awhile from society; and my Lady Carteret has it all her own way, full of her grandeur, proud of her lord's gifts and the crayon portrait by Knapton, crowned with ears like the goddess of Plenty, in which the eyes were not big enough to please him, "although they were nearly as big as the cheeks;" not even daunted by the Spanish ambassador's remark that my Lord Lincoln "promised to make Miss Pelham a very good husband." Poor lady! Her hollow reign of triumph was not to last long. Not six months afterwards Lord Carteret—then Lord Granville—resigned his office, to the great mortification of the fair Sophia, whose balls and "at homes" had now no longer quite the style of ministerial *éclat*, and who was forced to appear at the opera with scarce one satellite.

Once more we hear of her at a private masquerade at the Venetian ambassadress's, "dressed like Imoinda, and handsomer than one of the houris," but refusing to dance for reasons of prudence enforced by the "Queen-mother;" and then there is only one more sad record. In October, "Lady Granville is dead," writes Walpole. "So young, so handsome, so sensible that all the joy and grandeur of her family depended on her!"

But this was all before her companion *débutante*—Lady Caroline FitzRoy—had even achieved her grand marriage. She at this time was still sighing secretly after the distinguished Mr. Conway, listening, perhaps as anxiously as Walpole writes of it, for news of him in Lord Stair's army at the Battle of Dettingen, then hearing proudly of his success at the Battle of Fontenoy, then breaking off her match with him, but not till after poor Lady Sophia was buried, beginning her real career of fashionable success as Lady Caroline Petersham. Luckily for her, very shortly after her marriage, her father-in-law—William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington—was made Governor of Ireland, and gave a great ball at Dublin Castle, at which his fair daughter-in-law came over to preside.

> "Where FitzRoy moves, resplendent, fair,
> So warm her bloom, sublime her air,
> Her ebon tresses formed to grace
> And heighten while they shade her face,"

wrote Walpole in his poem of "The Beauties," and we may fancy the more dashing belle even dimming the glory of Mrs. Madden (Lady Ely), the popular Irish toast, as she sails stately through the gorgeous ball and supper rooms so lavishly decorated by Chesterfield in his day, where "candles glowed behind transparent paintings, and flutes played unseen, and fountains flowed with lavender-water."

But no doubt Lady Caroline was better pleased to get back to her own natural round of amusements than to play ever so distinguished a part in provincial circles; Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Park, the Mall, this was her true sphere, and so entirely does she seem henceforth satisfied with it, that we can scarcely fancy her even feeling a pang of fear for her old hero of romance, Harry Conway, so nearly killed and actually taken prisoner at the Battle of Laffelt, in which the Duke of Cumberland was defeated. But, perhaps, there may have been a little bit of woman's pride in this apparent unconcern, for the tender-hearted warrior had quickly consoled himself.

On the 24th of October of the same year in which his first love married Lord Petersham in August, we find Walpole rallying his friend Harry Conway on his hopeless love for the sweet and virtuous Caroline Campbell, daughter of that bright and beautiful Maid of Honour, Mary Bellenden, who resisted the advances of George I. to marry the comparatively poor Colonel John Campbell, not till after her death unexpectedly raised to the Dukedom of Argyll. The daughter, at the time when Conway met her already the wife of the Earl of Aylesbury, must have had, together with her own special attraction of "summer serenity," much of the saucy charm of the mother who could dare to laugh openly to her King about his well-known parsimony; and Walpole may perhaps be partially excused for drawing a fancy picture of his handsome friend—fearless in war, sentimental in love—as he stands with one black lock curling over his pale forehead, his dark eyes swimming with melancholy, his brown cheeks wan with despair, pouring forth mournful elegies among the desert rocks of Caledonia. Fortunately for Mr. Conway, Lord Aylesbury died in the February of 1747, and in the December of that year he married the charming Scotchwoman.

But none the less may bold Lady Caroline Petersham have borne a little sting in her heart for the quickly-healing wound of her old lover, and perhaps Mr. Conway may not have been so entirely without blame for circumstances which, later on, led Walpole to congratulate his friend on his luck in what he had escaped, and what he had got. But that was not yet: now "beauty FitzRoy" was still in all the first glory and brilliancy of her marriage, the leader of fashion in the most fashionable set in town.

In May, 1749, there was a great jubilee masquerade at Ranelagh, to celebrate the victory of Culloden, and here figured first and foremost the woman who Walpole always declares had "quite a talent for the extra-

ordinary." In a garden filled with masks and spread with tents, where people disguised as huntsmen and peasants danced to tabor and fife around a Maypole, where others floated in gondolas hung with flags and streamers to the sound of music on the canal, and others purchased fancy goods at booths around the amphitheatre where all the vendors were masked ladies, and others again danced in the Rotunda or lost their money at the gaming-table—there was one portion set apart for persons of quality: a circular bower "in which firs and orange-trees stood twenty and thirty feet high in tubs, small lamps within each orange, and the trees festooned with garlands of priceless hot-house flowers."

Though in the March of that very year, Frederick, Prince of Wales, had died, leaving eight children, of whom one was to come to his grandfather's throne, as George III., neither the quality nor the people took much time to mourn. The Prince had lived in open rupture with his father, and vain, weak, and fickle as he was, was a mere puppet in the hands of a gang of parasites and plotters against the crown. "He had no great parts," said Keith the popular preacher, in an extraordinary sermon at Mayfair Chapel, "and his virtues were such that they degenerated into vices, for his generosity was so great that it ruined a great many people, and his condescension finally led him to keep very bad company."

The people chose to make merry for the Duke of Cumberland's victory at Culloden, rather than to mourn his brother who affected a secret sympathy with the Jacobites, and they thronged around their hero, whom no old-fashioned English habit could disguise, as he was so immensely corpulent that the Duke of Modena, who had come over to "do" England, found nothing better to say than that he was less terrible than he expected.

Let us listen to what our walking encyclopædia is telling the stranger about the company. Here is David Garrick, the people's darling, and now at the height of his fame, with Mrs. Quin, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Cibber—for, alas! poor Peg Woffington has doffed her laurels, and has gone to die at Twickenham; under the protection of Lady Burlington, there is Eva Marie Violette, whose "poetry of motion" Garrick follows with eager gaze, determining to agree to the stern Countess's requirements, and make the pretty German girl lawful mistress of the little home, where charming Peg used once to preside and hand Dr. Johnson his thirteen cups of tea; there is lovely Mrs. Pitt, who was mobbed last week in the Park, and had to have a guard of soldiers to escort her, "in vast beauty with a red veil which made her look gloriously handsome;" there is Mr. Conway as Don Quixote, and the Duchess of Richmond as a Lady Mayoress, and last but not least, the King, in an old English dress, delighted with somebody who [illegible] her cup of tea, and enthusiastic about Miss Chudleigh as Iphygenia, "though her dress was such that the other Maids of Honour (though not of maids the strictest) would not speak to her." "The King has bought her a fairing for her watch for thirty-five guineas, which some future Howe or Holinshed must inform posterity, was a vast sum in those days;" and in the midst of it all, jolly Lady Caroline Petersham sails down the canal in a barge escorted by her cousin Harry Vane, and singing with little Miss Ashe, afterwards notorious for her elopement with the young Wortley Montagu.

What does genteel Mr. Conway think of it as he stands there with his serene and beautiful Countess? and what says cynical Horace Walpole?

And here is a picture with even a greater dash of that "genius for the extraordinary." It is a summer evening; not many weeks ago the town was terrified by two shocks of smart earthquake, so that the bells rang in the houses and people's heads were lifted off the bolsters in bed. Folk were so frightened they rushed out into the country by hundreds, and Whitfield and his Methodists—Lady Selina Shirley first and foremost among them—must have found a fine text for their sensational sermons on the sinfulness of that frolic-loving society. But even the memory of the second shock has passed away, and the town is as full as ever in a lovely fit of unusual hot weather. Lady Caroline and her inseparable friend, Miss Ashe, sally forth into the Mall, "looking as handsome as crimson can make them," to assemble a party for Vauxhall. Their hoops support ample flowered skirts, and their waists are long and narrow, in tabbed bodices and lace stomachers. Their heads are dressed a trifle higher than other folk's, and considerably higher than they were two years ago, but nothing to the fashion that will be in vogue ere ten years are over. Harry Vane—with whom Lady Caroline's name is beginning to be coupled; the Duke of Kingston—afterwards husband of the notorious Maid of Honour, Miss Chudleigh; Lord March, Mr. Whitehead, and two foolish girls—trusted for the first time to Lady Caroline's matronly care—sail up the Mall, their feathered, broad-brimmed hats flapping in the breeze, "their colours all flying:" Horace Walpole is of the party, noting it all for posterity. The lady meets her husband, Lord Petersham, "with his legs twisted to all points of crossness;" but though she runs up to him on her little high-heeled shoes and begs him, laughing, to be of the party, he does not even stir his hat, and only answers that he is going elsewhere. The party parade up the river in a barge attended by a boat of French horns, and—a threatened duel for a supposed insult to one of the ladies being warded off, in spite of fifteen-year-old Miss Sparre's anxiety for the fun of it—is finally assembled in the booth at Vauxhall, "Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, looking gloriously jolly and handsome."

She has brought Betty, the famous fruit-girl of St. James's Street—"a woman of pleasing manners, abounding with anecdote, and with a knowledge of characters of the age quite wonderful," says the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1797—and Betty serves strawberries and cherries, and sups beside the party at a little table. "We minced chickens, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp, with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, and you may imagine the conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. We took up the attention of the whole garden, till Harry Vane drank a

bumper to the people's health, and we got home at three o'clock in the morning. I tell you this to show you the manners of the age," says the lively Horace. That they were not necessarily the manners of the age it is needless to say, although, perhaps, in no other age could such a frolic have been indulged in without loss of caste.

But Lady Caroline lost no caste. "She knew exactly how much society would stand." Upon her appearance there may even have been various opinions.

> "Her face has beauty we must all confess,
> But beauty on the brink of ugliness;
> Her mouth a rabbit feeding on a rose,
> Her eyes ten times too good for such a nose,
> Her blooming cheeks—what paint could ever draw them?
> That paint for which no mortal ever saw them.
> Air without shape, of royal race divine—
> 'Tis Emily—oh, fie!—'tis Caroline!"

writes Mr. Chute of her in the manner of the time, but upon her social position there could be no doubt. She was a true daughter of the Stuarts, from whom she was descended, and Walpole—when marvelling that neither she nor Lady Coventry (Maria Gunning) did any execution in Paris, while in London they were mobbed, both together and singly, in the Parks—supposes that she made what French success she did achieve by her talent for "inventing strokes that would make a figure in any country." What the "strokes" were he does not tell us, but when returning foreign hospitality Lady Caroline takes a young M. Hérault and his tutor to sup with her and Miss Ashe at a tavern, and when the tutor, "so ignorant as not to have heard of women of fashion carrying men to sup at a tavern," hazarded familiarities, he was bidden not to bring his pupil to her ball on the following evening, nor ever to appear in her presence again.

It is with Miss Ashe that we find her seeing the execution of the unfortunate rebel Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, who were executed on Tower Hill after Culloden; it is with Miss Ashe that she repeatedly visits the famous gentleman highwayman McLean—concerned in the robbery of Horace Walpole in Hyde Park, not to mention many others. The two ladies were among the first of the three thousand from the celebrities of White's, as well as from the dregs of the populace, who visited the condemned man in his cell at Newgate; and, indiscreet as Miss Ashe evidently was in the things that she said of her benefactress, we find the pair still connected, even after the rupture regarding young Montagu, until the young lady's marriage to Mr. Falconer, an officer in the army.

And by that time poor Lady Caroline—Lady Harrington since her husband had succeeded to the title—had no more claim to remark than that "genius for the extraordinary" which seems to have stuck to her until the last.

In 1755, "powdered with diamonds and crescents for a Turkish slave," she is still "extremely handsome" at a Russian masquerade; and at the Coronation of George III. in 1760, when poor Lady Coventry lay dying of consumption and, according to Walpole, of the "poisonous white" which had killed pretty Jenny Conway, and was to kill one of Lady Harrington's own four daughters, our chronicler is forced to admit that FitzRoy is still one of the handsomest figures at a distance, his favourite beauties, the Duchess of Grafton and his niece, Lady Waldegrave, being absent. But he cannot resist a fling at her for covering herself with all the diamonds she can lay her hands on, and, from that time till the end, scarcely ever mentions her save to quote some eccentricity. There is an extraordinary scene at the Opera House, when she allowed her favourite footman to exclude two gentlemen from her box, and upheld him against the offended lords, who gave him a deserved thrashing; and a quarrel with a hairdresser for spreading a false report about her. Then she is taken to task for her unwise protection of a Bohemian Countess Chamfelt, "rich and hideous," and not of the best manners; and laughed at for her absurdity in pretending to fear the very presence of a "debauched" French Duke in the same room with her daughter, Lady Caroline Stanhope, afterwards Lady Fortrose—this is the poor girl who wore so much white as killed her before she was twenty-one. The descriptions of her excitement over the robbery of her jewels by her porter; of her foolish angling for a fine match for her daughter Harriet, who was "too charming to be held up for sale;" of her pride in the girl's subsequent greater state as Duchess of Newcastle, and in her innovation of "Sunday afternoons at home," are none of them done in a kindly spirit, and it is not until the end, in 1784, that these softer words occur in a letter to General Conway: "Did not you feel a twinge in some remote corner of your heart for the death of poor Lady Harrington last week?"

General Conway's answer is not extant; most likely it never was written. Nobody knows whether the brave soldier—amid the ups and downs of his adventurous career, or by the side of the archly fascinating, sweetly serene Countess who was his wife—ever kept a thought in "some remote corner of his heart" for the dark-eyed coquette who had caught his youthful heart when he was dancing his first minuets.

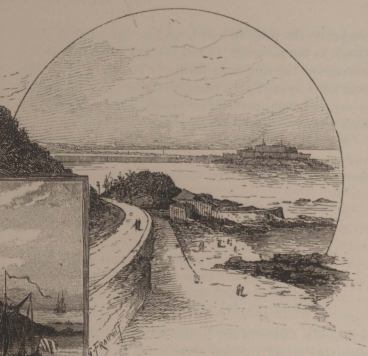
Of the five beauties at Sir Thomas Robinson's ball in 1741, poor Lady Euston never saw the blooming of the next May, Lady Sophia Fermor died in the bud of her grandeur, and even the two Ladies Lennox, who married the men of their choice, had to brave the censure of the upper ten for so doing, ere they were acknowledged centres of society as the pleasant Lady Holland and the beautiful Lady Kildare of George III.'s Coronation; but Lady Caroline FitzRoy never once vacated a position that she held boldly and unwaveringly for a quarter of a century as a received leader of fashion in the world of her time.

She was one of the most successful women of her worldly age; did she ever in "some remote corner of her heart" remember the romantic-looking brown-eyed hero for whom in her early youth she refused "very good matches," making it plain, even to the cynical Walpole, that she would have sacrificed all chances of success in the gay world in which she was so fitted to shine, for the sake of one whom she "preferred with nothing to the whole world"?

Alice Comyns Carr.



CASTLE CORNET.
From an Old Print.



CASTLE CORNET, FROM THE APPROACH TO FORT GEORGE.
(From a recent Photograph by Carl Norman, Tunbridge Wells.)

Kit Hatton:

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF CASTLE CORNET IN THE ISLAND OF GUERNSEY.

THE fortress and almost impregnable stronghold of Guernsey was Castle Cornet, built upon a well-nigh inaccessible rock, facing the harbour and town of St. Pierre, the capital of Guernsey.

Lord Hatton, father of Christopher, second Lord and first Viscount Hatton, was ranger of the Forest of Rockinghamshire, the great plain of Rockingham Forest, seven hundred acres in extent; and both Lord Hatton and his son Christopher—the chief personage in this story—were Governors of the Channel Islands, and consequently of Castle Cornet.

Charles II. gave the post to Christopher, Lord Hatton—"Kit Hatton," as he was commonly called—in recognition of faithful services rendered to his cause. Castle Cornet defended the entrance to the port of St. Pierre; it underwent a prolonged siege during the Great Rebellion, and, without success, was twice vigorously assailed by the Parliamentary forces, the garrison in the end succumbing to the pangs and miseries of want and hunger.

In Castle Cornet the Governor of the Channel Islands always resided in great state and pomp, as related in the clever and exciting ballad on this legend, written by my late beloved father, the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham:—

"And there many seasons, both early and late,
In good Castle Cornet he govern'd the State;
The French knew him well, and the Islanders too,
'Twas little he reck'd of their 'Cri de Haro.'
In armour he dwelt, not in cotton and flannel,
And he kept a good guard o'er the 'Chops of the Channel.'"

The "Cri de Haro" is an old Norman custom. The Channel Islands belong to the Crown of England as part of the Duchy of Normandy. The "Cri de Haro" is a legacy of those days, and is still part of the law of the land. When some one thinks that he is ill-treated by another, or by any of the Courts of Justice, it is competent to any suitor in cases of real property to put a summary stop temporarily to the whole of the proceedings in the Law Courts by coming into Court and crying, "*Haro! Haro! on me fait tort!*" It was employed not long ago to check the proceedings of a railway company. The awful occurrence which afterwards occurred was predicted by "the Weird Woman of Rockinghamshire," as Kit Hatton rode at night on affairs of State connected with "Old Noll"—"Old Nolly Rednose," as the Cavaliers were never tired of calling him—across Rockinghamshire, bound for his father's home of Kirby, a princely residence at that time, and the most remarkable of the fine houses known to be built by the great architect John Thorpe.

Long years after the story was told by an aged negro at the fireside of the village inn of Gretton (a large and formerly very lawless parish of nearly 5,000 acres, most of which lay in Rockingham Forest), the circle of whose listeners was always complete.

My father recollected seeing the original deposition about the year 1825; since then it has been lost, stolen, or mislaid. Luckily, however, a copy of it was taken by my great-uncle, the Hon. and Rev. Daniel Finch Hatton, Rector of Great and Little Weldon in Northamptonshire, close to Gretton and Kirby.

It was while residing in much state at Castle Cornet

that the awful event prophesied by "the Weird Woman" came to pass. My father says it took place within an hour of the beginning of the year 1673, while the historian of Guernsey, Mr. Thomas Dicey, fixes it at twelve o'clock on Sunday night, December 29th, 1672. All that is certain is that it did take place, whichever date is correct.

Shortly before, the sea was rolling and moaning, heavy scud was driving up from the south-west, many stars were out, and an especially brilliant one was noticed by the Governor.

Lord Hatton slept in a house north by east from the magazine and much too near it, which he had caused to be built some two years previously. Incredible as it seems, it is recorded that although he had been in bed but a very short time when a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning suddenly burst forth with appalling severity, he slept quite profoundly in spite of the tempest; and even the flash of lightning which struck the powder magazine, wherein was stored 250 or more barrels of gunpowder, causing an explosion which, in the words of the ballad—

"————with shake and with shock
To its base Castle Cornet did shiver and rock;
And down came the bastions, and down came the towers,
The ramparts, and houses, and 'fair ladies' bowers'"—

did not awake him. The Castle was almost entirely wrecked, as might be supposed. Then occurred the most wonderful incident of all — Lord Hatton was carried through the air on to the battlements of the Castle wall, and there James Chapple, his negro servant, hearing him crying for help, found him in a state of much bewilderment—

"On the parapet's edge that o'erhung the deep sea,
With the coverlit o'er him, his master found he!"

The yard of the Castle on one side, the depths of the sea on the other, so he dared not stir. Dicey, the historian, remarks that he was awakened by a shower of hail falling upon his face, and thus he came to a sense of his perilous position.

James Chapple managed to bring Lord Hatton off the wall, and so got him safely into the guard-room, the house being razed to the ground, and nothing but one doorcase left standing. Lord Hatton says—

"That he never slept once though he lay in his bed;
Then he felt underneath him the bed to move first,
And immediately, hearing a marvellous burst,
Found himself in the air and in perilous case,
For he knew that the lightning had blown up the place."

Ensign Covett, who had been talking with him but a short time before, was among those killed, with a great many others.

"The Dowager Lady Hatton was found in her bed;
She lay there a corpse, with a stone on her head."

The ceiling fell in and killed her; her two daughters were rescued—

"————for, in bed as they were,
A beam fell betwixt 'em and sever'd the pair."

Lady Hatton, wife of the Governor, lost her life. She was the Lady Cecilia Anne Tufton, daughter of John, Earl of Thanet, and the Lady Anne Clifford (sole daughter and heiress of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland, and Baroness Clifford in her own right). She was the first wife of Christopher, second Lord Hatton, who was created, in 1682, by Charles II., Viscount Hatton of Gretton—a reward for his eminent services. He was the Governor of Castle Cornet at the time of the explosion.

"Then quoth good Lord Hatton, aloft in the air,
'Seek my lady and children, and see how they fare!'
For apart from his lodgings in child-bed she lay,
With none to bring help on that terrible day.
From the womb of the cloud came in lightning the fire,
And the witch had told truth in Rockinghamshire."

Lady Hatton was dreadfully alarmed at the thunder and lightning, and insisted upon being taken from her apartment into the nursery, and there, while praying with her maid, both were killed a few minutes after her removal, by a portion of the wall falling in upon them.

"And at last, on her knees, with her wrapping-gown on,
They found the poor lady—but she too was gone;
And by her, her maid, in a similar plight,
For neither had scap'd on that perilous night.

"Then the negro bethought him he heard something greet,
Deep down in the ruins just under his feet."

So they searched away right earnestly, and at last their labours were rewarded, for, "asleep and uninjured," in the same room with her poor dead mother, they found Lord Hatton's eldest daughter.

John, fifth Earl of Winchilsea, dying September 9th, 1729, without issue, the title of Winchilsea devolved upon Daniel, second Earl of Nottingham, son of the Chancellor. He had for his second wife Anne, eldest daughter of Christopher, Viscount Hatton, Governor of Castle Cornet, the very child of three years old who was dug by Chapple the negro out of the ruins of Castle Cornet; and by her, who lived till past eighty, "he had," says Collins, "*five* sons and *eight* daughters, besides *ten* other children who died young, and *seven* who were still-born—*thirty* in all." "A fine family," observes my father, "for a lady who had been buried alive for more than twelve hours, and a proof that she didn't take much harm by the accident."

William, last Viscount Hatton, son of the Governor of Castle Cornet by his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir William Hazlewood, of Maidwell, Northants, dying unmarried in 1672, the title became extinct. His sister and heiress took Edward Finch, sixth son of their sister Anne, Countess of Nottingham (the one saved by the beam falling across her cradle), and made him their heir. Whereupon he assumed the name and arms of Hatton—"Azure, three garbs or between a chevron of the last"—in addition to his paternal coat of Finch; and his grandson, George William, my grandfather, succeeded to the Earldoms of Winchilsea and Nottingham upon the death of his cousin George, the ninth Earl, but not to the estates, which were, alas! willed away elsewhere.

"And again they returned, and they found in her bed
One more of the nurses, but she was stone-dead.
Yet, dead as she was, in her arms she held up
An infant at play with a small silver cup."

This cup was "all rumpled and bruised," but the child was absolutely unhurt. The same nurse had her hand fixed on the cradle in which lay my lord's youngest daughter; the cradle was almost filled with mortar and rubbish, but the child sustained no sort of injury.

"Found asleep in her cradle, the lamb of the fold—
Elizabeth Hatton, a child three weeks old."

All these were rescued by James Chapple, "the negro."

"And in question of this, his most opportune deed,
With twenty pounds yearly James Chapple was fee'd.
And he lived long in Gretton with little to do,
And depos'd to this statement when past eighty-two—
Laid by and forgotten in days long since past,
Till the 'Heir of the Hattons' revives it at last."

So great was the effect produced upon the country at large by the catastrophe at Castle Cornet, that fifteen days after the events I have described a day of fasting and prayer was held by order of the Court.

I append a copy of the deposition made by James Chapple the negro:—

"An account of the lightning that blew up the Castle of Guernsey in 1673, when the Right Honourable Christopher Lord Hatton was Governor there, given by James Chapple, of Gretton, in the county of Northampton, a negro, who was at that time servant to the said Lord Hatton at Guernsey, and himself tooke the said lord off the Castle wall, in cause whereof that noble lord left him an annuity of twenty pounds sterling during his life:—

"Saith that he is about eighty-two years of age, and that in the year 1673 (he was servant to the said Lord Hatton as he had been from November, 1663), on the thirty-first of December, he, the said Lord Hatton, went and sett with one Ensign Covett (who is an officer at that time in garrison there, and an acquaintance of his lordship) till about eleven o'clock at night, when the said Lord Hatton returned to his own apartment in the Castle, and this informant with him. And Mr. Covett, looking up to the skye, said to Lord Hatton, 'Pray observe that star!' And his lordship, looking earnestly at it, said, 'It looks very angry; I wissh we have not some foul weather.' But to this informant's judgment he never saw a clearer skye, and the moon was just setting. And when this informant had putt his said lord into bed he went to his own room, and was in bed himself by twelve. And by one in the morning—which was New Year's Day—this informant was waked by another servant of the said lord (who laid with this informant, and had been in bed some time before him), and was by him told he did believe the house was falling.

"And then they both got up, and, it being very darke, they were some time before they could find the door. But at last they gott out, and the first thing this informant then heard was his lord's voice calling for help. And being directed by the voice, this informant at last found he was on the Castle wall, and was by his lordship ordered to go and see for his wife and children, and bring him word how they did (for his lady, being at that time lying-in, was lodged in a separate part of the house from his lordship). But it being very darke as aforesaid, and having no shoes on, nor anything but his shirt, he informed his lordship that he could not gett to that part of the house, nor indeed so much as back again to his own apartment—he having come through a window of the gard-roome to come to the Castle wall to his lordship. And then this informant, borrowing a pair of shoes from the soldiers, with some difficulty got on the Castle wall, and crept on his hands and knees to his lordship, where he found him with the mattress and feather-bed under him and the bed-clothes over him.

"And then this informant turning himself back again, his lordship got on his back, and this informant crept back in the same way he went there, and so brought his lordship entirely off the wall, and carried him into the gard-roome, in which time the garrison was all gott upp, and candles were lighted. And this informant, borrowing some of the soldiers' clothes, went with them up and down the Castle to see for his lordship's lady, mother, and sisters, and they found that the Castle was blown up, and the dowager lady dead in her bed, with a great stone which then lay on her. And in the next apartment they found his lordship's two sisters, both alive in bed, but almost suffocated with a beam of the house fallen in betwixt them, and taking them out, carried them to his lordship in the gard-roome. And returning again to the ruins, this informant heard something make a noise under his feet; and it being, as this informant apprehended, just the place where, by the falling of the buildings, the Lady Hatton (who had just laid in) must be, he said to the captain, 'I hear something under me; so pray digg here, and see if 'tis not my lady.' And, on digging about a foot and a half, struck on a beam, by the side of which, being a little cavity, they opened it somewhat larger, and, looking in, there saw under the beam (which did not rest flatt) Miss Anne Hatton, his said lordship's daughter—a child three years old the October before (now Countess of Nottingham); and taking her out of the bed and carrying her down to her father, returned again to the ruins. And searching further in that cavity, found in another bed one of the nurses dead, with Miss Margaret Hatton, another of his lordship's daughters—a child of about a year and a half old—in her arms, playing with a little silver cupp in its hands. And carrying that to his lordship, and returning again to the same place and removing a little more of the rubbish and a few boards, found in a cradle Elizabeth Hatton, another daughter of his lordship, a child of about three weeks old, and carried that to his lordship.

"The day now coming on, they dugg further in the ruins, and tooke out two or three women-servants alive, one of which had a quantity of glass in her back, and the rest of them were found dead, with their bones broak. And at last, on digging, they found the Lady Hatton, who was on her knees with a wrapping-gown on, and her women with her in the same posture, but they were both dead. The Castle was at this time entirely blown up, or, at least, what was not entirely blown up was shattered, which was occasioned, as this informant has several times heard the said Lord Hatton declare, by lightning setting

fire to 250 barrels of gunpowder, which was at that time in the store-roome under the Castle. And particularly, about a week after the accident, some gentlemen of the Island being come to condole with his lordship on this his great misfortune, and asking his lordship whether he knew anything how it began? His lordship declared (this informant being then present), 'That he did not sleep from the time he went to bed till the Castle was blown up. And that soon after he was in bed he heard it thunder as at a distance, and that it still came nearer and nearer, the wind growing high, and some hale beat against the windows pretty hard. And at last he felt the bed whereon he lay move, and immediately a prodigious burst, and at the same time found himself in the open air, by which he apprehended that the lightning had taken hold of the gunpowder, and that *that* had blown up the house, but only thought that he had fallen with it. But some very large flashes of lightning immediately following, he did, on raising himself up, by the light thereof perceive the sea on one side of him and part of the Castle wall on the other, and, therefore, kept calling out for help till this informant spoke to him.'

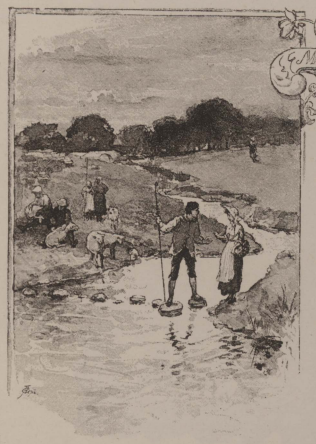
"Taken from Mr. Chapple's own mouth, twentieth of March, seventeen hundred and twenty-seven, by me,

"JOSHUA LANLRART."

To conclude in my dear father's own words :—

"Now of good Castle Cornet I've told you the tale,
Of the witch, and the warning, the thunder and hail,
Of the flash from the cloud and the flight through the air,
And the 'red star' that bade the Lord Hatton beware!
And I presently challenge the scribes of this nation
To furnish in fiction a stranger narration."

CONSTANCE HOWARD.



The Shearing at the Stepping-Stones.

O YOU brooklet brown and clear,
Do you know? did you hear?
You among your ſpearmints, ſedges,
Stepping-ſtones with rounded edges,
Singing ſoftly as you go,
Did you hear? do you know?

My rough hands outſtretched to ſhear,
Do you know? did you hear?
Shook above ye ſnow-white fleeces
Lying round in ragged pieces
When I heard her accents low,—
Did you hear? do you know?

Trembling then 'twixt love and fear,
Do you know? did you hear?
While the clean-clipt ewe went bleating
I for joy of ſuch a meeting
Let my fooliſh words forth flow.
Did you hear? do you know?

Yes, I claſped her hand, my Dear!
Do you know? did you hear?
Saw you ſomething ſweet betiding,
When ſtrong hands ſmall ſteps were guiding
Gently o'er your glaſſy flow?
Did you hear? do you know?

M. C. GILLINGTON.

Quaint and Curious Needlework.

(AT HOWELL AND JAMES'.)

THE more we study the embroideries of a bygone age, the more forcibly do we recognise the truth that if we wish to excel in the art of producing really excellent decorative needlework, we must copy antique examples and learn in them to recognise the true and beautiful in this branch of art. It is exactly the same as with those noble Gothic cathedrals, which form such valuable storehouses of information to all who can appreciate the magnificent in architecture. It is to them we turn for ideas and models that can be modified and reproduced to suit the requirements of a more advanced age. Our finest buildings, nowadays, are all admired in proportion as they adhere to the general style and detail of those reared by our forefathers.

Our modern embroideresses fail disastrously as a rule in one special point, and this is the execution. We are, I believe, becoming gradually trained to the appreciation of harmonious tones of colouring, but amateur work is rarely free from a certain degree of slovenly or unconscientious finish somewhere. In most antique work we may look in vain for an unequal series of stitches, for any that are drawn up more tightly than their neighbours, or for any that are set out of their proper position; but in modern work this unfortunately is not the case. The young lady of the present day, when exhibiting her work, will often boast, saying, "It is very quickly done; this piece took only a few days to work," whereas to do it properly, as many weeks would not be



ANTIQUE SPANISH PANEL.

too much time to expend upon it. Again, only watch such a worker as she plies her needle. Stitch after stitch is laid with true nineteenth-century rapidity, the worker never pausing to see how each one falls into place. No, this is of little importance in her eyes, and soon the needleful of silk, often a very long one, becomes nearly used up, and as a natural result of so much drawing through the material, has become frayed and rough. But it is all worked in, in spite of this, and an unequal botch is the result, perhaps in the middle of what should be a broad expanse of smoothly placed

late years in holding exhibitions of antique laces, embroideries, and brocades. For any one possessed of sufficient intelligence to appreciate it, a visit to such an exhibition as theirs is a most valuable means of education, whether to the designer, weaver, embroideress, or artist.

We have reproduced a few typical examples of antique needlework of various kinds selected from a recent exhibition of this sort, and it is a pity that in these illustrations no idea can be given of the happy admixture of colour which often forms one of the most remarkable features of these old embroideries.



OLD ITALIAN COVERLET.

stitches. These remarks do not, of course, apply to professional workers who have received training, and have patiently learnt the details of their art. It is just such trifles as these which make up the harmonious effect in antique work. Ladies who wish to excel in this truly feminine occupation would do well to bear in mind the following advice, recently given by Mr. W. Morris on this subject:—"For such an art (as embroidery) nothing patchy, or scrappy, or half-starved should be done; there is no excuse for doing anything which is not strikingly beautiful, and that more especially as the exuberance of beauty of the work of the East, and of Mediæval Europe, and even of the time of the Renaissance, is at hand to reproach us."

Messrs. Howell and James have done good work of

The panel of embroidery on page 382 is of Spanish workmanship, and may be taken as a type of the rich and ornate work that we are accustomed to associate with that country. The background is of yellow satin, in the centre of which is embroidered a monstrance in the form of a vase, richly executed in gold and silver thread. Above this is a canopy of gold, which supports a bunch of white grapes and vine-leaves very slightly conventionalised. Down the sides are carried large flowers and leaves beautifully shaded, and worked in rather gorgeous colouring, reminding one somewhat of the flowers often seen in old paintings. The silk threads have stood the wear and tear of years thoroughly well; the gold threads, however, have somewhat lost their lustre. From an artistic point of view, this is scarcely

to be regretted, the glistening gold threads of new embroidery being often an eyesore, rather than a pleasure. In this piece of work there is great variety in the stitches, and many practical lessons may be learnt from studying the different directions in which these stitches are placed so as to give the desired curves to the flowers and fruits. It is unfortunate that, when such elaborate pieces of embroidery are discovered by collectors, they are unable to tell us anything as to the history of them. They have mostly been stowed away in convents, and the sacristies of churches on the Continent, but it is to be feared that the supply will soon be exhausted, and that ingenious frauds will be practised upon the purchaser. With regard to this piece of work in particular, we can only suppose that it once formed part of the panel of a dossal, or possibly was the centre portion of a small altar frontal. According to Dr. Rock, similar pieces of work were often used in religious processions, such as those which take place on the festival of Corpus Christi, to cover the stand upon which was carried the consecrated Host. The sacred wafer was frequently enclosed in a tall gold or silver vase like the one that is represented on this embroidery.

Of Italian, or possibly Spanish workmanship, is the coverlet (page 383), which is worked upon a background of rich crimson Venetian velvet. Shades of yellow are the main colours in the embroidery, the only blue used being very faint in tone and quite inconspicuous. The floral part of the pattern repeats the same motive constantly, while rather stiffly-drawn stems and sprays are intertwined up the sides, and enclose quaintly-worked peacocks and other birds. The central design resembles large vases, which are set, as it were, foot to foot; the spaces at each side of them are filled in with sprays and branches similar to those in the border. All this is worked with floss silk, in laid work; some of the securing stitches are placed so as to form squares, others diamonds, as in quilting, while a very striking feature of this piece of work is the manner in which the silver thread is couched down on the foundation. No gold thread at all is used, but the silver is sewn over with small stitches in straight lines, or is arranged as in brick couching, while some of the fillings take a flattened spiral form, so that they resemble a macaron of braid. In other parts of the coverlet, the silver threads are caught down so that either a chevron, diaper, lozenge, or battlemented pattern is formed. A worker may glean a great number of hints for her own use by studying such a piece of embroidery as this, but I cannot advise her to copy the manner in which the seams of the velvet have been run together. In places this has been done with large, loose stitches, and white cotton. As regards our plain needlework, it certainly bears comparison very favourably with that of older date. There is scarcely a School Board pupil now who could not sew a seam better than those often found in these antique embroideries.



PORTION OF WHITE SATIN QUILT.

The quilt given on this page is composed of white satin, and the whole nature of the design seems to indicate that its origin is French. It comprises miniature bunches of delicately-worked and softly-tinted flowers, the stalks of which are tied with ribbon. Small tazzas full of flowers are placed at the corners. Butterflies and quaintly-fashioned flowers are scattered over the ground, but the main part of the decoration is grouped in the centre. This is very curious, and consists of two hearts pierced with arrows that have apparently been shot by two sturdily-built Cupids just above. A flowing ribbon tied into a true lover's knot is worked above the figures, while below are two words that have hitherto formed a philological puzzle. The theory is that the counterpane was once a wedding-gift, and that the mysterious words are the names of the newly-married pair. It is thought they may possibly be Polish, as neither Russians nor Roumanians will acknowledge them. A twining border of stems and flowers is carried round the extreme edge of the work.

The chenille border (page 385) is a remarkably fine specimen of a style of embroidery that is always associated with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, who, we are told, was in the habit of executing such work, and amongst the ladies of her Court it was very popular. I cannot quite understand why it should be so little patronised now, for when it is worked in soft tones of colour upon white silk, as in the example before us, the pile of the chenille becomes merged and blended, so that it has all the appearance of velvet woven into, or brocaded, as it were, upon the silk foundation. The soft pinks and blues, and various shades of green, are very pleasing, while especially artistic is the manner in which some of the conventional flowers are arranged, so that the back, instead of the front, of the bloom is shown.

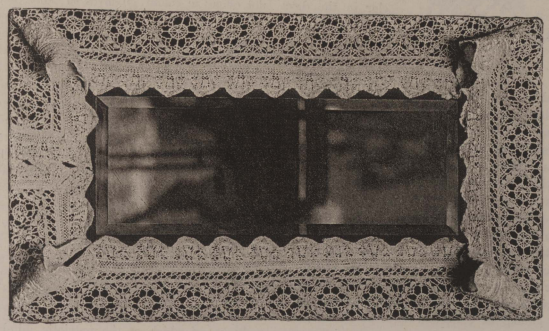
Equally characteristic in its way is the length of antique Greek lace (page 385). The making of an open

net-work (reticella) from a closely-woven fabric is of very ancient origin, and this Greek lace is one of the earliest forms of needle-point. The art of making it attained to its greatest perfection in the sixteenth century, principally in the South of Italy, and in the islands



CHENILLE BORDER.

round the shores of Greece. It was a development of an earlier make of lace still, which was known as "cut work," but this term is somewhat confusing, owing to its being used also in describing the older forms of appliqué. A modern worker will better understand the method of making this Greek lace when I remind her that it is a species of "drawn" work. The original foundation is of linen, from which the threads have been drawn away in a series of squares, each bounded by lines of three or four undrawn threads. These lines are connected into bars by being either overcast, button-holed, or worked over in *point de reprise* with a fine make of linen thread. Across some of the squares



ANTIQUE GREEK LACE.

are thrown lines of thread, which in their turn are worked over with button-hole stitches, and lightened in effect by means of picots at intervals. Triangles and diamonds are worked in some squares, wheels in others. In the older Greek lace much use was often made of coloured silks, and gold and silver threads. The designs must necessarily be geometric in style, but great variety may be obtained both in the stitches themselves and in the way they are arranged. A great many stitches used in working Greek lace are identical with those found in Guipure d'Art and modern point lace, and it is unfortunate that this style of lace, which is both effective and durable, should be allowed to fall into decay, now that so many ladies are complaining of the expense of fancy needlework. The materials required are few and easily obtained, such as linen, linen thread, and parchment or stiff calico, upon which the design can be traced. Some forms of the lace are worked entirely over laid cords and threads without the assistance of any linen foundation. The meagre insertions of drawn work that we find in canvas curtains and chair-backs, are almost all that is now left of the beautiful *Punto tirato* that once formed such a remarkable feature of priestly vestments, ruffles, and other articles of dress. During the last few months, however, a slight revival has taken place in the art of executing drawn linen work, and it has, with most satisfactory results, been applied once more to the ornamentation of sheets, pillow-slips, and the like. Similar lace may be seen in Italy at the present day on the best household linen of many of the peasants, who say of it, "Who knows how old it is? My grandmother had it in her *corredo*, but it had been in the family for generations before that. 'Tis a kind of work people cannot do now."

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

Modern Gloves.



MANUFACTURING GLOVES.

(From Photographs taken at Messrs. Fownes and Co.'s, Nottingham.)

THERE was a fine old English chronicler in the days of Elizabeth, who complained bitterly of the way in which mercers' shops had multiplied within his recollection; making, as he says, "such a show in passengers' eyes, that they could not help gazing on and buying such knicknacks." First among the wares that provoked honest John Stow's indignation came French and Spanish gloves; and he went on to express his astonishment that "no man taketh heed to it what manner of trifles come hither from beyond the seas, that we might either clean spare, or else make them within our own realm; for the which we either pay inestimable treasure every year, or else exchange substantial wares and necessaries for them, by which we might receive great treasure." Although these opinions are over three centuries old, they are not yet out of date. Some among us condemn luxuries, others advocate thrift and national economy, some appeal for protection or patronage of home manufactures. There is another protesting party with newer views, who object to things fleshly; who will not have gloves made from "skins of beasts," or boots of "animal leather," and who must be clad in "vegetable" clothing, or feel uncomfortable. With this solitary exception, gloves are seldom tossed about upon the heaving sea of controversy. It is quite sufficient for any belief, no matter what, to become general in this cheerfully pugnacious little island of ours, for it to be condemned and scoffed at and preached against. The air is thick with the rallying-cries of parties, not only political and theological, but of those who take our personal concerns under their care. Yet almost everybody wears gloves, and not a word is said against them so long as they do not fit "not wisely, but too well," and provided they do not offend in colour. Gloves so tight that every finger looks like a sausage are an atrocity; red gloves, too suggestive of the "blood-red hand" of heraldry, were derided as soon as a freak of fashion made them frequent; gloves reaching nearly to the shoulders, or those with stiff gauntlets like funnels, are simply hideous; and gloves of too light a shade are always objectionable, because of their uncomeliness in making the hand appear large beyond proportion; but these are all faults in taste, and gloves are good in spite of them. We bought on an average "from beyond the seas," in the words of Stow, fifteen millions of pairs of gloves every year between 1870 and 1880; in 1883 the purchases amounted to over twenty millions of pairs, principally from France, but in great numbers also from Italy and Belgium; and we paid nearly two millions of money for them. At the same time, the census of 1881 returned 15,524 glovers and glove-makers at work in England—13,261 females to 2,263 males—turning out more gloves in unenumerated millions, of which, as the patriotic mind may learn to its satisfaction, many are annually sent abroad. Indeed, the national character is thoroughly maintained in glove-making. It was once established to the point of a proverb, that for a glove to be really good and well made, three kingdoms were required to complete it: Spain to dress the leather, France to cut it, and England to sew it. Spain may be said to have retired from the business, and the other two of these three nations each dress, cut, and sew their own gloves; but France has become the principal producer of finer gloves for

women's wear, while England is unapproachable in the most substantial and solid descriptions which men demand.

This manufacture has particular features, which make it unusually interesting. The predominance of female labour is remarkable, but still more so the sharp line of division between the work of the sexes. In France some of the cutting-out is allotted to women; but here the whole of the preparation of the glove, up to the point of putting it together, is in the hands of men, who thenceforward have nothing more to do with it. At the same stage in the development of the glove occurs another notable contrast, for there the old and modern methods meet. All the first processes—and a curious inquirer has calculated that there are 138 distinct manipulations in unhairing, dressing, and finishing each skin before dyeing—are carried on in the same manner as for centuries past, with almost the same materials, and precisely the same tools. It still takes several months of patient and painstaking treatment to convert skins—rough at first to feel and not always nice to smell—into fine, supple, and inodorous leather; and one part of this prolonged preparation consists in causing the skins to absorb the yolks of eggs and farinaceous substances, what is technically and very properly known as "feeding" them. Eggs by the million are used for this purpose, and no substitute has yet been found for a material so costly; and "the glover's paring-knife" might still be used as the figure of a round beard, if Shakespeare—begging Mr. Donnelly's pardon—had not already made it serve for an effective illustration. So up to the time when the skin—then soft, even, and thin—is handed to the cutter, all its increased value has been added by skilled hand-labour, employing old-fashioned methods and the simplest of tools; and the cutter himself, who does not actually cut out the leather in the shape of a glove, but only in suitable pieces, uses a simple pair of scissors. His work, in adapting the parts and qualities of a skin to their required purposes, is of the highest importance, only possible to trained intelligence. If there is any doubt as to whether life is worth living, gloves most decidedly would not be worth wearing if unskilfully tested in pliability or carelessly cut; but a glove well selected at this point is an enduring pleasure, chiefly because it fits better and lasts longer.

When the pile of oblong pieces, in pairs, leaves the quiet bench of the cutter, at which labour, really hard and responsible, looks so easy and pleasant, they are passed under shaped knives in a machine which is like a copying-press, both in action and appearance, and then, presto! away go the glove-pieces, now known as "tranks," to a room filled with the hum and feverish throb of many sewing machines. There are few sights more animated than the sewing-room of a glove factory, and not many more noisy; although the workers manage to talk with each other in spite of the clatter, so far as talking does not interfere with work paid by the piece. The earnings of machine-hands, some of them far from womanhood, average about twelve shillings weekly, but those most efficient and industrious among them can earn twenty shillings a week regularly; and they all appear bright and comfortably circumstanced enough to reconcile Ruskin or William Morris to the factory and all its works. But the sewing machine has narrowed the area of employment about glove-making centres, and the factory has organised labour to the shutting-out of plodding needlewomen; and although these effects are inevitable, there is a thought of sympathy and a sigh for the displacement of employment in an industry so entirely womanly, and for the decay of employment carried on in their own homes by the workers. Worcester is still the heart of a wide district extending into several adjoining counties, through which work is regularly distributed, to be performed under the happiest conditions, at home and in the country; and although much machine-work is carried on in this manner, the natural tendency of trade is gradually killing domestic occupation. Towns must grow, and manufactures, for dear life's sake, must keep pace with change and invention and improvement, while competition is so keen, and men and nations are elbowing all to the front; but we may still regret the simple, honest, country life of the past, and be sorry that this influence is being loosened in glove-making, where it has always hitherto been so strong.

Progress in another direction has laid all the world under contribution for our gloves. Kidskins have long been recognised as the best of all light materials, and Howell's delightful letters ask urgently and more than once for "a dozen pair of the best white kidskin gloves the Royall Exchange can afford." That was in 1619, when the upper gallery of the Exchange was filled with shops, but it is worth noting that the request was made while the writer was in France. From almost all parts of Europe and from Ireland kidskins are gathered in, but the best come still from France, where the animals are tended and fed with quite parental care. Ireland once had a busy glove industry of its own, and Limerick was noted for producing "hand-shoes" of so fine a quality that a pair could be enclosed in a walnut-shell, and in this way they were offered for sale. When the trade fell upon evil days many of the skilled workmen went to France, and at Blois another form of novelty was given to their productions by packing them in egg-shells. It is difficult to believe that a pair of wearable gloves could be put in a walnut-shell, but the evidence in favour of the assertion is too strong and too frequently met with to be discredited; and what is there in the way of ingenious trifling that man cannot do? Such gloves sink into insignificance, or rather are too considerable to be very remarkable, in view of those made by "a mathematical smith or artificer at Yarmouth," who, as old Thomas Nash wrote in 1599, "hath made a chest with a paire of knit gloves in the till of it, whose whole poise is no more than a groat." Limerick gloves came afterwards to be a special manufacture at York, much as Brussels carpets are made at Kidderminster, and Kidderminster carpets in Scotland; and besides being very beautiful, "Limericks" are reputed to have had the property of rendering the hand of the wearer very smooth and delicate. The trade in Ireland has never recovered, although the industry ought to be ex-

cellently adapted for the quick intelligence and ready fingers of the women there. Gloves are made in Ireland, but a Dublin manufacturer—appropriately named Supple—who tried to extend the trade, found that he had scarcely one pair out of a dozen sent back clean enough for market. This statement was made by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1883, before a Royal Commission, and he offered the opinion at the same time that the industry was quite possible, without trade difficulties, and one that could be most rapidly developed without risk.

The skins of older kids, not yet goats, are also largely used, as well as those of lambs and sheep, and these are brought from several parts of Europe, Asia, and America; sheepskins especially in large quantities from the Cape, while Australia furnishes some kangaroo-hides. Dog-skin gloves, for another anomaly, are generally made from sheepskins, and veritable dogskin gloves are no longer known. Another "nobul animel" of schoolboy essays furnishes its quota to the glove trade, for coltskins come from Russia and Central Asia, having been first sent, as the story goes, from Tartary, by a sharp and unscrupulous traveller, as kid of fair quality. This wide-reaching enterprise has helped to make our gloves cheap without making them nasty, unless kangaroo or colt-skins should be objected to. There is no reason why they should be. Contact with the kangaroo is much more pleasant than the touch of the sweater—from which the trade is happily free; and we think of Frith's anecdote of the picture-dealer who always shook hands with his customers with gloves on, remarking that it was the honester skin of the two. Gloves have been imagined of gruesome enough materials. For the gloves of Gargantua, Rabelais provided "sixteen otter-skins and three of the *Loup-garous*, or men-eating wolves, for the bordering of them, and of this stuff they were made by the ordering of the Cabalists of San Louaud;" Grendel's glove in *Beowulf* was "broad, wondrous with strange fastenings, all cunningly prepared with devil's crafts and skins of dragons;" and Thor had gloves of iron, without which he did not dare to try to grasp his mighty hammer. But human passions ever exceed the imagination of man, and the most horrible gloves ever made were those fashioned from human skin during the Reign of Terror.

Among all these various materials it may be noticed that no mention is made of rats. The statement that gloves or parts of gloves are made from ratskins is a fiction of wonderful fertility, but it is a fiction nevertheless. Sometimes the skin is said to be only needed for the little thumb-gusset, sometimes for the entire thumb, and sometimes it is used wholesale; and quite exciting descriptions are given of regular rat-hunts in the Paris sewers, with exact particulars of how much the skins realise per dozen when sold to glove firms. Intimation is given of a company started in Paris to buy up all the rats of the country, and a sentimental writer tried to shock ladies of very delicate sensibilities by connecting their "elegantly-gloved hands" with a city drainage system. It seems almost a pity to disturb a tale which serves so many purposes, but the fact is that glove manufacturers know nothing of using rat-skins in bulk, and say that it would not be possible to use them in part because both texture and colour would not match with the remainder of the glove. Further, the Prefect of the Seine, in a letter already made public in "another place," kindly informed me that rat-hunting for the sake of profit was unknown to French authorities, except in one or two instances, where permission had been given to traders to catch them for use in training dogs. It would be a decided relief to rid our newspapers of this Old-Man-of-the Sea story.

S. WILLIAM BECK.



Some Literary Notes.

BY THE EDITOR.

MISS CAROLINE FITZGERALD'S volume of poems, "Venetia Victrix" (Macmilllan and Co.), is dedicated to Mr. Robert Browning, and in the poem that gives its title to the book it is not difficult to see traces of Mr. Browning's influence. "Venetia Victrix" is a powerful psychological study of a man's soul, a vivid presentation of a terrible fiery-coloured moment in a marred and incomplete life. It is sometimes complex and intricate in expression, but then the subject itself is intricate and complex. Plastic simplicity of outline may render for us the visible aspect of life; it is different when we come to deal with those secrets which self-consciousness alone contains, and which self-consciousness itself can but half reveal. Action takes place in the sunlight, but the soul works in the dark.

There is something curiously interesting in the marked tendency of modern poetry to become obscure. Many critics, writing with their eyes fixed on the masterpieces of past literature, have ascribed this tendency to wilfulness and to affectation. Its origin is rather to be found in the complexity of the new problems, and in the fact that self-consciousness is not yet adequate to explain the contents of the Ego. In Mr. Browning's poems, as in life itself which has suggested, or rather necessitated, the new method, thought seems to proceed not on logical lines, but on lines of passion. The unity of the individual is being expressed through its inconsistencies and its contradictions. In a strange twilight man is seeking for himself, and when he has found his own image he cannot understand it. Objective forms of art, such as sculpture and the drama, sufficed once for the perfect presentation of life; they can no longer so suffice.

The central motive of Miss Caroline Fitzgerald's psychological poem is the study of a man who to do a noble action wrecks his own soul, sells it to evil and to the spirit of evil. Many martyrs have for a great cause sacrificed their physical life; the sacrifice of the spiritual life has a more poignant and a more tragic note. The story is supposed to be told by a French doctor, sitting at his window in Paris one evening:

"How far off Venice seems to-night! How dim
The still-remembered sunsets, with the rim
Of gold round the stone haloes, where they stand,
Those carven saints, and look towards the land,
Right westward, perched on high, with palm in hand,
Completing the peaked church-front. Oh how clear
And dark against the evening splendour! Steer
Between the graveyard island, and the quay,
Where north-winds dash the spray on Venice; see
The rosy light behind dark dome and tower,
Or gaunt smoke-laden chimney; mark the power
Of Nature's gentleness, in use or fall
Of interlinkèd beauty, to recall
Earth's majesty in desecration's place,
Lending yon grimy pile that dream-like face
Of evening beauty; note yon ragged cloud,
Red-rimmed and heavy, drooping like a shroud
Over Murano in the dying day.
I see it now as then—so far away!"

The face of a boy in the street catches his eye. He seems to see in it some likeness to a dead friend. He begins to think, and at last remembers a hospital ward in Venice:—

"'Twas an April day,
The year Napoleon's troops took Venice—say
The twenty-fifth of April. All alone
Walking the ward, I heard a sick man moan,
In tones so piteous, as his heart would break:
'Lost, lost, and lost again—for Venice' sake!'
I turned. There lay a man no longer young,
Wasted with fever. I had marked, none hung
About his bed, as friends, with tenderness,
And when the priest went by, he spared to bless,
Glancing perplexed—perhaps mere sullenness.
I stopped and questioned: 'What is lost, my friend?'
'My soul is lost, and now draws near the end.
My soul is surely lost. Send me no priest!
They sing and solemnise the marriage feast
Of man's salvation in the house of love,
And I in Hell, and God in Heaven above,
And Venice safe and fair on earth between—
No love of mine—mere service—for my Queen.'"

He was a seaman, and the tale he tells the doctor before he dies is strange and not a little terrible. Wild rage against a foster-brother who had bitterly wronged him, and who was one of the ten rulers over Venice, drives him to make a mad oath that on the day when he does anything for his country's good he will give his soul to Satan. That night he sails for Dalmatia, and as he is keeping the watch he sees a phantom boat with seven fiends sailing to Venice:—

"'I heard the fiends' shrill cry: 'For Venice' good!
Rival thine ancient foe in gratitude,
Then come and make thy home with us in hell!'
I knew it must be so. I knew the spell
Of Satan on my soul. I felt the power
Granted by God to serve Him one last hour,
Then fall for ever as the curse had wrought.
I climbed aloft. My brain had grown one thought,
One hope, one purpose. And I heard the hiss
Of raging disappointment, loth to miss
Its prey—I heard the lapping of the flame,
That through the blanchèd figures went and came,
Darting in frenzy to the Devil's yell.
I set that cross on high, and cried: 'To hell
My soul for ever, and my deed to God!
Once Venice guarded safe, let this vile clod
Drift where fate will.'
And then (the hideous laugh
Of fiends in full possession, keen to quaff
The wine of one new soul not weak with tears,
Pealing like ruinous thunder in mine ears)
I fell, and heard no more. The pale day broke
Through lazar-windows, when once more I woke,
Remembering I might no more dare to pray."

The idea of the story is extremely powerful, and "Venetia Victrix" is certainly the best poem in the volume—

better than "Ophelion," which is vague, and than "A Friar's Story," which is pretty but ordinary. It shows that we have in Miss Fitzgerald a new singer of considerable ability and vigour of mind, and it serves to remind us of the splendid dramatic possibilities extant in life, which are ready for poetry, and unsuitable for the stage. What is really dramatic is not necessarily that which is fitting for presentation in a theatre. The theatre is an accident of the dramatic form. It is not essential to it. We have been deluded by the name of action. To think is to act.

Of the shorter poems collected here this "Hymn to Persephone" is, perhaps, the best:—

"O, fill my cup, Persephone,
With dim red wine of Spring,
And drop therein a faded leaf
Plucked from the autumn's bearded sheaf,
Whence, dread one, I may quaff to thee
While all the woodlands ring.

"Oh, fill my heart, Persephone,
With thine immortal pain,
That lingers round the willow bowers
In memories of old happy hours,
When thou didst wander fair and free
O'er Enna's blooming plain.

"Oh, fill my soul, Persephone,
With music all thine own!
Teach me some song, thy childhood knew,
Lisped in the meadows' morning dew,
Or chant on this high windy lea,
Thy godhead's ceaseless moan."

But this "Venetian Song" also has a good deal of charm:—

"Leaning between carved stone and stone,
As glossy birds peer from a nest
Scooped in the crumbling trunk where rest
Their freckled eggs, I pause alone
And linger in the light awhile,
Waiting for joy to come to me—
Only the dawn beyond yon isle,
Only the sunlight on the sea.

"I gaze—then turn and ply my loom,
Or broider blossoms close beside;
The morning world lies warm and wide,
But here is dim, cool, silent gloom,
Gold crust and crimson velvet pile,
And not one face to smile on me—
Only the dawn beyond yon isle,
Only the sunlight on the sea.

"Over the world the splendours break
Of morning light and noontide glow,
And when the broad red sun sinks low,
And in the wave long shadows shake,
Youths, maidens, glad with song and wile
Glide and are gone, and leave with me
Only the dawn beyond yon isle,
Only the sunlight on the sea."

"Darwinism and Politics" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), by Mr. David Ritchie, of Jesus College, Oxford, contains some very interesting speculations on the position and the future of women in the modern State. The one objection to the equality of the sexes that he considers deserves serious attention is that made by Sir James Stephen in his clever attack on John Stuart Mill. Sir James Stephen points out (in "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," p. 237) that women may suffer more than they have done, if plunged into a nominally equal but really unequal contest in the already over-crowded labour market. Mr. Ritchie answers that, while the conclusion usually drawn from this argument is a sentimental reaction in favour of the old family ideal, as for instance in Mr. Besant's books, there is another alternative and that is the resettling of the labour question. "The elevation of the status of women and the regulation of the conditions of labour are ultimately," he says, "inseparable questions. On the basis of individualism I cannot see how it is possible to answer the objections of Sir James Stephen." Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his "Sociology," expresses his fear that women, if admitted now to political life, might do mischief by introducing the ethics of the family into the State. "Under the ethics of the family the greatest benefits must be given where the merits are smallest, under the ethics of the State the benefits must be proportioned to the merits." In answer to this Mr. Ritchie asks whether in any society we have ever seen people so get benefits in proportion to their merits, and protests against Mr. Spencer's separation of the ethics of the family from those of the State. If something is right in a family, it is difficult to see why it is therefore, without any further reason, wrong in the State. If the participation of women in politics means that as a good family educates all its members so must a good State, what better issue could there be? The family ideal of the State may be difficult of attainment, but as an ideal it is better than the policeman theory. It would mean the moralisation of politics. The cultivation of separate sorts of virtues and separate ideals of duty in men and women has led to the whole social fabric being weaker and unhealthier than it need be. As for the objection that in countries where it is considered necessary to have compulsory military service for all men, it would be unjust and inexpedient that women should have a voice in political matters, Mr. Ritchie meets it, or tries to meet it, by proposing that all women physically fitted for such purpose should be compelled to undergo training as nurses, and should be liable to be called upon to serve as nurses in time of war. This training, he remarks, "would be more useful to them and to the community in time of peace than his military training is to the peasant or artisan." Mr. Ritchie's little book is extremely suggestive, and full of valuable ideas for the philosophic student of sociology.

Mr. Alan Cole's lecture on "Irish Lace," delivered recently before the Society of Arts, contains some extremely useful suggestions as to the best method of securing an immediate connection between the art-schools of a country, and the country's ordinary manufactures. In 1883 Mr. Cole was deputed by the Department of Science and Art to lecture at Cork and at Limerick, on the subject of lace-making, and to give a history of its rise and development in other countries, as

well as a review of the many kinds of ornamental patterns used from the sixteenth century to modern times. In order to make these lectures of practical value Mr. Cole placed typical specimens of Irish laces beside Italian, Flemish, and French laces, which seem to be the prototypes of the lace of Ireland. The public interest was immediately aroused. Some of the newspapers stoutly maintained that the ornament and patterns of Irish lace were of such a national character that it was wrong to asperse them on that score. Others took a different view, and came to the conclusion that Irish lace could be vastly improved in all respects, if some systematic action could be taken to induce the lace-makers to work from more intelligently composed patterns than those in general use. There was a consensus of opinion that the workmanship of Irish laces was good, and that it could be applied to better materials than those ordinarily used, and that its methods were suited to render a greater variety of patterns than those usually attempted.

These and other circumstances seem to have prompted the promoters of the Cork Exhibition to further efforts in the cause of lace-making. Towards the close of the year 1883 they made fresh representations to Government, and inquired what forms of State assistance could be given. A number of convents in the neighbourhood of Cork were engaged in giving instruction to children under their care in lace and crochet making. At some, rooms were allotted for the use of grown-up workers, who made laces under the supervision of the nuns. These convents obviously were centres where experiments in reform could be tried. The convents, however, lacked instruction in the designing of patterns for laces. An excellent School of Art was at work at Cork, but the students there had not been instructed in specially designing for lace. If the convents with their work-rooms could be brought into relation with this School of Art, it seemed possible that something of a serious character might be done to benefit lace-makers, and also to open up a new field in ornamental design for the students at the School of Art. The rules of the Department of Science and Art were found to be adapted to aid in meeting such wants as those sketched out by the promoters at Cork. As the nuns in the different lace-making convents had not been able to attend in Cork to hear Mr. Cole's lectures, they asked that he should visit them and repeat them at the convents. This Mr. Cole did early in 1884, the masters of the local Schools of Art accompanying him on his visits. Negotiations were forthwith opened for connecting the convents with the art schools. By the end of 1885 some six or seven different lace-making convents had placed themselves in connection with Schools of Art at Cork and Waterford. These convents were attended not only by the nuns, but outside pupils also; and, at the request of the convents, Mr. Cole has visited them twice a year, lecturing and giving advice upon designs for lace. The composition of new patterns for lace was attempted, and old patterns which had degenerated were revised and redrawn for the use of the workers connected with the convents. There are now twelve convents, Mr. Cole tells us, where instruction in drawing and in the composition of patterns is given, and some of the students have won some of the higher prizes offered by the Department of Science and Art for designing lace-patterns.

The Cork School of Art then acquired a collection of finely-patterned old laces, selections from which are freely circulated through the different convents connected with that school. They have also the privilege of borrowing similar specimens of old lace from the South Kensington Museum. So successful has been the system of education pursued by Mr. Brennan, the head-master of the Cork School of Art, that two female students of his school, last year, gained the gold and silver medals for their designs for laces and crochets, at the national competition which annually takes place in London between all the Schools of Art in the United Kingdom. As for the many lace-makers who were not connected either with the convents or with the art schools, in order to assist them, a committee of ladies and gentlemen interested in Irish lace-making raised subscriptions, and offered prizes to be competed for by designers generally. The best designs were then placed out with lace-makers, and carried into execution. It is, of course, often said that the proper person to make the design is the lace-maker. Mr. Cole, however, points out that from the sixteenth century forward the patterns for ornamental laces have always been designed by decorative artists having knowledge of the composition of ornament, and of the materials for which they were called upon to design. Lace pattern books were published in considerable quantity in Italy, France, and Germany during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and from these the lace-makers worked. Many lace-makers would, no doubt, derive benefit from practice in drawing, in discriminating between well and badly shaped forms. But the skill they are primarily required to show and to develop is one of fine fingers in reproducing beautiful forms in threads. The conception, arrangement, and drawing of beautiful forms for a design, have to be undertaken by decorative artists acquainted with the limitations of those materials and methods which the ultimate expression of the design involves.

This lovely Irish art of lace-making is very much indebted to Mr. Cole, who has really re-created it, given it new life, and shown it the true artistic lines on which to progress. Hardly £20,000 a year is spent by England upon Irish laces, and almost all of this goes upon the cheaper and commoner kinds. And yet, as Mr. Cole points out, it is possible to produce Irish laces of as high artistic quality as almost any foreign laces. The Queen, Lady Londonderry, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Mrs. Alfred Morrison, and others have done much to encourage the Irish workers, and it rests largely with the ladies of England whether this beautiful art lives or dies. The real good of a piece of lace, says Mr. Ruskin, is "that it should show, first, that the designer of it had a pretty fancy; next, that the maker of it had fine fingers; lastly, that the wearer of it has worthiness or dignity enough to obtain what is difficult to obtain, and common sense enough not to wear it on all occasions."

"The High-Caste Hindu Woman" (George Bell and Sons) is an interesting book. It is from the pen of the Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, and the introduction is written by Miss Rachel Bodley, M.D., the Dean of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. The story of the parentage of this learned lady is very curious. A certain Hindu being on a religious pilgrimage with his family, which consisted of his wife and two daughters, one nine and the other seven years of age, stopped in a town to rest for a day or two. One morning the Hindu was bathing in the sacred river Godavari, near the town, when he saw a fine-looking man coming there to bathe also. After the ablution and the morning prayers were over, the father inquired of the stranger who he was and whence he came. On learning his caste and clan and dwelling-place, and also that he was a widower, he offered him his little daughter of nine in marriage. All things were settled in an hour or so; next day the marriage was concluded and the little girl placed in the possession of the stranger, who took her nearly nine hundred miles away from her home and gave her into the charge of his mother. The stranger was the learned Ananta Shastri, a Brahman pundit, who had very advanced views on the subject of woman's education, and he determined that he would teach his girl-wife Sanskrit, and give her the intellectual culture that had been always denied to women in India. Their daughter was the Pundita Ramabai, who after the death of her parents travelled all over India advocating the cause of female education, and to whom seems to be due the first suggestion for the establishment of the profession of women-doctors. In 1866 Miss Mary Carpenter made a short tour in India for the purpose of finding out some way by which women's condition in that country might be improved. She at once discovered that the chief means by which the desired end could be accomplished was by furnishing women-teachers for the Hindu Zenanas. She suggested that the British Government should establish normal schools for training women-teachers, and that scholarships should be awarded to girls in order to prolong their school-going period, and to assist indigent women who would otherwise be unable to pursue their studies. In response to Miss Carpenter's appeal, upon her return to England the English Government founded several schools for women in India, and a few "Mary Carpenter Scholarships" were endowed by benevolent persons. These schools were open to women of every caste; but while they have undoubtedly been of use, they have not realised the hopes of their founders, chiefly through the impossibility of keeping caste-rules in them. Ramabai, in a very eloquent chapter, proposes to solve the problem in a different way. Her suggestion is that houses should be opened for the young and high-caste child-widows, where they can take shelter without the fear of losing their caste, or of being disturbed in their religious belief, and where they may have entire freedom of action as regards caste-rules. The whole account given by the Pundita of the life of the high-caste Hindoo lady is full of suggestion for the social reformer and the student of progress, and her book, which is wonderfully well written, is likely to produce a radical change in the educational schemes that at present prevail in India.



ELEANORA OF TOLEDO, WIFE OF COSIMO DE MEDICI.

(From the Portrait by Angelo Bronzino in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.)

A Lady of the Renaissance.

SHE lives and breathes before us from a hundred canvases. Artists, whom the world looks up to as unattainable for beauty and power, have portrayed her features and form until they are as familiar to us as the women of our own time. We know each turn of her graceful head, each glance of her eyes, proud and scornful, or gentle and winning. The flash of her jewels, the folds of her costly garments, would be in themselves a study to attract the attention of all beholders, were it not so riveted on herself.

Many types of women rise before us as we think of that long-past time so brilliant, so many-coloured in its social aspects, when women, breaking through the seclusion of the Middle Ages, vindicated their right to share in the interests of their fathers, husbands, and brothers, and often exerted a strong influence for good or evil. That time produced women of the highest culture and virtue, as it produced some who stained the fame of the sex by murder. It produced brave women, who led a squadron of their own sex to battle, and gentlewomen devoted to arts and letters. Life for them was worth living at a time when, in spite of family feuds and public disturbances, splendour and luxury rose to their height, and the arts and human culture made gigantic strides; when physical beauty, and all that could contribute to its enhancement, was enthusiastically admired; when nobility of birth had little value if not supported by a liberal education and wealth.

At that time the houses of the great merchant princes were magnificent in their architecture, and abundant in their comforts. Men liked to have them airy and spacious, sufficiently large to receive guests as inmates, and to shelter "under one roof" the whole of the family; not only the master and mistress and the unmarried children, but also the daughters-in-law and their children. The favourite situation was in some celebrated and respectable street, in which the ladies of the family would find worthy acquaintances. And almost every town house had its corresponding villa in the country, encircled with sufficient land to supply bread, wine and oil, wood and oats for the maintenance of the family. These country houses, we are told by one who knew, were often more like castles than villas. In spring, when the owners repaired thither for a space, they were the source of pleasure by their flowering gardens and verdant trees, under the welcome shade of which brilliant groups of ladies listened to some poet's tale. In autumn they were stored with grapes, raisins, nuts, apples, pears, almonds and walnuts, plums, pomegranates, and honey. In winter the groves and woods had already supplied the store of oil, timber, dried twigs of vine for burning, laurel and juniper wood for making bright fires. The clear, bright sun shone on the cavaliers who repaired thither for the pleasures of the chase; and the family, visiting the spot on holidays, talked of their cattle, sown fields, and vineyards, and enjoyed the extensive view of hill and dale.

The ladies who inhabited these beautiful country houses, and the luxurious mansions in town, are described by contemporaries—at least, at the beginning of the period—as generally timid, soft, and slow, fond of keeping at home. Though learned as a rule, capable of taking their part in the brilliant *conversazione*, from which the vulgar were kept out by the fact that all gross enjoyment—such as eating and drinking—was absent, and where speculative opinions on the highest problems of life were freely expressed, they were at the same time excellent housewives, and their department in life was an important one. "Emancipation" was never mentioned because it actually existed; girls received exactly the same education as boys, even in physical accomplishments, for such was considered the loveliest adornment of life, of which no human being ought to be deprived. De Feltro's school, at Mantua, where scholars of both sexes were lodged in fitting houses, and together taught the classics and prose and poetical composition, while fencing, riding, and gymnastics were practised during leisure hours under excellent masters, was a type of the system. In consequence, the women of the time had virile minds, and "virago" was then a term of sincere praise. Ladies of the literary and artistic class, many of whom were noted for their elegant Greek and Latin verses, enjoyed high esteem, though, like all that rises above mediocrity, they were frequently subject to slander.

People married early in those days, and not seldom nascent love affairs were patronised and encouraged by some good-natured abbess-aunt, who negotiated the preliminaries with the respective parents. Or these latter, anxious to settle their sons in life, reviewed the marriageable girls among their acquaintance, and discussed the question of the dowry, proposing this and the other maiden to their sons, quoting the amounts of the different dowries, which varied from 1,000 to 5,000 florins, and describing the personal charms of the brides proposed.

Let us imagine a young and beautiful girl, newly married, led by her husband—as old Leon Battista Alberti so graphically describes—through his magnificent house; shown the garrets where the corn is stored, and the cellars full of wine; the cupboards and storerooms; and, lastly, taken into her husband's bedroom, where, after the door is safely locked, there are revealed to her the precious articles: the jewels, the silver, the splendid arras, the costly dresses, kept thus in the sanctuary of sanctuaries, not only that their owner may look at them when he likes without witnesses, but also for safety. Perhaps our English habit of taking the plate-basket with us to our bedroom derives from the old Renaissance custom. All the house and its contents are thus shown

to the young wife, except the husband's study, where his writings and letters are kept "like sacred things" not to be entrusted to a woman, "who can do everything but keep silence." But everything else is placed under her care, for the men of that time wisely believed that their province lay out of doors, in their business and public life, and that it was paltry to intermeddle with household affairs. The young wife, after reviewing the house, is enjoined to keep most things free and open, only locking up what is not used daily, and even giving the keys of these things to the most honest and faithful servant, that she may not have to run to her mistress for every little thing. And in order that the servants may be content, and do their work well and cheerfully, the mistress is advised to keep provisions of the best quality accessible to all, that they may satisfy their hunger and thirst.

The love of nature, not wild and free, as we like it, but cultivated and adorned by human art, was great, and even the city dwellings had each a wide terrace, decorated with wall-paintings, and plants in pots, whither the family repaired to take the air and talk of their affairs.

Proof enough is given in the paintings of the period, when painting was supreme, of the beauty and richness of the costumes, for the display of which the frequent revels, masques, tournaments, miracle plays, receptions of distinguished personages, baptisms, and public dancing in the squares gave abundant opportunity. Nobles often led the revels in the streets, while ladies gazed from the palace windows. Processions of lovely girls, dressed in white robes embroidered with flowers, accompanied by troops of richly-clad youths on horseback, passed through the streets at Carnival time, under arches of spring flowers and ribbons, showers of lilies and violets, or hailstorms of comfits, continuing the revels by torch-light far into the night. But under the outer surface of joy and merriment might sometimes be found the hair-shirt of religious enthusiasm, and a background of gross superstition existed; while the troubles of the time found expression in ghastly processions of skeleton forms.

To grace these public festivals the gravest matrons were not ashamed to use the aid of dress and artificial beauty. Rich and beautiful dress was much regarded; each individual chose what was most becoming, so that there ruled the utmost variety. The quality was as good as the appearance was tasteful, and while silk and velvet were largely used, cloth was also valued, and that made in Florence was not only the best in Italy, but in all Europe.

The chief article of female costume was the long and flowing outer tunic, made to fit the figure closely, with a wide collar falling back over the shoulders, and close-fitting sleeves, furnished with cuffs, which were either turned back or drawn over the hands. This tunic was open from the short waist upward, revealing the under-tunic, which was either carried up to fit closely at the throat or cut square and low. The various edges and parts of this double apparel gave ample opportunity for displaying rich embroideries, and the ladies of the period were often distinguished needle-women, even princesses enriching their clothes with embroidery "as soft as painting" worked with fine stitches, one into the other, in a kind of feather-stitch, while another kind was made with cut pieces of silk, velvet, or other material, sewn on to the grounding, till the dress was stiff with it. Many necklaces and chains were worn, some being round the hips; and to the broad belts of goldsmiths' work were attached embroidered purses and pendants of all kinds. The head-dresses were various: the "butterfly," a veil of thin gauze spread out on each side of the head, with the hair drawn back into a richly embroidered cap or coil, was a favourite at the beginning of the century; but later on the hair was left uncovered, only adorned with pearls or precious stones. The shoes, from being pointed and long, gradually became short, broad, and round-toed. Contemporary poets—whose works are full of realistic pictures—describe fair ladies wearing dresses of black silk embroidered with two vines, the golden hair twisted into heavy braids, the forehead overshadowed with a jewelled laurel-wreath; or flowing robes of gauzes most fine and thin, fitting close at the bosom, with graceful openings in divers places showing the white skin. The ideal colour of the hair was golden, and to obtain this hue ladies sometimes endured the full blaze of the sun for hours together, bleaching their too dark tresses. Even false coiffures of white or yellow silk were worn. Tinctures, essences, plasters, and ointments for every part of the face, and even for the eyelashes, were used daily by coquettes; and so universal was the custom, that not only fine city ladies, but even country girls, adopted it.

The old recipes for obtaining beauty of complexion and removing blemishes mention the most curious ingredients, a few of which we will note. For example, in order to make the hair grow long, and blanch it to golden fairness, it is advised to use a wash made of the ashes of vine-leaves and cabbage, boiled with wild marjoram, foxglove, cumin, madder-root, powdered pomegranate, poppies, and gall, all to be well mixed, after which the hair is to be anointed with oil of yew, and dried in the sun. For simply encouraging its growth, a wash of calcined laurel mixed with wasps' wings powdered; or vulture's fat, the grease of a horse's neck, and snake's fat, are praised as efficacious.

For making the eyelashes black and thick, we read of the good service done by scum of gold, with chalk and lime, boiled in water. Superfluous hairs are to be plucked out and the skin washed with bat's or frog's blood and the juice of henbane, or the gum of ivy, and leeches bruised between two stones, and mixed with bitch's milk. Glowworms, winged ants, powdered swan's bones, and monkey's gall, are other strange things approved of. The teeth are to be treated with ostrich ashes and horse's marrow, and the tartar removed with silver or gold pins; at the same time, ladies who wish to preserve their teeth are advised not to drink milk, as it soon goes sour; nor to eat pastry, or lemons and oranges, and often to masticate white gum. The nails must not be cut on a Thursday before sunrise, or at the period of half-moon, for doing so causes agnails or such

evils to grow upon the fingers. For healing burns or bruises, linseed, soot, incense, and goat's tallow boiled together in water are applied. The neck and bosom should be washed with a decoction of green pine-nuts. Corns and warts are removed by the application of vinegar in which pearls have been melted, rush-juice, lemon-juice in wine, vetch-root, bean starch, borax, and sweet almond oil; spots and blemishes, by bull's blood and pigeon's excrement in vinegar; excrescences and tumours are cured by large snails covered with salt and put into water in a copper vessel until they are dissolved; and any inflammation, by hare's skin powdered very fine. We have not mentioned several disgusting ingredients, but enough has been given to show that the men of those days might very well attack the prevailing fashion, and launch reproaches, satires, and sermons against the too fair sex.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, only four stones were considered precious—the diamond, ruby, emerald, and sapphire, the first of which represented the air, the second fire, the third the earth, and the last water. Emeralds were rare, and rubies still more so, being worth eight times more than diamonds. The greatest care was taken in the setting of these stones, very thin, bright, and coloured plates of metal being laid under them to increase their lustre and hue; and we read of Cellini lining the socket of a ring with finely-cut bright red silk to heighten the colour of the ruby set therein. Filigree-work was highly prized, and used together with enamel, a work demanding the greatest care and exactness. Ladies delighted in ornamental looking-glasses, and we read of one made in the shape of a wheel, about two feet in circumference, the mirror in the centre being surrounded with medallions in which hung figures of the Seven Virtues cut in ivory and black bone, and so balanced, that when the wheel was turned round, the figures moved and hung straight, and a motto was placed round the frame, saying that however the Wheel of Fortune might turn, the Virtues remained erect. Betrothed maidens wore silver "heart-locks"—that is, girdles two inches broad, worked in half-relief with figures. The splendid coffers which contained the trousseau were often masterpieces of art. Diamonds were sometimes set in the form of a lily, and such a lily might be worth £100. Ladies visited the jewellers' workshops to choose new settings of artistic value. As may be imagined, antique cameos and coins were more often found in turning up the earth then than now; and such things were bought cheaply from the peasants who found them and sold at a high price by the jewellers. Emeralds, agates, cornelians, and sapphires were the stones generally found—engraved with figures of dolphins, gods, and goddesses. Single diamonds varied in price from £50 to £3,000 of our money, and a jewel worth the latter price might be raised to £5,000 by a fine setting. Pearls were a favourite ornament in earrings, as necklaces, or sewn on lace or veils. A set of pearl ornaments, even when some of the pearls were old or uneven, was worth £600. The medallions worn on hats were of beautifully chased gold or silver set with precious stones.



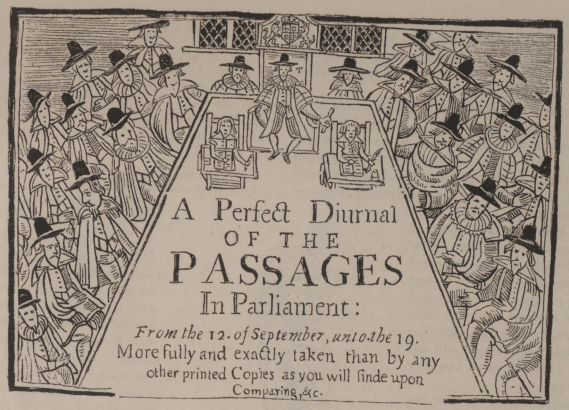
Lucretia, Daughter of Cosimo de Medici.
(*From the Portrait by Angelo Bronzino in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.*)

And now we beg the reader to turn to the Frontispiece and look at the gentle-faced lady—Eleanora, daughter of the Viceroy of Naples—whose figure we have chosen to illustrate our sketch, with her little son Ferdinando, who lived to marry Christine of Lorraine, by her side. She belonged to the later period of the Renaissance, when, under the polish of culture and splendid living, corruption had spread far and wide, and the old liberty was fast disappearing. Italy, which had been reborn, was beginning to die. Very little can we glean from the old chronicles respecting the personality of this lady. Herself, no doubt, extremely young, she was married to her husband Cosimo when he was only nineteen years old. Two years before he had succeeded to the enormous wealth of the Medici, soon made himself master of Florence, and was nominated Grand Duke of Tuscany—the first who bore that title. We fear the gentle-looking wife could not have led a very happy life with her stern husband, whom history reports to have had a petty, meddling character, who pursued his public and private interests with ruthless unscrupulousness, and who seems to have led a self-indulgent and what we should now call a "fast" life, for we read of his being "worn out" at the age of forty-four, when he resigned the government to his eldest son. He was cold and courteous in manner, but capable of great cruelty, and during his reign sent no fewer than a hundred and forty men and six women to die on the scaffold, not to count those

assassinated abroad by his orders. Yet he patronised the arts. We read of him going to Rome with Eleanora and visiting Michael Angelo; he restored universities, and relieved the sufferers from a great inundation, which occurred during his reign, with the greatest energy. But his wife's married life was not long; she died in 1562, at about forty years of age, soon after she had lost, in the same year, two of her six children—Garcia and Giovanni the Cardinal. Eight years later, at the age of forty-nine, when he had been relieved from the cares of government already six years, her husband married again, his second wife being a lady whom he had long loved. But he enjoyed her company for only a brief period. He died in 1574, aged fifty-four. Had Eleanora lived long enough she would have witnessed her grand-daughter Marie's marriage to Henry IV. of France, and the birth of Louis XIII. And so we may follow the links, forwards or backwards, which connect the present with the past; and, in the light cast by contemporary chroniclers, poets, and painters, and by modern art-critics and historians, on the life led by our fellow-beings four hundred years ago, we may realise it in imagination. As one of the many pictures of the time, let us take old Giorgio Vasari's description of the entry into Florence, in 1535, of Margaret, daughter of the Emperor Charles V., bride of Alessandro de Medici, which ceremony the lad Cosimo probably took part in as a member of a side-branch of the family, ignorant that fate, two years later, would make him master of Florence. A cavalcade of 250 nobles and gentry of Florence, riding four abreast, clad in robes of velvet, silk damask, and ermine, followed by all the doctors of law and medicine, went to meet Margaret a mile from the gate of Prato, where was erected a triumphal arch of olive and ivy leaves. They accompanied her to the cathedral of that city, where the Archbishop of Florence awaited her in full pontificals; and, kneeling down, she received his benediction, kissing the cross. She then remounted her horse under a baldachin of purple cloth of gold, with purple, black, and white tassels, held by thirty-two youths dressed in crimson and red satin and cloth, and caps with plumes of ostrich feathers, and wearing swords with silver hilts. At the gate of Borgo Ognisanté, in Florence, there was another triumphal arch, adorned with trophies and draperies, through which the procession passed, straight to the corner of the Strozzi Palace, turning into Tornabuoni, and so to Santa Maria del Fiore. All along the route the streets were crowded with men and women, a multitude such as, since Florence was Florence, had never been seen before, and full of a joy that was miraculous. In front of Alessandro de Medici went two dromedaries, the gift of the Emperor, and after them four rows of gentlemen; behind whom rode Baldo, the mace-bearer, with two great sacks thrown across his horse, from which he took money, large and small, coined by Alessandro, and mixed with some gold scudi, and threw it among the people. And so the procession entered the city half an hour after sunset, there being around the baldachin more than 200 torches, without counting those that went before and after; and in the same way it entered Santa Maria del Fiore, which looked more beautiful because of the quantity of lights; and when prayers had been recited, and the benediction given, the *Veni Sancte Spirito* was sung, and the procession left the church. And as it passed the palace of the Medici, fireworks and rockets were let off, the cupola showing more beautiful than ever; and arriving at the house of Messer Ottaviano, which had been arranged as the bride's lodging, the dwelling was found to be adorned in a marvellous manner with a false portico of red marble, and figures in relief, upholding festoons on which rested an enormous eagle supporting the arms of his Excellency and his bride, and other ornaments. Behind the portico was a vault counterfeiting a grotto, adorned with medallions containing the heads of different gods and emperors, and below colossal figures of the god Hymen and his spouse arrayed in wedding garments. Beyond the terrace there was a hall like a garden, with copies of the works of Michael Angelo and Donato, imitated so that they seemed to be real marble and bronze. Then came a hall hung with arras from Germany, so beautiful that it was difficult to leave it to visit the many rooms hung with gilded leather, and the apartments destined for the bride, the first of which was hung with cloth of gold and silver, and many embroideries in half-relief, and bed-curtains, cushions, curtains, chairs, and carpets more beautiful than human eye had ever before beheld; and the second room hung with plain cloth of gold and crimson satin, with gold trimming that cost a fortune, and a couch of Brazil wood, covered with stuff beautifully worked, so that both sides were alike. The third chamber was furnished in cloth of silver, with embroideries in high relief, and crimson damask, covered to a fourth of its depth with superb embroidery that would shame the Turks; and also containing a couch of Brazil wood covered with brocade in half-relief with a marvellous Moorish design.

When the bride had descended from her nag and entered the house, she was received by fifty most noble damsels, the oldest not being more than twenty-five years of age; all beautiful, as if made by the hand of the Graces, and whose thread of life the very Fates would hesitate to cut, so lovely fair were they as they advanced towards the bride, looking like a Court of Heaven meeting a soul whom they had long desired to welcome. With this gorgeous picture of a ceremony which actually took place in beautiful old Florence, we close our imperfect sketch, grateful that we can turn at will to the old chronicles, or peruse the brilliant pages of many a modern writer, when we desire to bring before our imaginations a "lady of the Renaissance."

EDITH MARGET.



An Assembly of Free Men.

Politics in Dress.

THE red neck-tie of the Socialist, the primrose worn in the button of the admirer of Lord Beaconsfield, the Fenian hat, are illustrations of the fact that the expression of political opinions in dress is perennial, only requiring the stimulus of popular excitement to become really portentous. The last-named article of dress accompanied by square-toed boots seems at one time to have awakened the fears of Dublin Castle, and the police notice issued was thus scoffingly alluded to in a Nationalist song:—

"Their hats caved in and shapeless to slight the Crown are meant;
Their knickerbocks and gaiters show a desperate intent,
Their beards look all seditious from the tips unto the roots,
But there's mischief beyond measure in their square-toed boots."

Why hats and boots should, above every other article of costume, be most frequently the chosen means of expressing political opinions, would take me too deeply into the philosophy of dress. I content myself here with noting a few facts, the subject being too vast, and the ground too untrodden, to attempt as yet to put it into any order, or to deduce any conclusions.

To have the head covered and the feet shod has been from very early times a sign of freedom. In ancient Rome the only persons without shoes were the slaves; and in modern times in Brazil the first thing a freed slave procured himself was a pair of shoes. This gives meaning to the fact that when the Suabian peasants rose in 1502 they took a shoe for their banner. They wished to say that they meant no longer to be slaves. Still more the particular shoe they chose was expressive of their intention to obtain their rights by union among themselves. It was a shoe of which the sides came up over the ankle and were tied together across the foot. This united shoe or *Bund-schuh* became the title of their confederacy.

Again, in Rome a slave who was emancipated received a hat, that article being so completely the symbol of liberty that Brutus and Cassius commemorated their slaughter of Cæsar by a medal on which were two swords and a hat. And after the death of Nero many Romans put on a hat as a sign of liberty regained.

In later times the same sort of feeling with regard to the hat has prevailed. May not the custom of members of the House of Commons, to sit and walk about during debates with their hats on, have arisen in the first instance from a determination to affirm that above all things they were an assembly of free men? From a copy of an old print we give above, we learn that at the very period the House of Commons made so great a stand for its privileges this custom was universally observed, the meaning of the custom being plainly indicated by the fact that the only persons uncovered are the servants of the House. That, however, the Long Parliament was then far from Republican, was shown by its members all standing up and uncovering when Charles I. came down to seize the Five. The progress in ideas is therefore marked when, in 1789, at the opening of the States-General of France, the Tiers-État put on their hats at the same moment that the King and the

nobility put on theirs. Loud cries of "Hats off!" answered by responsive shouts of "Keep them on!" produced a scene which Louis XVI. terminated by taking his own hat off again. It was the end of the feudal or hierarchical constitution of society.

Being the most conspicuous feature in a man's dress, the hat has naturally been used as a political flag, and the most obvious method has been to wear it of the party colour. Thus in the fourteenth century the popular party in Ghent wore white hats, and Froissart represents one of their leaders as thus addressing them:—"All ye good people that be here present, ye know and have seen of late how the white hats have better kept your franchises than other red or black hats have done, or of any other colour; be ye sure and say that I said it, as soon as the white hats be laid down, by the ordinance that the earl would have it so, I will not give for all your franchises hereafter—not three pins."

In the next century we find the two opposing factions in Paris—the Armagnacs and the Bourguignons—making the hat a rallying-sign. Blue hats and white hats were worn, the rival hats being cocked in an opposing sense—those of the Bourguignons turned up at the right side, those of the Armagnacs at the left. No doubt in civil war—when armies are formed of people of all sorts and conditions—some common badge was absolutely necessary to distinguish friend from foe. The Guelphs and Ghibelines were distinguished from each other by the side they wore their feathers in their hats. In the great religious wars during the sixteenth century in France, the opposing armies took various means to distinguish their soldiers. At the Battle of Dreux, Condé's cavalry wore white scarves, and those of Navarre red, while the royal troops had a white cross on their "mandilions," as they called the loose coats worn by soldiers, peculiar for their open sleeves, which, though they could be buttoned at will, ordinarily flew like streamers from their backs. The Huguenots, in a contemporary print of the Battle of St. Denis, are represented wearing stripes on these flying sleeves, while their opponents—under Constable Montmorency—wear the white cross between their shoulders. After the Battle of Moncontour the Huguenots retreated at break of day, the soldiers wearing white smocks so as to know each other if forced to fight. The Frondeurs distinguished each other by the way they tied the cord round their hats. After their victory in Paris, in 1652, they wore straw in their hats and button-holes, and any one appearing in the streets without the emblem was beaten by the mob and ran the risk of being killed.



AN ADMIRER OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION. COSTUME À L'ANGLAIS, AS WORN AT VERSAILLES, 1787.

(After Quicherat.)

"If without straw a man was seen,
'Strike him down!' was the general scream,
'For 'tis but a dog of Mazarine.'"

On the final triumph of the King and his entry into Paris straw gave way to paper, probably as being of the royal colour—white. Blue was Charles I.'s colour, and apparently the cause of trouble in the early period of his contentions with the English Parliament, for he had to forbid blue ribbons. A verse from a contemporary song says:—

"Least from a ribbon there should spring a faction,
'Twas wisely done to stopp its growth in action;
Yet, in despight of him that dares controll,
I'll wear my sovereigns collours in my soull."

The nearly total destruction of Constantinople in the sixth century, through the quarrels between two factions calling themselves the Greens and the Blues, is a notable example of the frightful degree to which politics in dress work up unmeaning feuds. Adopted from the Roman racecourse, the contending colours divided Constantinople between two furious factions. The Blues assumed the costume of Huns, wore their hair long, and spoke, walked, and acted as bullies, parading the streets at night in gangs, and murdering those of the opposing party who paid them out in their own coin. In 532 there was a general uproar for five days, fires burst out in all directions, St. Sophia's and several great buildings being burnt.

Something similar has been the experience in Ireland with regard to the rival factions of Orangemen and Ribbonmen. The former, of course, takes its name from William III., but I am not aware that it was ever used as a colour representing the Protestant cause in his day; on the contrary, it is a curious fact that at the Battle of the Boyne the cognisance of William's army was a sprig of green worn in the hat, while James II.'s soldiers wore the white badge, in compliment to the great patron of the Stuart cause—the King of France.

The orange colour, however, has been in the Netherlands the badge or cognisance of that House. In the ninth decade of the last century the Patriot party in Holland wished to make the use of the orange emblems a capital offence. Even orange-flowers were not to be sold; the humble carrot was almost an offence. But in 1787, by the aid of the King of Prussia, the Stadtholder managed to put down the Patriots, and that to such an extent that they themselves were compelled to wear his colours. All the night after the Battle of Waterloo people were up in Amsterdam dyeing orange every ribbon to be found, for the King of Holland was expected to re-enter the city on the following day, his

friends hoping to repeat the scene which occurred in London, December 18, 1688, when William I.'s great predecessor, the Prince of Orange, made his public entry into the English metropolis—"Every hat, every cane, was adorned," says Macaulay, "with an orange ribbon."



A PATRIOTIC HEAD-DRESS, PARIS, 1789.
(*After Chaillaud.*)

The foundation of the Orange Society in Ireland, towards the later part of the last century, was met by the Ribbon Association, and both factions expressed their political ideas in their dress. The Orangeman not only had his ribbons, but on July 12—the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne—he wore an orange lily in his button-hole. The Ribbonmen, besides their green rosettes in the form of a double cross of St. Patrick, appear to have sometimes trimmed their capes with the national colour. In 1798 the suffering and depression of a hundred years vented itself in rebellion, put down with terrific severities, which, according to the famous ballad, "Wearing of the Green," suppressed the popular colour altogether.

"Oh, Paddy, dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;
St. Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't be seen,
For there's a bloody law against the wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, 'How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen.
They are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.'"

In 1868 a struggle took place in the Law Courts at Dublin on this very question. A great demonstration had been arranged for Sunday, December 8, 1867, in honour of the men hanged at Manchester on the previous November 27, and the English Government—then under Lord Derby—had intimated that the procession itself would not be illegal unless party emblems were worn. When the day came there was not a man throughout the procession who did not wear the green or some other national emblem. The way was led by five hundred artisans with green rosettes on their shoulders, others following with green ribbons entwined with crape round their hats; here and there broad green scarfs were worn, embroidered with shamrocks. A hundred young women wearing green ribbons in their caps were followed by the bricklayers' band, their heads ensconced in green. The young men of the higher class wore crape hat-bands and green rosettes, while two thousand young women left the Custom House, each wearing a shawl, bonnet, veil, dress, or mantle of the national hue; numbers of women in the procession carried laurel-branches; fathers were seen bearing their children in their arms, clad in white and decorated with green ribbons. At one point on the road all the people on both sides of the way were dressed in black and green. It was a typical Irish day. The rain fell in such torrents that the green umbrellas with which some of the processionists tried to protect themselves were unavailing.

Although wearing colours has ever been the commonest form of politically demonstrating by dress, other ways have also been resorted to. In 1566, for example, the nobles in the Low Countries confederating to obtain a redress of grievances, and being derisively spoken of by the authorities as "Beggars," took as their cognisance a beggar's wallet and drinking-bowl. They discarded their gold lace and velvet, and arrayed themselves in



THE TRICOLOUR IN FEMININE COSTUME.

doublets and hose of ashen-grey, with short cloaks of the same colour and of the coarsest materials. They covered themselves with common felt hats, to which they attached a medal showing two hands clasping a

wallet. To render themselves still more like mendicants they cut off their beards, wearing only moustaches. It was apparently but a whim and a frolic, but there was an unknown law at work compelling these rollicking but haughty nobles to inaugurate democratic institutions, and by their dress to shadow forth the coming republic.

This fashion of expressing political sentiments in dress, though doubtless provoking, has sometimes been a guide to the true bent of things; as when the Jacobites in Scotland after 1736 adopted, like the adherents of the Stuarts in Ireland in 1690, the badge of the House of Bourbon, and wore the white cockade. That same white cockade has in later times been, like the white cross in earlier times, a source of terror to the Protestant of the South of France. On the return of the Bourbons, in 1813, emissaries of the *émigrés*, wearing the mingled white and green, the colours of Bourbon and Artois, inaugurated a terror which reigned for several months. France, indeed, above all lands, has been remarkable for expressing politics in dress. A very curious instance of this may be seen in the fashions of 1778. At that time there was a naval war going on, and one of those panics with which we are so familiar occurred. The navy was neglected, and the Government indifferent to its fate. To impress the authorities, ladies dressed their hair in great curls, representing waves, and carried on their summit a model of a frigate with a great flag at its bowsprit. But the way the famous tricolour was taken up is, perhaps, the most conspicuous instance to be found of politics in dress. Its apparition aroused inconceivable enthusiasm, and in high society the ladies put a great tricoloured cockade on the front of their head-dresses, and wore gauze bonnets trimmed on either side with tricoloured cockades, and a great bow of tricoloured ribbons at the back. Dresses and slippers were also worn of the same pattern. The male costume of the same time was still more expressive: a blue coat, a waistcoat of red stripes on a white ground, stockings and gloves striped red, white, and blue—the patriotic Frenchman in 1789 was an incarnation of the tricolour. The symbol was one of the most perfect ever invented; it correctly set forth the gospel of the Revolution. Blue was the colour of liberty, white of equality, red of fraternity.



THE REVOLUTION YOUNG AND ASPIRING, 1790.
(*After Quicherat.*)



THE REVOLUTION WORN OUT AND MORIBUND.

At the dinner given on one of the last days of September, 1789, at the Versailles Opera House, to the officers of certain regiments, and at which the King and Queen were present, the Court was accused of trampling under foot the national cockade; at any rate, the officers tore off their cockades and took that of the Queen, the black Austrian cockade, meaning to say that they were devoted to her service. The black cockade was also the English royal cockade. Whether its wearers alluded thereby to a desire to have a constitution like England, or whether it was mere reaction, we need not discuss; certain it is that, in the years just prior to the Revolution, English fashions were all the vogue. The masculine attire that Englishwomen then affected was accepted at Versailles. (See p. 400.) Coats with facings, cuffs, double collar, and metal buttons; waistcoats with watches in each pocket, and trinkets depending therefrom, a masculine cravat, and a great frill at the breast—beaver hats, and a cane in the hand—this English costume was adopted by the Court ladies in France because it expressed the general aspiration at the time for a constitutional government, such as England had enjoyed since her Revolution in 1688. The same was observable in the costume of the men. They dressed as the English squire of the period—a heavy riding coat, a cap like a jockey's, top-boots, and leather breeches.

As society approached nearer and nearer to the Revolution the effect on dress became more apparent.

Without moderating its expenses, the Court adopted middle-class fashions. The great gave up wearing their orders and ribbons; the Queen spent much of her time at the Trianon, habited as a shepherdess. To put on a dress of ceremony was considered martyrdom. The *négligé* being the only style cared for, the height of fashion was to disregard fashion. Red heels were quite given up, and powder and buckles slowly followed. And so, when Roland appeared at Court in shoe-strings, it was only the natural sequel of what had been going on for years, the last step in the democratising of dress.



EXIT THE REVOLUTION, 1801.

We speak of the Revolution of 1789, but it had already commenced some time before in public feeling. And this accords with the fact that all the fashions worn up till 1790 had been in vogue during the last period of the old *régime*. In 1787 men wore *frocs*, a sort of cut-away coat with a modern turned-down collar and rather long tails, striped liked those of rowers and cricketers to-day. In '86 and '87 the looms of Louvais produced nearly as many striped goods as plain. We speak of the summer months, of the fall of the year, of the long and dreary winter, but we count spring by its days; its pure prismatic colours pass away too soon. So it was with this spring-time of a new world. The dress of men expressed the bursting life of the time. Each seemed a flower, for on their *frocs*—blue, brown, grey—they wore collars red as the rose, or *of the colour of the dawn;* still more frequent was the apple-green or yellow saffron, and a peculiar yellow, called canary-tail.

But as the Revolution advanced, alarm spread, reaction commenced, and in 1790 the counter-revolutionist wore black from head to foot. Taunted with being in mourning for despotism, he changed his costume in 1791, and wore a white cravat, a cockade in white striped silk, a waistcoat sprinkled all over with fleur-de-lised escutcheons, a green coat with a red collar. White and green were the colours of the extreme Royalist faction, the colours worn as we have seen in 1815 by the White Terrorists; but surely the red collar was a dismal prophecy of the Place du Trône.

We have noted how the Court took to wearing the dress of the middle classes; in like manner the middle classes and even the working people assumed the costume of the nobility. The fish-women became *les Dames de la Halle*, and when they went according to custom to felicitate the Royal Family on the King's birthday, they arrayed themselves in silks and even wore diamonds.

There can, however, be no doubt that under the Revolution dress became more and more simple and natural. All the artifices for making up a good form were abandoned; instead of spider-waists and abnormal hips, the drapery fell in harmony with the true form of the human body. "Our manners," said the *Cabinet des Modes*, "tend to purify, luxury falls." Simple materials were preferred to expensive ones, satins and taffetas were the exception.

The taking of the Bastille affected dress just as the adoption of the tricolour. There were bonnets *à la Bastille*, formed like a tower with a double row of embattlements in black lace. Relics of the fortress were set in leather or iron, framed with gold, and worn as ornaments. Mme. de Genlis wore a medallion round her neck made of a polished piece of stone from the Bastille. In the centre was traced in diamonds the word *Liberté*. Above, also in diamonds, appeared the planet which shone on the 14th of July, and below was the moon as it appeared on that memorable day. The medallion was surrounded by emeralds representing a garland of laurels, the fastening of which was a rosette in precious stones—red, white, and blue.

When the National Guard was formed in 1789 its dress expressed the intensity of the revolutionary feeling; the civic militia in their tricolour costume appeared the living symbol of the unity of the new life in France. Its members were so happy in it that tradesmen wore it behind their counters, and bankers in their parlours. It penetrated into the most unlikely regions; royal princes donned it, even the King's valets and the musicians of the Chapel Royal appeared in it, to the displeasure of Louis XVI. All were wishing to claim membership in the new France, one and indivisible; nay, the tricolour seemed formed in its exceeding simpleness and beauty to be the symbol of Humanity.

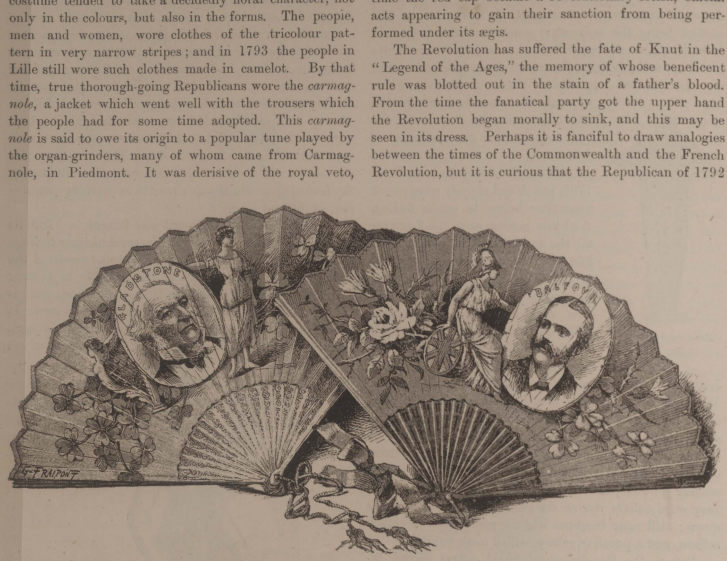


THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE REVOLUTION. THE BYZANTINE PERIOD.

(*After Quicherat.*)

When the great fête of the Federation came, the general joy of the time expressed itself in dress. Not only did fashion deck everything *à la Fédération*, but costume tended to take a decidedly floral character, not only in the colours, but also in the forms. The people, men and women, wore clothes of the tricolour pattern in very narrow stripes; and in 1793 the people in Lille still wore such clothes made in camelot. By that time, true thorough-going Republicans wore the *carmagnole*, a jacket which went well with the trousers which the people had for some time adopted. This *carmagnole* is said to owe its origin to a popular tune played by the organ-grinders, many of whom came from Carmagnole, in Piedmont. It was derisive of the royal veto, the Tuileries in the galley-slave's cap. It became indeed the most important symbol of the new order of things; the King on one memorable occasion wore it, and for a time the red cap became a revolutionary fetish, official acts appearing to gain their sanction from being performed under its ægis.

The Revolution has suffered the fate of Knut in the "Legend of the Ages," the memory of whose beneficent rule was blotted out in the stain of a father's blood. From the time the fanatical party got the upper hand the Revolution began morally to sink, and this may be seen in its dress. Perhaps it is fanciful to draw analogies between the times of the Commonwealth and the French Revolution, but it is curious that the Republican of 1792



SUGGESTIONS FOR HOME-RULE AND ANTI-HOME-RULE FANS.

and each verse ended with "Dansons la carmagnole, vive le son du canon!"

It was this giving up of the small-clothes, so characteristic of the old *régime*, in favour of trousers, that brought on the people of Paris the nickname of Sans-culottes, or the breechesless. The change does not appear to have had at first any political significance; it began with the upper classes, who, under the influence of the new ideas, saw the absurdity of dressing children as little men, and put their boys into trousers. The working classes liked the change and adopted it, and in the end all the world became of their opinion.

The other redoubtable symbol of revolutionary violence, the red cap, had at first no other significance than that of being the classic emblem of liberty. Its popular acceptance is said to have originated in the arrival at Paris of some soldiers amnestied by the law of March, 1792, still wearing the galley-slave's red cap. The people saw in them a portion of humanity, suffering and oppressed, and determined to show their sympathy and brotherhood, by adopting themselves this peculiar mark of the French Cain. One Sunday, soon after, thousands of citizens were promenading the gardens of

should begin to cut his hair like the Roundhead of 1649, and to wear pointed shoes as he did. A fashionably dressed Republican of 1794 was an incongruous mixture of a *petit-maître* of the Court of Louis XIV. and an English Puritan.

Speaking of the Thermidoreans, Quinet says their justice was essentially pharisaical. To terrorism they added a vice unknown until then—hypocrisy. There is a spirited song of the days of Charles II. directed against the fallen Commonwealth-men, entitled "The Cloak's Knavery." The Puritan and his cloak had become inextricably united in the popular mind, and the hypocrisy of some of the feeble and the bad members of the party probably gave rise to the phrase "wearing a cloak." It is curious therefore to notice that as the Revolution declines, and bad corrupt men get power, the cloak becomes a leading feature in official costume. The Council of Five Hundred appeared in scarlet mantles, the Council of the Ancients in white, while the members of the Directory wore a double cloak—first an under one of a bright orange-red, and over that another of blue. This hiding under a cloak is very suggestive. It entered into the fashion. Here is an elegant of 1801; his

emaciated form, lost under an apparent series of capes, well personifies the principles of '89, passing away under ugly shams, and in the long strait-jacket of an oppressive despotism (p. 403.)

The society of the Directory deluded themselves with the notion that they were the representatives in modern Europe of the Greek and Roman republics. Vain thought! the only antiquity they resembled was that of Byzantium. And this expressed itself in their dress; for while they sought to model it on a Greek or Roman type, it fell in its style and ornaments to the art and taste of the Oriental Rome. Here is the fashion of the time (p. 403.) The hair is dressed *à la Caracalla*, but the *balantine* shows admirably the Byzantine taste of the age.

All had become now imitation, unreality; the smallest servant-girl would not wear her own hair. The fashionables of the day who abhorred the Revolution took a curious way of demonstrating their sentiments. They cut their hair as it had been cut for those who perished on the scaffold during the Reign of Terror—very short behind, and then, further to recall the scene, they let it fall as at the moment of execution over their eyes. This fashion was styled *à la victime*; and a *balle des victimes* was given by its votaries, to which no woman was admitted who had not had a relation guillotined. These guests wore red shawls, and their hair cut away at the neck; they styled their bonnets *à l'humanité*, and their corsets *à la justice*. This style of the masculine toilet ended in great bunches of hair hanging down over the ears, and to complete the absurdity of their toilet they took the long hair which hung over their eyes, and turned it back in a great lock upon the top of their heads. These elegant specimens lisped out, in the language of the ancient marquis of Molière, "Ma parole d'honneur, c'est incroyable."

Richard Heath.



A Morning Meeting.

Villanelle.

THE dawn had turned from grey to gold
Along the lonely eastward down;
I took the pathway towards the fold.

* * * *

The little wind came light and cold,
A-shivering through the grasses brown;
The dawn had turned from grey to gold.

* * * *

Back o'er the sea the night-cloud roll'd,
Far off beyond the fishing-town;
I took the pathway towards the fold.

O, was it maid of earthly mould,
On whose bright hair and floating gown
The dawn had turned from grey to gold?

* * * *

Fain would I eager words withhold,
But forth they flashed. "O, had she known
I took the pathway towards the fold?"

* * * *

She blushed,—she "feared I thought her bold,"
She drooped her head like bud half-blown;
The dawn had turned from grey to gold.

* * * *

The sun shot up. My tale untold,
My chance foregone,—O, fool and clown!—
The dawn had turned from grey to gold,—
I took the pathway towards the fold.

M. C. Gillington.



The King of the Birds.

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze."
Old Irish saying.

DO you know how the small Wren came to be called the King of the Birds? If not, let me tell you the story. After the world had gone on its careless, merry way for many years, there arose, alas! a sad disturbance among the feathered community. We know, on authority more eminently pious perhaps than ornithological, that, theoretically, "Birds in their little nests agree;" but we also know, from observation, that in practice all intelligent birds forsake those little nests as speedily as possible, leaving, it is to be feared, in many instances, their early amiability, like superfluous luggage, behind. Witness those scandalous bickerings over a benevolent set-out of crumbs in hard winter that have so often shocked our finer susceptibilities. But it is fair to state that up to this crisis no wide-spread feud had seriously compromised the general peace of the tribes; now, however, matters were assuming a graver aspect. The precise cause of the original squabble, so rapidly expanding into universal warfare, was never clearly explained; but, so far as could be ascertained, a pugnacious Cock Sparrow and a truculent Tomtit were believed to have come to words over a succulent morsel of tipsy-cake upon a kitchen window-sill. This generous and unaccustomed diet rapidly affected their light brains, reducing them to the condition of the cake without its attribute of stillness, insomuch that dreadful language ensued, whereby a sensitive Peahen close by was set a-screeching and brought to the verge of hysterics, which, being immediately repeated by the Parrot, was caught up by the Magpie, and buzzed about by the Humming-bird. Small hope after this of composing the difference! Every tongue and tail was wagging from morning till night; nay, so pervaded was the air with discord, that some objectionable sounds even strayed into the sweet discourse of the Nightingale, causing a young White Rose, who was furtively hearkening to it, to blush herself into a permanent pink hue, besides running sundry sharp thorns into her tender bosom in her confusion. Worse and worse then grew the turmoil, the war being now one of party, not principle, and of course so much the more deadly. Few cared for the interests of the Tomtit, and none for those of the Sparrow; but partisans ranged themselves according to inclination hotly on either side, eager to do battle to the last feather!

The peacemakers—always few and far between—laboured in vain, though the suggestion of Whip-poor-Will would have been well received by many, had it proved possible to fix on the particular "poor-Will" designated. An imprisoned Starling frantically poured forth assurances of his ability to settle everything if he could only

get out; but no one stayed to listen. The Jackdaw offered to pluck a Crow with any bird on the matter, if desired; but the Crow had never been in it at all, and was generally credited with an inclination to *carry on* exclusively in the dead-meat quarter. At length, in sheer despair, the less belligerent members of the fraternity agreed to lay their perplexities before the Owl, asking his advice in the dilemma. That sagacious counsellor, whose secluded habits had kept him in ignorance of the commotion, was in consequence all the better qualified to judge the case impartially, while his normal abstention from frivolous society gave great weight to his opinion in the best-feathered circles. On learning all the harrowing details, the first impulse of this high-class patriot was (need it be said?) the restoration of law and order, until second thoughts prompted doubts of the popularity of this measure. Finally, with a shrinking from personal responsibility which would seem in those days (*so* different from our own!) not to have been altogether unknown to even high-class patriots, he decided on being guided by the voice of the people, and convened a meeting of representatives of all classes for the purpose at sunset that evening.

The exact locality of this meeting I leave to your imagination, and as to its character will merely remark that at a prohibited one in Trafalgar Square the attendance could scarcely have been fuller or less enlightened on the real questions at issue. All sorts and conditions of birds flocked together as though of a feather; no specimens, in fact, seemed absent, from the majestic Eagle to the wily little Irish Wren, who, having flown over, accompanied by his young daughter, from his island home, arrived slightly late, but, with the sharp wits of his nation, soon contrived to edge himself unobserved into a favourable position, not only for seeing and hearing, but also for enlivening the proceedings with any sly notes and ejaculations which he considered appropriate. Meanwhile, the artless Miss Jenny, falling modestly back, slipped with downcast eyelids into a retired nook by that inveterate philanderer Cock Robin. The Owl now opened the business of the meeting; and, portraying the dangers of the existing complication, asked the support of all parties in moving, as a preliminary to the re-establishment of peace, a resolution for the conversion of the commonwealth into a monarchy, which, among other inducements, offered the inestimable benefit of a Royal Commission to sit on all personal and libellous matters without advancing any to a premature conclusion. Between the prospect of this dazzling advantage and the strenuous exertions of all Unionist birds on behalf of the Crown, the resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority, and the candidature declared open, all aspirants being invited to prefer their claims in a single speech.

The van was led by the Peacock, who observed, in his rasping way, that in mentioning one hundred eyes as an essential attribute of Royalty, he was merely pointing a moral, when "Sure, then, it's adorning a *tail*, your Honour 'll be mayning," was briskly chirped out; and ere he recovered from this disconcerting interruption, the opportunity was seized by the Raven to croak a hoarse suggestion that a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles might greatly promote the interests of commerce; the aged pilferer was, however, forthwith outbid in his own line by the more active Magpie, while both were held up to scorn by the Mocking Bird. Two Finches then pressed forward from the thicket and the grove, but the one had offended many by his chaff, and the other was thought to plume himself unduly upon his gold. The Jay had lost caste as an unscrupulous borrower, and the incorrigible peckishness of the Daw was no secret. The Stork's vow, never to desert his post while he had a leg to stand on, was voted a qualification for the House-top rather than the Throne; while the proffered readiness of the Woodpecker never to spare a tap for the good of the cause, went against the grain with more hearers than the trees. An audacious bid for power in the promise of abolished House-rates was made by that objectionable lodger, the Cuckoo; but even his effrontery quailed before the furious chorus which recalled his innumerable young victims so heartlessly ejected from their happy homes; nor was the storm of indignation allayed by a shrill voice which piped forth, "Now! think o' that!! evictions by a tenant of his landlords!!! more power to your elbow for ever and a day!!!!" This severe strain upon the hitherto unbroken propriety of the meeting led to dire confusion, wherein a host of minor claimants strove in vain for a hearing, until, to the relief of all, the Rook, in virtue of his clerical office, enforced silence for his worship the Owl, and that renowned commander-in-chief the Eagle, by whom the debate was to be closed. The Owl briefly offered his services as an unwearied student and watcher of the night; while the Eagle, disdaining personal canvass, more briefly still, moved the settlement of all pretensions by testing individual strength and skill in a trial flight, the Crown to be adjudged to whoever in one effort soared highest above earthly scenes. With this proposition, unanimously adopted, the meeting was adjourned till sunrise on the following (St. Stephen's) Day. Punctually at daybreak all, save the unaccountably missing Wren (whose absence, however, passed unheeded), reassembled; and after a reminder from the Rook that the first downward movement would in every case be definitive, the starting note was sounded by the Blackbird. First in the race, up gaily sprang the buoyant Lark, rejoicing alike in his course, in the freshness of the early morn, and the fulness of all things, till, as he rose in the pure ether, his feelings of delight found vent in liquid thrills of song, and, absorbed in the glorious harmony of Nature, all recollection of the contention and its prize evaporated among the fleecy clouds, leaving him free to drop down in happy serenity to his lowly home on the bare ground. The Turtle Dove, for once fired with ambition, had just risen clear of the trees, when a plaintive sound reached him, and, glancing involuntarily back, he beheld his devoted mate mourning forsaken on a topmost branch. The sight was too much for his tender heart; he swiftly sank by her side, and, cooing soft whispers of consolation into her ear, adopted for ever the time-honoured sentiment, "All for love, and the world well lost." The stolid Gull, into whose dense head the proper direction of the flight had never penetrated, set heavily forth horizontally towards

the sea, till reaching it, after long hours of journeying, and astonished to find himself in solitude, he subsided motionless and unreflecting upon a rock. The Owl, not deeming long flights by day adapted to the digestion of his favourite diet—young mice—abstained with dignity from all contests, and scarcely roused himself to mark the graceful movements of the Swallow, who, after darting forward with wild visions of conquest, found the old habit of gyration too strong upon him, and remained skimming the air in circles of exquisite symmetry, diversified by dips after unwary flies. But now a subdued murmur of expectation heralded the stately uprising of the Eagle, who, casting out his wings with an impetus that shook several little birds off their perches, shot up towards the Sun with matchless velocity. His unswerving course was breathlessly watched, until, towering high above all human beings, he threw back his head in a proud gaze at the Source of Light, and with one far-sounding note of triumph commenced his rapid descent. At this moment, to the amazement of all, lo, and behold! from a nestling-place under his left wing up sprang a tiny atom in immeasurable space, no other than our cunning friend the Wren, who, borne up thus far without exertion, propelled himself a furlong higher, and quavered out his feeble shriek of victory. Voiceless with noble indignation, the Eagle paused in air, half-tempted to crush at once his impudent small rival, when of a sudden, seized with vertigo at the stupendous elevation, the miserable little culprit, unable either to control or direct his pace, sped by like lightning, landing headlong in the spikes of a well-developed furze-bush. Peals of laughter greeted this grotesque climax to his knavery, and so little sympathy prevailed for the offender, that but for the magnanimity of his intended victim, ill might it have fared with him in the tenacious grasp of the furze-prickles. Scorning vengeance or reproach, however, the Eagle, on witnessing his fruitless struggles to emerge, and after haughtily receiving his spontaneously gasped-out abdication of all pretensions to the Crown, condescended to extricate the miserable little sufferer, and restore him to liberty, safe, if not absolutely sound. Amid the shouts of the multitude cleaving the air in honour of their monarch, the wounded Wren was stealing away when summoned back to the Royal Presence. Awaiting in trepidation his sentence, he then learned that his Sovereign, willing to inaugurate his reign by an act of grace, and in consideration of his having borne the regal title for five seconds, bestowed upon him and his successors a Crest of Gold, to have and to hold, all lets and hindrances notwithstanding. With this magnificent addition to the family treasures, our little Wren got him back to the verdant home of his ancestors, which he forthwith proceeded to reconstruct for the safer keeping of his new adornment, leaving it no longer open above to all passers-by, but roofing it carefully over so as to leave only a side door, easily guarded. Later on, with his wounds all healed and his spirits again at their natural pitch, his favourite and always well-received story at wakes or other festive occasions was the recital, with variations *ad lib.*, of his own and his daughter's successes "across the salt wather"—the one in outwitting the vile Saxons, and being bought off with their despised gold, the other in making captive to her charms their pet masher the Cock Robin.

E. C. CORK.

Life's Gifts

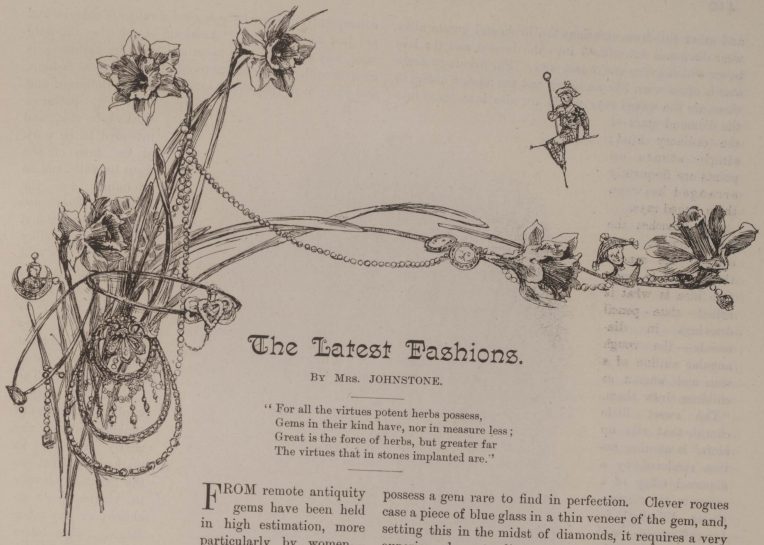
I SAW a woman sleeping. In her sleep she dreamt Life stood before her, and held in each hand a gift—in the one Love, in the other Freedom. And she said to the woman, "Choose!"

And the woman waited long: and she said, "Freedom!"

And Life said, "Thou hast well chosen. If thou hadst said, 'Love,' I would have given thee that thou didst ask for; and I would have gone from thee, and returned to thee no more. Now, the day will come when I shall return. In that day I shall bear both gifts in one hand."

I heard the woman laugh in her sleep.

OLIVE SCHREINER.



The Latest Fashions.

By Mrs. JOHNSTONE.

"For all the virtues potent herbs possess,
Gems in their kind have, nor in measure less;
Great is the force of herbs, but greater far
The virtues that in stones implanted are."

FROM remote antiquity gems have been held in high estimation, more particularly by women—though the finest collections of jewels have belonged to men. Philosophers and poets alike have considered that few of the weaker sex could withstand the temptation which jewels offer. Goethe makes them the turning-point in poor Marguerite's life; the history of precious stones is in a great measure the story of human weakness and human wickedness, and yet the virtues which gems have been supposed to possess were invaluable. In olden times they were said to have the property of keeping off evil spirits. The diamond was dedicated to things celestial, was an antidote to poison and disease, a preservative of female honour, and when bestowed as a gift brought strength of mind and fortitude to the fortunate recipients. Perhaps this is remembered by those who bestow the covetable brilliants as wedding gifts, bearing in mind Fénelon's view of marriage, that it is "un état pénible," and consequently demanding both fortitude and strength of mind.

However that may be, diamonds are now worn almost to the exclusion of other jewels, though occasionally they are combined with rubies. These likewise boasted in old days of many virtues, which we hope cling to them still. They were considered to denote coming misfortunes by becoming darker, returning to their original brightness when danger was over. They were also a preservative from illness, and banished evil thoughts. Emeralds are not altogether ignored as an accompaniment to diamonds, and they signify success in love and hope, two very good things. The sapphire, the emblem of purity, is sometimes worn by those who are fortunate enough to possess a gem rare to find in perfection. Clever rogues case a piece of blue glass in a thin veneer of the gem, and, setting this in the midst of diamonds, it requires a very experienced eye to discover the fraud, but in hot water the two separate. It is the fashion now to set gems clear, which prevents the possibility of having foil at the back to heighten the colour. Diamonds are pure carbon—sunbeams imprisoned in carbon—originating, like coal, in primæval forests, though some years ago a theory was set up that the frog was the true diamond-maker, and that some disease in the lungs of the antediluvian animal resulted in the formation of the carbon crystals.

There are many most successful imitations of the diamond, and some of the old paste ornaments are not only valuable, but are difficult to distinguish from the real gems. The most successful imitations in our day are of pure, fusible, transparent, and dense glass, termed strass. The ingredients are reduced to a fine powder, mixed, sifted, fused, and allowed to cool slowly, the more gradually the better.

Those who are possessed of a fair supply of real diamonds often combine a few additional sham ornaments, which are not easily distinguished. The heading of my chapter shows some of the newest fashions in the best kind of diamonds sold by Messrs. Benson in Bond Street, the latest additions to the jewel-casket of a woman of fashion in this year of grace 1889.

First and foremost there is the diamond epaulette, a handsome centre ornament of fine stones, supplemented by chains of brilliants. It divides up if required into brooches, pendants, and other ornaments, and is one of the most decorative jewels a woman can wear. It is almost impossible to have too many diamond ornaments disposed about the bodice of a low dress, and for weddings

and other full-dress occasions the bride and guests alike wear diamonds introduced into the bonnet and the lace bows, which every one wears now. For evening a large star is often worn like an order, and the newest notion in these are the waved rays which are also introduced into the diamond stars of the ordinary kind; single stones on points are frequently arranged between these waved rays.

In brooches the more quaint and comical the conceit the more *à la mode*. One idea is what is called slate-pencil drawings in diamonds — the rough angular outline of a man and woman as children draw them. "The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft," is another notion rendered by a diamond effigy of a sailor in the rigging. Queen Elizabeth in her ruff sparkles well in diamonds; so do a mermaid, butterfly, crescent, and hearts transfixed with pins. The bass and treble clefs in music are a capital idea rendered in diamonds; and a huntsman, or indeed almost any sporting item, for those devoted to flood and field; while beetles, flies, and other insects glitter on many female breasts.



TENNIS-DRESS.

How to make dresses is an all-important question, but of still greater moment is the question of what to make them. Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, of Belfast, come to the rescue with a number of most tempting materials of all kinds. They combine all the fashionable colours — green of every possible tone, beige, browns, terra-cottas, vieux rose, greys, reds, and blues. The "Real Lady's" cloth, forty-eight inches wide, is soft and light, a model of cheapness, and a model of wear; twelve yards would make a full gown, which would cost very little over thirty shillings, and prove a useful stand-by for the year. It is twilled, but with a smooth surface, not likely to wear rough. Soft cashmeres two inches narrower and consequently cheaper have as good a range of colours, and are just as tempting. "Amazone" cloth also, the pure wool, soft and light, the same width as the cashmere, is cheaper still. Bordered materials are the newest fashion, and there is a wide choice among Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's patterns, worked in silk, and intended to be worn at the hem of the front breadth, and as trimmings for the bodice. They are mostly conventional in design, with a silky surface, and are sold with plain material to go with them. These are nearly always twilled, and have the merit of not requiring any additional trimming. The varieties of striped woollen materials are endless, and they are nearly always in marked contrast to the ground, whether in vicuna, poile de chèvre, or any other fabric. This latter is a really delightful stuff for summer wear, thin, like nun's veiling, with an interwoven brocade, intermixed with silk in line stripes, and also plain. Some of the newest stripes are of the ornate Louis XV. period, coloured floral sprays between silk basket stripes, with crocket-like edgings. There are regular and irregular stripes, some quite ribbon-like, others with just a silk edge enclosing woollen patterns. "Fatme" is an example of a pure wool, firmly-made fabric with a silk check. Those who like plainer stuffs can have beige in all the neutral tints, which have undergone not only enlargement but improvement this season. I have seldom seen a better-looking stuff than the new "Scroll" cloth, having a crêpe weaving and a conventional scroll in silk of the same tint as the ground, generally in solid good colours such as watercress, sage, and peacock greens, blues, and browns. Such a gown could be worn the year through. For those bent on summer travelling let me recommend the new "Carmelite" in grey tones, with

hair stripes or five-lined checks, which would stand dust and travel well; so would the "Chasseur" stripe with cord, in cream, on the new colours—reseda, blotting-paper red, and the like. No lady need be out of the fashion, however poor—a new bordered robe, with a very good printed border in capital useful tints, can be had from this firm under a shilling a yard, forty-four inches wide. The brocaded materials make up well with or without plain stuffs; some of the patterns are in silk on plain grounds, and others in wool.

In the leafy month of June we have every right to expect to wear cottons, and there is every reason that we should be tempted to do so this year, for the new ones of the season are extremely pretty, and have greatly improved in substance. The zephyrs may be had striped, checked, and plain (the newest being the broché zephyrs, which look exactly like silk), the patterns sometimes like a damask table-cloth, sometimes light sprays copied from the feathery silk brocades, and others showing that most excellent of all designs — the Oriental pine, which is never out of date. The newest has a check thrown on in silk. I have four materials to recommend for hard wear, suited too to limited purses (and in our day almost everybody pleads poverty), namely—a thick linen-like stripe and check, a washing drillette, a washing Imperial rep, and a hard washing stripe of the substance of serge.



RACE-COURSE COSTUME.

The tennis-dress designed by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody might be made up in many of the fabrics I have been describing. The model has a skirt of check woollen, blue on white, the bodice made simply to the figure, the novelty about it being some lacings introduced on the collar-bone in front, and triple lacings at the waist; the jacket is of plain flannel in pure white, and can be slipped on and off as required. This is just the sort of dress that a true tennis-player would appreciate; it looks well, and insures perfect freedom.

Messrs. Haddon and Son, of Wellington, Somerset, have many materials that would be peculiarly suitable for a dress of this kind: the "Badminton" serge, for example, light and soft, with a twill apparent in the stripe as well as the plain, the combinations of colour good, red and grey, red, black, and white, grey and white, beige and primrose, the stripes half an inch in width. The fancy tennis flannel shows irregular stripes in blue, straw-red, and navy combined; navy, brown, and blue; and red, brown, and blue; and others as good; and for cheapness and finish the tennis flannel in pure cream is quite a marvel, well shrunk, from twenty-six inches wide, and to be had in many qualities. The hygienic flannels are good to look at also. They are striped and the natural colour of the wool.

Girls in the country often prefer cotton gowns for tennis to any others. The introduction of lace stripes in the zephyrs among Messrs. Haddon and Son's patterns is certainly a good one, and of this the "Yeddo" zephyr is a brilliant example, and, indeed, there is not a novelty of which they have not excellent samples.

The firm have established a world-wide reputation in connection with serges produced this season in all the new colours, both striped and plain. It is essentially an English material, and wears well through all changes of our variable climate. Tweeds are also favourites, and prove the best of every-day country gowns. Cashmere and fancy woollens of all kinds have many merits; the "Kilmorey" cashmere is quite a novelty, with a close-set indented line on the surface; the new "Bengaline" cloth appears to be a species of woollen crêpe which is well suited to summer wear.

I have selected the accompanying illustration as a dress exactly appropriate for Ascot; it is made in silk-

brocaded canvas with a border—one of the most marked novelties of the season; and note that the drapery is edged with fringe, the bodice has a fringe-edged drapery also from the left shoulder drawn over a vest of the brocade, and the sleeves are shorter than we have been wearing them, and have the new epaulette, which the sketch shows exactly.



NEW MANTLES.

The choice in mantles lies between those that are extremely long and form a complete garment in themselves, and those that barely reach the hips. The sketches taken at Messrs. Redmayne's, in New Bond Street, illustrate both styles. The long mantle has a lace front mixed with striped fancy grenadine, the lace is pleated, and is blended with Bengaline; the epaulette is of the new cut, and the sleeves, that fall below the elbow, are edged with a rich fringe formed with crochet drops. It is most shapely, and develops every good point of the figure. The short mantle is a happy combination of Bengaline, lace, and jet, with quite a new sleeve; it falls in long sash-ends of silk and lace in front. The dust-cloak worn by the central figure is treated in a new style about the shoulders, both back and front; the soft silky material is gathered into formal runnings, while the centre of the back is pleated.

The ornaments used on the mantles this season appear each to have been specially made for them, and are most beautiful; when jet is used it is of the finest kind, and not weighty. Embroidery of simple kinds is used, and many new makes both of silk and gauze. The cloaks are nearly all lined, and often with delicate colours—indeed, the linings of cloaks have assumed undue importance, and add considerably to their cost.

From mantles to millinery is a very natural transition, and the specimens made by Mme. Worth, in Bond Street, illustrate leading features. We have borrowed our most



NEW BONNET.

fashionable head-dress this year from the head-gear of the Alsatian peasant-woman, and the more faithful the reproduction the more fashionable. The bonnet in the



NEW HAT.

sketch is made of green velvet, with a wide black moire bow, a jet butterfly in the centre. This is arranged upon a substantial foundation, but often the bow-bonnet has only a couple of straps for the foundation of the bow, above which a bunch of flowers that are in season are frequently visible. Englishwomen are at last beginning to realise that it is an offence against good taste to wear blooms that are not in season. The toque is only suited, as French people wear it, to the hair dressed in a low Catogan. Our model is made with a gold crown, a green and gold brim, trimmed with pale reseda crape and plumage. It is higher on the head than the bonnet, and consequently more suited to the present taste, not yet accustomed to low head-coverings. It is of the form most worn this year, a tricorn, the brim turning upwards from the face. It is made in biscuit-coloured chip lined with pale heliotrope velvet, and trimmed with the same colour; the crown is entirely hidden by lilac flowers and wide biscuit-toned ribbon bows.



NEW TOQUE.

Miss Florence Hippisley, 14, Burlington Road, Clifton, Bristol, has invented some small pillows specially intended for the use of invalids and travellers, and which are likely to be much patronised. They are covered in Liberty silk embroidered in appropriate mottoes (generally culled from Shakespeare)—"Good angels guard thee." "Sleep give thee all his rest." "O gentle Sleep, Nature's soft nurse!" "Dream sweet dreams, and wake to find them true." "Fair thoughts be your fair pillow," &c. &c. They are filled with the best down and are most beautifully worked. Some of the samples are covered in chamois leather, with the motto either painted or written; others are edged with silk frills, and a few are furnished with a case of drawn-linen work bordered with torchon lace. These covers are meant to preserve the embroidery when the pillows are not in use. Prettier or more useful pillows could scarcely be devised for invalids and travellers.



Paris Fashions.

By VIOLETTE.

THE rain and gusts of wind and hail combined that marked the celebration of the "Concours Hippique," did not allow an *élégante* to appear there last April in the fresh surprise of the spring fashions.

Fortunately the opening of the Exhibition to which all the world is hurrying, and the races taking place in the blithe month of May, have afforded opportunities for the inauguration of the pretty floral dresses and headgears which are Fashion's latest whim.

Fancy balls and *diners de têtes*—dinners at which the guests are bidden to appear with their heads tricked out in some fanciful guise—are now the rage. Hairdressers and milliners are busy creating all sorts of original designs for these fantastic entertainments. M. de Lenthéric, 245, Rue St. Honoré, has proved himself particularly successful in metamorphosing the appearance of many *élégantes* who delight in these *fêtes*. In our illustration on the opposite page may be seen one of his recent models. It is a large hat of the Directoire style, covered in black velvet and richly ornamented with a cluster of ostrich-plumes in such diversified colours as old pink, tender green, mauve, grey, and pale blue. It forms a quaint setting to a picturesque head.

Flowers are to reign supreme this year; it is the year dedicated by Fashion to the great goddess Flora. Woven in the softest, brightest tints, they appear on silk, on wool, and on cotton fabrics. All the pretty pageantry of the woods, the richer beauties of garden berries, the splendour of exotics are to take their share of the floral *cultus*. Artificial flower makers are no less busy than are weavers with deft fingers imitating Nature's matchless mastery of form and colour.

The stripes that were so much in vogue have nearly disappeared before the ascendent taste for blossoms. They still linger, and some pretty stuffs are made in which flowers and stripes mingle gracefully. A navy-blue foulard, striped with wide lines of satin of a darker shade, was covered with a pattern of delicate white almond-blossoms; a grey foulard, striped with grey, was gay with the shaded sweetness of pink almond-sprays; a dress of graver tone was grey covered with black foliage. There is to be a *soupçon* of Trianon, a touch of the *champêtre* in the make-up of these delightful foulards, surahs, and cretonne gowns. I must not forget to notice the new cretonne, called the "Jean Jacques Rousseau," after the philosopher of Nature, who would be expected to approve of the simple cotton material, patterned over with a thousand woodland blossoms. I notice also a revival of the more costly organdy muslin, which was so much in vogue during the days when beautiful Eugénie set the fashions of the civilised world.

Red will be much worn. The cretonne "Adrianople," brilliantly scarlet, embroidered in black, already largely used by the Maison Morin-Blossier for the manufacture of costumes, makes one think of green fields, and of golden sand-stretches by the azure sea. The same firm also uses Turkey red. I saw a charming dress there of soft wool, the red ground covered over with black foliage and flowers. The round skirt was mounted in gathers, and edged with a thick ruche of black faille. The gathered bodice was held in by a black faille corslet-bodice. Round the throat and wrists the thick ruche edging the skirt was repeated.

Another and more elegant costume in the showrooms of this house was of dove-grey Indian cashmere, shot with orange. Large silver palms mingled in an

intricate pattern. This dress is made with a polonaise composed of palm-embroidered cashmere; it is slightly gathered at the side, and draped over a petticoat of mouse-coloured velvet. The plain sleeves are of velvet; a girdle of silver passementerie is knotted in front. Another grey costume was of slate-grey cashmere, with flowers of a lighter shade woven into the stuff. At the hem of the straight skirt were placed three bands of iron-grey velvet. The bodice was gathered into a yoke of velvet, matching the bands on the skirt; the sleeves were also of velvet.

Brick-red is one of the favourite ruddy tones of this season. A dress in nun's veiling of this tint, through which ran a delicate stripe of white silk forming squares, was marked by a simple grace of draping and a soft brightness of colour; the skirt was mounted in wide, flat, regular folds, and the bodice was gathered in a high Swiss band of green velvet shot with red. The wide sleeves were also gathered in high wristbands of velvet to match the sash; the straight collar was likewise of velvet. Another dress of nun's veiling—a fabric which surpasses all others for drapery — was of warm beaver-grey edged with a wide band of white woollen brocade, bordered with a touch of verdigris velvet. The square jacket-bodice, adjusted to the figure behind, opened in front over a plastron of white woollen brocade. The collar-flaps and the wristbands were of old gold velvet.



DIRECTOIRE HAT, FROM THE MAISON LENTHERIC.

It is a great temptation to dwell upon all these soft woollen gowns, falling in long graceful folds. The straight line is the one most in favour; simplicity, as I have said, is the order of the day; furbelows have disappeared, and yet any monotony in the arrangement of the drapery is prevented by a cunning touch here and there; seemingly a nothing, and yet important, as is every shadow of a shade introduced into a work of art. The lines of velvet or ribbon circling round the hem of these straight skirts, intercepting the vertical line, are valuable as contrast, yet a too obvious use of contrast tends to vulgarity in dress as in art. It is interesting to watch how subtly and with what restraint our artist designers in dress break up the lines and suggest contrast without emphasis.

One gown of nut-brown Indian cashmere, patterned over with a design of a slightly lighter tone of brown, round the hem of which ran bands of verdigris velvet, repeated in panels at the sides, was an admirable example of the use of a line of contrasting yet harmonising colour. The folds of the bodice were arranged crosswise over a plastron of velvet.

A dress, which seemed to me the ideal of a summer costume, was a mixture of lilac and soft green bars, crossing each other in squares over a white ground, sprinkled over with tiny flowers. The straight skirt was bordered with five bars of willow-green velvet. These five lines of velvet were repeated in the perpendicular on the bodice. The wristbands and high straight collar, needless to say, were of velvet. Another charming dress, of fresh and sunshiny effect, was of light café-au-lait woollen shot with chamois. A wide white band edged the straight skirt. The bodice seemed to be made of three quaint little jackets, each edged with white, opening over a waistcoat of delicate blue cloth. A wide sash and necktie of black watered silk gave a sober touch to this pretty costume.

Another woollen gown, very French in style, and somewhat more elaborate than those which I have been describing, was of fawn nun's veiling piped with white silk; the skirt bordered with a flat flounce edged with white silk; the tunic slightly draped and lifted on the

left side; the gleam of white silk edging the drapery forming a narrow panel. This tunic was covered with interludes of black lace, and narrow garlands of flowers and foliage embroidered in grey, black, and white silk. The bodice, made with a chemise russe and trimmed with perpendicular bars of lace and embroidery, was fastened to the skirt. A band of white silk, covered with lace, and fine needlework replaced the sash now so much in fashion.

The second of the illustrations on the opposite page might be studied as an example of the skilful management of line. The Maison Morin-Blossier designed and executed this dress. The skirt, of twig-green woollen very slightly draped, is edged with a band of old gold braid, embroidered in green, pink, and wood-brown silks, similar braid being repeated above the two tabs. The bodice is of shot-green velvet opening over a loose plastron. The trimming and vertical cross-lines are of the embroidered braid. The shot-green velvet of the bodice is repeated on the edge of the dress under the border of braid. The large hat from the Maison Virot, in soft faille, is trimmed with a long tulle veil, and a thick tuft of many-coloured orchids.



NEW HAT, FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

Coarse black or putty-grey tulle is growing in favour for summer costumes. The pleated skirt is striped with ribbon, knotted above the knee. The polonaise is usually trimmed with an appliqué of embroidery.

Lace is the favourite fabric worn for receptions. Our other illustration shows such a dress made by the Maison Liseray. It is composed of Duchesse lace over black satin. The train is long and square. The dress opens from throat to hem over an under-skirt and waistcoat of the new shade of blue—"summer night" blue—sprinkled over with golden stars. A wide black watered sash is fastened at the side.

To sum up, the last word of fashion is simplicity. In the beautiful late spring weather, when we live *al fresco*, the early morning walking-attire (for many Parisiennes are early out of doors) is of light cloth or alpaca; for afternoon, foulard, surah, nun's veiling covered with écru or black lace are worn. Early morning and afternoon gowns resemble each other in this—that they are made without draperies. There are two styles most in vogue, adopted alike by the carriage lady or the pedestrian—the open tunic displaying a lace under-skirt, and the round flat skirt, edged with embroideries or ruches of lace. The bodices are long-waisted; the wide sashes are knotted at the back or at the side. The sleeves are leg of mutton shape, narrow at the wrists.

Jackets of embroidered cloth, and wide dust-cloak pelisses, are the mantles of the season. I have already spoken of the jackets. I shall content myself now with describing two dust-cloaks. One was of beige woollen; the back fitted the figure, the lower front was pleated, the flat sides of the cloak formed panels. A wide hood lined with white fell as a sort of cape, and a ribbon of white watered silk held the pleats in their place, starting from the centre of the back.

A far more dressy cloak was of grey taffetas shot with gold, and all covered with black lace. The wide open sleeves swept down almost to the ground in a point. A bunch of gold passementerie gleamed at the back, and was repeated in the gold band on the collar, and in the quaint gold-braided ribbon that did duty for a girdle. This elegant pelisse is one of the prettiest cloaks of the season. The woollen dust-cloak was to be worn with a woollen dress; the silk cloak, with a silk dress. The dress that accompanied the latter was very much admired at a matinée at the Elysée. It was of the gold-brown tint known as "toasted bread." Of Princesse shape at the back, and opening in front, it displayed a clinging under-dress of maize crêpe de Chine. The collar, sash, and ribbons were of bright gold, embroidered in delicately tinted flowers. The sleeves of crêpe had deep wrist-bands of embroidered ribbon.

As for the head-gears, the round hat reigns supreme. The capotes that were the fashion in March and April are now out of date. Flat-crowned hats with immense borders are the order of the day. The festival of flowers that graces this year's fashions finds its strongest expression in the hats. Never have our famous artificial flower makers displayed more ingenuity in imitating the droop of the blossoms, their crowning grace of delicate and vivid tints.

The round hat known as the "Belle Meunière" (the Pretty Miller's Wife) is a wide flat hat made of straw lace, wreathed with lilies of the valley and deep crimson roses. The garland rests on a band of crimson velvet.

The "Buckingham" is a very picturesque hat. One is of old gold lace; the sides are turned up; round the crown is coiled a scarf of spotted net matching the lace. From a wide knot of water-green faille start boughs of pine, sprinkled over with a swarm of dragon-flies.

The "Pierrefonds"—more dome-like in shape—is turned up on one side only. A model in Leghorn straw was lined with black horse-hair, and trimmed with tufts of Japanese pink and yellow anemones, knotted with twig-green velvet.

Large hats cannot be worn with the hair piled on the top of the head, leaving the nape of the neck bare. To meet the exigencies of fashion, our two leading hair-dressers, Auguste and Noviat, have devised charming

arrangements of coils of hair and heavy plaits placed low and entirely covering the nape of the neck; or of ringlets of varied lengths, floating over the neck, one curl reaching to the shoulders, and mingling with the ribbons and net



RECEPTION-DRESS, FROM THE MAISON LISERAY.

of the hat. A tortoise-shell crescent fastens the hair on the top of the head; a little bar of tortoise-shell holds it at the back, and gathers it into a small compass. These styles are for morning wear. For evening wear, the Greek style is in favour, the brow bound either with narrow chaplets of flowers, or with bands of ribbon on which jewels are sewn. The "Ceres" wreath, where the flowers rise in a diadem over the forehead, and the dainty half-wreath such as we see in pictures worn by fair ladies of the Court of Louis XVI., are also in favour. The latter garland is worn in the hair, over-laid in a mass of small ringlets over the head, the longer ringlets falling behind as a cascade of shining locks.

Next month I shall speak of the ball-dresses, made short and round, composed of veilings of net or crêpe floating over flowers, wreaths, sprays, aigrettes, chaplets of flowers, natural or artificial; roses, anemones, violets, lilacs, pinks, carnations, all the beautiful flora of Mother Nature, knotted, arranged according to the whim and fancy of the wearer. Nothing can exceed the poetic effect of those ball-dresses, of their mixture of cloudy draperies and sweet blossoms. The young and beautiful women who wear them might be nymphs, stepping out of some enchanted realm, where in the golden sunshine of a golden age blossom flowers of every season and every clime. Some of these dresses are made to last one night only. The few hours that are the limit of the



OUTDOOR-DRESS, FROM THE MAISON MORIN-BLOSSIER.
HAT, FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

fresh loveliness of flowers are all that they are expected to serve. The webs of gauze are covered with natural flowers, the wreath is of natural flowers; diamonds in invisible settings are strewn over the blossoms, and shine like the dew at sunrise.

Mourning Clothes and Customs.

THE present customs relating to funerals and those peculiarities of attire which are generally comprehended under the term of mourning, are neither good in themselves, nor do they command general approval. The truth of this assertion is strongly supported by the fact of there being now no less than two societies for the express purpose of altering them. The elder of these was started fourteen years ago, in 1875, and is called the National Funeral and Mourning Reform Association.

The second society, which has had a somewhat shorter existence, is called the Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association. These two societies work, to a certain extent, on the same lines; but in the accounts given in the published reports of the meetings of the last-named society, there is a striking absence of allusion to the second subject which its title would seem to show its members wish to reform. Speaker after speaker gets up, but they one and all apparently limit their observations to the conducting of funerals, and to the various methods of disposal of the dead. This, perhaps, is not so strange as it seems at the first glance. In a Church of England Society, as may be inferred from its name, the speakers are mostly clergymen, the women present sitting in silence; and the subject of mourning apparel affects men directly very little, while it affects women very much.

The National Association, which is formed on a much broader basis, in not being confined to any one sect, takes a somewhat more equal view of the objects which called it into existence. But even here the speeches specially relating to funerals are in about the proportion of three to one to those referring to mourning.

Yet it can hardly be said that the importance of funeral reform is greater than that of mourning reform. Of course, a senseless display of hired men, horses and carriages, is vulgar and displeasing to those who attach any meaning to the things they see, instead of ignorantly acquiescing in all things because they happen to be familiarised by custom. But although such funerals as these cause much misery by compelling poor people to expend more money on them than is warranted by their circumstances, the fact that a death in a family obliges all the women of that family to at once provide themselves with a sort of trousseau, causes even more misery in the long run.

Among the very poor this necessity for new clothes comes just at a time when they can least afford it. If the deceased relative is one of the bread-winners of the family, the cessation of the weekly money makes this obvious at once. But even if it is only a child, or ailing relative, it is probable that a certain amount of expense has already been incurred for medical attendance, appliances, medicines, and invalid food of various sorts. The demand for a fresh outlay on clothes, which otherwise are not then required, becomes therefore peculiarly difficult to meet. And let no one solace themselves by imagining that the poor are less slaves to customs than the rich. On the contrary, they are even more bound by them. Just as uncivilised nations worship their old customs, however unintelligible, and fear to break through them in the smallest detail, so in proportion to their want of education do our own people dread the smallest departure from established rules. The higher the education and culture, the less heavily are either individuals or communities bound by mere custom. A working man, in speaking at a meeting of one of the above-named societies, gave an account of the extraordinary ill-will and anger excited in a neighbourhood by the members of one family having ventured to consult common sense and the amount they could honestly spend in the matter of the funeral of a relative, and, being poor, they had made no attempt to go into mourning, as in order to do so they must have run into debt. As a consequence, they were insulted in every possible way, and jeered at by their neighbours for a long time after.

Among persons of what may be called "limited incomes," the obligation to provide mourning means the loss of every little comfort for the survivors for the next year to come, often thereby entailing real suffering on the old, and probably the loss of some useful branch of education on the young. For it should be remembered that the dresses and other garments laid aside are practically useless at the expiration of the conventional period for wearing black. They may be out of fashion, or perhaps unsuited to the time of year, so that here again there is additional expense and trouble. Some people may say that such customs as wearing mourning should be decided by each family on the grounds of expediency; and that although in certain cases poverty ought rightly to prevent its adoption, there is no reason why the rich should not display their wealth of money or emotion as they please. A very little reflection, however, shows this to be impossible, as human nature is at present constituted. It would lead to a continual gauging of every one's income by their acquaintance, who at the same time would have no actual knowledge on which to base their calculations. In consequence, idle discussions would continually take place to decide whether the mourning was omitted from necessity or from parsimony. So that its adoption would remain as imperative as ever. To do any lasting good, the custom must be given up entirely.

Among the well-to-do classes, of course the amount of money spent on mourning dress has not to be considered; but in any such family where there are several ladies, it is usual to find the sense of loss is almost overlooked and forgotten in questions of millinery and trimmings. The various relatives have to meet and discuss

the amount of crape (or whatever material may temporarily be used in imitation of crape); whether it is to be cut in this or that shape; and if it will do to have merely an edging instead of a whole width, or some equally senseless proposition. Indeed, the general fuss and activity would lead a casual observer to suppose some great festival was on hand, for it is no light matter to entirely re-clothe some five or six fashionable ladies becomingly in as many days. All this is so completely at variance with what ought to be on such an occasion that, taken by itself, it would make most people feel that mourning, as far as clothes are concerned, is one of those customs which would be more honoured in the breach than the observance.

The compulsory change of attire leads also to the very unpleasant habit of relatives making provision for mourning before the person actually dies. Sometimes it takes the form of abstaining from getting dresses when they are needed because some one is known to be ill. On other occasions this habit gives rise to curious results, as may be briefly pointed out by the following instance:—There were three sisters, elderly married ladies, living in different parts of the country. Mrs. X had been an invalid for some years, and it was known that her recovery was impossible. Mrs. Y, going to see her during a temporary visit to a large town in her neighbourhood, found her so weak that she was led to fear the end was near. She therefore purchased a mourning bonnet before returning to her home in the country, so as to be ready if summoned to the funeral. Time went on, and Mrs. X, contrary to all expectations, rallied somewhat; but, a few months later, Mrs. Y fell ill, and died after a short illness. The third sister, Mrs. Z, was sent for to help to nurse her, and was in the house at the time of her death. After the death the maid produced the new black bonnet, saying with tears that it was the bonnet her mistress had got for Mrs. X's funeral. Mrs. Z, greatly affected (they being a most attached family), took the bonnet, fitted it on, and finally wore it at Mrs. Y's funeral.

It is indisputable that the custom of mourning presses far more heavily on women than on men. In fact, so trifling are the alterations made in a man's dress on this account that practically the whole burden of mourning trappings would seem to have devolved upon women, as well as all sorts of conventional retirement. And when one ponders on the tact and discretion men have shown in avoiding any inconvenience to themselves in this matter, it cannot fail to command our unwilling admiration. And the word "unwilling" is in this case right; for if they do not approve of these customs, and therefore, and rightly, decide not to comply with them, how much more admirable it would be if they were to say so openly! But what they have actually done amounts to this—that in most cases, and particularly where their feelings are not deeply concerned, they positively manage to mourn by proxy, and this with the general consent of public opinion! One example of this will probably suffice to bring to many minds parallel instances which they have witnessed:—A young married couple were living in the country neighbourhood in which they had settled after their marriage. Their respective families had not been acquainted before the marriage, and, as they did not live near them, it followed that the wife knew but little of her husband's family. The husband's father died, and some three or four months after there was a party given in the neighbourhood, at which, for certain reasons, the young couple were anxious to be present. After some discussion it was decided that it would be perfectly right for the man to go, but the wife should stay at home on account of her mourning being so deep! And this arrangement was actually carried out. The neighbours saw nothing strange about it, as one who ventured a remark on the subject was told that the man's being at the party meant nothing, though the wife could not possibly have been seen out so soon.

This phase of thought is also often to be seen expressed in the difference of time which intervenes between the reappearance in society of the sons and the daughters of any family who have lost a relation. If the relationship to the deceased is not very near, it is not thought worth while to get the daughters of the family new evening dresses, so the simpler course is pursued of forbidding parties altogether for a few weeks, the wishes of the young women themselves probably not being taken much into consideration. If, on the other hand, the relationship is fairly close, it is felt that such extremely lugubrious apparel as is ordained by custom would be out of place at any scene of enjoyment, so none the less they are kept at home. Very likely the person whose loss they are thus supposed to deplore is a contemporary of their parents, whom they have hardly known. It must, indeed, be within the experience of most people to have met young men at gatherings of various kinds, who, on being asked if their sisters were present, have replied with charming frankness that they could not come, as they were still in mourning. Yet one would suppose that the ties of consanguinity were identical for brothers and sisters, and that therefore periods of conventional retirement would also be the same.

It would not, however, be right to jump to the conclusion that all men are heartless and wanting in affection. And such would be far indeed from the truth. It rather shows that while they are held free, and fit to act as their individual feelings prompt, women have not yet quite surmounted the false position to which they were relegated so long—that they do not belong to themselves, but are more or less the property of their kinsfolk; and that it is not so much desirable that they should really be glad or sorry as that they should appear to have these feelings. Their clothing and the time of their reappearance in society are therefore to be governed by fixed dates, and not by their own independent feelings or wishes, which are held to be of no importance.

All that is most objectionable in mourning reaches its climax when it comes to the dress of a widow. In all cases, the nearer the relative the more cumbrous becomes the dress of the female mourner; but the widow's dress positively amounts to a mild form of *Suttee*, and would seem to hint that the idea underlying various heathen rites as to the conduct of women is not absolutely extinct among us. There would still seem to

be a lurking feeling that if a man dies it is desirable that some sort of punishment should fall on the wife, or that at least she should be sacrificed in some way, as far as is possible without being too much out of keeping with the theoretical liberty of the age. It is, in actual fact, a survival of the outward expression of the inferiority of women; for, as will be further pointed out later on, the inferior always expresses grief for the superior. The superior does not notice the death of the inferior in this manner.

This dress of a widow may be said to possess every bad and unhygienic quality of women's dress (and these truly are neither few nor unimportant) intensified fourfold. It is always made both extra long and clinging, so that exercise is even more impossible than ever. It is usually very heavy, and it is surmounted by a species of headdress furnished with one or two (according to taste) long streamers hanging aimlessly down behind. These streamers make it difficult to turn the head, partly because they are comparatively heavy, but more particularly because they are rough; and the dress also being crape or some rough material, they catch to it, and have to be continually pushed at with the hands to prevent the cap being pulled off. Streamers of the same sort are also carefully fixed to the bonnet, so as to insure the walking-dress being as wretchedly uncomfortable as that worn in the house.

Now, if it be taken for granted that most women are sorry when their husband dies—and I think, for the credit of humanity, we may accept this hypothesis—there could not very well be any less desirable form of dress. At any time it would be depressing, but for one already in low spirits it is simply barbarous; and its utter needlessness is thrown into strong relief by the fact that there is no special dress for a widower. As a wife cannot be considered to be a nearer relation to her husband than a husband is to his wife, if a distinctive dress is unnecessary in one case it is also unnecessary in the other. The only reason ever brought forward in support of a special dress is quite inadequate, for it is to the effect that a widow might meet some one who might allude to the late husband, not knowing of his death. Such a contingency is highly improbable in these days of newspapers and universal gossip; and even should such a thing occur, its effect would be less injurious than the daily and hourly wear of the worst form of dress that human ingenuity can invent.

The primary idea of people who do not consider definitely the meaning of their actions (so far as such people can be said to have any ideas) is, of course, that the customs of showy funerals and great changes of attire honour those who have died. In reality, they have rather the contrary effect, for by their compliance with certain hard-and-fast rules they reduce what should be a matter of feeling to the level of other social shams. As long as a person is living we do not think it necessary to parade our affection in public, and we are all willing to believe that the members of any family are attached to one another. There seems, therefore, no reason why this belief should be held to require extraordinary demonstration when some one happens to die.

The simplification of life is one great need of the present day—the gradual dropping of numbers of customs which are injurious to many, which give pleasure to no one, and are merely kept up from a spirit of ostentation. This does not necessarily mean only those things which cost money, though this may be a common form of ostentation, but the pretence of liking and admiring a variety of things, whether they really please us or not, because other people adopt them. Many would hail with joy an emancipation act which would free them from their present state of bondage, but are too much afraid of each other to give audible expression to their opinion.

Another custom which is entirely sustained from the above cause is that of drawing down all the window-blinds of the houses both of the immediate family and of the near relations, from the day of a death until after the funeral is over. That this is only done to comply with an empty form is sufficiently shown by its being observed only in the case of windows that can be seen from without. It is perfectly well known and admitted that living all those days in a shut-up and darkened house is most injurious, depressing as it is to both health and spirits; yet people go on doing it, merely because they cannot bring themselves to act on their own true convictions for fear of the thoughtless remarks of strangers. There seems also good reason to fear that the fashion of surrounding the coffin with flowers will presently be carried to such an extreme as to become a serious inconvenience. This danger already appears to have struck some persons, as obituary notices in the papers are occasionally followed by the words "No flowers."

Much might be done towards abolishing the custom of mourning by means of arbitrary methods of clothing, if people when making their wills would add a few words to the effect that they wished their relatives to make no change in their dress. It is quite impossible to believe that any one can derive pleasure from the thought that his or her death will entail a certain amount of discomfort on their dearest friends. True grief would also be more fittingly shown by people going about in their quiet every-day garments than by suddenly budding out in fresh dresses. This would also have the advantage of doing away with the absurdity of seeing people who, though relations in blood, are in reality strangers, pretending to be distressed by the demise of relatives they have either never seen or at least not known, in the common acceptation of the term. Why a pretence of mourning under these circumstances is considered so peculiarly gratifying and consolatory to the immediate family, is one of those things that must for ever remain a mystery; and though there is every reason why those who have lost one who is dear to them should be left in peace until time has somewhat deadened the pain of grief, there is no reason why a system should be upheld which practically sacrifices the living to the dead.

Joining a society for such an object as this has the effect of making it easier to take the first steps; for every one who "goes into mourning" not only does something which can hardly honestly recommend itself to their reason, but is helping to bind a grievous

burden upon others. Those, however, who join would be wise to do so when they have not recently lost a relative, in order to avoid the appearance of anything personal in their action. It would also be wise to let as many members of their families as possible know that they have joined it. After the first time, when it is seen that they make no alteration in their dress, they will probably find that their not doing so is afterwards taken as a matter of course, and that their proposing to wear mourning again would shock their friends far more than their not doing so had done. There are, perhaps, a certain number of people who, during the course of a long life, have worn mourning for numbers of friends more or less cared for, and it is comprehensible that to them the giving up of the habit might be painful. But though preferring to continue it for themselves, they might well sanction the younger generation pursuing a different course. And when it is borne in mind how continually the spectacle may be observed of people wearing mourning when arrayed in their best, and keeping to coloured dresses when in every-day costume, and as time goes on with this process reversed, no fears need be entertained of any fresh departure being able to be condemned on the ground of its being illogical.

Society in the main is so very much more alive to the duties it owes its poorer neighbours than it used to be, in matters connected with providing funds for the relief of distress, that it is a pity it is not also more alive to the equal duty of setting a fitting example in matters of custom. This responsibility, resting largely upon the women of the upper classes, is only as yet very partially perceived by them. But if their education and culture are only to be used for frivolous objects, their real progress in these paths is less than it appears to be. It is also regrettable that the Court sets such a bad example to the people in this matter. The accounts of the absurd regulations of dress for mourning, and other funereal vagaries, are utterly unworthy of the nation. But it is needless to point out that if people wish to advance in anything, they rarely have the gratification of finding themselves following in the footsteps of their Court. So it is, perhaps, vain to expect the question of mourning to be the one exception to the rule.

There are many people who, while thoroughly disapproving of mourning (as the term is now understood), would still wish to have some mark to show they have lost a relative; and for this purpose nothing could be better than the small black band worn round one arm. For widowers and widows alike it might be made with a narrow edge of white or grey; for other relations it might be either all black, or have an edge of red or blue. This would have the effect of making it more easily visible on dark clothing, and get over the difficulty—if difficulty it be—of any chance allusions. The expression here of dark clothing need not be held to contradict the preceding recommendation of making no change in the every-day dress, for in this country most people, both men and women, habitually wear dark clothing. Even women have usually three dark dresses in their wardrobe for one light one, and an obtrusively gay-coloured dress is rarely worn, except for special occasions. These bands should only be worn for quite near relations, else they would become as meaningless as is the present farce of complimentary mourning.

The innate vulgarity of mind which leads to people putting their servants into mourning is a point of some interest; for it is simply a means given by wealth of self-glorification. There is no reciprocity about it. No one would dream of noticing in this manner the death of any number of their servants' relations. "The sun shines on many flowers, but the flowers see but one sun," would appear to be their motto. The employer is to be the one great object on the horizon of the employed, and though (unlike the sun) he is in truth to the full as dependent on them as they are on him, this little fact is not admitted, but they are to abase themselves and pretend to a sympathy and grief which it is improbable more than an infinitesimal number of them can feel in the least, as the custom is not even confined to the one household where the death occurs, but extends to those of the immediate relations. It is a survival probably of the old idea of a clan or tribe bewailing the loss of its chief; but there could hardly be anything less suited to the purely commercial relations of modern servants and their employers. It is one of many causes by which employers, inasmuch as they refuse to understand the feelings of those employed in this particular occupation, help to make domestic service the most undignified and unattractive of occupations. True, each individual servant may not fully perceive it, and may even like to get new clothes given them; but it tends, maybe unconsciously, to lower them in the estimation of their equals. Which of us would not feel insulted at being asked to mourn in this way for some other man's relation? To no other class of workers would employers even dare to suggest such a thing; and in view of the ever-increasing dislike which is felt for this occupation, it is worth while to note all the reasons which tend to make it so unpopular.

In conclusion, it is not out of place to remark that in considering the question as to the desirability of making changes in dress on the death of relatives, there is no ground to suppose that, were the fashion omitted, such relatives would be immediately forgotten. The time of forgetfulness is not the few months immediately following the loss, but, rather, long years after. And is it not a mercy that such a forgetfulness should be in the nature of things? For what would life become if all griefs of this sort retained their first poignancy? The whole world would be entirely steeped in woe. So far from mourning having any effect on feelings, it has rather the contrary influence, and in the largest number of cases it only adds an element of worry to grief. It is one of the many disabilities and heavy burdens that have devolved on women in their progress from barbarism to civilisation; and as it is one that cannot fail to be injurious in many ways, they would do well and wisely to endeavour to free themselves from it by the method which may seem to each individually most fitting and feasible in her special surroundings.

F. W. HARBERTON.

Round the Cornish Coast.—II.

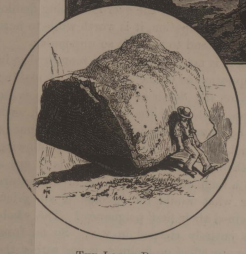
TO the Land's End will naturally be the first excursion made by the visitor to Penzance. In the season it is easy enough of access, as four-horse omnibuses run to the Logan Rock and other places at very moderate charges. I detest seeing things in a crowd myself; happily for omnibus proprietors my ideas are not very generally shared. To be cooped up in a 'bus at so much a-head, and hear a chorus of "Oh, how lovely!" "How sweetly pretty!" "How grand!" "How majestic!" "How imposing!" "How sublime!" and "How awfully jolly!" according to the nature of the ejaculator, would effectually prevent my enjoying the scenery, however beautiful it might be. This is probably due to the contrariety of my nature, which rebels against worshipping in a crowd. The Land's End should be visited alone, if its stern grandeur is in any way to be realised. Sunrise and sunset seen from it are the finest sights possible, and by staying at a quaint little inn in the village of Sennen, about a mile or so inland, called "The First and Last Inn in England," one is able to enjoy these pleasures fully. If the weather is fine, and the morning really clear, with no suspicion of haze, the Scilly Isles, some twenty-five miles distant, can be seen; the Wolf Rock Lighthouse, about eight miles south-east of the Land's End; and of course the Longship's Light, only about two miles off.

The Logan Rock is within the limits of a walk from the Land's End—a rough walk, certainly, and of about six good honest miles, but a trudge of a very enjoyable character. The history of this curious stone (which weighs over seventy tons)—its displacement by Lieutenant Goldsmith, and final re-installation—is it not written in every guide-book and history of Cornwall? It rocks still, but not so easily as it did before it was so wilfully upset. The rock belonging to a near relation of mine, I have been familiar with its name and history from very early years. It is near the village of Treryn, or Treen, in which is an inn bearing the name of the stone. There are the remains of Treryn Castle also to be seen in this neighbourhood, which is justly celebrated for its fine groups of rocks.



Bedruthan Steps.

(*From a Photograph by F. Waren, Newquay.*)



The Logan Rock.

The Botallack Mine must of course be included among the sights of the Land's End district. This ancient copper-mine, which has been on more than one occasion visited by royalty, is about eight miles from the Land's End; the workings of the mine, which is of immense depth, extend some distance beneath the sea; the sensation of hearing the waves beating on the rocks above one's head is a novel one, and, some would perhaps say, more terrifying than pleasing.

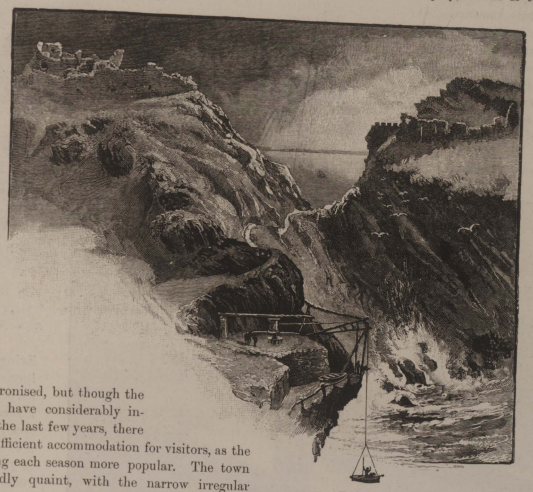
Botallack is in the parish of St. Just, which small town boasts of a comfortable inn, a good deal frequented during the tourist season, as it makes a convenient resting-place, from which to make excursions into the

surrounding country. Madron Well and Church, Nine Maidens' Circle, Lanyon Cornleck, Lamorna Valley, Whitesand Bay, Cape Cornwall, and Gurnard's Head can all be visited from either St. Just or Penzance.

St. Ives is the chief place of interest from Penzance, on the northern coast; it is accessible by rail or road, the former route being generally preferred, as, excepting Lelant, where there is a fine old church, there is not much worth stopping for between these places. St. Ives is a rapidly-improving town, one of the chief seats of the Cornish pilchard fishing industry.

The "Tregenna Castle," a comparatively new hotel, is a good deal patronised, but though the lodging-houses have considerably increased within the last few years, there is still hardly sufficient accommodation for visitors, as the place is becoming each season more popular. The town itself is decidedly quaint, with the narrow irregular streets common to so many Cornish towns, particularly those on the coast; it is, however, delightfully situated, with splendid sea-views, and good beaches of firm yellow sand, the water here being more transparent and more beautifully coloured than almost anywhere else along the coast; it needs a Hemy to do it full justice. St. Ives is of great antiquity, called after, so it is said, a female Irish saint who flourished in the fifth century. The church is quite close to the sea, protected from it by a very strong wall; there is a pier, and the various improvements which are in course of being carried out will make it an even more desirable place to stay in than it is at present. Still working round the northern coast, we come to Portreath, distant some three miles or so from Redruth, which place has fine cliff scenery. In Perran Bay is Peranzabuloe or Perran Porth, as it is usually called, where there is a beautiful beach, from which capital bathing is to be had; there is good cliff scenery here also, and some fine caverns. Each year the accommodation for visitors is increasing, but formerly it was a matter of extreme difficulty to get decently lodged. The ancient church of Piran (another Irish saint), the site of which is among the sand-hills to the north of the Porth; and the Piran Round, a circular enclosure with seven rows of seats, capable of holding two thousand spectators, are the chief sights of this neighbourhood. The Round is supposed to have been the place where the Cornish miracle-plays were performed; it is wonderfully perfect even now, only a few gaps being visible in the circle, which is merely formed in the earth.

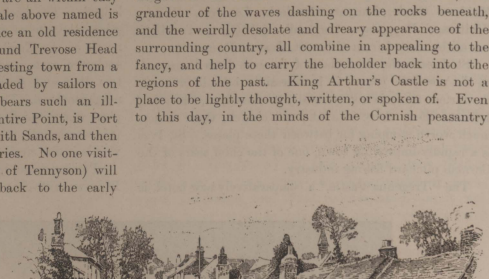
Passing round from Perran Bay to Fistral and Towan Bays we arrive at Newquay, which is to the northern coast of Cornwall what Penzance is to the western; and now that it is connected with the Great Western line of rail, which makes it so much more get-at-able than formerly, it has become quite a fashionable watering-place, and in the season is simply crowded with visitors. The place is very greatly improved—so much so, indeed, that one can hardly recognise it, remembering it in its primitive days, when it was only a largish village by the sea. Its large, hard-sanded beaches, deep caverns and splendid cliffs, are quite sufficient to insure its still increasing in popularity. There are plenty of lodging-houses (some of them very comfortable), good hotels, and various attractions in the season. The bathing on the Towan beach is excellent, but bathers should beware of the treacherous sands of Fistral Bay, as they are continually shifting, and undoubtedly dangerous.



TINTAGEL CASTLE.

Crantock (across the Gannel), Trevalga Head, Mawgan Porth, Bedruthan Steps, St. Columb, and the far-famed Vale of Lanherne (which Mr. H. S. Stokes has immor-

talised in a poem bearing that name) are all within easy distance from Newquay. In the vale above named is the Lanherne Nunnery, which was once an old residence of the Arundels of Wardour. Round Trevose Head lies Padstow, not a remarkably interesting town from a tourist point of view, and much dreaded by sailors on account of the Doom Bar, which bears such an ill-repute. Above Padstow, beyond Pentire Point, is Port Isaac, a fishing village; then Trebarwith Sands, and then —Tintagel, with its Arthurian memories. No one visiting these ruins (certainly no reader of Tennyson) will fail to be carried in imagination back to the early periods of knightly romance. At Tintagel one is in the very centre of King Arthur's Land, for this very ruined castle was, according to the story (part history, part legend), the scene of his birth, and not far away from it the ancient town of Camelford, where he fought his last battle. Setting history and romance, however, on one side, the ruins are in themselves sufficient to testify that they were once portions of a large castle, which at one time was one huge fortress (not, as now, in two divisions—one on the mainland, and the other separated from it by a yawning chasm). The descriptions in the old histories of Cornwall vary as to the castle itself, as also to the numberless legends connected with it. The appearance it now presents is most picturesque, and it needs no very strongly imaginative mind to people the ruins with the shadowy forms of gallant knights and gaily-dressed ladies, with the kingly form of Arthur conspicuous among them. The immense height of the cliffs on which stand the ruins, the grandeur of the waves dashing on the rocks beneath, and the weirdly desolate and dreary appearance of the surrounding country, all combine in appealing to the fancy, and help to carry the beholder back into the regions of the past. King Arthur's Castle is not a place to be lightly thought, written, or spoken of. Even to this day, in the minds of the Cornish peasantry



BOSCASTLE.

(From a Photograph by Hayman and Son, Launceston.)



BOSCASTLE HARBOUR.

(From a Photograph by Frith and Co., Reigate.)

living round, there lingers a certain savour of the romance sacred to the spot; they believe, many of them, that in the form of that venerated bird the Cornish chough the spirit of "the blameless King" still hovers at times round the place so closely connected with his history. They are not learned in Tennyson, or Sir Thomas Mallory; neither, maybe, could they quote Mr. Hawker's lines; but they are, some the old people, embued with the spirit of the place—of the traditions in crude form having been handed down from father to son. As the lines referred to above may not be familiar to all, more especially as the poetry and poet alike are local, I quote them:—

"Thou scest dark Cornwall's rifted shore,
Old Arthur's stern and rugged Keep;
There, where proud billows dash and roar,
His haughty turret guards the deep.

"And mark yon bird of sable wing,
Talons and beak all red with blood.
The Spirit of the long-lost King
Passed in that shape from Camlan's flood."

The lines are wild, and suit the subject; as do Wharton's fine verses descriptive of the place, which are too lengthy to give. The castle itself is, and will remain, a mystery; its chapel, high altar, and small burial-ground are all still traceable: but every year adds some marks of decay, as the rocks below crumble and crumble away under the ceaseless action of the restless waves.

When at Tintagel the sea-caves must be seen—or, rather, explored, for so dark are they that they can never be really properly inspected; deep and most mysterious are these caverns—the plunge from the outer light and brightness into these dark recesses being a somewhat startling sensation, and one not at all likely to be forgotten when once experienced. One might write pages on Tintagel, on its ruins, its caves, its church, and, above all, its memories; but one visit is worth more than a whole volume of inadequate description: and the advice I would give is simply, go there, and judge of its beauties instead of reading about them.

From Tintagel, Bossiney, St. Nighton's Kieve, Trevenna, and Boscastle are easily reached. At the former place are unusually high earthworks of great antiquity. The waterfall at St. Nighton's Kieve is really beautiful; it is divided into two parts, a natural arch crossing the lowest fall; here, too, will be pointed out the ruins of a cottage, in which years ago two old ladies lived and died secluded from the world; no one knew why or wherefore: their history has remained to this day a mystery, and they are still spoken of as "The Ladies of Llangollen."

On the road to Boscastle, about two miles from Tintagel, Forrabury Church is passed with its silent tower, the peal of bells destined for it being lost at sea within sight of the church many years ago. Lovers of the supernatural say that on wild stormy nights like that on which the ship containing them went down, the bells are heard pealing mournfully beneath the angry waves—this story, told one on that wild and storm-riven coast, not being received with the disbelief it might be elsewhere.

Artists have made the outer world acquainted with the beauties of Boscastle. The harbour is especially picturesque; it has a small pier, affording protection for vessels; but if there is any sea on, it is a matter of no small difficulty to make this harbour; the want of adequate harbourage along this portion of the coast is greatly felt, there being no safe places for vessels in distress to run for.

One of the many singular-looking rocks in the neighbourhood is called "The Lady's Window," and is certainly worth seeing. The village of Boscastle is of the straggling order, situated at the extreme end of the deep, narrow, inland-running creek.

The view on page 424 gives an excellent idea of the primitive quaintness of the place. "The Wellington" is the best hotel, and lodgings are to be had; but the accommodation is somewhat limited, and should, if possible, be arranged for beforehand. All that now remains of the ancient Castle of Bottreaux (from which Boscastle derives its name) is a mound, the ruins of the old fortress having quite disappeared.

The Delabole slate quarries, which have been worked ever since the time of Queen Elizabeth, and are apparently quite inexhaustible, should be looked over before leaving this part of the world, as they are very interesting; and Slaughter Bridge may also come in for its share of attention. Its name it has through tradition acquired from the battle which took place there between King Arthur and his nephew Mordred, in which both were slain.

With Bude my coasting-tour ends. Much that is of interest lying inland has naturally been passed over without mention; to visit the places named would amply fill the tourist's holiday-time, even if it extended to two or three months instead of one; for the desire to linger a few days here, and a few days there, is sure to be indulged in, for it takes time to really enjoy the beauties of the Cornish coast.

A. E. F. ELIOT-JAMES.



A "Mauvais Quart d'Heure."

I WAS one evening presiding over a happy party of young people, my guests, who had trooped into my sitting-room to partake of that pleasant and movable feast, a five o'clock tea. We were all thoroughly at home with each other, most of the individuals present being cousins, and all of them near relations to myself. Some had just returned from riding, others from driving or walking, and all seemed bent upon half an hour's unconstrained, unconventional comfort. One damsel had thrown herself at full length upon the sofa, two others sat upon cushions placed for that purpose in front of the fire, while the young men were sprawling about—as young men will—in different attitudes, indicative of each one's peculiar stage of fatigue or laziness. Candles and lamps had been discarded, and the firelight alone illumined the room. Suddenly one of the young girls addressed me in a coaxing tone, thus :—

"Dear Aunty Madge, do tell us a story!"

"A story!" I exclaimed; "and, pray, what about?"

"A ghost story," exclaimed a chorus of young voices.

"Oh, no! I never tell ghost stories, although I know a good many, but——"

"Well," persisted the first speaker, "tell us *something* —something truly dreadful and dreadfully true!"

"Would you like me to tell you something that really happened to myself years ago?"

"Oh, yes; better than anything else."

"Very well. Poke the fire into a blaze—so, and now, if you are all ready I will begin; and remember that what I am going to tell you is really and literally true.

"Some years ago I took to the strange habit of rising early—but very, very early I mean—and taking a solitary country walk. This would not have been such a strange thing to do, had the hour been less unconventionally early, and had I confined my pedestrian feats to the summer time; but this I did not do. Winter and summer were alike to me then, and at both seasons I invariably rose at four o'clock and was out of the house before five; and I need hardly remind you that at that hour, in the winter, it is quite dark, unless, of course, there should be a moon.

"Some of you, no doubt, are saying to yourselves, 'What a foolish old woman to leave her comfortable warm bed at such an unheard-of hour, instead of waiting, like a sensible person, to go out in the daytime!'

"Ah! foolish it may have been, and, as it turned out, it certainly was; but the habit did not originate in my case from caprice. It arose from a wretched restlessness of mind and body, the effects of a great sorrow —the greatest, in my opinion, that can befall any woman, especially a young one, as I was then. Some of you here know to what I allude, so I need not enter into the circumstances, beyond saying briefly that on one wretched winter's morning, as the clocks were striking five, a blow fell upon me, shattering all my earthly hopes of future happiness.

"For months afterwards I could not sleep, and I used to lie restlessly, feverishly tossing about in my bed, morbidly recalling and living over again each particular incident of the awful night which preceded my trouble, dreading also to hear the ruthless clock chime out the fatal hour; and after it had done so, my agitation and distress would reach such a pitch, that nothing could quiet me.

"At last I conceived the plan of rising early from my weary, sleepless couch, dressing hastily, and being out and far away before the dreaded moment should arrive. God grant that none of you may ever experience the torture I did then, only to find out, too, how impossible it is to run away from oneself.

"My home at that time was in Scotland. I lived in a dear old house which was poised, like a bird, upon a rock, and literally hung over the sea, the silver spray dashing ceaselessly against its windows. On one side of the house there was a good-sized old-fashioned garden, laid out in terraces down to the sea, and not a quarter of a mile distant from the other side was a thick firwood. It was into this wood that I generally strayed of a morning, and, sitting upon one of the felled trees—of which there were always a number lying prone upon the ground—I would watch the daylight gradually appearing, and the sun rising grandly out of the sea. After the sun had fairly risen I always hastened homewards, so as to avoid meeting any early risers who might be about the place; and the rest of the day I would shut myself up with my books and music, a prey to harrowing memories. I cannot defend my worse than useless life at this time. My grief was selfish, and, therefore, all the harder to bear, for God has taught me since that there is no such comfort in sorrow as that of seeking to comfort others.

"There were no gentlemen's places near my home; consequently, no neighbours, no visitors ever molested me. But not many miles distant there existed an old melancholy-looking mansion, called Mornington, which had been uninhabited for many years, but latterly, to the great annoyance of the farmers and small gentry around, it had been let to a Dr. Sterndale, who kept an establishment for incurable lunatics.

"Everything, however, seemed to go on quietly enough there; the unhappy patients never, apparently, venturing beyond the park, which was shut in by large iron gates. These were always locked, but now and then passers-by caught glimpses through them of gaunt strangely-attired figures, and sometimes, though rarely, of pale anxious-looking faces peering through the iron-work.

"There was a dilapidated lodge at the entrance gates, surrounded by what years ago had been a garden, but

now it was choked up by overgrown shrubs, evergreens, which seemed vainly straggling and struggling, out of kindly delicacy, to hide their old friend's broken windows and unhinged doors! Certainly this lodge had an uncanny appearance, and the report had once been spread (a ridiculously false one, of course) that it was at times used as a 'dead-house;' for no living person was ever seen to enter the door, no smoke to issue from the chimney, and when Dr. Sterndale drove out in his lumbering coach, which he did now and again, accompanied by some of his most favoured patients, he invariably opened the lodge gates himself and carefully relocked them, thus requiring no aid from a lodge-keeper.

"The doctor's vehicle, just mentioned, rather struck awe, I found, in the simple villager mind; for my gardener related that one day as it was coming towards him, he saw it suddenly shut itself up with a loud snap. 'For all the wor-r-rld,' said the man timorously, 'like a lar-rge mouth, gulping down the *puir* folk who were inside.' In vain I assured him that this phenomenon was simply the result of some clever inside mechanism; he and the country people became superstitiously alarmed; and this sentiment was by no means lessened when the gardener proceeded to give further details. He stated that at the moment the carriage passed him, one of the blinds, which had been hastily drawn down, was violently pushed aside by a large white hand covered with glittering rings; that then a face was thrust forward, making horrid grimaces and gesticulations; but that both head and hands hastily disappeared with a jerk, as though the individual who claimed them had been forcibly dragged back. The blind was then replaced, but it shook exceedingly, as if some struggle were going on behind it; then the carriage passed by, vanishing in a cloud of dust.

"I laughed at the story to some, and endeavoured to explain it simply to others; but finding it was impossible to stem the torrent of obstinacy or ignorance, or both, I left the matter alone.

"That the lunatics were of a dangerous class I had often heard it said, but such a report would be sure, I thought, to get afloat, were it true or the reverse; and as Mornington was a long way from my house (it was quite a mile the other side of the fir-wood, which itself was nearly a mile broad) I did not trouble myself about such tales. My maid, however, who had lived years with me, constantly implored me to be less venturesome in my morning walks; but I felt no fear—the greatest calamity that could befall me had come, so I was callous about anything else.

"Well, one morning late in the autumn, having been more restless than usual during the previous night, I got up earlier even than was my wont, and after a brisk walk found myself in the very heart of the wood. I knew exactly where I was, for a seat had been placed there to mark the centre-point. It was one of the (then) new-fashioned double seats, upon which people sit back to back, and just as I reached it I heard a village clock strike five, and for the first time in my life (I knew not why) when I realised my distance from home, and the earliness of the hour, a shudder came over me, and the fact that the place was very lonely, and that I was only a weak woman and utterly defenceless, forced itself unpleasantly upon me. I determined, however, to pooh-pooh my fears, to pull myself together, and to persuade myself that I was not afraid.

"'It is the weather,' I said, 'which has unnerved me;' and certainly it was not reassuring.

"It was a fitful morning; there had been a good deal of rain during the night, accompanied by wild gusts of wind. Heavy black and white clouds were hurrying across the sky, and seemed to chase the terrified and fugitive moon. She was at her full, and at one moment her bright and almost blinding beams would pierce through the waving trees, casting strange unearthly shadows around; and at the next, she and the shuddering wood would be enveloped in a funeral pall of inky blackness. The effect was weird in the extreme, and during one of the moments of sudden obscurity, I sank down on the seat spellbound, looking up at the sky with a beating heart, and longing for the next appearance of the rolling moon. One angry cloud had already released her, but I saw that yet another must pass over her face before her blessed light could reappear, and it was the strangest cloud I ever beheld, being the exact shape of a man's hand, with one long bony finger stretched out (I fancied) in warning. The moon seemed to roll slowly and painfully between the fingers, looking very pale and faint the while; but at last, with a bound, she emerged from the shadows, shining with a wild and happy brightness, as though rejoicing to escape from the clutch of the hand.

"I also was inexpressibly relieved, and rose quickly from my seat, intending to hurry home; but how can I paint the amazement, the horror I felt, when I perceived I was no longer alone! Another human being had silently—with cat-like steps—arrived during the darkness; a MAN was sitting on the seat, on the further end of the other side! His face was turned away, but his appearance was so peculiarly alarming that my heart stood still; for at a glance I 'took in' the situation.

"'An escaped lunatic!' I thought, 'and my only chance of safety is to brave it out!'

"As these thoughts darted through my brain, the man slowly, very slowly, turned his head, and looked deliberately at me. Oh, that look! Never, to my dying day, shall I forget it! I see it now! Everything most terrifying, most sinister, most repulsive was in that look. Audacity, cowardice, insolence, malice—all, all these were there, and above all, and through them all—madness!

"The man was deadly pale, or the struggling dawn (which was just silvering the horizon) made him appear so. His eyes were frightfully bloodshot, his teeth were large and very white, and there was a light froth upon his lips, which had the blue-grey appearance of a corpse! He wore a long 'Ulster' coat, buttoned from his throat to his feet, and a tumbled white collar appeared above it, giving me the impression that he must have escaped from his bed, and in his night-gear. What alarmed me almost more than anything (if anything

could be more alarming than everything was) was the fact that a centre button of the coat, at the waist, was unbuttoned, and in the aperture thus formed, one of the man's hands was thrust, and I kept asking myself—

"'What is he hiding there? a pistol, a knife, or what?'

"Feeling my extreme helplessness, and how entirely I was, humanly speaking, at the mercy of a madman, I sent up a silent prayer to the All-Powerful God—a cry for help—for wisdom how to act; and on looking back now, I can see how wonderfully my ejaculatory prayer was instantly answered, for I felt suddenly impelled by a discretion (not my own) not to run, or even walk away; but to re-seat myself with the greatest apparent calmness.

"This act seemed to surprise—to please the man, for he smiled, and, to my unspeakable terror, slid slowly along the seat till he came close to me, although still on the other side. I felt his shoulder touch mine—but I dared not shrink from the contact—then he bent his head back till it rested on my veil; his fœtid breath mingling with mine, while he peered, insolently, mockingly, into my face. After a few moments (which appeared hours to me), during which he intently scanned my features, while I, God helping me, tried to meet his gaze bravely, he said deliberately, and evidently watching the effect of his words:—

"'I saw you coming into the wood; I hid behind a tree, and then—I followed you. When the moon shone out I hid again, and touched your gown as you passed; but you didn't know. Ha! ha! funny, isn't it? Then, when it got dark again, I crept up to the seat; and when you sat down, I did so too. Why shouldn't I? I have as much right here as you. I say' (coming a trifle nearer, and putting his horrid mouth close to my ear), 'we are *quite alone in the wood*—you and I! Nice, isn't it? *Are you afraid*—eh?'

"'No,' I answered boldly; 'why should I be afraid? We are not alone, as you suppose, for——'

"'Eh?' said he, nervously looking round; then, in a whisper, 'Who is here besides us?'

"'God!' I answered clearly and firmly. 'He is here; He is stronger than I—or you; and He takes care of us both.'

"He looked hard at me, and I looked back fearlessly (apparently) at him, resolved that my glance should not be the first to falter. At last—after a deadly but silent battle between his will and mine—his eyes quailed and fell; and I knew instinctively that I had gained a victory, for he fidgeted uneasily on the seat, and turned his head away, while I breathed more freely.

"After a short silence he said in a hoarse whisper, as though afraid of being overheard—

"'I say, I can't sleep, that's why I come out so early. My servants' (with a wave of the hand, and the assumption of a 'grand seigneur') 'have their orders always to keep my breakfast hot!' Then, with a howl of bitter distress, he cried out, 'Oh, oh! If I only could sleep! I would give kingdoms to sleep!'

"It is remarkable that as he gave utterance to this bitter cry, in spite of the deadly fear I felt, and of the almost certainty that I should never live to tell this tale, a mighty sympathy arose in my heart for the wretched maniac; for did I not know, as well almost as he, the agony of sleeplessness?

"I therefore said, kindly and pityingly—

"'How strange! I, too, cannot sleep!'

"Looking at me with a world of despair in his face, he said—

"'Is it *a curse?*' Then rocking himself to and fro on the seat, he moaned out, 'Oh, what—what shall I do to sleep?'

"There was such a ring of anguish in his tones that my heart bled for him, and I said gently—

"'Oh! try what I have tried—that which is after all the only comfort, waking or sleeping!'

"'What's that?' he said eagerly.

"'Pray!' I said.

"'Oh!' he answered wearily, 'I have prayed, but God won't hear me. How *can* He, when He is up there'—pointing to the sky—'and I am in that hell?'

"'But He *does* hear,' I said solemnly, and as to a child. 'He sees and hears everything, He sees you and me here—now, He knew we should meet this morning, and He it is who teaches me to say to you, pray! Tell Him, when lying on your restless bed—just as you have told me—that you can't sleep, that you suffer, that you are unhappy, that——' I was going on, when my companion suddenly started up, and looking uneasily around, whispered, 'Hush! hark!'

"He seemed to listen eagerly, and then, with an expression in his face of intense hatred, gradually and cautiously drew the hand, hitherto concealed, out of his breast. A deadly sickness seized me, for my worst fears were realised, when I beheld the light of the dawning day gleam upon the blade of a murderous-looking knife; but a ray of hope was at the same moment vouchsafed to me, for following with my eyes the direction of his—oh, joy! two horsemen were apparent through the trees, trotting slowly along a grassy pathway generally only used by foot-passengers, and each carried a ready-cocked pistol and seemed in eager search.

"Of course I knew they were on the track of the wretched man at my side, and although they were quite within hail, I dared not either call or make them a sign, feeling convinced that had I done either, the knife would have been plunged into my bosom, for I perceived the maniac was watching me narrowly, and he evidently meant to sell his liberty dearly.

"Had the horsemen seen us? I wondered, in an agony of hope and fear; but I dared not move, and words would utterly fail me to express my sensations when I suddenly saw my miserable companion start to his feet, brandishing the knife, and, leaving his side of the seat, come towards mine. I was preparing, as a last resource, to scream and run for my life, when, to my amazement, instead of attacking me, the poor wretch threw himself on his knees at my feet, trembling like a leaf, and, burying his face in my lap (I had never relinquished my seat), said, in a hurried and imploring whisper—

"'Save me from those two men! They did not see

me. For the love of God don't give me up to them! You are good and kind, and are sorry for me, and you have told me to pray; so now I pray God and I pray you, don't, don't give me up!'

"For an instant he remained motionless, with his face buried in my lap, and I really don't know what folly my womanly impulse of intense sympathy might not have tempted me to commit, had I not at that instant caught sight of the knife which he still grasped tightly in his hand. I shuddered as I saw it, and he must have felt me do so, for, raising his head quickly and putting his awful face close to mine, he muttered fiercely and half to himself, 'She doesn't look true. Oh, if I thought she would betray me!'

"Now, certainly, I thought, my last hour must be come; but, in spite of my desperation, I managed to say calmly and in an authoritative whisper—

"'Hush! be quiet, or they will hear you! They will soon have passed, and then you shall come home with me.' ('Oh, God!' I thought, 'did the horsemen see us?')

"He crouched down obediently like a child, hiding his face on my knees; and once more I cried for Divine assistance in my awful need, and again my prayer was answered, for, on looking despairingly across the wood, I saw, within thirty or forty yards of us, and behind the unfortunate man on his knees, the same two men who had passed by on horseback. So they had seen us, and help was at hand at last; they were creeping towards us, and making signs to me not to move, so as to give them time to approach. I leant, therefore, over the wretched maniac, gently stroking his hair, and speaking soothingly to him, telling him 'for his life not to rise or show himself, not to move till the men were gone.' So he knelt on, with his head buried in my lap and trembling with fear. I must confess that at this moment I hated myself and felt a very Delilah, for the poor fellow began to stammer forth a few disjointed words from the Lord's Prayer. But what—what could I do?

"And the men kept coming on silently and stealthily, nearer, closer, till at last one of them sprang forward and threw some kind of cloth over the madman's head, while his companion placed gyves upon his wrists, and then—then I saw the hideous knife fall harmlessly to the ground! I know not to this day when it happened, but before (I suppose) the cloth had quite blinded the astonished maniac, and in the struggle that followed, he bit my hand nearly to the bone (I have the mark now, and always shall have it), but so excited was I that I never even felt the wound till, on my way home, I saw the blood.

"It is not easy for me to describe what I felt when, after the keepers had uncovered the poor wretch's face, and were leading him away, cowed and manacled (but not subdued), he looked witheringly at me, and said between his teeth—

"'God's bitterest curse upon you, for you cheated me with your prayers and lying words, and I trusted you, and you betrayed me!'

"Then came a string of imprecations, in the midst of which the keepers hurried him into a vehicle which was following, and they drove away.

"My story is done. How I got home I know not; I was more dead than alive, and for weeks that awful face, those bitter curses, and the cry—'I trusted you, and you betrayed me!'—haunted me; and on every anniversary of that day I rise at the exact hour, and on my knees pray God to bless, protect, and comfort him (should he still be living), and all wretched beings like him, whose humanity is shattered, and their lives—a living death!"

WILHELMINA MUNSTER.

The Birch-Tree at Loeschwitz.

AT Loeschwitz above the city
The air is sunny and chill;
The birch-trees and the pine-trees
Grow thick upon the hill.

Lone and tall, with silver stem,
A birch-tree stands apart;
The passionate wind of spring-time
Stirs in its leafy heart.

I lean against the birch-tree,
My arms around it twine;
It pulses, and leaps, and quivers
Like a human heart to mine.

One moment I stand, then sudden
Let loose mine arms that cling:
O God! the lonely hillside,
The passionate wind of spring!

AMY LEVY.



Specimens of Combs from South Kensington Museum.

Combs.

THERE is always a fascination in trying to trace the origin of things. It gives a pleasant feeling of expectancy, and confers upon inquiry a laudable air of precision, when we set about a task and say, "Well, now, let's begin from the very beginning"—as if that were not precisely the thing we never can manage to do.

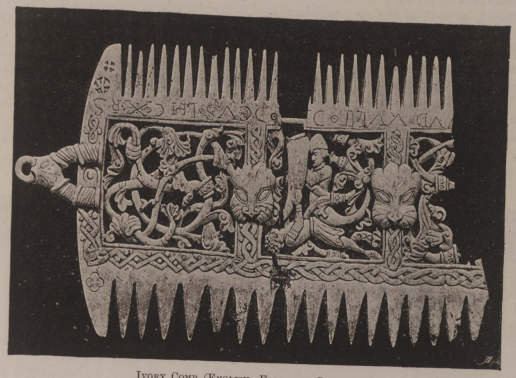
In a curious little book called "The Stars and the Earth," edited by the late Richard Proctor, an attempt was made to convey to the mind a conception of Omniscience; and amongst other calculations founded upon the time required by light to travel, it was shown that at some point in the universe the presentment of our world as it existed centuries ago would be discernible to-day. Assuming the possibility of such a power granted to a human being to transport himself thither, to see and grasp the meaning of what he saw, what a flood of light might be let in upon obscure passages in the world's history, and what a bad quarter of an hour might ensue for the historian! The thought is a daring one—perhaps "mair curious than edifying," as an aged Scotchwoman remarked of a theological speculation of the same character; for too many conditions are lacking to put such calculations to proof, however helpful the result might be to the interests of science.

In searching for the origin of material objects the articles of common use are the hardest to discover, since they belonged to the childhood of nations which had no written history, and the reason of their existence was so obvious that subsequent records did not mention them at all. As civilisation advanced and conveniences were multiplied, the occasion for the adoption of any particular custom could more easily be traced. Primitive peoples appear to have expended much pains upon personal adornment before they thought of protecting themselves against variations of climate by suitable clothes; paint, feathers, beads, and wooden bodkins being employed for purposes of decoration, as they are still among races that survive in a savage state. One of the first necessities of the toilet must therefore have been a comb for the arrangement of the hair. All early inventions were made to supplement natural means, and were rudely formed upon the natural plan. The strength of the teeth for dividing and tearing the food would suggest a similar instrument for separating the locks and making them pliable, while the form of the hand passing through the hair would give the idea of placing the prongs at regular distances. At the present day the lower-class women of India may still be seen dressing their hair by this natural method—viz., with the fingers.

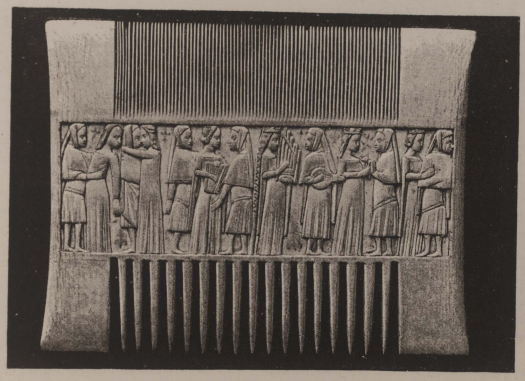
The oldest specimens of combs preserved in the British Museum belong to the period of the Second Egyptian dynasty; they are made of wood, with coarse teeth rather wide apart; where there is only a single row there is a rough attempt to carve the back into a semblance of a sacred animal, such as the Cow of Athor or Goddess of Beauty. The formation of one specimen, in bone, six-pronged and rudely cut at the edges, suggests that it was worn as an ornament for the hair. If that were the case, it is curious that the fashion was allowed to lapse for so many centuries, for from that time to the Middle Ages there is no evidence to show that decorative combs were in use.

The Greeks were specially fastidious in the arrangement of their hair, and the Spartans, whose general habits were more severe, were no whit behind them in the care lavished upon it, calling it, very shrewdly, the cheapest of ornaments, and before proceeding to battle the combing and dressing of their locks partook of all the

solemnity of a religious rite. Before the battle of Thermopylæ, Leonidas and his followers were discovered by the Persian spy in the performance of this act. That it was in some way associated with preparation for the worship of the gods among the Romans also is evidenced by the presence of combs in the *Cista*, or cylindrical vase with a covered lid, which contained the articles used during the rites of Ceres and Bacchus. It is at this period, among the relics of Greece and Rome, that we expect to find traces of decorative combs to fix or hold in its place the *cormynbus*, or still more graceful Grecian knot; but, except for a single mention by Ovid of a *crinale* (comb of convex form), which appeared to fit the back of the head and hold the hair loosely (perhaps while bathing), there is, as before stated, no trace of its adoption. The favourite ornament of the Roman beauty was undoubtedly the bodkin, the pin long and pointed, widening at the top, and carved with the figure of Fortuna or some other favourite goddess. It was occasionally arranged to contain poison, and put to tragic



IVORY COMB (ENGLISH, ELEVENTH CENTURY).
(*British Museum.*)

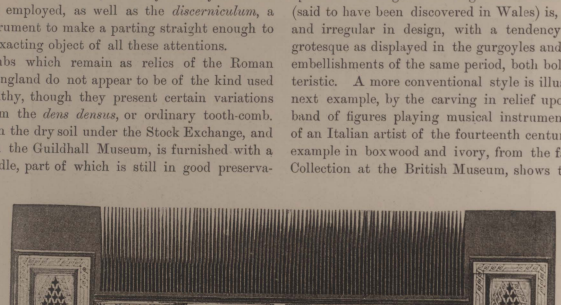


IVORY COMB (ITALIAN, FOURTEENTH CENTURY).
(*South Kensington Museum.*)

uses, or answered the more ignoble purpose of a weapon to torment the slaves who assisted at the difficult function of the toilet. To prepare the hair, and skilfully blend the false with the true, a variety of ivory and bone combs were employed, as well as the *discerniculum*, a pointed instrument to make a parting straight enough to satisfy the exacting object of all these attentions.

The combs which remain as relics of the Roman period in England do not appear to be of the kind used by the wealthy, though they present certain variations in form from the *dens densus*, or ordinary tooth-comb. One found in the dry soil under the Stock Exchange, and preserved in the Guildhall Museum, is furnished with a wooden handle, part of which is still in good preservation. The Saxons, though they appear after their successful invasion to have made progress in trade and agriculture, and imported gold, silver, and precious stones, were not refined in their personal habits; and when they in their turn were invaded by the Danes they expressed surprise at the effeminacy of their conquerors, who "combed their hair once a day, bathed once a week, and often changed their attire." There are curious little stories scattered amongst the graver history of these restless peoples illustrative of the personal vanity of their heroes; for example, the story of Harold Harfayre, who made a vow to his mistress that he would neither comb nor care for his cherished hair till he had completed the conquest of Norway for her love; and again, the story of the noble Danish warrior taken in battle, who begged of his executioner that his hair might not be touched by a slave or stained with his blood.

From the time of the Norman Conquest, and throughout the Middle Ages, combs in ordinary use were still coarse and large in the teeth, though people of the better sort took pride in having them beautifully carved and chased. They would appear to be somewhat unwieldy, owing to their size; but as examples of work in ivory and wood they are of great interest and beauty. A specimen of English carving in the eleventh century (said to have been discovered in Wales) is, though rough and irregular in design, with a tendency towards the grotesque as displayed in the gurgoyles and architectural embellishments of the same period, both bold and characteristic. A more conventional style is illustrated in our next example, by the carving in relief upon ivory of a band of figures playing musical instruments—the work of an Italian artist of the fourteenth century; while the example in boxwood and ivory, from the famous Sloane Collection at the British Museum, shows the perfection



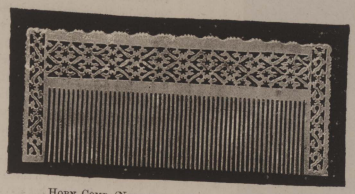
COMB OF BOXWOOD AND IVORY (FRENCH, FIFTEENTH CENTURY).
(*Sloane Collection, British Museum.*)

of detail attained in France in mediæval times in the decoration of utilitarian combs. In the Cotton MS. there is a quaint print, to illustrate the English translation of a French work, "Le Pélerinage de la Vie humaine." The pilgrim comes to the Lady Agyographe, who is represented as dealing in "Mercerye," the articles included in that category, as shown on the table before her, being mirrors, rude tooth-combs, and two horse-combs with handles:—

> "Quod sche Geve I shall the tell,
> Mercerye I have to selle,
> Kombes mo than nine or ten,
> Bothe ffor horse and eke ffor men."

In the well-known Flemish legend of "Reynard the Fox," there is a fanciful description of a priceless comb, such an one as never existed in fact, but so temptingly are its perfections detailed that it is easy to understand how readily the Queen was deceived into wishing to possess it:—"The comb was made of the bone of a noble beast, called Panthera, which lives between the Greater Indies and earthly Paradise. It resembles fine

silver; the teeth are small and straight, and between the great teeth and the small there is engraven many an image very cunningly wrought and enamelled about with fine gold. The field is chequered with sables and silver, and therein is contained the story how Venus, Juno, and Pallas contended for the golden ball upon Mount Ida, and how Paris was to present it to the fairest of them." So much care was lavished upon these articles of ordinary use, to make them beautiful objects of art, that they were not thought unworthy of bearing religious as well as allegorical designs, such a scene as the martyrdom of St. Catherine being chosen as subject for carving in ivory upon the mounting of a comb. Great nicety of workmanship was attained in Nuremberg by artificers in horn, a medium admitting of an elegance and lightness in design which surprises us now that the occupation of a horner has become almost a lost industry. There are examples of the same kind of work, though with different treatment, to be found among the products of India at a very early period. So fragile are they that they seem fit only for the use of some lovely Eastern princess, such as the incomparable Lalla Rookh, beloved of the Poet-King of Bucharia.



HORN COMB (NUREMBERG, SIXTEENTH CENTURY).
(South Kensington Museum.)

Save for the long-handled combs carved into the image of a goddess, Oriental designs are more remarkable for intricacy of pattern than for any quality of imagination, while the square shape common to all countries is retained. A beautiful tortoise-shell case, containing combs engraved, or rather scratched as with an ordinary sharp-pointed pin, will show that the wealthier residents in Jamaica indulged a taste for decoration in the details of their toilet appointments (p. 434).

Returning to England, we note again with surprise that though the highest point of excellence in the embellishment of combs had been reached, yet they were called upon to minister to the most inartistic results as far as their ordinary use was concerned. The record of woman's costume till the beginning of the seventeenth century presents a long panorama of lamentable ugliness; and if this be true, with certain reservations, of the dress, it is beyond question true of the arrangement of the hair, which was neither allowed to flow freely nor to serve its right purpose as an ornament to the head. The climax of absurdity was reached in the reign of Elizabeth, when piles of feathers, ribbons, and jewels were propped up on wires and skewers, and so arranged as to last for a week or a fortnight. "I consent," said a writer of the century, with resignation, "to the fashion of curling the hair so that it may stand a month without combing, but I bar every application to those foreign artists who advertise that they have the secret of making up a lady's hair for a quarter of a year!" In the time of Charles I. and II. a little more freedom was allowed to the locks, though for occasions of great ceremony French fashions were adopted and French absurdities added to their own. "From Paris the *très fine* procure Catembue combs in pulvil case," as the sedate and reliable John Evelyn tells us in his Diary; and a host of other writers, in later times, inveighed against the senseless and unlovely practice of overloading the head. "Should an antique beauty now revive," said the Citizen of the World, "her face would certainly be put under the destiny of the tweezer, forehead-cloth, and lead-comb before it could be seen in public company."



MOUNTING OF A COMB, REPRESENTING THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. CATHERINE (ITALIAN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY).
(South Kensington Museum.)

It is not till we come to the end of the last century

that we find high tortoise-shell combs replacing the heavy head-dress, and adopted with special fitness as an ornament to the hair. They had been used previously in



TORTOISE-SHELL COMB-CASE (JAMAICA, 1673).
(*South Kensington Museum.*)

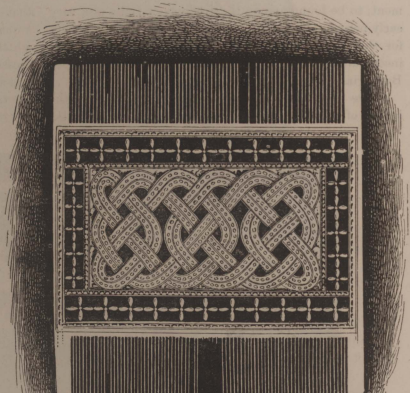
Italy, Spain, and in the Spanish dependencies, but the date of their introduction is unknown. Many women are still proud to possess examples of those worn by their grandmothers, which, though too grandiose for modern taste, are well made, well finished, and frequently graceful in shape. The Spanish comb, in the left-hand corner of the group which heads this article, is an elaborate arrangement of fern-leaves and flowers perforated upon finely-beaten tortoise-shell, or rather turtle-shell, which, as being more perfect in quality and colour, is selected for the purpose. Modern Italian combs, worn by the Neapolitan and Sardinian peasantry, are strikingly picturesque but meretricious in character. They are usually silver-gilt, with open-work ridges edged with rows of cut garnets or coral.

In China—that curious country that is at once conservative and progressive—examples may be seen of combs in the most rudimentary form—*i.e.*, a row of wooden spikes strung together and tricked out with beads such as must have been in use for thousands of years, together with as exquisitely-moulded specimens in tortoise-shell, as the harmonious design in relief of a shapely vase, bird, and flowers which occupies the centre of our heading. The Japanese, who have distinguished themselves by the delicacy and finish of their work, in a style peculiar to their conceptions of art, can exhibit unique examples of what may be done in the embellishment of combs. The space to be decorated being small, they never select a set subject, and seldom a group of objects, but choose rather a single flower, a trail of leaves, a bird, or a butterfly, applied in tinted bronze, in lacquer, or in glass.

It would not be easy to quit the subject of combs without referring to the sailor's fateful vision of the mermaid. Throughout the ages it has been recorded in romance and in song. Homer tells of the nine Syrens who dwelt on an island between Acaia and the rock of Scylla, and by their sweet voices tempted the mariner to his doom. They are supposed to have engaged in a contest with the Muses, by whom they were defeated and deprived of their wings, but not, it would appear, of their power to do mischief. They are always represented as combing their hair or playing on the harp. The Spirit in Milton's "Comus" conjures Sabrina, Queen of the Waves,

> "By fair Ligea's golden comb,
> Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
> Sleeking her soft alluring locks."

In the Rhine legend of the Lorelei, it is "Mit goldenem Kamme sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar;" but Tennyson prefers a more fragile substance for this fascinating purpose :—



IVORY COMB (GOA, SIXTEENTH CENTURY).
(*India Museum.*)

> "With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair,
> And still as I combed I would sing, and say,
> 'Who is it loves me? Who loves not me?'
> I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall
> Low adown, low adown."

ANNIE GLEN.

Shakespeare's Mother.

AMID the tens of millions of human beings born on this planet, there has been as yet only one Shakespeare. Of poets we have had many; of scholars and sages we can count a goodly muster-roll; but the one supreme Master-mind that has absorbed into itself the wisdom of past and future, and that to this very day preaches and prophesies in brief and pregnant utterances fatefully fitted to the present hour, is Shakespeare's, and Shakespeare's alone. It matters nothing that he lived three hundred years ago—what he wrote for the world then, applies to it now with most wondrous exactitude, and why? Because he knew how to touch and probe the innermost core of the human Heart — that heart which never changes, though manners and customs change —the strong yet frail heart of man, with all its joys and sorrows, virtues and errors. Projecting himself on wings of boundless thought through the illimitable future, Shakespeare grasped this absolute undeniable fact — the Oneness of Humanity — and for this Humanity he poured forth all the wealth of his majestic genius. He permeates literature everywhere, as the water permeates the land. He is like some gigantic god, who, though his head be pillowed royally among the largest stars, still holds the small earth in one giant hand with a grasp that is both friendly and familiar. His name has served, and will continue to serve, as starting-point and winning-post to students in the race for learning; his works afford inexhaustible fields for speculative theory, scholarly discussion, and ever-new controversy. Men have devoted their lives to editing and annotating his plays, or translating them into foreign tongues; and who shall count the number of actors who have sworn themselves, body and soul, to his service? Willing slaves all such toilers are—slaves like those of Aladdin, who start up obediently at the slightest rub given to the ring or the lamp of their great Master's wizard fancy. And, not accepting timely warning from the fate of poor crazy Delia Bacon, are there not still some self-deluded monomaniacs striving even now to obtain ill-savoured notoriety by attempts to prove that Lord Bacon—not William Shakespeare—was the author of the great plays which contain in condensed form nearly all the philosophy and learning of the world? As if the coldly brilliant and astute scholar who gave us his measured and unsympathetic "Essay on Love" could have called into life the wild romance and pathetic passion of such an idyll as *Romeo and Juliet!* Yet with all the hubbub of admiration, criticism, speculation, detraction, denial, and general discursiveness that for ever surges like a sea round the uplifted throne of the Poet-King, few, if any, give a thought to Her from whom he derived his being—few care to remember or realise the time when he, the superb magician, whose lightest touch should waken a whole world's laughter or weeping, even he was nothing more than a helpless, frail, crying infant, entirely dependent for health, for food, for good, for evil, upon his Mother—that mother round whose sacred head the reverence of mankind should surely place an aureole of fadeless glory. Mary Arden, a simple English maiden of the olden time—a girl whose life must have been as sweet and pure as that of any wild rose blowing in her own Warwickshire lanes—was elected to this high honour, to be the mother of the greatest Poet that ever lived,—to watch the growth and uprising of one of the grandest souls that ever dwelt in perishable clay. How all unconscious of her destiny was she when plain John Shakespeare in the summer of 1557 roamed by her side in the wooded walks of Wilmecot, and wooed her in the frank old English fashion that said "*I love you!*" without stint or subterfuge, and that was not ashamed of the graceful and expressive word "*sweetheart*," an epithet that has long ago dropped out of use with us; for nowadays we soar higher, and are more fastidious in the choice of our terms of endearment. Even the London bootblack calls the female friend who walks out with him on Sundays "my young lady," and scorns to admit that he is more than "spoons" on her! Things were on a more primitive footing three hundred years ago, and "Master John Shakespeare, *a gentleman of good figure and fashion*," as the municipal records of Stratford describe him, was in all probability a sturdy, simple-natured fellow, full of that gentle, almost worshipping chivalry which holds in reverence the sacred personality of a sincerely-beloved woman. Some people there are who, by way of ruthlessly cutting out any possible romance concerning Shakespeare's parentage, will insist that the father of the "Swan of Avon" was a butcher, but these would-be prosaic individuals have no credible foundation whatever for their brusque theory. He might, with more correctness, have been a wool-stapler, though there is very little evidence to show even this, save a small device of the arms of the Wool-staplers' Company which was found fixed into one of the windows of his house in Henley Street, Stratford. But coupled with this discovery, it must be remembered that at the time John Shakespeare resided there, one Sir Hugh Clopton, a native of Stratford, and a *wool-stapler*, had become Lord Mayor of London. His neighbours and townsfolk were inordinately proud of the distinction he had attained—so much so that they even prized his heraldic insignia, and many of them copied it as a form of ornamentation for their own dwellings. There are some ultra-fashionable people in London who do the same sort of thing now; they will use the three feathers of the Prince of Wales's motto as a "finish" or decoration to a cornice or *portière*, though they have nothing whatever to do with the Heir-Apparent. So that the circumstance of the wool-stapler's device having formed part of

the scroll-work of a window in the house of John Shakespeare is scarcely sufficient to prove that he himself was of that trade. But, whatever his business or profession, he seems to have been a man of prominent social standing. He possessed a small estate in the county of Warwickshire—land which had been bestowed on one of his ancestors by Henry VII. when that monarch was plain Earl of Richmond. It is well known and authenticated that he served his town as High Bailiff of the Borough, or Mayor of Stratford, and, considering these facts, one would hardly be inclined to doubt that he was of reputable birth and position, and, moreover, endowed with something above the average in the way of education and intelligence. Then, too, a common butcher would scarcely have been permitted to pay lover-like addresses to a young lady such as Mary Arden, the *undoubted* descendant of a gentleman's family, and an heiress in her own right. Even in these degenerate days the well-to-do father of a promising girl would probably hesitate before rashly accepting a butcher for his son-in-law, though the said butcher might represent himself as another Claimant. And there can be no question whatever respecting the honourable status of Mary Arden. She came of an aristocratic house, the Ardens having been counted among the acknowledged "gentry" of Warwickshire from the time of Henry VI. Those rash and unthinking persons who, for some occult reason known only to themselves, delight in believing Shakespeare to be of entirely plebeian origin, would do well to study the annals of the Arden family before jumping to erroneous conclusions. Robert Arden, Mary's father, was the son of that Arden who served as First Groom of the Chamber to Henry VII.—a noble office only offered to gentlemen of superior education and distinguished manners. Again, one of Robert Arden's cousins, John Arden, was frequently visited at his own house by the King (Henry VII.); and we also find that an Edward Arden, who seems to have been Robert's brother, or, at any rate, some very near relative, served as High Sheriff of the County of Warwick during the year *preceding that in which Mary Arden's husband, John Shakespeare, acted as High Bailiff or Mayor of Stratford.* It may therefore be reasonably presumed that the parents of the great Poet were by no means of low social repute, or deficient in the learning and culture proper to their day. Particularly in the case of Mary Arden, it may be fairly accepted that she was educated as a lady of refinement and delicacy—an education which, for women in those simple times, meant a sound knowledge of religion and its sacred duties, thorough instruction in all the useful details of domestic management, deftness in spinning the household linens, proficiency in all kinds of needlework, a comprehension of and a quick sympathy with the needs of the sick and poor, and, above all, a careful training in those virtues which alone give peace, —truth, humility, patience, modesty, cheerfulness, and obedience. No fitter education could be imagined for the mother of Shakespeare. Not for her were needed the varying distractions of many books in which argumentative or obscure authors strive to differ as much as possible from one another; she was destined to give to the world the man in whose crystal-clear ocean of genius all writers have sunk to their level. Not for her the chaotic confusions of opposite philosophies and theories of belief; she was to be the mother of him whose pure singleness of purpose and devout directness of intention have been the great means of raising him at once and for ever above all human contradictions. Some say that Mary Arden could neither read nor write. This is rather a hasty assertion; but even supposing it to be true, her ignorance (if she was ignorant) can have been but very little disadvantage to her, for, in escaping from reading, her nature had no chance of being swayed to and fro by conflicting ideas; it remained evenly balanced, and contentedly set upon the firm basis of domestic love and peace. And, if she could not write, the times in which she lived did not demand that accomplishment imperatively from ladies, so long as they could spin! But on carefully considering her position among the gentlefolk of her county, it is most probable that she could both read and write; that she was, in all likelihood, even better educated than most of her class; and that it might have been her superiority in this particular that exerted some influence more or less powerful on the mind of her son in early years. As a matter of fact, there was every reason for her specially meriting an extra careful training, for, as mentioned before, she was an heiress. She brought to John Shakespeare, on the day of her marriage with him, an estate called "The Ashbies," consisting of about fifty-four acres of good land, with a residence standing on the property, and two tenement houses with gardens. In addition to this, she had an interest in some lands at Wilmecot, and in two small houses at Snitterfield. We should not call this a mean dowry for any young girl, and recalling the pleasing and satisfactory statement made by one John Oldys of Stratford, who declares that "Mary Arden was verie beautifulle," John Shakespeare must have received the hearty congratulations of all his friends the day he wedded so well-endowed and fair a bride. She was the youngest of Robert Arden's three daughters, and is so identified in his will, dated November 14th, 1556, in which, with her sister Alice, she was appointed his executrix and received the largest share of his inheritance—this arrangement seeming to suggest that she was her father's favourite. I am indebted to the recently-deceased librarian (Mr. Gibson) of the Stratford Shakespeare Memorial for the few facts I have been able to collect concerning the Arden family; and though the information be not extensive, it is, as far as it goes, authentic; and the fact of Mary Arden's good birth and position is borne out by documents that prove it to be incontestably correct. Reverting once more to the butcher theory, though there is no record left to verify what John Shakespeare's business was, I think if we view him by the social standing of the wife he wedded, we shall find it difficult to believe that a girl of her class would have selected a butcher for her husband, when she might have had her choice among any of the gentlemen of the county.

William Shakespeare was his mother's third child, and was born when she was twenty-four years of age. At that time her nature had been softened and chastened by deep sorrow. No doubt as a fresh, unspoiled English

lass, young and healthy, with all the world before her, her temperament had been one of brightness and buoyancy. She lived when this land was known as 'Merrie England," and she could not have experienced much long-enduring grief in the quiet life she must have led before she married John Shakespeare. Lovely, innocent, and passing her time in simple occupations, with the flower-scented Warwickshire air ripening her cheeks and invigorating her system, it may well be imagined that her eyes had never filled with bitterer tears than those shed for a wounded bird or dying butterfly. Gathering posies on May Day, and tying up the neighbours' doors with fragrant garlands, as was the old Mayers' custom in those pleasant days when Spring was Spring indeed, and not, as now, a new phase of winter, it may be that of all the maidens in the vicinity of Stratford, Mary Arden's face was the fairest, her step the lightest, her heart the merriest. As such, with no darker shadow on her mind, and no thought of sorrow, she would have been a fit mother for the man who was to create "the dainty Ariel," the mischievous Puck, the humour of Bottom the weaver, the pretty insolence of Beatrice, the sly pranks of Mistress Ford, and the demure coquettishness of "sweet Anne Page." The description of Perdita's loveliness might possibly have suited her:—

> "This is the prettiest lass that ever
> Ran on the greensward; nothing she does or seems
> But smacks of something greater than herself."

But no human soul is strong without suffering; grief alone can teach the high lessons of earnest purpose and universal sympathy; and Mary Arden, in the full hey-day of youth and impulsive gaiety, was scarcely prepared, mentally speaking, to give to the world a son whose great mind should be able to comprehend the gloomy terrors of Macbeth and the psychological tortures of Hamlet. For it is admitted by all eminent physicians and physiologists, and those who have made *race* and the gifts of heritage their special study, that the mind or intellectual bias of a child is, to a certain degree, formed before it is born, and that its cleverness or stupidity depends in a very great measure upon its mother's disposition; and not only on her disposition, but on her general characteristics and state of mental and bodily health. If this theory, propounded by so many scientists, is at all acceptable, then it was perhaps necessary that Mary Arden should know what sorrow had to teach; and sorrow came. All who have felt what it is to lose two children one after the other by some dire sickness or calamity, can sympathise with the agony that must have been experienced by the young wife of John Shakespeare when the "Reaper whose name is Death" snatched away her two first-born blossoms, the girl-babes Joan and Margaret, who perished in their earliest infancy. How often she must have wended her way to the little plot of earth that covered their tiny fair bodies! How often she must have wept, as only mothers weep, when she thought of the small hearts that had ceased to beat before they could comprehend her love and tenderness! In all probability her married life had been all sunshine till this great loss. Her union with John Shakespeare must have been one of love and happiness, considering all its circumstances; and thus far her path had been strewn with flowers. But with these two little ones, who had, as it were, wearied of life in a moment, had come pain and bitterness, and a feeling akin to despair such as is expressed in the pathetic lines uttered by Constance in *King John*:—

> "Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
> Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
> Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
> Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
> Then have I reason to be fond of grief."

Yet, while all this sorrow was freshly weighing on her mind, there came the dawning of a new hope—a hope that was brought to full fruition on the festival day of St. George, the victorious patron saint of England. William Shakespeare was born—and in that simple fact what a glory for the world! What conflicting emotions must have filled his mother's heart as she clasped this third gift of God in her arms!—continued pain, pity, and regret for those two dead darlings over whose grave the April primroses now blossomed; and irrepressible joy and gratitude to Heaven for the consolation offered to her in the little clinging arms and nestling body of this her first boy. It can easily be imagined what care was taken of the babe, how anxiously both the parents must have wondered whether any carelessness on their parts had inadvertently caused the death of the other infants, and how earnestly Mary must have resolved to omit nothing in her power that could strengthen and preserve the frail life committed to her care. Now, had she lived in these days, she would perhaps have hired a nurse and a perambulator. She might have even yielded to the often unnecessary and unnatural laziness of providing a substitute for herself in the person of some coarse, vulgar-tongued peasant, because she felt disinclined to bring up the child herself, or for the still more pungent reason—a fear of spoiling her figure! She might have procured such an attendant for her son as the mad woman who nearly lost us the "Waverley Novels" by attempting to throw the infant Walter Scott over Salisbury Crags in one of her accesses of mania. She might have given him a "soothing syrup," and dulled his brain by its insidious opiate; but, fortunately for the world, she lived in those old-fashioned times when women did their duty because it lay plain and straight before them, and there was no way out of it by either scientific or fashionable means. She nursed and tended her son herself; she gave him her own nature—a commingling of innocent cheerfulness, tenderness, and pathos; she allowed him the free use of his limbs and lungs; and for nursery and playground he had the fresh green grass of the meadows, where he could fill his baby hands with the wonders of the flower-world which he afterwards described so aptly. The love of Nature's beauty breathes through Shakespeare's lines; trees, flowers, stars, herbs, running brooks, dewdrops on the leaves—all these are used by him, with extraordinary profuseness and ease, to point a simile or to round a speech, showing that he must have been familiar with the sweet secrets of the woodlands from his earliest days

How tenderly he writes of the very commonest field-flowers, of the

"————daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white"!

of the

"————————daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

Five more children were born to John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, and in the early autumn of 1601 the simple-minded, God-fearing father of the family died. And here may be noted the curious prevalence of the number *eight* in the history of the Shakespeares, almost as curious as the fatal number that for ever dodged the footsteps of the first Napoleon. John Shakespeare, as just stated, died in 1601, his wife (who bore him exactly eight children—not ten, as is sometimes stated) died *eight* years after him, William Shakespeare himself died *eight* years after his mother, and his own wife, Anne Hathaway (*eight* years his senior), died *eight* years after himself. This is a mere coincidence, no doubt, yet odd enough in its way. The poet was forty-four when his mother died; therefore it is natural to suppose that she knew something of his marvellous genius, though she might have been unable to foresee his future unapproachable fame. She must have heard of, and she may have read, "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece," the poems for which the Earl of Southampton gave a thousand pounds. She must have known their worth even by this their mercantile value, for it is scarcely likely that her son would have kept such a stroke of good fortune a secret from her, especially as a thousand pounds then was worth much more than it is now. *Romeo and Juliet* and *Richard III.* were printed in 1597; and it is pleasant to think that perhaps Mary Arden's gentle eyes may have filled with tears of sympathy for the sorrows of the hapless lovers of Verona, even as ours often fill to-day for pity of their fate. She must have been aware that many of her son's Plays were performed before Queen Elizabeth at Hampton Court, where they met with the royal approval and admiration—an honour which she, if at all proud of her eldest-born, could not fail to appreciate. In the all-absorbing interest that centres round Shakespeare himself, we are apt to forget how very closely this mother of his must have been associated with most of his triumphs, living as she did to watch him through childhood and boyhood up to the fullest prime of his days; and though so little is positively known about her, we may be permitted to hope, and even to believe, that her sweet influence and devoted affection had something to do with the moulding of his mind and character. When left a widow, she must have clung more closely than ever to her eldest son; and he, in turn, must have cherished her with exceptional tenderness. The beautiful types of womanhood drawn in such characters as Imogen, Desdemona, Juliet, Cordelia, Viola, and others, had, we may be sure, their originals in real life—and who knows but that the thought of his own mother's grace and virtue may have assisted Shakespeare to paint many of his immortal word-pictures?—as, for instance, the exquisite description of Cordelia—

"————————Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better day—those happy smilets
That played on her ripe lips seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropped."

In Macready's "Recollections" an allusion is made to some person, unknown and unnamed, who wrote to the great actor to propose the erection of a statue to the memory of Shakespeare's mother—a proposal which the conceited and irritable tragedian scouted as altogether absurd. Yet surely it was a graceful thought on the part of the unknown enthusiast; and one would think that a statue of Mary Arden would be as well worth looking at as any one of those erected, in various cities of the world, to the memories of bygone heroes and heroines whose histories are quite as much, if not more, in the realms of myth, and whose lineaments are drawn from the imagination of sculptors. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has, in some of her sketches of foreign travel, expressed surprise that there should be no memorial existing in England of a woman so historically interesting as the mother of Shakespeare. Certainly, Mary Arden might well serve as an ideal for "a perfect woman nobly planned," who never sought for a higher sphere of action than the very simple one in which she moved,—happy in her home-duties, grateful for love and peace and security, and having no feverish idea of her "rights" or exaggerated notions of her "wrongs." How quiet—how free from social excitement and worry must have been the tenor of her days! And yet on her pure woodland life and gentle nature was reared the grandest Poet and Prophet of the world! Women who clamour for things altogether foreign to their natures, seem entirely to forget the responsibility resting upon them—they are, or are *to be*, the *mothers* of the nation. Said a lady of the Court to the great Napoleon, "What we want, are *men!*" "Nay, madame," replied the Cæsar of France, "not men, but *mothers!*" This is a true saying. *Women* must give us our men of genius, by whom great nations live when the noise of party politics and petty trades has sunk into the silence of the ages. Out of the decayed grandeurs of Greece stand two names—Homer, Plato. There were other great Greeks, but these were the greatest; one would think Greece had existed merely to produce these two. Were England to become like Greece, the name of *Shakespeare* alone would save her from utter oblivion; and thinking of this, what a halo surrounds the quiet form of Mary Arden—a picture of English village beauty framed in by the luxuriant verdure of the Warwickshire woods and fields! One can see her in the rosy light of dreams and fancies—in her youth, fair, with soft eyes and a tender smile; in her age, as the Mother of our country's glory! Surely as we bow before the throne of her son's profound genius we can spare a loving glance for the one standing meekly beside him—she who bore him, reared him, was patient with his childish caprices, his boyish fancies—who warded off sickness and death from his infant slumbers, and prayed for him and his future with those mother's prayers which it is said God hears soonest.

MARIE CORELLI.

Befana.

AMONG the few customs of mediæval Rome that have survived the transforming touch of the new monarchy, one of the most curious is the celebration of the Epiphany. The 5th of January is still the great popular festival of the year, and however much it has been modified in the course of centuries it may yet claim to rank, as far as age goes, among the most venerable usages of the world. Even if under the withering touch of modern criticism its traditional founder, the ill-used Sabine King Tatius, has lost his crown and his pedigree, and has shrivelled away to a houseless ghost, his reputed creation, the Befana, can yet trace back its origin to a hoarier antiquity than the walls of Servius; and though the remains of these are as yet too solid to fall down, after the manner of the walls of Jericho, at the mere blast of the trumpet of Dryasdust, it is likely enough that the clamour of Befana will still echo beneath pontifical palaces long after some Roman Haussmann shall have swept away those old-world stones to make room for a circus or a parade.

If you wish to see the festival in full fling, set out from your lodgings about midnight, or better still, in the small hours of the 6th of January, and make your way to Piazza Navona, the ancient circus of Flaminius; nor will you find it hard to take the right way. We are told that in the old days, when the Roman people were assembled in the circus, the roar of their voices might be heard miles away in the Campagna, if any there were to listen; and, however degenerate in other ways, the citizens of modern Rome have still a very pretty aptitude for noise. Even in the more remote streets your ears are sufficiently trustworthy guides, and as you approach the scene of action the din becomes deafening. Passing under the Column of Antoninus, that rises against the frosty moonlight and casts its shadow, like the finger of some gigantic dial, across the Piazza, you soon reach the thick of the fair. The flaring blaze of torches and petroleum plays on the Pantheon, and under the walls of its huge dome hawkers camp in the street and tempt the passers-by to purchase. Their stalls and baskets are crowded with cheap toys, doubtful-looking sweets, drums, dolls, whistles; but, above all the rest, predominate tubes of tin, about the size and shape of a sea-captain's speaking trumpet. These you see everywhere—in bunches swinging by their tails like stockfish, stacked in neat piles like firewood, or heaped in glorious confusion like spelicans. They do not, to the uninitiated, seem the sort of goods for which one would expect a sober citizen to bargain standing in the mud at one o'clock of a January morning; but, as philosophers tell us, *à priori* reasoning is seldom safe, and there is no lack of purchasers of the said tubes, from girls not yet in their teens to bearded and reverend signors. Nor is the use of the instruments long left in doubt. Here comes pouring down a side street a procession, headed by a big doll with black face, and lantern in hand, carried high on a chair. Then follow a score or two of drummers and trumpeters banging empty petroleum tins with fearful vigour, and blowing shrill discord through long trumpets. Away skips after them a frolicsome young fellow of fifty, who has just become the proud possessor of a yard of tin, to join in honouring the Befana, and add his note to the concert. Follow him and a few steps will bring you to the huge Piazza Navona. Here no alluring syren sounds beguile, but not for that will you fail to appreciate the wisdom of Ulysses' precaution when he approached the singers' shore.

All round the vast ellipse in the line of the ancient chariot-course wooden booths have been run up, and in the enclosure thus formed pandemonium seems to have broken loose. Hundreds and thousands of lungs are working at high pressure. Trumpets long and trumpets short, trumpets stout and trumpets slender, trumpets new and trumpets old conspire to fill the air with a universal bray. The noise behind grows, if that were possible, in volume, and insists on attention. Mere aimless blowing of horns is very well for a time; but, like many a better exercise, it might pall in the end, and so the noise die fitfully away. To obviate risk of this, and add zest to the sport, the custom has grown up of applying your trumpet to the ear of any one you meet unprovided with a like instrument and blowing a wild alarm. The activity with which your victim skips away is a measure of your skill and a tribute to the strength of your lungs. It is even said that Roman girls are pleased with such attentions from a lover, holding a battered ear-drum as a certificate of good looks; and perhaps—unlikely though it seems—to make a declaration through a trombone may prove to be an ultimate result of civilisation. Be that as it may, you seldom see a girl on Epiphany Eve who is not the centre of half a dozen braying trumpets that radiate from her bonnet like the glory round a martyr's head. Here come two girls, the object of much admiration, if one may gauge the ardour of their followers by the volume of their noise. The enjoyment of the patients may be real, but it is by no means apparent; and, moved by the spirit of chivalry, up comes a champion to protect the defenceless. Rushing into the fray, he opposes with his single lungs the band of aggressors, trying to drown the clamour of many by his superior energy. In a moment other bystanders sniff the joy of battle, allies join one side and the other; and though no blood is shed, and no bones broken, the fray of discord rages as fiercely round the hapless victims as ever it did "around Valerius dead," till at last, for weariness of lip and lung, the warriors are fain to desist, and the ladies, dazed and deafened, escape from the new form of ordeal by sound with as much gratitude, we may imagine, to their de-

fenders as they deserve. And so the fun goes on uproariously, but, on the whole, with good temper, till at the approach of dawn, exhausted, if not satisfied, the last revellers go home with the milkman.

Like many Roman festivals the Befana is of hybrid origin. Every one knows how the old Romans celebrated the memory of the golden age of Saturn, when all were happy and all were equal, by the Saturnalia, which covered the period of our modern Christmastide. Slaves might then meet their masters on equal terms, and general licence was the rule. Crowds went to gather sprigs of vervain, which they wore for luck, in the sacred copse of Strenia. Presents were given and received, and figures of Orestes with horrid mask and fearful gesture were carried through the streets—frightening the children as they passed. Later on, when Eastern cults had invaded the simple old Roman religion with their more allegorical rites and profounder meaning, the winter solstice was celebrated as the birthday of the sun, and so the feast of the "Unconquered Mithras" had a place found for it among the older festivals. As Christianity spread, converts were naturally unwilling to give up usages that seemed so innocent or even laudable as the giving of presents, and the proclamation of that equality of all men which might be thought to be implied by the Gospel doctrine. But the Fathers of the Church, especially in early days when the path of compromise had not yet been trodden, and the old religions were still full of vigour, felt the importance of emphasising even in their amusements the demarcation between their flock and the world. Several Councils condemned all participation in these festivities, and Augustine and Ambrose did their best even in their later day to abolish them. But these efforts met with only very limited success; yet even when Christianity had become the official religion of the Empire, the later policy of adopting and adapting what could not be suppressed was not always adhered to, and Leo the Great denounced bitterly those who, when celebrating Christmas, mingled their gratitude for the rising of the new sun with the memorial of the birth of Christ.



A BEFANA PROCESSION.

In speaking of the observances of Epiphany in these early days, it has been impossible to distinguish them from those of Christmas, for the simple reason that at that period Christmas and Epiphany were both celebrated on the same day, apparently on the 25th of December. It was not till the fourth century that Julius I. divided the festival, with the intention, it would seem, that the more sacred memories of Christmas should be reserved for the Church only, while such remains of Pagan frolic as could not be purged away might be limited to the lesser festival. However that may be, the Feast of Epiphany had by the middle of the fifth century, at least in the popular estimate, become still further modified. It now ceased to commemorate the baptism of Christ and His first miracle at Cana, and was looked on merely as the Feast of the Three Kings, for the wise men had by this time been limited in number and had assumed the royal dignity, and as such it tended more and more to become a mere secular holiday.

In the popular mode of celebrating it, handed down from the distant past, Christian usages and heathen superstitions continued through the centuries to be inextricably mingled. Ecclesiastical authority tried in vain to separate the holy from the profane, and as late as A.D. 743, long after the religions of classical Paganism had ceased to exist, the customs derived from them survived; and it was thought necessary in the Council of Rome held in that year formally to prohibit the keeping of the 1st of January, and the Brumalia of Mithras ["Ut nullus Kalendas Januarias aut Broma (*i.e.*, Brumalia) colere præsumpserit"]. But the confused popular habits could not be so winnowed and purified by the breath of legislation, and through mediæval and modern times the three strands of tradition stretched interwoven with each other. The old Roman festival survives in the tumultuous processions, in the masked and threatening figure; the Christian tradition, in the beneficent Befana; and we may trace the magical influence that emanated from the rites of the sun-god, in the belief mentioned by Firenzuola that on the Eve of the Epiphany the beasts of the field might be heard talking with human voices.

The licence granted to slaves during the Saturnalia has already been referred to. According to Apuleius, writing in the age of the Antonines, it was customary in his time to elect in each household a slave who held rule during the Saturnalia. His sceptre was, till the close of

the eighteenth century, still handed down through a long series of successors; and each January a "King of Fools," supported by a "Pope and Dean," issued his extravagant commands like our own "Lord of Misrule," to all mem-

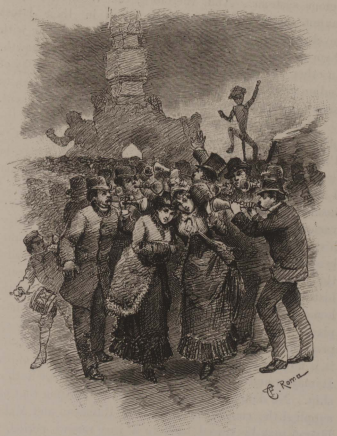


A "TOMBOLA" OR LOTTERY.

bers of the household, to the scandal of sober citizens, and often to the prejudice of order and morality. But by the side of this bodily ruler existed the more mystical Befana. The representative of one of the Magi had in time become a woman. When and why she assumed the gentler sex it is difficult to determine, though we may with some probability attribute the change to the development of the belief in the greater activity of female witches as compared to spirits of the masculine gender. Varchi speaks distinctly of a *man* compounded of tow and rags being carried in procession in his day, and terrifying children with his red eyes, swollen lips, and furious aspect; the popular tendency to caricature having thus already transformed one of the sainted kings into an ogre. A century later Guadagnoli is acquainted only with a female Befana, and discusses the question whether her prototype was King Herod's mother or the aunt of Barabbas. To him, therefore, the Befana is a distinctly maleficent being, but according to the prevailing—and therefore it may be presumed the orthodox—view, Befana, like her American relative Santa Claus, is a highly moral personage, who rewards good children with presents, and is terrible only to the naughty, whom she punishes by giving them ashes and cinders instead of sweets and toys.

Of the three kings one was fabled to be black, and so, too, the Befana, when she comes at midnight to fill the stockings hung up in expectation of her visit, appears with a sooty face from her final rush down the chimney; and the noise she makes among the chimney-pots is symbolised and drowned by the din of drum and trumpet in the streets. The most correct representations show her as a lady of benign aspect in spite of her swarthy complexion. In her right hand she holds a long pilgrim's staff, for she comes from the distant East. In her left is a lantern to guide her on her way; round her neck hang stockings full of presents, and at her feet lie baskets of sweetmeats in which the gilding of the cakes and the flavouring of spice keep alive the tradition of the three-fold gifts of Caspar, Melchior, and Baltazar.

But though the secular element predominates, the Church, too, has her usages little less quaint. In the Roman liturgy of the day the "Venite" is suppressed for the curious reason, if we may believe the doctors of the Church, that the three kings did not, like the shepherds, hear the songs of the angels inviting them to praise and offering; though others hold that the omission is made in order that the Church may not seem, even in appearance, to imitate Herod in his profession of a desire to come and do homage to the Saviour. Sermons and recitations in many languages typify the manifestation to the Gentiles; and according to an old usage which continued down to 1802, the Pope as Vice-Regent of Christ received from the Cardinal Prodatario each year,



ON THE PIAZZA NAVONA.

at Epiphany, a present of one hundred golden ducats in a silver cup, after which the ninety-one secretaries of the Apostolic Camera were admitted to kiss his feet.

E. STRACHAN MORGAN.

Old Indian Poetry and Religious Thought.*

SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD, in his important work on the Industrial Arts of India, has said that no one can properly understand Indian art who has not learned from the study of old Indian poetry something about the myths, traditions, and beliefs that this art embodies and illustrates. He goes further than this. He says that people do not understand the customs, and ways of thinking and feeling, of the modern Hindu population unless they have some familiarity with the sacred poetry, that is still the influence lending colour, variety, and animation to the lives of the great mass of the people of India.

Now I am going to ask you to apply this statement to the study of Indian religion. Students who are pleased to follow the modern method, and who commence their study of Indian religious thought with Buddhism, are, actually, beginning to read a large volume at the closing chapters. Buddhism is the highest and most perfect development of a system of ideas and beliefs that are different from the ideas and beliefs that form the groundwork of Western religious systems. And, therefore, the Western student cannot easily appreciate these ideas in their latest development, unless he has made himself familiar with them in the earlier and simpler stages of their growth. In other words, he does not understand the philosophy of Indian religion, unless he has penetrated to, and been to some extent penetrated by, the Indian religious sentiment.

The home of this Indian religious sentiment, and the place where it may be familiarly studied, is in those two Poems, or storehouses of poetry, that may rightly be described as the sources of the imaginative life of India. I am speaking of the Ramāyan and the Mahābhārat. I need not trouble you now with the different opinions of various authors upon the actual antiquity and positive historical worth of the Ramāyan and Mahābhārat; because we are not at present attempting to establish the relation which this sacred poetry has to the early history of India: we are endeavouring to see it as the home of the Indian religious sentiment, and the birthplace of that higher idealism that has its noblest expression in Buddhism. But I may say, in passing, that it is now as difficult to establish the actual date of the Ramāyan and Mahābhārat, as to give their true authorship. No doubt the original thread of tradition that has supplied the central stories of the Ramāyan and Mahābhārat may be traced back to a very remote period, to eighteen hundred or two thousand years before Christ; a time when the Aryan settlers in India found themselves brought into frequent conflict with the barbarous indigenous tribes—whom we find spoken of in these Poems as "Asuras," or "Rakshasas," that is, demons; or else, with more condescension, but even less respect, as "wild men of the woods," in other words, a race of intelligent monkeys. But this thread of early tradition has to-day become over-laden and over-clustered with later traditions, superstitious fancies, and sentimental romances. And we can readily understand how this has come about, when we remember that these great Poems have been preserved to the people of India, from generation to generation, and from age to age, not by the aid of priests and sages, kept in check by the authority of sacred volumes, but mainly by the free gifts of memory and imagination of the professional Poets and Story-tellers, who, from the most remote times, have wandered about India, as they still wander, from town to town and village to village, reciting and relating these cherished legends and traditions that are a part of the national life. So that the Ramāyan and Mahābhārat exist to-day, not as the creation of one Poet nor of several Poets, nor are they even the poetical record of one age. They are the comprehensive record of the imaginative life of India, expanding under the social, political, and religious influences of ages, whose precise and literal history is lost to us.

And it is in this record of the imaginative life of India that we find the traditions, convictions, and sentiments that every Indian Philosopher and Prophet had to count with, and, to some extent, to adapt and utilise, as the medium for conveying his spiritual lessons to the multitude. But even this is not all. These Indian Prophets and Philosophers were not themselves independent of the influences amidst which they were reared. It was in this atmosphere, saturated with the sentiments and traditions of ancient India, that their abstruse speculations and profound meditations were carried on. In other words, they too were children of the Ramāyan and Mahābhārat: and it is quite easy to trace this parentage, and the influence of the old Indian sentimental temper, even in the intellectual religion of Buddha, or in the mystical pantheism of the Vedanta philosophy.

But this is just what is lost sight of by the uninitiated student, who starts off in life with the study of Buddhism and the higher schools of Brahman philosophy. And here we have, I think, the explanation of the astonishing difficulties these students assure us lie in the way of a proper understanding of Indian philosophical and religious thought—difficulties that they declare can only be elucidated by "esoteric" methods; and by the assistance of "psychological telegrams" sent from the Mahatmas in Tibet to the Theosophical Society in Pall Mall.

But it will be admitted, I think, that there is some inherent probability that a safer clue to the meaning of Indian religious thought may be found through the study of the conditions of sentiment and belief amidst

* A lecture given at South Place Chapel, Finsbury.

which these higher phases of thought arose. And I shall presently hope to prove to you that even the serious student of the spiritual religions of India will not lose his time, and may possibly derive many advantages, if he will consent to pass a season of preparation in what Heine has called so well the "immense Flowering Forests of old Indian poetry." What is more, I shall hope to show you that the modern idealist may find in this old story-world some strange resemblances to the sentiments and enthusiasms that he is wont to describe as the peculiar characteristics of the "Modern Spirit."

Now these resemblances do not lie upon the surface. The first impression made upon the Western reader by old Indian poetry is the impression that he has entered upon a strange world; a world of marvels and miracles, where common sense and common experience are entirely neglected, and where nothing is more unusual than to come upon any incident that lies within the bounds of possibility. But this is only the first impression. Let the explorer penetrate deep enough into these immense "Flowering Forests," and very soon he discovers the charm that puts him in possession of the secret of the place, and enables him to count at its true worth this fantastic play of an imagination that is never enslaved by the dreams of its own creation. The true explanation of the miraculous atmosphere that pervades old Indian poetry is to be found, not in the Indian Poet's superstition or credulity, but rather in his incredulity—his inability to take very seriously the mere show of things that is made to pass before the Soul for its instruction and entertainment.

Where all the outer life is regarded as Maya, Illusion, a dream, and a vision, there can be no objection felt to some incidents of the dream being incredible and extraordinary. And when this discovery is once made, the modern idealist will find himself far more at home in the spiritual atmosphere of old Indian poetry than he is in the spiritual atmosphere of the Romance Country, that is so much nearer to him in point of time, but that is haunted by the mediæval religious sentiment. I think, if the truth is told, it must be admitted that the modern idealist is not at all at home in the mediæval Romance Country. The mystical aspiration after superhuman beauty and supernatural delight that is the animating enthusiasm of mediæval poetry and art has its other side, in a contempt for Nature, and the natural life of man, that jars upon the modern sentimental temper. You have this disdain, and even disgust, for common Nature expressed in the effort to attain an ideal type of beauty as little natural as possible; a type where human mind and will, as well as human body and passion, are attenuated, and as far as possible effaced, lost in celestial meekness and self-abandonment. Now to satisfy the modern conception of beauty, will, mind, and a noble self-possessing energy need to be expressed. Then you have this disdain and disgust expressed also in mediæval comedy; in the choice of natural human love as a favourite theme for gross jesting; and especially in the mediæval delight in the grotesque representation of the dominion of Death over the body, in the grim humour of pictures of dancing skeletons and grinning death's heads, in the constant legend of the worm, corruption, crawling over the fair flower of life.

In old Indian poetry you have nothing of all this, that the modern imagination feels so morbid. Nothing, indeed, is more characteristic of the Indian Poet than his failure when he attempts to deal with supernatural terrors or morbid horrors. He has his demons, as we have seen; his Asuras, Rakshasas, and others; but it is amusing to observe his inability to deal with them as *bonâ fide* demons. The demons of Indian poetry generally become praiseworthy characters at the close of their career, and die in the odour of sanctity. Ravana, for instance, the King of the Rakshasas, the Demon of the Ramâyan, dies a valorous death; and the perfect hero, Rama, pronounces a complimentary speech over his funeral pyre. Then, in Indian poetry you have a great love of the grotesque: but the Indian grotesque has nothing morbid about it; it deals with life, not with death; and means only an extreme pleasure in the quaint and humorous aspects of Nature. The mysticism of old Indian poetry, too, is the mysticism of pantheism—a mysticism that does not see in Nature the enemy of the Soul, but that sees all visible Nature as the dream of the universal Soul or Mind that is the one true existence. And the dreamer has no disgust for his dream, but only tenderness and compassion. He takes pleasure in his dream, in its admirable and beautiful features, only the pleasure is tinged with melancholy, because he feels that—even whilst he is watching it—the dream is vanishing away.

And here you have the first point of resemblance between the Indian and the modern sentimental tempers—in a certain enthusiasm of compassion, that touches with pathos, and even with sublimity, the common face of Nature and of man—looking at all common things from a visionary's stand-point: a visionary, free from supernatural terror, but never entirely free from the world's sorrow; from the consciousness of age waiting upon youth, of fatigue following after pleasure, of love ending in loss, and life vanishing in death. And then, amidst the mingled reverence and compassion of this sentimental temper, you have the *awakenings* of the higher spiritual temper, that has its finest expression in Buddhism, and its counterpart in what the modern idealist describes as the "cosmic emotion;" the effort to set life's purposes and hopes beyond the personal state, the endeavour to "make the mind its own state," by training it to take its stand by the facts of thought and intellect; and the attempt to liberate the Soul from the painful sense of the impermanency and imperfection of material conditions, not by encouraging it to hope for a change of these external conditions, but by urging it to the conquest of spiritual disinterestedness.

Now, the only means of proving to you that these are the essential qualities of old Indian poetry will be to send you to the Ramâyan and Mahâbhârat; and all that I can do now is to direct your attention to some stories, here and there, that may illustrate these qualities, and prove to you that they do not exist merely in my own imagination. The stories themselves you will, of course, expect to find Eastern, and of the old world. It is the

entiment these stories express that I am supposing you will find more in harmony with modern feeling than the sentiment that pervades mediæval Romance.

The well-known story of Damayanti's choice is only one amongst many that might be chosen from the Ramāyan and Mahābhārat, in illustration of the enthusiasm of compassion that belongs to the sentimental temper of old Indian poetry. There is the admirable story of how Valmiki, the supposed narrator of the Ramāyan, received the gift of poetry. Valmiki is a holy hermit leading a life of meditation in the forest. The constant subject of his meditation is the sorrow of the world. One day the god Brahma tells him the story of Rama. Valmiki feels that if only a Poet could be found to sing this story of a perfect life, in noble verse, then men would be urged to kinder, purer, nobler lives. But he, Valmiki, is no Poet. What is to be done to find one worthy of so noble a task? Valmiki ponders the matter over many days. Then, one morning, it chances that he stands on the border of a clear pool near his hermitage, where he is wont to perform those ablutions that form part of a Brahman's religious duties; and opposite him, across the pool, he observes two herons, of lovely plumage, flapping their wings and flying to and fro, full of innocent delight in life. But suddenly one of the birds falls, struck by a hunter's arrow; and the pure waters of the pool are stained by a track of blood! Then Valmiki is so moved to compassion and anger, that a cry breaks from his heart—a cry of lamentation for the innocent bird's death, and for the hunter's cruelty. And his words take a rhythmical measure that is full of passionate music; and having once repeated them, he feels compelled again and again to say the words over and over. Then Valmiki, marvelling much at what has befallen him, returns to his hermitage. And on the road he meets Brahma, who asks him if he has found a Poet worthy to tell the story of the perfect man Rama? Valmiki means to answer that he has not; but instead of speaking the words he would, the lamentation for the heron's death rushes to his lips, and he is confused and abashed before Brahma, fearing the god may think he means to mock him. But Brahma smiles, and says—

"Happy Valmiki! You have received the grace of Sarasvati, goddess of Poetry, in recompense for your pity for the heron. Go now, and sing to the listening worlds the story of the perfect man Rama."

In Valmiki you have the type of the holy and benevolent hermit of Indian story. But there is a hermit of quite another type and character, who is very frequently met with in the Ramāyan and Mahābhārat, and who may even be encountered in the actual India of to-day. Now, if we wish to avoid some fatal errors in judging Indian poetry, and the Indian religious sentiment, we must get at clear ideas concerning the different spiritual rank of these two types of hermits. It is from the Ramāyan and Mahābhārat we shall learn how to distinguish between the different sort of respect paid to the holy Recluse who abandons the world to lead the religious life, and the more common Ascetic, who inflicts all manner of strange penances upon himself, in order to obtain some material advantages, or to acquire magical powers. You find in old Indian poetry, just as you find in the superstitious fancy of India to-day, a very strong conviction that magical powers are acquired by self-macerations and penitential exercise. *But these magical powers are not regarded as spiritual gifts at all:* they are looked upon as material advantages, purchased by material means. If you have read the beautiful Buddhist Suttas contained in the tenth volume of "The Sacred Books of the East," you will remember that, in the Tevigga Sutta, Buddha describes the miracle-workers of his day as worldly-minded men, who give themselves up to low arts and lying practices, from which the true Bikshu (or religious man) will abstain. And in old Indian poetry also you find these wonder-working Ascetics described as personages whom it is dangerous to offend, but not at all as men who are admirable for their virtuous lives, or good behaviour. On the contrary, all the most famous Ascetics of the Ramāyan and Mahābhārat, and those whose miraculous powers are most remarkable, are represented as ill-natured, vindictive, and licentious. One of these worthies, Vibishana by name, withdraws himself from all the joys of life, and inflicts inhuman torments upon himself for I don't remember how many years, with the sole purpose of obtaining power to wither at a glance any being, man or animal, who may chance to disturb his meditations! And Ravana, the demon of the Ramāyan, has obtained all his magical power for mischief through years of devotion to penitential exercises.

These penitential exercises then do not suppose a spiritual temper in those who practise them, but rather the reverse. You will recollect that almost the first step Gautama takes on his path to the Buddhahood is the discovery that the fastings and self-macerations recommended by the Brahmans are useless as means for obtaining spiritual enlightenment. And in his first sermon, the Sutta entitled "The Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness," Buddha declares that self-torture is as harmful as self-indulgence to the spiritual mind. The object of the true Ascetic, Buddha says, is not to afflict his body, but to subdue his body to his spirit, so that the best energy may be thrown into the higher life. You need not expect to find this stated with the same clear eloquence and power in the Ramāyan and Mahābhārat; but, at the same time, you do find, amidst the crowd of malignant Ascetics, whose appearance in any story is always a sign of coming mischief, a hermit, here and there, of calm and beautiful temper, who declares these penitential practices and the magical powers obtained through them to be unworthy of those who have truly entered upon the religious life.

In Rajah Visvamitra's story you have an example of the freedom, and even, one may say, of the scepticism of the Indian Poet, where the mere formalities of religion are concerned. Visvamitra violates all the *convenances* of Brahmanism: he chooses to celebrate sacrifices; he curses away at Brahmans who offend him, just as though they were ordinary tchandalas; he insists upon raising his friend Trisanku, body and all, to Swarga; and when Indra objects, he talks of creating new gods if the estab-

lished ones show themselves so disobliging. But this scepticism affects only the outer forms, and leaves the reverence for spiritual ideas untouched. In the story of Rajah Yayati you have, however, a more serious and impressive tone; and it is in this story especially that the student must feel he is standing in the land where presently will arise the noble idealism of Buddha.

Rajah Yayati has the misfortune of taking to wife the daughter of a powerful Brahman, possessed of extraordinary magical powers. The Rajah quarrels with his wife, and is cursed by his Brahman father-in-law with premature old age. Transformed in the full hey-day of his youth into a decrepit tottering old man, Rajah Yayati entreats for some few years of vigour in which to bid farewell to the joys of life, that he had taken so leisurely when he had not realised that he was so soon to lose them. The Brahman consents that Rajah Yayati may exchange his old age against any happier man's youth, for a brief period of years, but at the end of the term he must again take up his punishment. After many weary years of wandering, Rajah Yayati at length persuades the youngest of his own sons to take upon his shoulders the punishment of premature old age, and to make over to his father his own youth. Then Rajah Yayati, in the short period allowed him, resolves that he will know and taste to the full all earthly joys. He first tries the pleasures of the senses, and of luxurious living; then he gives himself the excitement and adventurous life of a hunter; afterwards, he tastes all the intellectual delights of philosophy and poetry. But the result in every case is the same. He proves that these joys in themselves have no existence, but that they exist only as objects of desire. He returns then to his son, and restores to him his youthful vigour and power of enjoyment, whilst he himself takes up again his punishment of old age. And this is what he says:—

"Behold I have found that the desired object never satisfies or quiets desire; it only feeds the flame like the clarified butter poured on sacrificial fire.

"Since all the rice, all the barley, all the cattle, all the costly treasures, and all the loveliest women the earth contains, cannot satisfy one man's desire, therefore all that can be done is to kill desire itself, and cast it out.

"I will then, for my part, put off this consuming thirst of desire. Son, take again your youth; for me, turning my heart towards the contemplation of the things of eternity, I will have my habitation in the forest, the home of the gazelles."

Rajah Yayati then becomes a hermit. But, even so, his spiritual training is not complete. He practises severe penances, and by virtue of them obtains the privilege of mounting up to Swarga still clothed in his bodily garment. One day, however, Rajah Yayati boasts to Indra, the Sky God, of his astounding penances; but these boastings rob Rajah Yayati of the merits he has obtained, and as he has only reached Swarga because of these merits, the moment they are lost he commences to fall. He enters an intermediate state—between the earthly and celestial ones—and here he is made perfect. For he learns that "not *where* one is, but *what* one is, is the important fact." "Whether here, or in Swarga, or on the earth, or even in the abyss Naraka, the seat of my being is in myself," says Rajah Yayati. "Pain does not belong to me, but grief for pain I can avoid. Better than Swarga is it to possess one's soul in tranquillity!" And as he speaks thus, there are cries of triumph heard around him. He has reached perfection, and Swarga is his home. Rajah Yayati, however, has no impatient desire left for the celestial abode. He ascends slowly, and as it seems almost reluctantly, repeating as he goes, "Better than Swarga is it to possess one's soul in tranquillity!"

In this legend you have, as I have said, a distinct forecast of Buddhism. What is more, I cannot but think that people who read the story of Rajah Yayati with some intelligent attention must have obtained a very clear conception of Buddha's doctrine of Nirvana. At any rate, they will hardly fall into the vulgar error of supposing that Buddha promises annihilation, even as Christianity promises Eternal Life, as a recompense of the perfect life. Buddha makes no promises; he simply declares that spiritual disinterestedness is the result and crown of spiritual culture.

And now let me, in conclusion, draw your attention to the close parallel that may be found between Rajah Yayati's triumph and the triumph of the comparatively modern Teufelsdroeck, as this triumph is narrated in that finest chapter of "Sartor Resartus," the "Everlasting No." There is this difference, however: Teufelsdroeck's triumph is over the fear of death and hell; Rajah Yayati's, over the craving for celestial beatitude. It is of Tophet, and the pains of Tophet, that the modern idealist says, taking his stand by himself, "Hast thou not a heart? Canst thou not bear it, be it what it will?" It is of Swarga and of eternal bliss that the Indian mystic can declare, "Am I not a spirit? Shall I be greatly bettered or elated by it, be it what it may!"

FREDERIKA MACDONALD.

Some Literary Notes.

BY THE EDITOR.

A WRITER in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1874, says:—"No literary event since the war has excited anything like such a sensation in Paris as the publication of the *Lettres à une Inconnue*. Even politics became a secondary consideration for the hour, and academicians or deputies of opposite parties might be seen eagerly accosting each other in the Chamber or the street to imagine who this fascinating and perplexing 'unknown' could be. The statement in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that she was an Englishwoman, moving in brilliant society, was not supported by evidence; and M. Blanchard, the painter, from whom the publisher received the manuscripts, died most provokingly at the very commencement of the inquiry, and made no sign. Some intimate friends of Mérimée, rendered incredulous by wounded self-love at not having been admitted to his confidence, insisted that there was no secret to tell; their hypothesis being that the *Inconnue* was a myth, and the letters a romance, in which some petty details of actual life had been interwoven to keep up the mystification." But an artist like Mérimée would not have left his work in so unformed a state, so defaced by repetitions, or with such a want of proportion between the parts. The *Inconnue* was undoubtedly a real person, and her letters in answer to those of Mérimée have just been published by Messrs. Macmillan under the title of "An Author's Love."

Her letters? Well, they are such letters as she might have written. "By the tideless sea at Cannes on a summer day," says their anonymous author, "I had fallen asleep, and the splashing of the waves upon the shore had doubtless made me dream. When I awoke the yellow-paper-covered volumes of Prosper Mérimée's *Lettres à une Inconnue* lay beside me; I had been reading the book before I fell asleep, but the answers—had they ever been written, or had I only dreamed?" The invention of the love-letters of a curious and unknown personality, the heroine of one of the great literary flirtations of our age, was a clever idea, and certainly the author has carried out his scheme with wonderful success; with such success indeed that it is said that one of our statesmen, whose name occurs more than once in the volume, was for a moment completely taken in by what is really a *jeu-d'esprit*, the first serious joke perpetrated by Messrs. Macmillan in their publishing capacity. Perhaps it is too much to call it a joke. It is a fine, delicate piece of fiction, an imaginative attempt to complete a real romance. As we had the letters of the academic Romeo, it was obviously right that we should pretend we had the answers of the clever and somewhat *mondaine* Juliet. Or is Juliet herself, in her little Paris boudoir, looking over these two volumes with a sad, cynical smile? Well, to be put into fiction is always a tribute to one's reality.

As for extracts from these fascinating forgeries, the letters should be read in conjunction with those of Mérimée himself. It is difficult to judge of them by samples. We find the *Inconnue* first in London, probably in 1840.

"Little," she writes, "can you imagine the storm of indignation you aroused in me by your remark that your feelings for me were those suitable for a fourteen-year-old niece. *Merci*. Anything less like a respectable uncle than yourself I cannot well imagine. The *rôle* would never suit you, believe me, so do not try it.

"Now in return for your story of the phlegmatic musical animal who called forth such stormy devotion in a female breast, and who, himself cold and indifferent, was loved to the extent of a watery grave being sought by his inamorata as solace for his indifference, let me ask the question why the women who torment men with their uncertain tempers, drive them wild with jealousy, laugh contemptuously at their humble entreaties, and fling their money to the winds, have twice the hold upon their affections that the patient, long-suffering, domestic, frugal Griseldas have, whose existences are one long penance of unsuccessful efforts to please? Answer this comprehensively, and you will have solved a riddle which has puzzled women since Eve asked questions in Paradise."

Later on she writes: "Why should all natures be alike? It would make the old saws useless if they were, and deprive us of one of the truest of them all, 'Variety is the salt of life.' How terribly monotonous it would be if all the flowers were roses, every woman a queen, and each man a philosopher! My private opinion is that it takes at least six men such as one meets every day to make one really valuable one. I like so many men for one particular quality which they possess, and so few men for all. *Comprenez-vous?*" In another place: "Is it not a trifle dangerous, this experiment we are trying of a friendship in pen, ink, and paper? A letter! What thing on earth more dangerous to confide in? Written at blood-heat, it may reach its destination when the recipient's mental thermometer counts zero, and the burning words and thrilling sentences may turn to ice and be congealed as they are read. A letter! The most uncertain thing in a world of uncertainties, the best or the worst thing devised by mortals." Again: "Surely it was for you, *mon cher*, that the description given of a friend of mine was originally intended. He is a trifle cynical, this friend, and decidedly pessimistic, and of him it was reported that he never believed in anything until he saw it, and then he was convinced that it was an optical illusion. The accuracy of the description struck me." They seem to have loved each other best when they were parted.

"I think I cannot bear it much longer, this incessant quarrelling when we meet, and your unkindness during the short time that you are with me. Why not let it all end? It would be

better for both of us. I do not love you less when I write these words; if you could know the sadness which they echo in my heart you would believe this. No; I think I love you more, but I cannot understand you. As you have often said, our natures must be very different, entirely different; if so, what is this curious bond between them? To me you seem possessed with some strange recklessness and morbid melancholy which utterly spoils your life, and in return you never see me without overwhelming me with reproaches, if not for one thing, for another. I tell you I cannot, will not, bear it longer. If you love me, then in God's name cease tormenting me as well as yourself with these wretched doubts, and questionings, and complaints. I have been ill, seriously ill, and there is nothing to account for my illness save the misery of this apparently hopeless state of things existing between us. You have made me weep bitter tears of alternate self-reproach and indignation, and finally of complete miserable bewilderment as to this unhappy condition of affairs. Believe me, tears like these are not good to mingle with love, they are too bitter, too scorching, they blister love's wings and fall too heavily on love's heart. I feel worn out with a dreary sort of hopelessness; if you know a cure for pain like this send it to me quickly."

Yet, in the very next letter, she says to him, "Although I said good-bye to you less than an hour ago, I cannot refrain from writing to tell you that a happy calm which seems to penetrate my whole being seems also to have wiped out all remembrance of the misery and unhappiness which has overwhelmed me lately. Why cannot it always be so, or would life perhaps be then too blessed, too wholly happy for it to be life? I know that you are free to-night, will you not write to me, that the first words my eyes fall upon to-morrow shall prove that to-day has not been a dream? Yes, write to me." The letter that immediately follows is one of six words only: "Let me dream—Let me dream."

In the following there are interesting touches of actuality :—

"Did you ever try a cup of tea (the national beverage, by the way) at an English railway-station? If you have not, I would advise you, as a friend, to continue to abstain! The names of the American drinks are rather against them; the straws are, I think, about the best part of them. You do not tell me what you think of Mr. Disraeli. I once met him at a ball at the Duke of Sutherland's in the long picture gallery of Stafford House. I was walking with Lord Shrewsbury, and without a word of warning he stopped and introduced him, mentioning with reckless mendacity that I had read every book he had written and admired them all, then he coolly walked off and left me standing face to face with the great statesman. He talked to me for some time, and I studied him carefully. I should say he was a man with one steady aim; endless patience, untiring perseverance, iron concentration; marking out one straight line before him so unbending that despite themselves men stand aside as it is drawn straightly and steadily on. A man who believes that determination brings strength, strength brings endurance, and endurance brings success. You know how often in his novels he speaks of the influence of women, socially, morally, and politically, yet his manner was the least interested or deferential in talking that I have ever met with in a man of his class. He certainly thought this particular woman of singularly small account, or else the brusque and tactless allusion to his books may perhaps have annoyed him as it did me; but whatever the cause, when he promptly left me at the first approach of a mutual acquaintance, I felt distinctly snubbed. Of the two men, Mr. Gladstone was infinitely more agreeable in his manner; he left one with the pleasant feeling of measuring a little higher in cubic inches than one did before, than which I know no more delightful sensation. *À Paris, bientôt.*

Elsewhere, we find cleverly written descriptions of life in Italy, in Algiers, at Hombourg, at French boarding-houses; stories about Napoleon III., Guizot, Prince Gortschakoff, Montalembert, and others; political speculations, literary criticisms, and witty social scandal; and everywhere a keen sense of humour, a wonderful power of observation. As reconstructed in these letters the *Inconnue* seems to have been not unlike Mérimée himself. She had the same restless, unyielding, independent character. Each desired to analyse the other. Each, being a critic, was better fitted for friendship than for love. "We are so different," said Mérimée once to her, "that we can hardly understand each other." But it was because they were so alike that each remained a mystery to the other. Yet they ultimately attained to a high altitude of loyal and faithful friendship, and from a purely literary point of view these fictitious letters give the finishing touch to the strange romance that so stirred Paris fifteen years ago. Perhaps the real letters will be published some day. When they are, how interesting to compare them!

"The Bird-Bride," by Graham R. Tomson (Longmans, Green, and Co.), is a collection of romantic ballads, delicate sonnets, and metrical studies in foreign fanciful forms. The poem that gives its title to the book is the lament of an Eskimo hunter over the loss of his wife and children.

"Years agone, on the flat white strand,
I won my sweet sea-girl;
Wrapped in my coat of the snow-white fur,
I watched the wild birds settle and stir,
The grey gulls gather and whirl.

"One, the greatest of all the flock,
Perched on an ice-floe bare,
Called and cried as her heart were broke,
And straight they were changed, that fleet bird-folk,
To women young and fair.

"Swift I sprang from my hiding-place
And held the fairest fast;
I held her fast, the sweet, strange thing:
Her comrades skirled, but they all took wing,
And smote me as they passed.

"I bore her safe to my warm snow house;
Full sweetly there she smiled;
And yet whenever the shrill winds blew,
She would beat her long white arms anew,
And her eyes glanced quick and wild.

"But I took her to wife, and clothed her warm
With skins of the gleaming seal;
Her wandering glances sank to rest
When she held a babe to her fair warm breast,
And she loved me dear and leal.

"Together we tracked the fox and the seal,
And at her behest I swore
That bird and beast my bow might slay
For meat and for raiment, day by day,
But never a grey gull more."

Famine comes upon the land, and the hunter, forgetting his oath, slays four sea-gulls for food. The bird-wife "shrills out in a woful cry," and taking the plumage of the dead birds, she makes wings for her children and for herself, and flies away with them.

"'Babes of mine, of the wild wind's kin,
Feather ye quick, nor stay.
Oh, oho! But the wild winds blow!
Babes of mine, it is time to go:
Up, dear hearts, and away!'

"And lo! the grey plumes covered them all;
Shoulder and breast and brow.
I felt the wind of their whirling flight:
Was it sea or sky? was it day or night?
It is always night-time now.

"Dear, will you never relent, come back?
I loved you long and true.
O winged white wife, and our children three,
Of the wild wind's kin though ye surely be,
Are ye not of my kin too?

"Ay, ye once were mine, and, till I forget,
Ye are mine for ever and aye,
Mine, wherever your wild wings go,
While shrill winds whistle across the snow
And the skies are blear and grey."

Some powerful and strange ballads follow, many of which, such as "The Cruel Priest," "The Deid Folks' Ferry," and "Märchen," are in that curious combination of Scotch and Border dialect so much affected now by our modern poets. Certainly dialect is dramatic. It is a vivid method of re-creating a past that never existed. It is something between "A return to Nature" and "A return to the Glossary." It is so artificial that it is really *naïve*. From the point of view of mere music, much may be said for it. Wonderful diminutives lend new notes o tenderness to the song. There are possibilities of fresh rhymes, and in search for a fresh rhyme poets may be excused if they wander from the broad high-road of classical utterance into devious byways and less-trodden paths. Sometimes one is tempted to look on dialect as expressing simply the pathos of provincialisms, but there is more in it than mere mispronunciations. With the revival of an antique form, often comes the revival of an antique spirit. Through limitations that are sometimes uncouth, and always narrow, comes Tragedy herself; and though she may stammer in her utterance, and deck herself in cast-off weeds and trammelling raiment, still we must hold ourselves in readiness to accept her, so rare are her visits to us now, so rare her presence in an age that demands a happy ending from every play, and that sees in the theatre merely a source of amusement. The form, too, of the ballad—how perfect it is in its dramatic unity! It is so perfect that we must forgive it its dialect, if it happens to speak in that strange tongue.

"Then by cam' the bride's company
With torches burning bright;
'Tak' up, tak' up your bonny bride
A' in the mirk midnight!'

"Oh, wan, wan was the bridegroom's face,
And wan, wan was the bride.
But clay-cauld was the young mess-priest
That stood them twa beside!

"Saying 'Rax me out your hand, Sir Knight,
And wed her with this ring:'
And the deid bride's hand it was so cauld
As ony earthly thing.

"The priest he touched that lady's hand,
And never a word he said;
The priest he touched that lady's hand,
And his ain was wet and red.

"The priest he lifted his ain right hand,
And the red blood dripped and fell.
Says, 'I loved ye, lady, and ye loved me;
Sae I took your life mysel'.'

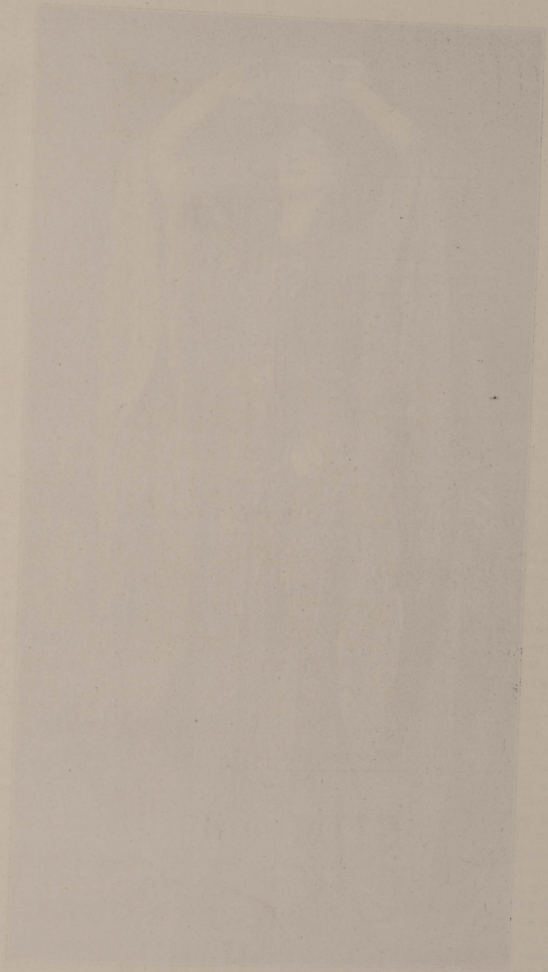
"Oh! red, red was the dawn o' day,
And tall was the gallows-tree:
The Southland lord to his ain has fled,
And the mess-priest 's hangit hie!"

Of the sonnets, this to Herodotus is worth quoting:—

"Far-travelled coaster of the midland seas,
What marvels did those curious eyes behold!
Winged snakes, and carven labyrinths of old;
The emerald column raised to Herakles;
King Perseus' shrine upon the Chemmian leas;
Four-footed fishes, decked with gems and gold;
But thou didst leave some secrets yet untold,
And veiled the dread Osirian mysteries.

"But now the golden asphodels among
Thy footsteps fare, and to the lordly dead
Thou tellest all the stories left unsaid
Of secret rites and runes forgotten long,
Of that dark folk who ate the Lotus-bread
And sang the melancholy Linus-song."

Mrs. Tomson has certainly a very refined sense of form. Her verse, especially in the series entitled "New Words to Old Tunes," has grace and distinction. Some of the shorter poems are, to use a phrase made classical by Mr. Pater, "little carved ivories of speech." She is one of our most artistic workers in poetry, and treats language as a fine material.





MISS ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH.

(From the Picture by J. S. Sargent. Exhibited in the New Gallery.)

In Lady Laura's Sitting-Room.

LADY LAURA: What do you see from your seat in the window, Ida, to amuse you so well?

Ida: It is not only what I see but what I hear also, that amuses me so well.

Lady Laura: I have only heard the voices of Felicitas and Celandine since we sat here, but I could distinguish no words.

Ida: Ah! I have had an advantage over you. I have seen funny things, and heard droll comments upon them. It appears while Dr. Irwin was visiting your sick servant in the house, his little boy was occupied in making an extensive sketch in chalk on the large black marble step, that claims your butler's tenderest care. Under the colossal figure that he drew, he wrote in appropriately large and straggling characters "Laddy Lorra!"—probably feeling that last touch requisite to make your portrait an absolutely speaking one. As your children came out of the house, I suppose some misgiving of the appreciation of his art must have clouded his triumph, and he beat a hasty retreat. Your daughter's kindly calls to Tommy, only hastened Tommy's steps into distance. From the flying artist their eyes fell upon his work at their feet; you know the intense enjoyment they derive from all these little humorous twists and turns in daily life. I heard Felicitas say, "If there is so much amusement, Celandine, on one's own doorstep, one need not go far afield for amusement!"

Lady Laura: How comic! I must tell Archmont to respect the work of art, though it will be pain and grief to him to witness the desecration of his black marble, until I can examine it, and form some judgment of the manifestation I take to Tommy's mind. I believe Felicitas is right, at least as far as she and Celandine are concerned; they really do find on their doorstep and hearth-rug endless subjects to tickle their sensitive humour. That faculty for discovering in trivial things threads of what is droll, must have been the gift their fairy god-mother gave them.

Ida: Have you ever, Laura, thought how singularly that power seems to be given to one, and withheld from another?

Lady Laura: Oh, often! Look at Lord G——. His troubles are gruesome: a mad wife, a wild son, a sickly daughter, an old place he loves like his life, that requires thousands to do it justice, but hardly gives *him* the justice of a shilling in these bad times; and yet on any droll thought that slips across the gloomy outlook—and somehow such a thought will often flit across it for him—he seems to ride home like a very Ariel.

Ida: It's quite true. On the other side, you have Papa Jennings, as your girls call him, with a charming wife, two daughters, as he continually tells us, "settled *most* satisfactorily," a son whom men love, mothers covet, and daughters dote upon, money everywhere, and yet every grievance that trickles across the brilliancy of his lot seems sufficient to penetrate him with the deepest misery. The comparatively tiny thread of black over the brilliant sunlight fixes and fills his eye.

Lady Laura: The fact is, as Felicitas says, there is a great deal on one's own doorstep, *vide* "Laddy Lorra," to favour a joke or a smile, but the eyes of some seem holden——

Ida: Holden! it's exactly that. Sometimes I've thought one might even write volumes of very profound and logical philosophy, or give deep and wise counsel to senators, gathered only by the family hearth on the commonest of week-days.

Lady Laura: Or rather, I should say, one might write a key or an example book to some profound philosophy. I suppose if any theory be true, there should never lack simple and apparently trifling facts to prove it.

Ida: The technicalities of many a deep and scientific book grab an ignoramus like me with claws, and I feel powerless to loosen them, though the remembrance of some familiar experience might be the simplest and surest release.

Lady Laura: Women, who certainly have a very subtle appreciation of what passes under their own eye and hand, might, I believe, constantly illustrate clever men's theories from, as Felicitas says, "what they find on their own doorstep." Even very sensible women stumble among household ways, and miss opportunities for the study of interesting subjects, that their close observation and natural aptitude would specially illumine.

Ida: That is true. They *do* miss opportunities, and they have a natural aptitude for certain things, I believe, which men have not. Last night when Claude and Julia were discussing what constitutes vulgarity of manner, Claude, who is a really clever man, was entirely reduced in his arguments by Julia, a sharp but not an intellectual or even a well-educated woman.

Lady Laura: Yes! I remarked her victory, and it made me reflect that though women have a natural intuition into many matters, they rarely seem to apply themselves to look deeply into them; though they can foretell the result of certain actions, they do not care to consider the reason of such results. To quote Felicitas again, "they leave undisturbed the original origin."

Ida: The little wheels within wheels are turning in home life and every-day life, while the greater wheels without are stirring the world and moving civilisation.

Lady Laura: Yes; and those who are closest to the little wheels, who can see and hear and feel them, would often, by studying their action, best understand the machinery that the mighty wheels, too far off to see and feel directly, are putting in motion.

Ida: Do give me an instance, Laura, of some things in home life that suggest a key, as you said just now, to great ideas—I mean an example to illustrate a theory.

Lady Laura: Well, in our mental storehouses we have rarely got the goods so exactly arranged that they can be produced at any moment; but often I fancy I am close to experiences which may be the primers to great ideas. For instance, take the curious sight of members of the same family, educated alike and under the same conditions, possessing completely opposed opinions and tastes. Another subject in particular that has always had attractive interest for me is the quality, or perhaps I should more properly say, the event of reaction as it is displayed by different minds and characters.

Ida: Do you mean political reaction?

Lady Laura: Political, religious, and all kinds of reaction. Take a case of reaction in its simplest form, reaction in matters of pleasure and taste.

Ida: I have constantly felt there was something very mysterious, and a great deal very surprising, in such reactions. I think you do rightly by calling reaction rather an event than a quality, for it appears to be some force that urges the mind it has pushed forward in one direction to return upon its own path, and yet you could often never assign a time to the movement.

Lady Laura: That reminds me of the old schoolmen's problem, "A thing never moves, for it cannot move in the place where it is, and it cannot move in the place where it is not."

Ida: And truly the problem might almost be the definition of some reactions.

Lady Laura: Well, allowing for the difficulty and intricacy of our subject-matter, Ida, give me, not the schoolmen's expression, but your own of reaction.

Ida: I think I can do so better by illustration, for there are several kinds of reaction that occur to me. There is the reaction that makes Minna Luton love dress and the theatre, noise and crowds, and even playing at being a fast girl of the period, because she was once given as dowdy an appearance as dress could provide, kept from every amusement, and, as Felicitas says, made a "terribly proper noun," as long as her parents lived. Then you have the reaction that, from a child, made Leonard a Christian in whom muscularity is the special grace, while his parents, who, as you know, never pressed their tastes or views upon him, but are proud of him as he is, can hardly appreciate the difference between a cow and a horse, hate the sight of a gun, and are only remarkable in their perfect acquaintance with the now old-fashioned Tractarian and Evangelical controversies.

Lady Laura: Or where could you see reaction more marked than in John Lee? A ritualist, a musician, a poet; the son of a man whose mind is wholly given up to stockbroking, and of a mother who is—well, not to be ill-natured, a very common noun of womankind.

Ida: Exactly. In Minna Luton's case one can feel the reaction natural, almost necessary, but in John Lee's it seemed to take a course directly contrary to immediate hereditary qualities. It had even no congenial or stimulating soil of opposition.

Lady Laura: Yes, it appears so spontaneous that, as I said, reaction is rather an event than a quality—something which befalls people, not that they grow.

Ida: But after all, the most difficult cases of reaction for full comprehension are not those of persons different to their parents or their bringing up, but reaction which is evolved out of their own minds: persons who have themselves been High Church and Low Church, Tory and Radical, who are continually in the state your nurse describes as "contrariwise"—out of their own fancies they breed most manifest rampant reactions. Did you hear old Lord Kaldan say to your husband, when Ernest had referred to some speech of his lordship's younger days, "What I believed then I disbelieve now, what I disbelieved then I believe now, but whether I was wrong then and right now, or right then and wrong now, I have not the faintest idea"?

Lady Laura: How Ernest has laughed over it! But he says it was a remarkably candid and accurate account, and that if you could speak of such a tangle of words as clear, it was, even to the negation of a faint idea, a perfectly distinct description of Lord Kaldan's mind; and yet Lord Kaldan is a decidedly talented man—a boat that might with success have sailed over rough waters, had it not been launched with the fatal omission of a helm.

Ida: That omission has made him the sport of reaction. Do you not think that some reactions are the immediate result of experience?

Lady Laura: Certainly there are such reactions. What to a well-balanced and logical mind is only fresh food for well-placed and logical conclusion, takes in a weak or illogical mind the form of reaction. There will always be people who insist upon idolising; they maintain during the process of idolatry that their idol is pure gold. Of course, when the gold leaf cracks and the wood below it rots, they desire to burn not only what they adored, but if possible the remembrance of their adoration. Such minds are bound to adore and burn, and often they manage to do both with considerable celerity; but I have suspected that reaction is more frequently a force, in such a mind as Lord Kaldan's, trying to adjust itself with unrelenting inconsistency to some naturally strong moral quality out of proportion to the judgment; and so perhaps might be explained that phenomenon, the pendulum mind. Look at Marcus! With extraordinary talent, in turn beloved, hated, execrated, admired, he shows what a huge figure can be created out of inconsistencies. He seems to have strata of opinions, and on each he forms a new world. Each stratum has (metaphorically speaking) its flora and fauna; its fragrant and its destroying growths; its dangerous and its delightful creatures. While he is accused of hypocrisy, it may be that his extraordinary power of change of conviction, as it seems, is self-defence only of his sanity, the pendulum in his mind acting, as it is said some pendulums have done in ancient pagodas, by preserving the centre of gravity, when earthquakes have reduced all other buildings around them.

Ida: Yes; in such minds as that of Marcus, the reaction may be, so to speak, involuntary, and absolutely necessary. When it ceases their mental powers will fail.

Lady Laura: They move in revolution and not through evolution, and such reaction has sometimes led me to believe that there is an actual mental centre of

gravity, which, notwithstanding the suicidal attempts of some minds, is asserted by the very vibrations that present to us such a difficult side.

Ida: This is an old fancy of yours, Laura, and one which has given you satisfaction.

Lady Laura: It is always agreeable to imagine one understands how life steps, if it be only one step, to time and tune. In a life where the rule is mystery, it refreshes one to see, or to think one sees, a light. Do you imagine, Ida, that reaction is more rapid in these days than it used to be?

Ida: I should say so. As regards politicians, the fact of a democracy must always encourage rapid changes of thought.

Lady Laura: The rapid, almost immediate manner in which new ideas, opinions, and experiences are now imbibed, would account for the increased appearance of reaction; but it may be that, as regards at least political or social ideas, the reaction that is so apparent is only like "waves of shadow passing over the wheat." The minds that appear most subjected to these changes are perhaps quite passive, and only reflect the transitions and conditions of things without or above them. Did you notice Gregory Sewell's remark yesterday, that "he considered no one should object to a charge of inconsistency; that personally he felt neither pain nor regret at such charges while granting their truth"?

Ida: Yes, he spoke correctly as regards himself, I believe; but *I* felt, when he said it, how little he was fit to lead others, though he can certainly influence them.

Lady Laura: He has a kind of brilliant or, rather, dazzling eloquence, for it dazes more than illumines.

Ida: I always think of him as best described by the Frenchman's account of England—"Il n'y a pas de climat, il y a seulement le temps."

Lady Laura: Ernest observed to me about that remark of Gregory's, that "he felt it dangerous for a man not to respect his past, even when he was no longer in harmony with it; that a tablet is not effaced because it is turned on one side."

Ida: As Mrs. Browning says: "My future will not copy fair my past in any book but heaven's." I remember hearing Ernest say also that "when full-grown men or women change any important article of faith or renounce some *hitherto* leading principle of life or thought, far from becoming prophets of the new idea, they should for a considerable season at least restrain themselves to a humble, though it might be a dignified silence; for a change of front in man or woman lessens influence, shakes a noble faith among the simple, and confounds the ignorant. The convert should rather be noted for his humility than for his zeal; for his caution, than his courage."

Lady Laura: "Où ils ont péché, ils devraient être punis." If this almost penitential attitude were maintained more, this greater respect for what we think an error committed with good and honest intention, and this truer estimate of what is due to others were more observed, reaction would perhaps be less common, or it would escape much of the contempt with which it is so often and so justly regarded.

Ida: I am sure that is so. But oh! Laura, the origin, the foundation-stone of our morning's conversation is in danger. Archmont is surveying with a look of unutterable indignation the figure on your doorstep, that has furnished us both with amusement and a topic of conversation this morning. Your portrait will be lost before you have been able to examine its merits.

Lady Laura: I must prevent that. I was oblivious of my duty to Tommy's masterpiece. Though we started from a doorstep, we have passed into a metaphysical world and the "conversation of our thoughts" has wandered a long way from the black marble that was background to "Laddy Lorra's" spectral portrait in white chalk.

Eveline Portsmouth.



Beauty, from the Historical Point of View.—I.

"Every woman would rather be handsome than good."—German Proverb.

"Had Cleopatra's nose been but half an inch shorter," says Pascal, "things would have turned out differently in this world." That may well be, yet it seems not unlikely that the abbreviation might have been an improvement; for, if one believes the testimony of a coin of her period, the enslaver of Anthony must have enjoyed a nose of quite exceptional length.



Queen Taia.

(*In the Museum at Boulak.*)

Be that as it may, this at least is certain, that, worshipped by many, and to all a thing lovely and delectable, beauty is a gift most ardently desired of woman, and most despairingly clung to; from the Israelitish queen, who tired her hair and painted her face, to the dying belle of the Georgian era.

"'Now give this other cheek a touch of red—
One would not, sure, look frightful when one's dead,'
Were the last words that poor Clarissa said."

From the age when the *belle chevelure blonde*, or the "red as blood, white as snow, and black as ebony" attractions, of the fairy-book princess, enthral the youthful imagination, to the period of grey hairs and dawning crows'-feet, nay, even beyond this sad Rubicon, the personal appearance—fair or otherwise—of most women is considered as being of the utmost importance by them. Tell a woman she is wicked, she may forgive you; dull, she will pity your lack of appreciation; but tell her she is ugly, and rivers of tears will not suffice to wash out your offence. Like the Phairshun (although probably without the publicity of that redoubtable chieftain) she will "swear a feud" against you; and between you the war-hatchet will lie for ever unburied, the peace-pipe remain unsmoked, by reason of your unpardonable sin. And all this is not surprising, nor is it matter for ridicule,

but rather for pity and admiration; being but the outcome and token of the great human yearning towards a high ideal. It is all as pathetic as the twisting contortions of an ill-placed plant that struggles towards the light. Age, care, disease (and forebears unwarily selected), militate against the physical perfection so eminently desirable in woman; so apparently prevalent among a people under conditions of high artistic development, though, indeed, in all likelihood the outward and visible signs that have been bequeathed to us of the beauty of past ages, owe their existence rather to the truthful skill of painter and sculptor than to the greater abundance of beautiful women. For instance, at this moment, in Spain, and in the islands of the Pacific, may be found as perfect examples of womanly beauty as in the most highly civilised countries of Europe, or among the marbles of Phidias and Polycleitus.

But it would seem that the popular ideal of beauty has been by no means a thing fixed and immutable; through all the pageant of the ages, since the first primitive conception of female comeliness, it has glided chameleon-like, taking colour, now from one influence, now from another. Types germinate, develop, reach their highest point (or their extremest absurdity), and sink again, for a while, into obscurity; perhaps again to reappear under a similar combination of circumstances. One beauty alone has borne the test of time and fluctuating taste, remaining impassive and disdainfully triumphant above the froth of the rising and falling tide—the Aphrodite of Melos.



BRONZE STATUETTE, WITH DIAMOND EYES, DISCOVERED AT VERONA.

(In the Castellani Collection, British Museum.)

But this is to anticipate; and still, in the words of the poet, "it is difficult to tell" whether the most perfect expression of the highest ideal has lain more in the eyes of the gazer or in his powers of expression. We may also wonder whether a generally acknowledged type of beauty is the one most numerously prevalent in

the hour of its triumph, or whether it is possible to "make up" to the desired model. Can people, for instance, curl their lips and cause their chins to project? Or are the representatives of any fashionable type brought into prominence by some chance caprice of prince or painter, as portions of a landscape, before unnoticed, *sautent aux yeux* under the auspices of a differently directed stream of light?

The Greeks were able to represent the idea of beauty admirably in their literature (in the hymn to Aphrodite, for example, and in the women of the Iliad and the Odyssey) before they approached the same possibility in plastic art. Before Greece, beauty, as we now understand it, was sadly to seek. True that the Egyptians aimed at photographic resemblance of portrait in their best days (5000 to 4000 B.C.), and the Sphinx, with its sad and perfidious smile, in itself constitutes a distinctly unique type of beauty, scarcely human, and entirely without sex. In their best days, we say, yet Taia, the wife of Amenophis III., the record of whose semi-Oriental beauty we may find in the Musée de Boulaq (or, in the form of a cast, in the British Museum), lived and moved and had her altogether heterodox and delightful being in 1600 B.C., more than two thousand years later. The accompanying illustration shows her in profile, and is far more archaic, and perhaps less lovely, than the full-face engraving ("Histoire de l'Art," Georges Perrot. Tome I., Pl. XI.) Of the original of this M. Charmes has written so true and fascinating a description that we cannot but quote from it. He says: "Lorsqu'on regarde longtemps l'admirable tête de Taia au Musée de Boulaq, ses traits élégants, qui n'ont rien de la raideur égyptienne, ses yeux allongés et animés par la vie la plus intense, sa bouche relevée aux deux extrémités comme les lèvres d'un sphinx, son expression de dédaigneuse coquetterie, sa beauté troublante et mystérieuse, pleine des plus étranges et des plus irrésistibles séductions rétrospectives, il est impossible de ne pas se forger à soi-même une histoire, peut-être un roman, dans lequel cette femme énigmatique aurait été l'inspiration, la cause première, l'autour principal des tragédies religieuses qui ont agité son époque, et dont la trace brûlante est venue jusqu'à nous." *



BRONZE MASK.

(In the Castellani Collection, British Museum.

Blue-eyed, and of fair and ruddy complexion, Queen Taia was obviously of foreign extraction; perhaps from Mesopotamia. That she was influential, and as much beloved as she was lovely, we know by the theological

* G. Charmes, "De la Réorganisation du Musée de Boulaq."

innovations for which she was responsible—being herself a disc-worshipper, and causing much confusion thereby—and by the inscriptions on certain tablets speaking of several very pleasurable lion-hunts enjoyed during the royal honeymoon.

Contrary to custom, too, the "wedding-scarabs" bore the name, not only of the King, Amenophis III., but of his bride. Not only in life was this fair heretic fêted and caressed; after her death, despite her heterodoxy, she was admitted among the Osirian Kings and worshipped as a goddess. Of her is it written that she was "a king's daughter, a king's sister, a king's mother; the mighty wife of a king, and the Lady of Both Lands."*

In no *savage* art, however, do we find any attempt to portray physical loveliness. The human figures on the barbaric gems found in the islands of the Greek Archipelago are as rudely archaic as the carvings of the South Sea Islanders or those of the Bushmen. One of these Greek gems in particular is astonishingly void of all semblance of artistic merit or intention. It represents, in all likelihood, Leda between two swans; Leda wears a crinoline, and has a waist reduced to conventional modern dimensions.

It may be not uninteresting to compare, in passing, the character of this figure with that of the figures in some Buddhist reliefs of 300 B.C., which are as entirely Parisienne as it is possible to conceive—"Parisienne," be it understood, in the fashionable sense of the word, with small waist, exaggerated bust and hips, and pose of the ladies of the chorus in *opéra bouffe*. It is hard to imagine anything more fantastic than these reliefs. Absolutely worthless and degraded in design and conception, they yet give rise to the question whether the taste which produces such distorted female proportions may not arise from conditions of low æsthetic development. We know that this artificial mode was much affected by the Hellenes in their savage state, and was discarded by them as they rose to free and perfect methods of expression; the Buddhist reliefs are evidently of their decadence. Perhaps it may not be too presumptuous to hope that, with our own social and intellectual progress, the women of the future may cast aside a custom that savours either of barbarism or degeneration.



THE KNIDIAN DEMETER.

(*From the Statue in the British Museum.*)

* Upper and Lower Egypt.

From the primitive Leda and her swans to the sculptures of the Acropolis, and from thence to the Melian Venus Victrix, seems far; and it is hard to realise that the journey was accomplished in so comparatively short a space of time! And still the old query suggests itself—did the artists faithfully depict that which they saw before them? or was the type prevalent in the plastic art of archaic Greece the result of an imperfect method of representation?

One would almost incline towards the latter hypothesis in regarding their rapid strides towards the future perfection, their laboured attempts at the conscientious rendering of drapery overloaded with trivial detail, and the very slight suggestion of organic forms. The faces, too, of the archaic sculptures, although not lacking in a species of severe charm, are stiff, and possess but the most rudimentary qualities of modelling. They very generally bear on their lips, in a more or less exaggerated form, the strange smile of Da Vinci's Monna Lisa, sometimes even expanding into a grin in the less-advanced examples. The Artemis found at Pompeii furnishes a fine example of this kind of archaism, as also, in a more advanced and pleasing stage, the charming bronze statuette with diamond eyes, in the Castellani collection, evidently aforetime a votive gift consecrated to deity by some pious worshipper. Although but seven inches in height this cunningly wrought little bronze has a rare majesty of its own; a vigour and dignity far in excess of its modest proportions. The diamond eyes are extremely fascinating. The grand head of an Amazon, perhaps a copy of the sculpture of Polycleitus, forms the next known and important step. This comes about 480 B.C., after the Persian war, and is extremely beautiful. The archaic angularity is elaborated into a sad and stately dignity, as in the Hera Farnese of Polycleitus, 482 B.C., and its pristine rudeness has developed into strength. Following rapidly upon this we find the mask found at Satala, in Cappadocia, called the Castellani



ANTONIA.

(From the Statue in the Louvre, Paris.)

Aphrodite, a head of great sweetness, and, at the same time, powerful in a high degree. Another very typical thing of beauty of the same period is a Kylix, with an exquisitely simple and lovely painting thereon representing Aphrodite riding on a swan. The charm of this delicate-hued picture is, of course, indescribable, but there is something in its chaste solidity that faintly but irresistibly reminds one of a certain portrait by Holbein of a beautiful girl.

And out of this strength and sweetness was evolved the marvellous and unapproachable beauty of the Venus of Melos, the apotheosis, as it were, of the female form, although the glorious head of the Hera Farnese, her predecessor by nearly a century, is perhaps, in itself, even finer than that which surmounts her stately figure.

Now came the most graceful vases, the most exquisite gems; around the goddess and in her train

clustered the brightest constellations of this millennium of beauty; amongst others the Mourning Demeter, than which there can be no more lovely exemplification of the *ewigweibliche*—the Pagan Madonna.

Strange to think of the *dégringolade* from all this power and purity, beginning with the feebler graces and insipid prettiness of the Medicean Venus (upon whom, by the way, Nathaniel Hawthorne bestowed pages of eulogy), down to the Asiatic corruptions of the decadence. But we must not forget that the "prettified" epoch of the Venus de Medici produced also the most exquisitely delightful record of Greek every-day life in terra-cotta, the Tanagra figures. These dainty statuettes, so graciously naïve, so gracefully natural, touch us with a sentiment something akin to that with which we regard the little familiar household implements and coquettish toilette trifles found in an old lava-whelmed city.



A FASHIONABLE FOREHEAD OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

(From a Picture in the National Gallery.)

A good example of matronly, majestic beauty may be shown forth in the portrait-bust of Antonia, who lived—not the most halcyon of lives, one would imagine—a few years before the Christian era. The second daughter of Marcus Antonius and of his wife Octavia, and inheriting both the virtues and the comeliness of the latter, whom she is said to have closely resembled, Antonia became the wife of Drusus, the brother of Tiberius, and, in due course of time, the mother of Germanicus, Livia, and Claudius.

Her domestic existence can scarcely have been an unclouded one, yet she lived to attain a mature old age—indeed, it was whispered by many at the time of her death, that her lengthened lease of life so much annoyed her grandson Caligula, that he either persuaded her to curtail it with her own hand, or some other persons to perform the office for her. One can well imagine Antonia, in her later years, a handsome portly old lady, placid and perhaps a little plaintive, under much worry; scarcely wrinkled at all; with an excellent digestion, and apt to become didactic when occasion offered.

And now, passing over the Græco-Roman and Roman stages through which this phantom of Helen strayed, we come to the union of the beauty of antiquity with that of the early Renaissance, as shown in the bust of Sigilgaita Ruffalo, sculptured in the latter part of the thirteenth century by Nicola da Foggia, and now in the church at Ravello, near Amalfi. It may be interesting to notice in this head, with its elaborate crown-like coiffure and braided tresses, the combination of the impassive Hellenic ideal and the awakening realism of the Moyen-âge. In mediæval France we find that the generally acknowledged type of beauty (in both sexes) possessed the golden, curling locks, the quickly-glancing, "watchet" eyes, red lips, and white skin of Nicolete (and of Aucassin), of whom the old jongleur sang so sweetly. In the Madonnas of the Pisan school during the thirteenth century we still find a distinctly sensuous type, which merges in 1400 and 1500 into the more ascetic and devotional, presumably with the exaggerated impulse towards Christianity and asceticism. Indeed, this type, in more or less modified forms, seems to have prevailed since the decadence of Greek art until its later revival. In missals and chronicles of the Middle Ages it recurs again and again, in well-nigh wearisome monotony. In these, of course, the rendering is stiffer and more archaic, but the elementary forms are much the same, showing forth, fairly plainly, the several lines upon which this ideal of Beauty was founded. The forehead high almost to baldness (in fact, the women of Da Vinci's time used to *shave* their foreheads in order to obtain a sufficiently "noble brow!"), the large, almost Eastern eyes, with their heavy, drooping lids, the flat cheeks, and rather insignificant chin—let us take these, and consider the fantasias that have been played upon this viol of few strings.

The Virgin and Child at Notre Dame, Bruges, attributed to Michael Angelo, is, excepting that Our Lady has not the usual high hairless forehead, sufficiently typical of *la belle religieuse* of Donatello, Della Robbia, Rafaello, and the rest.

Dürer, too, draws much the same kind of beauty, only, perhaps, tinged with a sterner nobility. A drawing of his, representing a three-quarter bust of a young woman with closed eyes, is a good example of this.

And when, later, we consider Da Vinci's Monna Lisa, with her malicious, mysterious smile (the Sphinx, as it were, of the fifteenth century), and her sensuous beauty, we shall find her to be of the same sisterhood as the Madonna—but the one is Venus Urania, the other a Venus less remote.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.



On Teaching Botany to Children.

"The world is saved by the breath of school-children."—*The Talmud.*

IN writing this paper I have two objects in view.

First, I would show *why* botany should be taught even to young children; and

Secondly, *how* it should be taught to them.

Now I take it that no one, not even those who are most indifferent to the workings of nature around them, will dispute the fact that a knowledge of botany can do no one any harm, and I even go a step further and assert that most people will allow that it can scarcely fail to do every one good.

"The pursuit of botany," says a quaint old writer, "brings health and strength to the body, pleasant thoughts to the mind, and sweet affections to the heart."

Indeed, there is so much to be said in favour of its study, that we are at a loss to understand why, until lately, it should have had no regular place assigned to it in the system of education in this country. For surely it is difficult to over-estimate the value of botanical knowledge. In contrast to chemistry and other branches of science the pursuit of which must necessarily be accompanied with experiments, botany has been defined as "the science of observation;" and what pursuit can be of greater value in educating a child, than that which trains it in habits of exact observation?—habits which will stand any man or woman in good stead in all times and places, and without which the foundations of knowledge can never be securely laid. Moreover, the exercise of the faculty of observation tends more than anything else to widen and enhance the interests and enjoyments of life.

"The difference between landscape and landscape is small," says Emerson, "but there is great difference in the beholders." Therefore, if we sometimes fail in developing any great love of the subject in some of our pupils, we shall at least have taught them the art of *seeing* what they look at.

And next to teaching children to observe, it is important to train them to turn their observations to account. For this we must educate them to *think*.

It has been advanced by a writer of to-day, that the many competitive examinations and the training necessary for them, "whilst they increase the capacity of our children, will diminish their faculty. We shall have more compilers and reducers, but fewer *thinkers*." He therefore urges that they should not be given too many books. Neither need they in the case of botany; indeed, so far as teaching its rudiments is concerned, we would put no book into a child's hands.

"Every field is like an open book; every painted flower hath a lesson written on its leaves," says the author of the beautiful Hymn in Prose, and it should be our aim to make these living books and our own *viva voce* lessons sufficient for the requirements of little children.

And without looking to the future, let us dwell a little on the actual profit and enjoyment which children—even while they are still in the nursery—may and should derive from botanical knowledge, "the joy to be got from a cowslip out of the field." How many hitherto tedious daily walks may be enlivened and turned into very voyages of discovery by a search for certain flowers! and if an awakened interest in plant life prove a boon to our healthy and active children, it is almost more so to the sickly ones and those who are cut off from the usual pleasures and pursuits of childhood. Nature is loved by what is best in us, and the love of flowers exists within us, almost as a part of our being. And surely it is stronger in our childhood than in any other part of our life, when next to the household faces that surround us, the visible world of earth and sky is the earliest existence we know, the substance round which our first affections twine their fondest, finest tendrils, or ever we have had time to change our "nook of homely thought for life's seducing wild."

What delight in after-life ever equals that of our childhood's days when we were free to tread the blue-sky carpet of violets and hyacinths, or the pale cloth of gold of

the rathe primrose? And were not flowers associated in our minds from the very first with festival-keeping and holiday-making? What would our childhood have been without its cowslip balls and its daisy chains, its birthday crowns and its May garlands?

"Sans fleurs la joie serait sans emblème," says Sully Prudhon. "Flowers belong to fairyland, the flowers and the birds and the butterflies are all that the world has kept of its golden age, the only perfectly beautiful things on earth, joyous, innocent, and half divine."

And does not the study of botany tend almost more than any other to develop in children a sense of the beautiful, and does not a vivid apprehension of the beautiful as discovered in the elaborate mechanism of nature carry us later on—as on angels' wings—to realise that this visible universe "is but the case or outer shell of something greater and better than itself," a super-sensible world which to the soul is more real and of higher import than any which the senses reveal? For is not nature, rightly understood, the adumbration of the things that shall be in heaven, and does not "every natural flower which grows on earth, imply a flower upon the spiritual side"?

"Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God," says the author of "Aurora Leigh," "but only he who *sees*, takes off his shoes."

So it should surely be our chief aim, especially in these days when the love of the beautiful is in great peril of being stamped out by the prevailing tendency in favour of shallow utility, in educating children to lead them to view in nature the eternal purpose of beauty, and they, at least, may be amongst the number of those "who see and take off their shoes."

In this way we may convert the most familiar objects into vehicles of education, only we shall do well to remember that truth must never be separated from beauty, nor accuracy sacrificed. Fidelity to facts must be always secured, and accuracy in teaching the elements of botany is, above all things, essential.

And now I come to the second part of my paper, namely, how best to bring botany within a child's reach—how, in short, to promote a real friendship between our own little human flowers and the lilies of the field.

There is no denying that botany is not only a very wide, deep, and difficult subject, but that also being an exact science, a slipshod way of teaching it will do more harm than not teaching it at all. Do what we will, its very simplest rudiments present certain difficulties which must, at all costs, be overcome; nor can we avoid the use of a certain number of technical expressions. Still, the old plan of prefacing a botany book with an enumeration of the difficulties which the young learners were cheerfully assured they would find in their way, was scarcely calculated to do more than effectually chill their ardour in the quest of this very tough apple off this branch of science.

There was one book, I remember well. It dated from my grandmother's childish days, and was entitled, to the best of my belief, "Some Leaves from the Tree of Knowledge." In an evil hour it was put into my hand with a recommendation to read it over and over again till I had mastered its contents. Its title-page set forth that it was written "for the *amusement* and the instruction of the young." And the preface began as follows:—"To those of my young friends who are sincerely desirous to prosecute the pursuit of botany, I would commence by assuring them that it is only at the expense of severe and assiduous study and of untiring observation, of the closest application, and of inexhaustible patience, that they can ever hope to arrive at surmounting the almost invincible difficulties which crowd the path to the knowledge of botany."

Very dry leaves indeed did these promise to prove from the tree of knowledge. Such an invitation, couched in such seductive terms, was *scarcely* likely to inspire one with a reckless zeal for the pursuit of learning, nor did it in our case. At any rate, that book met with a sad fate.

But now we have fallen on far better days—we whose earliest recollections of flowers as moral teachers are associated with Mrs. Alexander's beautiful moral songs for children, which ought to find a place in every nursery book-shelf. If I wished to produce a good understanding from the very first between children and flowers, I would always make them learn such songs as hers; for since, as we have said above, botany is the science of observation, and affection always quickens our powers of observation, it is of infinite importance to cultivate a child's love for flowers from the very first. It is a grand thing if we can succeed in establishing a kind of brotherhood between children and flowers. Nor should it be a difficult task, for, as Wieland remarked, "it is the enviable privilege of our childhood to feel a tender sympathy with every living thing, which, alas! is too often imperceptibly lost as we go on in life." And since pity is akin to love, it is well to promote the latter by enlisting a child's sympathy for a drooping flower, or a sickly plant. It is wonderful what interest they will take in any flower which they may have helped to revive by a timely watering, or in any plant whose struggles for existence we may have encouraged them to watch. For all this helps them to realise that plants are living bodies, with duties of their own to perform and needs of their own to be satisfied, and their interest in plant life is quickened accordingly.

Then, too, it is a great amusement—and it all tends to familiarise them with the flower world—to teach them to watch two or three different plants, each pushing its own way through the ground, and to note how much faster some grow than the others. Every country child should have its own little garden-plot, and even town children may be easily provided with a few window-boxes where they can sow their own seeds. "One little rose-tree, beautiful and fragrant, may fill a great space in the daily life of a tired and disappointed soul," says a present-day author; and if this be true in the case of older people, much more so is it in that of children. It is wonderful how the possession of a single growing plant delights children, giving them a sort of right in the whole vegetable kingdom. "A rose off my very own tree," "A pansy out of my very own garden." These are treasures in comparison with which even a hothouse exotic is a mean thing.

Only make a child interested in plant life and half the battle is won, and I am convinced that this is so feasible (except in rare cases) that it must be the teacher's fault and not the pupil's if botany now-a-days proves an unwelcome study.

Properly handled, botany may be turned into a very fairy-land of our lesson world, and made fascinating from its very onset. And here let me remark, by the way, on a singular omission in all the botany books for beginners that I have ever met with, namely, that there is no explanation of the actual word *botany*. Now, although all children may not share the impression of some few scholars whom we once questioned as to its meaning, and who described it first as "a sort of wild animal that fed upon flowers," and then as "an old Roman man who wrote a book;" yet the awful air of impenetrable mystery which hangs about the unexplained name, and does not increase its charms, would be quickly dispelled if its derivation from the simple Greek word βοτάνη, "grass," were pointed out at the onset. For teachings connected with a meadow would have a pleasant sound rather than otherwise, and would surely attract rather than repel.

One great means to insure success in the teaching of botany is to teach it very gradually. "Il ne s'agit que d'avoir la patience de commencer par le commencement," says J. J. Rousseau, and this precept appears to me to sum up the whole secret of the art of imparting botanical knowledge. Let us begin at the beginning and mount the ladder gradually, never taking a fresh upward step till we have gained a perfectly firm foothold on the one below it. We *must* be content to go very slowly to work, to "borrow time," as the old saying is, and if we wish our fabric to have lasting foundations we must remember "Que le temps respecte peu ce que l'on fait sans lui."

"Be content to sow seeds; don't try and transplant shrubs in flower into your garden," said Joshua Watson, speaking of the education of children, and excellent advice it is.

We must remember, moreover, that to be a good teacher we must really love our subject. Knowledge is good, but the love of knowledge is better, and children are quick to see how much comes from the teacher's head and how much from his heart.

"A fig-tree looking on a fig-tree becomes fruitful," says the Arab, and it is so with children; and they are very easily infected by real enthusiasm on any subject.

There are two different systems for teaching botany. One is by proceeding from the unknown to the known, and most of our English botany books are exemplifications of this. "And therefore, and I believe therefore only," says Mrs. Kitchener, "is botany so often stigmatised as a dry and uninteresting study."

The other method is that of proceeding from the known to the unknown, and there can of course be no question as to the latter course being the only one to be adopted in teaching children.

In dealing with elder pupils, there can be no better plan than, after you have made them thoroughly understand the two great divisions of the flowering vegetable kingdom, to begin by taking one of the most familiar plants and examining it, root, stem, and leaves, and finally dissecting its flower before their eyes, in the very practical manner described by one of the manuals belonging to the National Society's Science and Art of Teaching Series. For the flower itself must practically be the teacher, and is much more successful in riveting the scholar's attention than any diagram would be. At first the children should be led to consider only what they can see—the external structure of the plants: the difference of the appearance and growth between the stem and the root, for instance, the difference in colour, the root being nearly white, the stem more or less green, and so forth.

Sir J. Hooker, in his excellent botany primer, insists on the lessons being given with the same regularity, method, and *strictness of discipline* as any other school lessons, and no doubt in the case of elder children he is right, but now we would plead for the little ones, whose instruction we would make as nearly like play as possible.

In the last generation botany was made hideous to children by its grim dryness; we would make it lovely and pleasant to them now by introducing as much real *fun* into the teaching as possible. And, turning our back boldly upon books, we will go into doll-land to help us to carry out our project. And with this in view, we propose, at the risk of being accused of retrograding, to borrow a custom, or at any rate the shadow of a custom, from the barbaric Middle Ages. To a certain degree we would revive the system of the "whipping-boys," only instead of boys we would substitute a tribe of dolls, to be used in turn as occasion required. Now, my readers, you may justly complain that when I invited you to consider the subject of flowers and flower-teaching you did not bargain on being introduced to dolls, and that in doing so I am trespassing unfairly on your forbearance; but I beg you to have patience with me for a few minutes, whilst I try and propound as clearly as I can on what system I should proceed with my sawdust-stuffed auxiliaries.

In the first place, I should start by procuring two large-sized dolls with good old-fashioned *wooden* heads, and as exactly like each other as possible. They should both be dressed alike, the only point of difference between them being the accessories to their toilet. These should take, in the case of one, the form of a necklace of broad beans, whilst the other should wear, by way of ornament, an ear of wheat in its sash.

In addition to these two larger ones, we would procure fourteen smaller dolls—who might indulge themselves in the luxury of wax heads—and who would each serve in turn as representative of each of the twelve flower tribes—for the compound flower tribe would require three representatives—to which, in turn, we should hope to introduce our pupils. Each doll should wear a dress suitable to the tribe it impersonates, and with the flower which is the representative of the tribe introduced prominently about its small person. For instance, the Ranunculus Tribe should be represented by a lady in bright yellow robes with a brilliant buttercup embroidered on her breast. The Amaryllis Tribe should

send as their deputy Miss Snowdrop in a dazzling white dress looped up with bunches of her own namesakes. The Cruciform Tribe should be represented by an old cross-bearing Crusader with a wallflower for his good lance, and so on throughout the twelve tribes.

One by one these "soul-less counterfeits of babes" should be introduced on to the scene, and we flatter ourselves that by the time Mr. Early-Purple Orchis shall bring up the rear, our children will have at any rate a very *pleasant* notion of botany, if they have not a very deep one.

Our next step then would be to teach them how each of these sections is again divided into tribes and families. When they have once conquered the difficulty of comprehending the two great divisions, the lesser ones belonging to each of the greater will be much more easily understood. We would, first of all, introduce the representative of the Ranunculus Tribe on to the scene, and after explaining the exact meaning of ranunculus, we would then proceed to examine a buttercup plant as our first step in the study of structural botany. And now at the very onset we shall hope to see the fruits of our given instructions and to find that there is no difficulty in classing the ranunculus, no hesitation in deciding whether Miss Buttercup shall sit beside Dame Dicotyledon or her wooden-headed *vis-à-vis*.

Miss Buttercup will give us a great deal of work to dissect and explain. There will first be the root, stem, and leaves to be considered, and they will consume a great deal of time, and call for much patience, before ever we reach the shining-faced flower itself, which, with its crowd of stamens and innumerable carpels, will give us more to do than most of the other wild flowers which we have selected as types.

It is a case of "le premier pas qui coûte," for if only we get through our buttercup campaign, and come out of it safely without having forfeited our pupils' confidence in our powers of interesting them, we shall have gained no mean victory.

But though we reckon on the tide of playfulness to carry out our nutshell to the great sea of knowledge, yet we must keep our own oars going, and gradually, though imperceptibly, increase our pupils' share in the work each time we have rounded a fresh headland. By degrees we must learn to depend less on the tide and more on our own exertions, for, after all, if our instructions and our scholars are alike good for anything, they will grow enthusiastic themselves in the quest of knowledge, and will not count the cost of obtaining it. Moreover, as we glide along over the given track, what numberless glimpses we gain of other subjects which come in our way just as naturally as the peeps of meadow land and distant hills and woods and buildings meet our view on a real journey! It is perfectly amazing how much general knowledge may be associated, and that in the most natural way, with botanical teaching. There is hardly any subject to which the study of plants may not lead up, from theology down to the commonest topics of every-day life. We could weave a perfect wreath of mythological legends with which flowers are associated; we could raise a very tower of anecdotes from history, ancient and modern, where herbs and flowers have had their own part to play; we could stock a whole garden with the well-known pets of our great poets, to say nothing of the touching stories we might tell of prisoners cheered by the presence of one little flower in their gloomy cell, of weary travellers in distant lands gladdened by the sight of some familiar blossom which reminded them of home and fatherland.

Then there are all the practical uses of plants to be considered, in medicine, in food, in the manufacture of clothing, of dyes, and of perfumes, a description of which may be introduced as occasion offers, and which, whilst it greatly increases the interest of the lesson, will widen considerably, at the same time, our pupils' fund of general information. There are so many strange facts continually presenting themselves at almost every bend of the road. How surprised they will be to find what, apparently, entirely different plants are connected with each other and reckoned to belong to the same tribe and family! For instance, how astonished they will be to learn that radishes and wallflowers are near relations, and that the tiny blue-eyed speedwell is a cousin of the tall stately foxglove, or that the innocent-looking celery, which is so nice to eat with cold meat, is a dangerously close kinsman of the poisonous hemlock!

Then, too, what a revelation the wonderful facts of the system of insect fertilisation of plants will be to the children! How eagerly henceforward they will watch an insect at work upon a flower, realising for the first time that everything, however small, has its own duty to perform in creation. If the beans are in flower, take them into the kitchen garden and set them to look for the two little holes which the bees always manage to pierce so cleverly with their trunk in the keel of the blossom in order to gain access to the honey, and explain to them how that the thief, unable from the conformation of the flower to get in by the front, is driven to steal in through the back door. They will be immensely amused at that. Then, again, draw their attention to a bee at work upon one of the compound flowers—a daisy, for instance—and show them how, whilst she is busy collecting her honey store, her tiny legs push down first one golden floret and then another, till in a few minutes she has smothered herself with the yellow powder from the anthers. Many of your audience may perhaps have learnt already those pretty lines of Miss Ingelow's:—

> "Oh, velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
> You've powdered your legs with gold;
> Oh, brave marsh mary-buds rich and yellow,
> Give me your money to hold."

And if so they will be doubly interested in learning of what importance that gold-powdering of himself is, not to the "dusty fellow," but to the blossom whence he robs it, and which unwittingly he is instrumental in fertilising.

Then, too, we may lead our pupils to notice the variation in the predominant colour of our wild flowers as the seasons change from spring to summer and autumn, for this is merely a matter of observation, and will involve no deep thought on their part to watch how the pure white of the larger stitchwort and the tall

"sauce alone" in our hedges gives way to the bright blue of the speedwell, and then later to the reddish purple of the black horehound, and the divers shades of the mallows; or how in our meadows the golden buttercups are gradually superseded by the pink of the sorrels and the campions, or how on our river-sides the yellow flag in early summer takes the place of the golden marsh marigold of spring, and is in its turn succeeded by the purple "loose-strife" of late summer. Finally, we may give them a practical illustration of the value of botanical knowledge—or rather, we should say, the disadvantage of not possessing it—by telling them how it is mentioned that in the voyage of Lord Anson round the world, whenever they touched an unknown land the surgeon was so terrified lest the strange unfamiliar herbs should prove poisonous to the crew, that he scarcely allowed them to use any other kind of fresh vegetable food than grass.

I have, of course, only given a very rough, and I fear not very coherent, sketch of my system, avoiding the description of how I would lead the children to observe all the details of the plants, such as the epidermus of stems and leaves, the hairs, stamens, &c., lest my reader's patience should be exhausted before my paper; but I need hardly state that none of these external points must be passed over, all that *is* to be seen in a plant must be seen by a child, and must be explained to him as far as possible, otherwise the child has an uncomfortable impression that he has not entirely conquered his new country, and is not undisputed king of his subject. We should encourage our children not to repeat after us parrot-fashion the sounds they have heard us make, but to give our meaning in their own words.

"That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die," is true in every point, and our knowledge, unless we allow it time to go through this process, can never bear lasting results.

Whatever may be said in favour of the cramming system, Epictetus of old hit off this method and its fruits very happily, if not very poetically, when he said, "It is as if sheep after they have been feeding should present their shepherds with the very grass itself which they had cropped and swallowed, to show how much they had eaten, instead of converting it into wool and milk."

But if in this age of competitive examinations cramming be indispensable for the acquirement of all other branches of the tree of knowledge, yet at least let botany be more gently dealt with. Let it be learnt gradually, as much from the leaves of Nature's book as from the printer's pages, till it grow to become a part of our very selves; and at any rate, at its onset, let its disciples be made willing followers, "receiving the word with gladness," their teachers remembering always Joshua Watson's admirable advice, "to *instil*, not *pour*, when we have narrow-necked vessels to fill."

PHŒBE ALLEN.



JULY.

Summer Night.

THE hay is down, ye moon is high,
The rosy meteors shoot the sky,
The damask roses dimly all
Lean out across ye garden wall.

O fragrant night more fair yn day,
O sweetnesse of ye swathes of hay,
O garden scents! with rapture deep,
Enfold, enfill my darling's sleep.

M. C. GILLINGTON.

The Latest Fashions.

By MRS. JOHNSTONE.



"In London I never know what I'd be at,
Enraptured with this, and enchanted with that;
I'm wild with the sweets of variety's plan,
And life seems a blessing too happy for man."

ALL this month brilliant London is likely to be at the very height of its glory. The visits of royal and imperial guests are still fresh in the memory, and we have a promise of more in prospect. The pride of life asserts itself, the pomp of shows, the glamour of splendour. Those who play their parts in society live an existence at high pressure. One scene of festivity and gaiety succeeds another, and they are forgotten as soon as over. It is the brightest and most brilliant side of life's kaleidoscope—the zenith of pleasure; everything seems to yield to the hurrying pressure of gaieties that leave no leisure and little time for thought.

At such a season the most magnificent adjuncts of dress are needed, and the heading to this chapter shows some of the many truly splendid trimmings which Messrs. Head and Son have in abundance at 191A, Sloane Street. Even ordinary materials with such trimmings would be a feature in any assemblage; adapted as they mostly are to very fine fabrics in varied colouring, they can but commend themselves to that intense love of the beautiful, which is a dominant feeling with English people. The tabliers are now made so wide that they constitute the front portion of the dress. The foundations are various: silk, satin, lisse, mousseline de soie, gauze, crêpe, tulle, and muslin, as well as net. The silk embroideries are supplemented or supplanted by beads and tinsel; the thread made now of every tone; and in the example selected for illustration, the tender greys, mauves, and greens blend well together in a most minute design. It is only one of many. I have lingered over them with special pleasure, for their intrinsic beauty. One design of interlaced palms, worked in silks, on white, green, or blue grounds, recalls the interlaced roofs of palm-trees beneath which I have often wandered in Eastern climes. Lisse is a favourite ground, because it in no way asserts itself, but helps to throw out the pattern into the greatest prominence. These embroideries are sold in lengths of either four yards and a half, or two and a quarter, and they are accompanied, as a rule, by sufficient for the bodice-trimming. The leading and dominant idea in most of the dress-fronts, however, are the Empire wreaths, which I see worn on full-dress morning gowns at the races, and elsewhere, and also on many of the evening dresses, at entertainments which abound each night. The wreaths often are introduced in stripes diminishing in size towards the waist. Occasionally striped material serves for the ground-work, and then the embroidery appears between the stripes. Some of the jetted tabliers have huge bunches of grapes in relief. Yellow palms on cream grounds accord with many of the elaborate brocades worn by women who are well-grown and well-developed enough to carry them off. Sometimes these embroideries are worked actually upon the silk itself, intermixed with pearls and precious stones. Wheat-ears are tied with roses, and connected with roses as you see them occasionally in old pictures of Bacchanalian scenes. Many young matrons this season are wearing the fronts of ball-gowns embroidered in silks with thistles, leaves, and flowers, emphasised sometimes with much tinsel cord and threads; the blooms, thick at the foot, are sparsely scattered above. Frequently on gauze and other thin materials the stripes of embroidery are divided by bands of perpendicular ribbon. The dictionary of modern ornament, as applied to dress, would be a large and ponderous volume.

Even tea-gowns are draped from neck to toe with soft falling stuffs, covered with rich embroidery; and with crêpe de Chine, from which fall a shower of pendent drops. I thought I had seen every possible variety, but I have just come across one of these dress-fronts, and perhaps the most beautiful of all. Jacobean in its treatment, thrown on a checked cream silk, worked in the finest tapestry designs of grey, brown, vieux rose, and

reseda, like a scroll with pendent bunches, the stitches are so infinitesimal, they seem to be painted. Where possible, the bodice-trimmings include a bracelet for the arm, intended to form the band to the puffed Empire sleeves. The strip of passementerie included in the illustration is one of many kinds placed at the hem of dresses this year across the front breadths. It is in the Renaissance style, in plush appliqué—it has an interlacing scroll in écru cord, and a thick copper thread gives much prominence to the design. It is very uncommon, but is a combination of tones which seems to adapt itself to almost any material. Epaulettes play an important part in this year's fashions. At the Drawing-rooms and other Court receptions women wore them of diamonds and also of natural flowers, and I have tried to show you above a gimp epaulette which forms an important part of a dress or mantle trimming, coming down on to the front of the bodice, as well as the back. They are made of jet, and are sometimes supplemented by handsome trimmings on the corner of the mantle or the front breadth of the dress.



OUTDOOR COSTUME.

A foreigner, asked to define what was the distinctive trait in the character of Englishwomen, replied, "Thrift;" and maybe he was right. Time was when Fashion affected to turn her back upon the City, although so large a store of good things filter thence to the West End. Now women with but one object in view—viz., to obtain the best value for their money—no longer bestow their custom on one or two firms, but buy with discrimination wherever the best of one particular article is to be found. And they do wisely, always supposing they are well posted up in current fashions, and know exactly what they need, and what it is really advisable to buy. An ill-made garment of second-rate style, to those who move in the world, is only a useless acquisition.

Messrs. Spence and Co., of St. Paul's Churchyard, cater for the million, and produce exactly what the million require, but this includes all classes, high and low, and the prices are fairly, but not unduly, moderate. The drawn-lace hats turned out by this firm are well shaped, and becoming, and have a distinctive novelty: the runners are concealed beneath rows of wire, covered with silk—red, green, or whatever tone accords with the rest of the trimmings; some have the crown surrounded with close-set roses without foliage, and bows of pongee silk are introduced into the crowns of many of the new hats destined for young girls.

Many of our leaders of fashion are adopting drawn muslin or soft silk hats with fluted brims, for river wear, much the same as have hitherto been worn by children. The firm have some specially pretty ones. They shade the face and are peculiarly summer-like in the sunshine; moreover they can be discarded when soiled without guilty extravagance, while many can be submitted to the wash-tub without much detriment.

Messrs. Spence and Co. have also some stylish summer gowns in bordered woollens, the skirts arranged in long pleats showing the brocade to the best advantage. A large flap pocket is introduced on one side in some of them, while in the silks the drapery on the other side is caught up with a large passementerie ornament. A tea-gown has become so entirely an *article de luxe*, that its original intention has been lost, viz., an easy lounging-dress instead of a costly dinner-gown. One of the models, however, at St. Paul's Churchyard exactly meets the former desideratum; it is made in a pretty tone of cashmere as a long skirt and Directoire jacket, over a front of soft silk of a contrasting tone. This is cut slightly square at the neck, and smocked, falling to the feet, and confined at

the waist by a silk sash. It is at the same time graceful and useful.

One good thing I also came across is what every one wants—a stocking with a perfectly-fitting heel, covering the ankle exactly, and yet not baggy, but veritably following the true shape of the foot. There is an old



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saying that "every one knows where their own shoe pinches," but the point that is not known is what causes the discomfort, and in nine cases out of ten it is an ill-fitting stocking. An invention of this kind meets a long-recognised difficulty.

On the opposite page is given an example of what this firm is offering to its customers in dresses and hats. The style of the gown is well adapted for copying in any cotton or light material; the model from which it was sketched had a plain pink zephyr skirt, and a polonaise having a ground of the same tone, with white sprigs. There is a band about the waist, and the polonaise is cleverly caught up at the side. The hat is white, with a soft pongee silk crown, encircled by a spray of wild white roses. It is becoming and at the same time picturesque, bent as it is into three vandykes above the face.

By the way, hats have much reduced the number of bonnets this season, and no wonder, as the present shapes specially suit English faces. The two in the accompanying sketches are adapted to two perfectly different forms of face. One has the brim lined with lace kept in its place by insertion, interthreaded with ribbon. It stands away from the head like the aureole of a saint, and on the outside is a cluster of flowers, tied together with ribbon bows. It demands, however, that the hair be dressed low at the back—it would be eminently unbecoming if the back of the head showed the hair drawn upwards. The other hat is lined with velvet, the brim turning up in one wide point at the side, and this pleated into form. The low crown is made to look high with bows, and a long ostrich-feather starts from the front, and falls on the hair. Very many such hats are being worn at all the fashionable resorts this year. If, however, I were asked to describe the shape which the best-dressed people have most generally worn and are now wearing, I should say the round shape with the crown covered with flowers; another well-worn form is the Tudor hat, and milliners prove their skill by converting a mere flat circle of straw into very captivating head-gear indeed.

The clever inventor of the collapsible bonnet has now brought out the Fenwick collapsible hat. Toques and hats with or without brims of any shape or size are now constructed on the collapsible principle—and thus treated the Gainsboro' hat folds into a small handkerchief. It was Dickens who wrote such an amusing article headed "Give us Room," but even he never contemplated such a very practical method of reducing the troubles of luggage to a minimum. Another clever notion from the same source is a holder for flowers and feathers on hats and bonnets, to keep them in place without stitching or pinning, thus making any change of colour or trimming an easy and speedy transition.

Tennis plays an all-important part in English summer life, and it is essential that young women should be pro-



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vided with dresses appropriate to the exigencies of the game. I think the one in our illustration (sketched at Messrs. Spence and Co.'s) is exactly suited for such a purpose. The material is striped flannel, and there are a number of new and charming colourings in the one

selected. The half-inch width of stripe is the newest. The skirt is full with a slight drapery on one side, sufficiently short not to break the lines, which are so becoming to a graceful figure. The bodice is a full blouse with a belt about the waist, the collar made very high, and it is supplemented by a jacket with open front to be worn



TENNIS-DRESS

when it is needed. It can be arranged in the same striped flannel, but the particular one illustrated is in a rich blue beaver cloth, with silk revers finely braided. These little jackets, which can be made very simple or very dressy, and may be worn with embroidered waistcoats and lace jabots, are quite the most charming introductions for outdoor wear of the year.

I am inclined to think that, as a rule, the spending of money has very little to do with good dressing. Knowledge and care are far more powerful adjuncts to success. I, like most of the world, know many young people who always look well dressed, and yet have small allowances, but they have leisure and bestow it, and take care of what they wear. A stitch in time and a brush in time have so much to do with the durability of our raiment. It is a mistake to have too many clothes, but it is also a mistake to wear the same boots or dresses continuously. There is a medium in all things. Moreover a wardrobe should contain garments suited to all the requirements of the life of the wearer. A good gown worn when an inferior one would answer as well is apt to be detrimental to the better dress. This leads up to the point that I have in my mind, viz., that it is worth a little thought how to adapt different articles of clothing to several uses, and the present fashions lend themselves to this. Now as regards the jacket in our illustration, it could be made to button over for rough wear; for more general use it could be thrown back as it is in the sketch; and when a smarter raiment is needed, an embroidered waistcoat might be worn beneath with a lace jabot. Those who have any Court waistcoats lying by, such as were worn years ago by men, should utilise them. They went out of date at Court when gentlemen's new regulations were issued, allowing a simpler style of raiment in velvet or plain cloth. A black skirt with an Eton jacket in black watered silk may be made to play several parts, for folded waistcoats in many colours and varieties might be supplemented with much benefit, and for a quiet dinner-gown a white vest might be added. Many other arrangements of different garments on the same plan will doubtless suggest themselves to my readers.

Before I quite dismiss the subject of tennis-dresses I want to call attention to a so-called shooting-skirt, which the Patent Shapely Skirt Association, in Gloucester Road, S.W., has brought out. It is comfortable and specially suited to tennis-playing; it has no foundation, looks full and ample, and has large useful pockets outside. Made in grey home-spun, with a silk blouse and grey coat to match, the hat of grey straw, of the sailor shape, like the one in the accompanying illustration, which appears high by means of large bows,—a very useful and capital tennis costume is the result. The "athletic shirt" is worn for tennis-playing; it is made exactly like a man's shirt, with the thick front and cuffs, a sailor knotted handkerchief encircling the all-round collar, the ends pinned down nearly to the waist. What it lacks in taste it gains in manliness. It is the fashion, and there is no reply to that argument.

The parasols this year either match the dress, or the hat or bonnet, which are not always exactly the same as the dress; a hat trimmed with green accompanied by a green parasol is decidedly stylish. Large Empire bows are introduced on the handles, and sometimes fruits—for example, with a brown and red shot parasol, a bunch of

cherries appears on the cherry-wood handle, and on a plum-coloured en-tout-cas a bunch of plums.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" I am about to introduce to your notice a new garter which cannot impede the circulation, and is very simple in its construction. A piece of coloured silk elastic with a clasp at each end, which holds a piece of the stocking drawn tightly across the front of the leg, the elastic keeping close beneath it, is most comfortable and does not injure the stocking; moreover it is a healthy invention.

For stays that wear well through any amount of tennis-playing, rowing or driving, the Dermathistic corsets are to be commended. In this patent, all bones, busks, and side steels are faced with fine leather, which adds little to the weight, but considerably to their durability. Brown's Dermathistic stays are well shaped, and prove a good support to the figure; the workmanship and materials are excellent.

I have just seen some of the trousseau preparing for the Princess Sophie of Prussia. The bulk has been made in Germany, only a few trifles here in the way of charming thread and silk vests and camisoles, replacing the old-fashioned petticoat-bodice, and fitting the figure to perfection. They are trimmed with fine Valenciennes lace and ribbon, and are all embroidered with the "S" and the Prussian Crown. Her Royal Highness has also a number of the new riding-spencers made both in silk and thread, with the waist woven in a thinner material, a very capital accessory to riding-gear. Many dozens of stockings are being despatched, among them some totally new in idea. They have the fronts woven in open-work to the ankle, where they are met by silk embroidery in colour, which forms an admirable finish to the lace-like open-work.

Summer dinner-gowns are needed now, and the two in our illustration are designed by Mme. Hayward, in New Bond Street. The first is made of magnificent materials, a design in ruby velvet thrown on an old rose ground, and richly trimmed with old rose appliqué interblended with lace in a manner best gleaned from the engraving. The sleeves reach to the elbow, and the front of the bodice displays lovely lace. The term "tea-gown" has now an extended significance, but such a dress as this might be worn *en grande toilette* at a dinner-party. The other gown is one which would suit a good figure to perfection. The skirt is in handsome chiné silk, with a corslet bodice of velvet and crêpe de Chine, under-bodice and sleeves, the latter set in a velvet cuff.



SUMMER DINNER-GOWNS.



Paris Fashions.

By VIOLETTE.

FASHION, growing every year more capricious, more fantastic, more adaptable to express every mood of the feminine section of humanity, has, for over half a century, remained in a manner stationary for men. The alternations of masculine attire rang its changes of the morning coat, frock coat, and dress coat, the last with ugly swallow-tail, with waistcoat more or less cut open, and trousers more or less clinging to the wearers' legs. Was clothing ever devised more dismally ungraceful, more mournfully monotonous? The old Dutch and Italian masters have made us understand all that the masculine costume may express of sober dignity, noble picturesqueness, dashing grace; the modern portrait painter can struggle only against the deficiencies of a costume which at its best lacks character, and which too often makes the wearers resemble mutes at a funeral, or waiters at a feast. The decline of elegance in costume seemed contemporaneous with a distinct decline in the pretty homage, the graceful courtesy that marked the demeanour of our grandfathers towards women.

Last spring, when the Lenten season had passed into the brightness of the Easter-time, it became evident that a change was imminent in masculine fashions. At balls and evening festivities, coloured coats in tender shades mingled with the monotonous and characterless costume so long affected by men; knee-breeches and silk stockings were worn as in the courtly bygone times; soon we may hope to see the full cravat and jabot of lace revived.

The revolution begun last spring is in full swing. Men of taste had endeavoured many times to effect this change, but every effort hitherto had failed. What masculine wit was powerless to achieve, the will of a pretty woman, clearly expressed, has brought about. "What woman wills, God wills," says the old proverb, and the proverb speaks truly. Woman needs only know how to will clearly and definitely—a more difficult art than appears at first sight—and she always carries through her resolve.

What fair Parisian lady had brought this change about? That she was a Frenchwoman, there could be no doubt. Feminine influence broods over every page of the history of France, and under this rule allegiance to taste and beauty survives amidst the decay of loyalty to other noble ideals.

The beautiful Comtesse de Kersaint, *née* Blanche de Mailly-Nesle, one of the most charming leaders of French society, gave a great ball in the Easter week, and in one corner of the invitation cards, addressed to the gentlemen of her acquaintance, was written, "The light-coloured coat is compulsory." The behest was obeyed. All the men appeared in thick lustreless silk or velvet coats, with knee-breeches, silk stockings, and buckled shoes. The effect was wonderfully picturesque. The ball was the greatest success of the season. It was the inauguration of a new era in masculine fashion. From that evening the reaction against the dull swallow-tail coat and black trousers has increased perceptibly. At every ball the number of coloured coats worn increases; in less than a month they had become the fashion, and they are now universally adopted by young men.

For the revolution to be complete, let the men of older years and of graver physiognomy wear coats of black velvet instead of black cloth, and let all alike don

knee-breeches. When this has come to pass, then our social gatherings will be marked by the elegance that marked those of bygone days, and the decline of which has affected men's manners as it has their costume.

The coloured coat is made of cloth, or of ribbed lustreless silk. Chestnut-brown, dark blue, and palm-green are the colours worn by the older men; young men wear brighter blue, and lilac. Amaranth, old gold, and silver-grey are also much affected. Scarlet is reserved for the receptions in country-houses; it is a startling note of colour introduced into the symphony of softer hues.

For knee-breeches, black and pearl-grey are the dominant colours; and black silk stockings triumph over white. Enough, however, of masculine attire.

Women's dress, far from losing its effectiveness by appearing in more elegant surroundings, gains thereby an added charm and grace. Men and women seem to vie with each other in wearing what is most becoming, most tasteful and picturesque.

Never have I seen ball-dresses so radiant or poetic as I have seen them lately. Floral dresses, starry dresses, gleaming with the white lustre of pearls, softly bright with silver or gold; opalescent dresses with delicate flames of colour shooting athwart a tissue of milky whiteness; dresses hemmed and fringed with pearls, and veiled with clouds of net; soft folds of silvered net over silver tissue. All that the brightest fancy can devise of freshness and sweetness, rules the colouring and trimming of these ball-dresses. Notwithstanding the rich quality of the tissues used, there is an effect of great simplicity attained by the disposal of the trimmings and by the fall of the lines. The draped bodice is usually garlanded with flowers; a tuft of flowers is placed in the hair, another on the shoulder. The draperies of lace over the front of the skirt are no longer worn; but lace is not all out of favour. For morning wear the Maison Morin-Blossier uses it with admirable effect mixed with crêpe de Chine; for evening wear the skirt entirely composed of lace is laid over satin, which gleams through the delicate meshes of the tissue.



VISITING-DRESS, FROM THE MAISON WORTH.

Painted flowers are coming into fashion again. Slender chaplets of flowers, or dainty posies of blossoms painted in water-colour, are scattered over draperies of tulle. The quaintness and grace of these dresses where lace, and satin, and painted blossoms mingle, have something that suggests the elegance of the fan of a marquise of a hundred years ago.

For evening dresses of a simpler character painted blossoms are also largely used. In wreaths, in clusters they spread over gauze of tender tint—pale blue, pink, and cream. Thus on white gauze may be seen sprays of lilac; on an ivory ground, a shower of rose-buds; on pale blue, starry daisies. The round skirt is edged with a hem of satin which repeats the colour of the principal flower in the design; the satin is repeated on the pleated bodice, and in the wide sash which is knotted at the back.

A charming dress composed of creamy crêpe de Chine, was one of those creations of art which bear the stamp of the master's hand and which are a harmony in line, in colour, in a suave unity of effect. The skirt fluted in deep organ-pleats was a delicate shimmer of light and shade, the straight tunic opened in front, and on the two ends were painted a large cluster of wild roses. The pleated bodice was gathered into a corslet-band of pale pink satin, embroidered in silver. The wide sleeves were gathered into wide wristbands, which like the straight collar were of pink satin worked in silver.

That touch of the picturesque which eminently distinguishes the creations of Worth, was very noticeable in a beautiful ball-dress, which brought suggestions of the Valois style, in the double-panelled skirt and in the quaint use made of gold braiding. The dominant note of colour was the deep buttercup-gold satin which composed

the upper dress; it opened over a white satin petticoat, slashed in double panels, over an under-skirt of gold brocade. Three bands of gold braid fastened the plain white satin skirt in front over the gold tissue. The brocade formed the front of the low bodice, the back of which only was of buttercup satin. A scarf of pearl-grey faille was fastened round the waist, and fell in long ends on the side. This note of neutral colour told with much charm against the brilliant tones of the gold and white.

I do not wonder pastel-painting is coming so much into vogue again. The rich and tender colouring of the gala-dresses of to-day reminds me of the tints found in old pictures in that medium. When Lacroix painted that portrait of Mme. du Barry in the Louvre, in all the pomp of her rich costume, the execution of which is as great a marvel as is the painting of the wearer's handsome sinister countenance, he must have taken delight in the artistic possibilities to be found in reproducing beautiful *chiffons*. A very paintable dress has just been turned out of M. Worth's studio. The fashion of the gown was late Louis XV. or early Louis XVI. The stuff was a marvel of rich colouring. On a ground of white satin spread a pattern in raised velvet, faded pink, tender green, and old-gold. About the petticoat undulated scarves of tender faded-rose-coloured satin were knotted where the train of gold-coloured satin met the skirt; the low gold satin bodice was draped with the brocaded satin, and fastened here and there with knots of pink satin.



OUTDOOR COSTUME, FROM THE MAISON REDFERN.

A simpler ball-dress, made by Mme. Lebouvier, would have delighted a painter who sought rather purity than glamour of effect in colour. This white dress was untouched by colour, save by that of a filet of pale gold, and the deeper tone of old guipure lace which circled round the edge of the low bodice, and was carried down on the foamy net under-skirt, forming panels on either side. The upper dress, of Princesse shape, was of white watered silk, edged with guipure lace, outlined by that slender thread of gold. A pelisse of white crêpe de Chine was to be worn with this dress, fitting the figure behind, while it was loose in front. The long angel sleeves swept the ground. A sable boa brought a deep note of colour at the throat.

I have chosen three charming specimens of walking-dresses for my illustrations. They will better explain than any words of mine can, what our Parisian ladies are wearing as outdoor costumes. The first is a visiting-dress, a Directoire redingote of thick moss-green faille, bordered with velvet of a deeper shade, and braided with black silk passementerie; the plastron of willow-green surah, quaintly embroidered. The bonnet has an aureole border in crêpe and black lace, with tufts of ivy placed *en aigrette*.

The second is a polonaise of blue cloth with gathered plastron of black surah, with collar and trimmings of black embroideries.

The third is a redingote of tobacco-brown cloth lined with striped pekin, maize and light brown: cuffs and pocket of pekin. The skirt and waistcoat are of pekin; the waistcoat is open, displaying a shirt of gathered maize surah. The straw hat is trimmed with chestnut-brown tufts of feathers.

Mme. Lebouvier is the dress-maker of some of our most celebrated actresses. Mme. Judie commissioned her to execute the characteristic gowns in the trousseau that the great comédienne brought with her to America. Mme. Jane Hading ordered from Mme. Lebouvier the dresses she wore in London, when she appeared there as the Dame aux Camélias, Gringoire, and L'Etrangère. In *Frou-Frou*, the inexhaustible occasion for the display of the prettiest and most coquettish costumes, the charming actress wore in the first act a dinner-dress of delicate pink merveilleux satin, made blouse-shape, slightly draped on one side, displaying an insertion of embroidery, black and pink, repeated at the collar and

wristbands. The sash of embroidery starting from the back was knotted on the left side.

A graceful dress to be worn in the second act was also of pink—a vivid moss-rose pink—in clinging ottoman silk, gathered here and there with knots of pink velvet; the scarf-sash was embroidered in gold. Contrasting with those pretty rose-coloured dresses, was the mournful loose gown worn by broken-hearted Frou-Frou when she returns home to die. This peignoir, made in the style of a Lamballe redingote, was of watered black pekin opening over a clinging black lace under-dress, hemmed with black marabout feathers.

A picturesque Louis XIII. gown, to be worn in *Don César de Bazan*, was of stamped black velvet lined with straw-coloured satin, opening over a sheath of black satin covered with jet. The collar and sleeve trimmings were of old guipure.

In *L'Aventurière* were two costumes, style Louis XIII., each identical in shape, but differing in colour: the first in red and gold brocade, the second in vieux rose: both enriched with guipure and jewels.

But the triumph of Mme. Lebouvier's art was seen in the dress designed for the second act of *Adrienne Lecouvreur*. My readers will remember, Adrienne there appears as the Sultana Roxane. The dress was of pink satin, studded with jewels; gathered at the hips with a scarf of emerald velvet, embroidered in gold and jewels. A mantle of emerald-green velvet edged with black sable, and a jewelled cap, completed a costume of Oriental splendour.



OUTDOOR COSTUME, FROM THE MAISON REDFERN.

A perfect reproduction of a Louis XV. dress was the white satin gown worn in the third act; the sleeves and under-skirt of white gauze embroidered in relief with a delicate running pattern worked in satin. The ball-dress in the fourth act was of sky-blue satin trimmed with old point lace, looped up with clusters of tea-roses.

In the last act, the dressing-gown of Louis XV. style was of white wool, relieved with pleatings of white gauze, very cloudy and diaphanous in effect.

Rings have once more appeared on parasols and en-tout-cas, and thus an old fashion has this summer been revived. But these rings are no longer the ivory, bone, or metal trifles of our youth; they have advanced in value with this luxurious age, for they are in either gold or silver, with precious stones—diamonds, emeralds, or rubies—encrusted round them. They prove very glittering and effective as they clasp the somewhat bulky covers of our sun-shades.

While on the subject of gems, it is remarkable to note how pearls, rubies, and even sapphires have disappeared, and how diamonds are our only wear. Jewellers show their skill in furthering this freak of fashion. They design sprays, flowers, necklets, bracelets, and rivières entirely of diamonds, so cunningly contrived that they can be detached or rather broken up to form ornaments for the shoulders, for the hair, for the bodice or skirt, and by a few clasps and hooks (necessarily invisible) can be restored to their original intention. These are popular marriage gifts.

The bonnets without crowns are decidedly the favourites with our *élégantes*, who likewise are introducing a novel style of hair-dressing. It is this—the back hair is massed together in a thick, rich plait, which first of all is pinned as a loop in the nape of the neck, then carried upwards to the forehead, where it is fastened in the centre with a diamond ornament. This mode has only as yet been adopted by a few of our leaders, but it is likely to find general favour, as it is extremely becoming to almost any style of beauty.

Queen Christina of Sweden.

THERE is one name in Swedish history whose lustre shines forth undimmed through the mist of years, one before which every Swedish heart still bows in passionate love and admiration —the name of their hero King, Gustavus Adolphus. It seemed as if at his death the sun of Sweden's greatness, which had risen with the dawn of the Reformation, must set again in clouds and darkness, for the heiress to the throne towards which the eyes of Protestant Europe had long looked for their salvation, was still a child in the nursery.

Christina, the brilliant and gifted daughter of the great King, was born on the 7th of December, 1626, the third but only-surviving child of her parents. When the news was broken to the King by his sister, that he was father to a daughter instead of the longed-for son, he received the intelligence very calmly. "I hope that one day this daughter will stand to me in the place of a son," he said; "she will be clever, for she has managed already to fool us all." His wife, however, Maria Eleanor of Brandenburg, did not reconcile herself so easily, and treated with scant affection the child who had so disappointed her hopes. Owing to her mother's carelessness and indifference, Christina was early confided to the care of the King's half-sister, the Princess Catherina, married to the Count Palatine, Johann Casimir.

When she was a year and a half old, Gustavus Adolphus, on returning from an expedition into Poland, had his daughter formally proclaimed heiress to the crown. He regarded her with the tenderest affection, and all the time he could spare from public duties was devoted to the child he hoped to train into a worthy successor to the throne of the Vasas. Those were happy days the little princess passed by the side of the father whose care and affection for her she repaid with all a child's passionate devotion. But only too soon the time approached when Gustavus Adolphus was once more called upon to leave his country.

The Thirty Years' War was raging, and the Protestant forces, after twelve years' hard struggle with their Catholic opponents, now turned with cries for aid to the King whose military successes had already made his name renowned over Europe. Once more the sword of the Protestant champion was to be unsheathed in the cause of liberty and truth, and Gustavus Adolphus set out for the campaign from which he was never destined to return. On the eve of his departure he summoned the Diet, and, with his four-year-old daughter in his arms, took a solemn farewell of the Assembly, commending his child in touching words to their fidelity.

As the Queen was to accompany her husband, the little princess was left to the entire charge of her aunt, the Countess Palatine, in whom the King reposed the greatest confidence. With tears and sobs Christina took leave of the father she was never to see again, and her grief for some days after his departure was so violent that fears were entertained for her health.

Two years afterwards, in 1632, Gustavus Adolphus fell covered with wounds on the battle-field of Lützen; and almost in the hour of death, and the victory which dying he had won, the daughter of the great King was proclaimed successor to the throne, all the generals and German princes who had taken service in the Swedish army swearing allegiance to the six-year-old princess, whose name now stood engraven on the shields of the first soldiers in Europe.

On the return of the Queen to Sweden after the death of her husband, Christina was restored to the charge of her mother, whose previous coldness and indifference had now changed to an ardent but injudicious affection. The Queen had been passionately attached to her husband, and mourned his loss with wild and undisciplined grief. She shut herself up with her daughter in darkened rooms, hung with black, into which hardly a ray of daylight could penetrate, and gave herself up entirely to the indulgence of her sorrow. Christina, to while away the dreary hours, devoted the greater part of her days to her studies, in which she made such rapid progress as to astonish her teachers. The Queen's melancholy continuing, and her treatment of her daughter being most injudicious, the Government at last interfered, and Christina was once more withdrawn from her mother's care, and confided to her aunt, in whose charge she remained till the death of the latter. The Queen in pique retired for a time to Denmark.

Christina was now surrounded by some of the ablest men in the country, who bestowed the greatest care upon her education. The great Chancellor Oxenstierna, her father's trusted friend and adviser, and the most remarkable man of his time, was amongst her most zealous instructors, and daily gave her lessons in statecraft and the art of governing. She learnt with the greatest ease and rapidity; at eight years of age knew Latin, French, and German, and the principal events in history, and at twelve was an accomplished Greek scholar. Italian and Spanish she taught herself; she also devoted much time to philosophical and mathematical studies. By the time she was a little way in her teens she was a miracle of learning, speaking or understanding nine languages, and able to converse on almost every topic with a skill and ability that delighted her instructors. Christina cared little for the usual pleasures and recreations of her youth and sex, but was passionately fond of riding and hunting, and was a first-rate shot. Five hours was all the time she devoted to sleep, and she was very simple in her dress. It was a pity that together with the genius of her father she should also have inherited the capricious temper of her mother, and that the admiration and homage which so early in life had surrounded the young Queen, should only too soon have developed,

in a soil so promising, the seeds of boundless vanity and whimsical egotism.

When she was sixteen Christina began to preside over the debates in the Council Chamber; and from that time no matters of importance were settled without her advice and sanction. On her eighteenth birthday she was declared of age, and the reins of government committed to her hands. Brilliant was the position of the country outwardly when Christina ascended the throne. The Swedish arms had been everywhere victorious in Germany and Denmark, and soon after her accession in 1645, the advantageous treaty of Brömsebro was signed with the latter. But in spite of successes abroad, and the halo of glory which surrounded the nation, the internal prosperity of the country was at a very low ebb; the long-protracted wars had bred poverty and distress amongst the lower and middle classes, and the discontent was deep and widespread. The power of the nobles, enriched by foreign spoils, had rapidly increased; they were, for the most part, free from taxes, the burden of which fell almost entirely upon the common people, who lived in a state of the greatest oppression.

When the young Queen ascended the throne, hopes were entertained that she would seek to redress the wrongs beneath which the lower orders were groaning, and restore order and prosperity to a country whose brilliant victories abroad had raised it to one of the first States in Europe. But loudly as the internal affairs of the kingdom called for attention, all questions of home reform were for the time driven into the background, and the public interest absorbed by the negociations which, since Christina's accession, were being carried on at Münster and Osnabrück. Christina wished for peace; weary of the din of battle that had encircled her from her cradle, she longed for the time when she could have more leisure to indulge in her favourite pursuits. Ambition, too, was the ruling passion of her life; and, debarred by her sex from gaining distinction on the battle-field, she thirsted to attain it as the brilliant patroness of arts and science. All her influence, therefore, was thrown into the scale of peace; and in her impatience to bring the war to a close she was ready to grant larger concessions than Oxenstierna approved of. The difference of opinion between Christina and the great Chancellor almost led to a breach; and the Queen's conduct at this time towards the man who had so long stood to her in the place of a father, and whose genius and ability had shed such lustre on his country, was open to grave censure. The long war, however, was at last terminated by the Peace of Westphalia, signed in 1678. By this treaty, in which most of the States of Europe took part, several provinces in Germany, and the greater part of Pomerania, were ceded to Sweden.

Christina now began to summon around her men of letters, who flocked from all parts of Europe to the Court of the young Queen, attracted thither by the reputation of her genius, and the report of her lavish generosity. Christina disliked the society of her own sex, and for all feminine pursuits entertained the greatest contempt; her voice, which at times could be soft and gentle, was generally deep and masculine. In figure she was somewhat below the middle height, with one shoulder slightly higher than the other—a defect she managed to conceal by her dress. Her hair, which she wore simply confined by a comb or ribbon, was light, her eyes dark blue, her features so expressive that her face seemed to change with every passing emotion, making it extremely difficult for an artist to produce a good portrait of her. She ate very little, and only food of the plainest kind, and never drank anything but water; she had through all her life an invincible dislike to wine and strong drinks.

A beautiful princess with a kingdom for her dowry was not likely to be wanting in suitors; and as soon as she was of age offers of alliance poured in from all quarters. Most of the princes of Europe, and several Kings, amongst whom was Charles II. of England, were candidates for the hand of the young Queen; but Christina refused them all. Her reasons were partly due to her dislike to matrimony, partly to fear that marriage would curtail her freedom. "I never can understand how women can submit to the slavery of marriage," she often used to say. The most persistent of her suitors was her cousin, Carl Gustavus. They had been brought up together in the home of her aunt; and the little Christina had in childish days promised to be his wife; but she now remained as obdurate to his entreaties as to the rest, only consoling him by the assurance that at least she would never marry any one else. To rid herself from further importunities on the part of her advisers she named him as her successor, presenting him in that capacity to the assembled States in 1649.

Meantime, the internal affairs of the kingdom were growing from bad to worse. Christina, who for the first few years of her reign had shown a desire to reform abuses and encourage commerce, now abandoned herself entirely to pleasure. The reign of favourites began; honours, dignities, and treasures were lavished on worthless men; her extravagance was such that often there was not a coin in the treasury; and, in order to obtain money for the continual round of fêtes, which made her Court one of the most brilliant in Europe, she was frequently reduced to borrowing from those whom she had previously loaded with gifts and favours. Discontent grew rife everywhere beyond the palace, and Christina, aware of her increasing unpopularity, and wearying of the burden of government, began to entertain thoughts of abdicating; but her designs were vigorously opposed by the Estates, and for the time she yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon her, though firmly resolved, sooner or later, to carry out her intentions. She longed for freedom from cares, and a change from the cold dark North to the sunny lands of the South, which she had so often heard extolled by her Southern favourites. She was weary, too, of the continual opposition she met with in her Cabinet, and began to despise a crown that failed to bestow absolute authority.

At last, after three years more, during which her vagaries and extravagances had still further embittered the people, she convoked the Estates at Upsala (15th February, 1654), and announced her inalterable intention of resigning the crown to her cousin Carl Gustavus. This time the Queen's decision was not opposed, the

Diet was summoned for the 1st of May, and on the 6th of June the final act of abdication was signed in the palace at Upsala. Between nine and ten on the morning of the longed-for day, Christina, accompanied by a brilliant suite, and clad in her royal robes with crown and sceptre, entered the large hall, which was thronged with spectators. At the further end, on a raised daïs, and beneath a costly canopy, stood the silver throne of the Vasas, and there the Queen for the last time took her seat; the act of abdication was then read, by which she released her subjects from their allegiance and resigned the reins of government to her cousin, reserving to herself the revenues of Pomerania and Mecklenburg and several provinces in Sweden. The Queen now rose, and amidst a breathless silence advanced to the steps of the daïs; laying aside the sceptre and golden apple (symbol of regal power), she made a sign to Brahe, the first dignitary in her kingdom, to take the crown from her head, but he, overcome by emotion, remained immovable. Christina, after waiting for a few moments, with her own hands removed the diadem and placed it on a table. Two chamberlains then advanced, and relieving her of her robes, laid them beside the other emblems of royalty. The Queen now stood before the assembly in a simple white muslin dress; slowly descending the steps of the daïs, she paused upon the lowest, and began her farewell speech, which she delivered with her usual grace and eloquence, her voice, that she could make at will so soft and melodious, trembling with emotion. There was not a dry eye in all that brilliant throng; all her faults, all the hopes she had shattered, all the abuses her misgovernment had evoked, were forgotten in that hour in a burst of love and loyalty for the beautiful gifted woman, Gustavus Adolphus's daughter, the last descendant of the grand old Vasa King, whose race was to expire with her.



QUEEN CHRISTINA.

(From a Contemporary Portrait.)

Four hours later Carl Gustavus was crowned in the cathedral, and Christina hurried to Stockholm, where twelve ships of war were waiting to conduct her to Germany. Preferring the land route, however, and adopting a masculine costume in order to travel with greater ease, she passed through Halland and Denmark to Hamburg. "Now at last I am free," she exclaimed, as she left the shores of her native land, "I have escaped from Sweden, and hope never to return." She little thought that a time would come when, consumed by the desire for the power she had thrown away, she would seek in vain to regain the crown she now abandoned so lightly—a time when even a home in the land of her birth would be denied her.

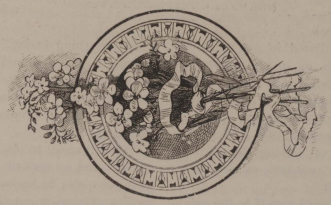
Arrived in Antwerp, Christina once more assumed feminine attire, and then proceeded to Brussels, where she met with a royal reception. She remained in that city for nearly a year, living in almost regal state, visited by princes and philosophers who flocked to pay their court to the renowned Queen. It was in Brussels that Christina, who for some time past had surrounded herself with Jesuits, privately became a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and a few months later in Innsprück she publicly and solemnly abjured the faith for which her father had died. From Innsprück she proceeded to Rome, where she had now decided to take up her quarters, and on the 19th of December, 1655, made a triumphal entrance into the city. The Farnese Palace had been prepared and furnished in costly style for her reception, and was presented to her as a gift by the Pope and nobles, the ambitious and magnificent Alexander VII., who had lately ascended the Papal chair, delighting to honour the guest whose conversion he considered added such lustre to the commencement of his reign.

After spending some months in Rome, during which time her days were passed in a succession of balls, fêtes, and masquerades, Christina, tiring of old favourites, and longing for new friends, betook herself to France, where she also met with a cordial reception; her wit and talents, her agreeable manners and brilliant conversation, soon made her the centre of attraction in what was then considered the most exclusive Court in Europe, and for a time Christina enjoyed all the prestige of a reigning Queen; but the days of her splendour and popularity were numbered. Returning to France the following year, an event happened which cast a dark shadow on her reputation. On a vague charge of having betrayed her secrets, she caused her favourite secretary Monaldeschi to be tortured and put to death; the murder aroused deep indignation all over Europe, and not even the Papal absolution could wipe the stain of blood from her memory. Treated now with coldness and contempt by the French Court, Christina soon returned to Rome, where she remained for the next few years, occupying herself principally in scientific studies.

In 1660 Carl Gustavus died, and Christina hurried to Sweden to claim the crown she regretted so bitterly, but the Swedes had lost their old reverence for the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus; the murder of Monaldeschi had disgusted them; neither could they forgive her renunciation of the faith her father had given his life to serve. Her claims were regarded with ridicule and indignation, and she was compelled to sign a still more binding treaty of abdication.

Six years after she appeared in Sweden again, desiring to establish herself there, but the exercise of her faith being denied her, she retired to Hamburg. Then, after an unsuccessful attempt to gain the empty crown of Poland, she made for Rome once more, where she spent the remaining twenty years of her life, visited by philosophers and men of letters, corresponding with most of the literary characters in Europe, founding academies, and seeking to assert her vanished influence by plunging into various intrigues. She died in April, 1689, and was buried in St. Peter's, where a costly monument now covers the remains of the once brilliant and courted Christina of Sweden.

A. WALTERSTORFF.

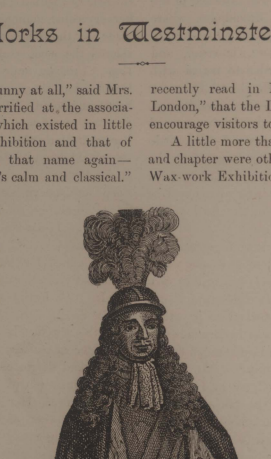


Wax-Works in Westminster Abbey.

"FUNNY! no; wax-work isn't funny at all," said Mrs. Jarley in a shrill voice, horrified at the association—vague though it might be—which existed in little Nell's mind, between Jarley's exhibition and that of Punch. "It's calm and—what's that name again—critical?—no, classical, that's it—it's calm and classical."

If any wax-works in all England, and beyond its limits, merit the final adjective employed by Dickens' immortal dame, those contained within the time-honoured walls of Westminster Abbey are surely the wax-works in question. But this assertion may occasion surprise. The fact that wax-works are preserved within the Abbey at all is not, by any means, an item of the general knowledge of every visitor to Westminster; and it will be as well, perhaps, at the outset of these observations, and before attempting to describe the exhibition, to give some explanation of the presence of wax-works among hallowed surroundings.

In old days, a wax effigy of the illustrious dead played a great part in the funeral procession of every person of distinction. It was carried on a "herse"—not as the word has now come to mean, a car containing a coffin, but a platform adorned with black hangings, to which laudatory verses were often fastened. The figures were ultimately detached from their "herses," and kept over or near the graves of the deceased. Wax effigies, dispersed hither and thither in Westminster Abbey, were gradually—when the custom of making such figures for funerals ceased—collected in one place for exhibition. Dean Stanley tells us in his "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey," that the "practice of using waxen effigies had its precedent, if not its origin, in the funerals of great men of the Roman Commonwealth." The "distinguishing mark," he says, "of a Roman noble was the right of having figures with waxen masks, representing his ancestors, carried at his obsequies, and placed in his hall."



CHARLES II.

(*From "A Guide to the Wax-Works in Westminster Abbey," 1768.*)

One November afternoon I found myself in the neighbourhood of Westminster; and the thought struck me that I would attempt to gain admittance to the wax-work exhibition in the Abbey. I mentioned my purpose to a friend who was with me, and we set out together, nothing daunted by our recollection of a remark, which we had recently read in Mr. Loftie's valuable "History of London," that the Dean and Chapter do not, now-a-days, encourage visitors to inspect the collection.

A little more than half a century ago, the then dean and chapter were otherwise minded. "The Westminster Wax-work Exhibition, or the Play of the dead *Volks*, as the common people called it, was," says a writer on London, "only discontinued in 1839." The same author tells us that people, "from all corners of the town," would flock to the Abbey during holidays, on which days the exhibition could, within certain hours, be visited, on payment of the modest sum of twopence. We are informed that on one such occasion, Dr. Barrow, who was occupying the pulpit after the hour for admission to the show had struck, preached on, so lengthily and so volubly, that his congregation, fearing to lose their time, became impatient, and "caused the organ to be struck up against him, and would not give over playing till they had blown him down."

The sky darkened as we trudged on towards the Westminster Broadway. The streets were enveloped in mist; rain began to fall heavily when we reached the Abbey.

We made our way to the north transept, and hailed as a verger. To him, we boldly preferred our request to see the wax-works, but we did not fail to enforce our petition by joining thereto the name of a friend—a name well known and honoured in Westminster.

"There isn't much light for seeing anything to-day," said the verger sententiously. He was right; the marvellous "soaring pillars" around us, the grand arches and the "long-drawn aisles" were growing dimmer and dimmer in the gathering obscurity.

But untoward circumstances were powerless to lessen our importunity.

"I will speak to the Dean's verger," volunteered our official; and we walked by his side to the gates leading to the chapels; he beckoned to a dignitary sitting at the receipt of sixpenny tolls, and the dean's verger came forward. "Oh, yes," said the new arrival, with a suavity enhanced, perhaps, by the magic sound again repeated of an influential name, "you can go up to the effigies if you like. But I doubt if you will see them; it's very dark."

"We should like to try."

So we all walked together towards the group of small chapels, immediately beyond the gates. We entered the Islip Chapel, which "Abbot Islip built like a king for himself, and where his effigy lies recumbent in solitary state—the only abbot who achieved that honour." For a moment, we recalled the words which Dean Stanley had written of Islip; we seemed to see him "in the old manor house of Neate, surrounded by the priests and saints of the Ancient Church, the Virgin standing at his feet, and imploring her Son's assistance to John Islip—"*Islip, O Fili, veniens, succurre Johanni.*"

But our fancies took to themselves fleet wings when the verger pointed to a flight of steps within the chapel. "You go up there to the effigies," he said; and then, after the exchange of a few parting civilities, he left us to our own devices. We mounted the stairs, and presently found ourselves within a small "Wainscot Chamber," and in an august presence. We were face to face with the wax effigy—a standing figure in a glass case—of no less a personage than His Majesty King Charles II.



GENERAL MONK.

(*From "A Guide to the Wax-Works in Westminster Abbey,"* 1768.)

The figure of the merry monarch is one of the best in the collection. It formerly used to stand over the King's grave in the Abbey, and beside it was the effigy of General Monk. Monk, however, is now in too dilapidated a condition to be shown. His armour is on view instead, but his cap—of which Goldsmith speaks amusingly in his "Citizen of the World," and to which witty allusion is made in the "Ingoldsby Legends," the cap, namely, in which contributions were collected from visitors—has long since disappeared. The King's waxen face has grown brown with age, the crimson velvet and costly point-lace of his costume are dimmed and soiled with the dust of two centuries; but the brown eyes gazed out at us from under the long, dark wig, with a look uncannily like life.

As we advanced further within the darkening chamber, it was only with difficulty and by dint of peering closely that we made out the outlines of the next figure—that of the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, of Charles II.'s time, widow of the last of the race. "This, then, is the duchess," we reflected simultaneously—for we had "read up" our subject, and had Dean Stanley, more or less, at our fingers' ends—"who left directions in her will that her effigy should be 'as well done in wax as could be, under crown-glass and none other,' and that she should have on the robes which she wore at the coronation of Queen Anne. Very imposing the robes are still, spite of the injurious touch of time. The duchess has her parrot with her—the parrot of which we read that it 'lived with her Grace nearly forty years, and only survived her by a few days.'"

The figures all looked very gaunt and grim in the dimness; the silent loneliness of the chamber deepened a certain sense of gloom which had begun to steal over us. We passed without much comment the figure of the Duke of Buckinghamshire, recumbent, as the body was brought from Rome, and the effigies of the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, Queen Anne, King William, and Queen Mary, but we came with one accord to a standstill before the effigy of good Queen Bess.

Miss Strickland, in her "Queens of England," gives her readers a long description of Queen Elizabeth's funeral statue, which, "by its close resemblance to their deceased sovereign, moved the sensibility of the loyal spectators at her obsequies." She speaks of the remains of beauty in the aged face, "doubtless a striking facsimile in wax of the maiden monarch in the last year of her reign and life," the "high aristocratic features, and the proud backward carriage of the head." And then she gives a lengthy and very minute description of the regal robes—the kirtle and bodice of very rich crimson satin, embroidered all over with silver; the stomacher embroidered in silver bullion interspersed with Roman pearls; the Spanish ruff, grown brown in the course of long years, the strings of pearl festooned over the bosom, the regal mantle of purple velvet, the earrings of pearls and rubies, and the high-heeled shoes of pale-coloured cloth, with enormous six-looped bows and large pearl medallions. "This funeral statue," says Miss Strickland, "is no other than the faded wax-work effigy of Queen Elizabeth, preserved in that little mysterious cell of Westminster Abbey, now closed to the public for ever, for the sight of which an additional sixpence was formerly extorted from visitors to that memorable fane."

Here, it may be stated—with all due respect for a deservedly popular author—that Miss Strickland has fallen into a mistake, though not one of very great importance. The figure at present in Westminster is not the original, but a copy of the original funeral effigy of the maiden Queen. An eminent writer on Westminster, whom we have already quoted, calls attention

to a paragraph which is conclusive on this subject in a work published in 1708—"Tom Brown's Walk through London and Westminster"—wherein some of the Westminster wax-works, and notably that of Queen Elizabeth,



THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.
(*From "A Guide to the Wax-Works in Westminster Abbey," 1768.*)

are disparagingly mentioned as already worn out. "Edward III.," says this writer of the last century, "was a broken piece of wax-work, a battered head, and a straw-stuffed body, not one-quarter covered with rags; his beautiful Queen stood by, not better in repair, and so to the number of half a score Kings and Queens. Their rear was brought up by good Queen Bess, *with the remnants of an old dirty ruff and nothing else to cover her.*" This scanty inventory of a royal toilette is little in accordance with Miss Strickland's remark: "It is surprising how well the bullion with which the Queen's dress is decorated has stood the test of time, for its discolouration proceeds rather from an accumulation of dust than tarnish. As an undoubted specimen of the costume worn by Elizabeth in the last year of her reign this figure is very valuable." There cannot, I think, be any doubt whatever that the late Dean of Westminster's statement, as contradistinct from that of Miss Strickland, is correct, and that the existing figure of the Queen is not the original one, but the one made by order of the Chapter in 1760.

We moved away from Queen Elizabeth, with "reluctant feet."

"Why, here," suddenly exclaimed my friend, in a surprised voice, "is a figure of Lord Chatham!"

"And here," I responded, echoing the tone of astonishment, "is Lord Nelson!"

We looked at one another in wonder. Surely there was not a wax effigy carried in so comparatively recent a funeral procession as that of Lord Nelson in 1809.

It was not till we reached home, and consulted our authority the Dean, that we arrived at the solution of the mystery. I need not remind my readers that Nelson, spite of the wish implied in his memorable exclamation, "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" was buried in St. Paul's. His funeral car was deposited in the great City cathedral, and attracted many sight-seers away from Westminster. At that time, the incomes of Westminster canons and lay vicars were eked out by contributions from visitors Chagrined by the declining state of their exchequer, the authorities of the Abbey set up a rival attraction to that of St. Paul's—a wax figure of the hero of Trafalgar. The idea proved a happy one: sight-seers returned in crowds to the Abbey.

As for the figure of Chatham, that too was erected after the custom ceased of making wax effigies for funerals. And the fee for showing the figure of the great statesman was raised from threepence to sixpence.

There are now only eleven figures, in all, in the Abbey, and the time which we spent in the "Wainscot Chamber" was not long. With a final imprecation on



THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM AND HER SON.
(*From "A Guide to the Wax-Works in Westminster Abbey," 1768.*)

the unfavourable state of the weather and the light, we left the weird assembly—looking weirder and more gruesome than ever in the deepening darkness—we descended the stairs, passed through the chapel and the gates, and made our way down the north transept.

Time for afternoon service had arrived. The coloured lights in the windows had all died out; the sentiment and the mystery, which belong to closing day, floated along the vast aisles and enwrapped the lofty columns.



QUEEN ANNE.

(*From "A Guide to the Wax-Works in Westminster Abbey,"* 1768.)

Candles glimmered along the choir. The organ struck up; a procession of white-robed choristers appeared; then, as we lingered on awhile, the echo came to us of sweet voices chanting familiar solemn words of prayer.

A thousand vaguely suggested thoughts, fancies, recollections were borne along the air to us by those melodious voices. We remembered the grand *Te Deum* which, in recent times, within these walls had breathed forth a nation's tribute to the beneficence of a reign of fifty years. We remembered too, with a strange thrill, half shame, half pride, with what a burst of triumph, spite of inevitable sadness, the charge, "*Be thou faithful unto death!*" had echoed along the aisles one sorrowful day, when the national mourning was fresh for Gordon, the martyr of Khartoum.

Then we seemed to hear again the silenced voices of preachers of our own day—of Stanley, of Kingsley, of others who have left us the legacy of heroes, "the memory of their great names, and the inspiration of their great example."

We were in illustrious company. All around us were poets, warriors, statesmen, teachers—great men, with whose fame the fame of their country is identical, and who have nobly earned their place in the Valhalla where England, sorrowing yet rejoicing, lays to rest her mightiest dead.

Within the silent Abbey—silent but for the voices of the choir, which had conjured up our host of memories—it was hard to realise that without, just around us, were the crowded streets of the largest and busiest city in the world. We thought of Wordsworth's sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge, and recollected that not gas-light and fog, but the sweetness and beauty of a September dawn were around him when he said of the scene:—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair."

It was time to go. Not without a long backward glance, inevitable alike for the *habitué* and the casual visitor who pass out of the Abbey doors, we left behind us the singing voices and the glorious fane.

The genius of the Abbey, in its grandeur and its suggestiveness, the beauty and the poetry of the dim transepts and the half-lighted choir, had taken hold of us; it was not till we found ourselves in the midst of the prose of a muddy street, that the spell was broken, and we recalled the wax-work effigies, for the inspection of which we had come to Westminster.

"Well!" we said one to another, as we moved along, "*these* wax-works belong to history; their antiquity gives them interest; they have figured in great national ceremonies; they, above and beyond all other wax-works, might put in a claim for Mrs. Jarley's ambitious epithet, and aspire to be entitled as the dame entitled her own collection, not only 'calm,' but 'classical.'"



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(*From "A Guide to the Wax-Works in Westminster Abbey,"* 1768.)

ANNETTE CALTHROP.

Dressing in Character.

"For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

AMONG the many ancient superstitions which have lately been revived, there is one to which people have lent themselves with peculiar facility. The superstition to which I refer had its origin in astrology. In its various modernised forms it is known as "Description of Character." These descriptions are offered at a low fee in the columns of the press by persons who style themselves "professors," and who, in a sense, are such, if the vagueness and largeness of their professions count for anything. They will describe the character of any lady or gentleman accurately, either from the lines of the hand, the bumps of the head, the handwriting, photograph, or even such insignificant particulars as the date of birth, or a mole on the right side of the body or the left. The recipient of one of these descriptions—the fulness of which is in accordance with the price paid—cherishes the precious document among his most sacred possessions. By its light he sees himself, as he supposes, for the first time in his true colours, and knows what manner of man he is.

It is very useful to know one's own character. A great deal of trouble and disappointment would be saved in the world if every man knew that such-and-such he was born and such-and-such was likely to remain. But are there no clearer data of character than the distribution of flesh or muscle on the palm, a few dots and lines on a bit of paper, a birthmark here or there? Does not each one of us bear his character written plainly upon his own person, if only he or his neighbours could read it? Is not the dress of the individual the strongest possible expression of his character?

Dress has so often been pooh-poohed as a subject of ridicule, a matter unworthy of serious attention, that many otherwise observant folks are ashamed to notice it, and thereby miss the revelations of character which lie under their very nose. I remember hearing it remarked that there was one point in which women novelists were superior to their male rivals, and that was in the greater attention which they give to dress. A scene can only be half-pictured if the reader has no idea what the *dramatis personæ* wore at a particular crisis in their fates. Tell him how their clothes were cut, and he knows what to expect of them; he can predict how they will comport themselves. And this brings us to our point: that life is in one aspect a huge fancy-dress ball, a ball in which every one—without any preliminary study, any reference to authorities on costume—is dressed inevitably in harmony with his character. We do not need to puzzle our brains over the accessories of our character-dress, nor to wonder how the hair should be treated or how the feet should be shod; all that has been settled for us. We wear garments of a certain cut and style because we must. They may not be becoming garments—in the sense of setting off our personal charms to the best advantage—but they are seldom unbecoming in the primary sense of being unsuitable to our character.

"But," the reader may interpose, "you are leaving the fashions out of account. Fashions change every year, and people must submit to them." To this argument I would reply that the submission is apparent, not real; and upon inquiry it will be found that every one accepts from the fashion just so much as is in accordance with his or her previous habits. True, there are people who are always in the extreme of each prevailing mode. But it is precisely by this habit on their part that we know and classify them. The girl, for instance, who, some years ago, was tied back so tightly that she could hardly move, last season found locomotion equally difficult from the cushions and wires with which her skirt was distended. This year her dress, though simpler in make, attracts attention by its loud-patterned check or stripe, her hat is either immensely high or immensely wide, and to make sure that she will not be overlooked she has annexed a walking-stick umbrella which stands as high as herself. The change of fashion has not changed the girl; we recognise her as easily to-day as we did ten years ago. Without wishing to reflect unfavourably upon a class whose manners and bearing often leave nothing to desire, we should call this girl a shop-girl, and should know that she was pretentious and vulgar.

Dress tells us first the class to which the wearer belongs, and then gives us a general notion of his or her opinions and habits of thought. The class characteristics of a person are commonly of the most salient description, yet it is surprising how few people seem to notice them. This is soon seen when we remember how small is the number of those who can describe any one of their acquaintance so as to convey a definite impression to a third party. We are all aware that a ploughman wears corduroys, that a soldier may be known by his uniform, a clergyman by a white tie, a barrister by his wig, and so on. Beyond this the classification seldom extends, and yet each one of these unobservant people will in his own person follow out the typical details of his dress with the utmost exactitude. Take such a trivial article as the collar. An argumentative undergraduate once declared that he divided the whole university into the men who wore stuck-up and the men who wore turned-down collars. And he was not so far wrong; for in his day the turned-down collars were nearly always worn by youths of rather wild and heterodox opinions, while the tight high collars were emblematic of more law-abiding views. The neck arrangement is often the most suggestive part of men's and women's dress. A whole

chapter might be written on men's ties—the spring tie, the cotton tie, the sprawling tie, the jewelled, the Liberty silk, and other varieties. But the dress of my own sex offers quite a large enough field, and in feminine neck adornments there is no lack of variety. A fashionable woman at present may be known by the severe simplicity of her military collar, fastened with a small diamond or pearl pin. As we move lower down the scale we find the treatment of this portion of costume becomes more and more ornate. Strange contrivances in cheap lace, satin, or plush supersede the collar. To look extra smart, we sometimes see the whole front of the dress down to the waist covered with a spreading affair known as a *plastron* or *fichu*, serving no apparent purpose, and accentuated, maybe, with an artificial flower. No one now wears a silver locket and chain, excepting servant-girls, but they may nearly all be known by this token.

The girl-student is another type. These young ladies usually gather an exceedingly wide piece of muslin, or imitation lace, into a low neck-band. The tucker reaches to the shoulders, and is so conspicuous that it ought to be of irreproachable freshness. Unfortunately, this is rarely the case. It is, perhaps, hardly a change for the better when the tucker is removed, and nothing whatever interposes between the dress and the skin. The student (I am speaking in each instance only of the type, to which there are numerous exceptions) completes her toilette with a large shapeless hat and a mantle of a cut unknown in shops.

In Regent Street every day there may be seen scores of another kind of young woman. These are the "girls of the period." Their costume at the present moment consists of a perfectly cut, though apparently plain, dress, a jacket with open fronts, ostentatiously lined with fur, a boa of suffocating proportions, a hat, all brim and no crown, covered with as many feathers as a funeral coach, and a veil tied beneath the chin so that it cannot be lifted. These young ladies will be found, on acquaintance, to be as much alike in disposition as they are in dress. Their mothers and aunts who escort them on these peregrinations are attired in glittering beaded mantles; their bonnet is a concoction of flowers and leaves held together by means of gum, and a tulle veil; their wrists are manacled with gold chains and padlocks.

The typical platform woman also has a distinctive dress. She is generally in black silk, because it will stand a good deal of wear and tear, and also does duty for morning or evening meetings equally well. She looks pretty much like other ladies till the eye catches sight of her bonnet, but there she betrays herself. To begin with, she is no judge of millinery. She generally chooses something of the capacious Mother Hubbard shape, with a superabundance of flowers, feathers, and ribbons. A good bonnet requires to be handled with almost as much care and consideration as a child. But our orator has no time to attend to it. She wears it regardless of wind and weather, asleep against the cushion of the train, and on the platform. No wonder the bonnet resents such ruthless dealings, and becomes the sulky-looking, battered pent-house with which we are all familiar. In order to touch herself up in a feminine way, she adds a pair of dingy white gloves—some sizes too large—and a wisp of draggled tulle round her throat. In no individual instance, probably, would all these details be found combined. Most persons are content to mark their character or profession in some one point only, but it is by adding up these points that we get the outcome or type of the whole class.

Nearly resembling the professional speaker is the lady whose interests are absorbed in social or philanthropic movements, and who may be known as the member of committees. She is of a rather Quakerish appearance, large and commanding in figure; she has a wide intelligent face, a fresh complexion, and a good deal of forehead, of which we only see the topmost limit, where it is met by the brim of a comfortable black silk bonnet. A little old-fashioned curtain conceals her back hair. She does not generally wear a veil; or if she does, it is one of amplitude, which in the heat of conversation she can throw back at the shortest notice.

Every one must surely know the typical actress when they see her, and her quieter sister the professional singer. Nor will it be long before the public will begin to remark the lady journalist, if only by her chameleon characteristics. The journalist to be successful ought to look the embodiment of every type by turn, and her first care should be to dress in the character of each group of people among whom she may be thrown. In the course of the day she may find herself at Whitechapel in the morning, then at a wedding breakfast; in the afternoon at a meeting of serious people, a fancy fair, a philanthropic entertainment, and lastly at a Belgravian ball. Such a programme is by no means uncommon, and necessitates a rapid change of costume. But in spite of all her ingenuity of device, she will find it difficult to make believe that she is quite the fashionable woman at the ball, the affectionate relative at the wedding, the blue-ribbonist at a Temperance meeting, and so forth. Should she succeed in passing muster in all else, her calling will inevitably be betrayed by her shabby black bag, bulging with papers and pamphlets, to which she clings with such mysterious affection that she may not be parted from it.

There are many, many more types of women: the governess with her spectacles, the flower-girl with her old straw hat and draggled feathers, the lady's maid who "looks quite the lady"—only *not* quite—the sporting woman with her billycock hat and checked ulster, and a hundred others. What little has been said may perhaps suffice to show that fashion cannot rule the individual. Dress may seem to be dictated by a Worth or a Pingat, but the last word is said by the individual wearer. It is true men no longer go to the stake for wearing their hair long or short. Few of us nowadays admit that we have any principle in the matter other than the desire to look like our neighbours. But this is precisely the goal which may never be attained. We may break down all distinctions of class, of race, of religion, and still each one of us will bear his opinions and his past history writ large upon him by the aid of a collar, a glove, or a ribbon.

MARGARET BATESON.



HUGHENDEN MANOR.

(From a Photograph by J. G. Starling, High Wycombe.)

A Visit to Hughenden.

THE homes of great and famous men possess a peculiar interest for most people, whether it is the humble "clay-biggin'" by the banks of bonnie Doon where Burns first saw the light, the quiet Warwickshire village full of memories of Shakespeare, or some lordly castle in which are preserved relics and trophies of dead and gone heroes. Hughenden, which is simply a beautiful English country house, yields to few places in the interest it excites. One cannot imagine a locality more steeped in the personality of one man; everything seems to speak of the great Prime Minister who spent here most of the leisure hours that could be snatched from a hard-working and laborious life.

It is situated, as is well known, in Buckinghamshire, about two miles from the old-fashioned and (if the manufacture of chairs be no claim to distinction) unimportant town of High Wycombe. The country around is pretty in an unremarkable kind of way—that is to say, it is not particularly flat, there are trees in the hedgerows, and plenty of covert, for Lord Carrington's place is close to the town, and is well wooded and extensive. The drive through the Park of Hughenden and over a rustic bridge that crosses a brook half choked with weeds is pretty enough, and a rather steep ascent leads to the front of a handsome house of no particular form of architecture, much darkened and blocked up by large deodoras and other pines, which almost entirely cover the lawn. These trees possess a peculiar interest, as they were all planted by either royal or famous hands, among others by the Prince of Wales. The Queen and the Princess Beatrice also planted trees, but on the lawn on the other side of the house; those in front have unfortunately grown so much and are so close together that some of them will have to be thinned out before long.

You enter the house by a low, arched, rather dark hall, and the first thing that strikes the eye is a fine marble bust of Lord Beaconsfield in early life, which, though retaining the well-known features, gives one an idea of the good looks with which he was credited in his younger days. As you enter, to the left is the library, a delightful room lined with books and much dark oak; there is a beautiful view here from the vine-covered balcony across the wide lawn to the valley below, the town of High Wycombe looking picturesque in the distance. Communicating with the library is the drawing-room, which is chiefly remarkable—as, indeed, is the rest of the house—for the number of interesting pictures it contains. The place of honour is occupied by a portrait of Her Majesty, presented by herself; it is not a very pleasing likeness. But the neighbourhood is a trying one, for close by blooms in unfading loveliness the beautiful Countess of Blessington, by Lawrence. This was given to Lord Beaconsfield two years before his death by Sir Richard Wallace. Lawrence's pictures may be what Thackeray calls them in "Vanity Fair"—"tawdry, but beautiful." At any rate, the brilliant

colouring, the laughing eyes, the whole pose of the graceful figure clad in white satin, form an irresistible whole; she at least might say, like Swinburne's Queen of Samothrace, "God, making roses, made my face." Near at hand is a portrait of Count d'Orsay. There is also in this room a remarkably beautiful half-length of Lord Byron in a black cloak; the whole picture is very dark, and the pale, singularly handsome face stands boldly out.

The rest of the pictures in the room are those of personal friends of the late owner, among which we note Lord Derby, Lord and Lady Abergavenny, Lady Salisbury, &c. Over the fireplace is a picture of Lady Beaconsfield in the feathery ringlets and general Book of Beauty appearance of forty or fifty years ago. The furniture is handsome and comfortable, the most interesting piece being a chair worked by the Princess Beatrice, the design consisting of a wreath of flowers with an earl's coronet and B in the centre. There are plenty of souvenirs of royalty scattered about all over the house; what were formerly Lord Beaconsfield's bedroom and dressing-room are hung round with fine engravings of the Queen and her children, given by themselves, and these apartments are very charming and cheerful.

But perhaps the centre of interest is Lord Beaconsfield's study, a small room lined with books, with a huge antique fireplace, and a still larger writing-table at which he did all his work. It was his daily habit to write here all the morning up to 12.30 or 1, at which time he had a regular French *déjeâner*, after which his working day was generally considered over.

The Queen's room, so called, though Her Majesty never slept at Hughenden, is very beautiful, and has a lovely look-out over a kind of wooded dell. The room itself is pannelled in white wood and hung with yellow satin, whilst on the walls are many portraits of Lord Beaconsfield at all ages, some of them by well-known artists, and one of them, presented to him by the Queen herself, is painted by Von Angeli. On the bed lay a wonderful counterpane, composed entirely of the green and red wings of Australian paroquets; the effect was more curious than pretty, and one shudders to think of the number of birds that were slaughtered to complete it. It was brought from Australia by the present tenant of the house, Sir Samuel Wilson, Bart.

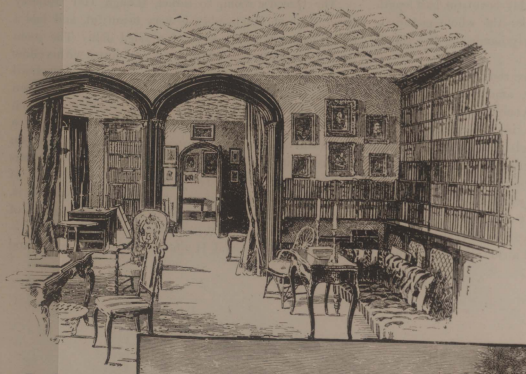
The grounds round Hughenden are very pretty and undulating. The house is built on the top ridge of a hilly park; half-way down one of the approaches stands the old church of Hughenden, an almost unique and perfectly preserved specimen of twelfth-century architecture, the old flint stones of which are at this season of the year completely festooned with hanging masses of



The Drawing-Room, Hughenden Manor.

From a Photograph by J. G. Starling, High Wycombe.)

Maréchal Niel and Céline Forestier roses—the latter named after the fairest of three fair sisters who in their youth were much admired and esteemed by Lord Beaconsfield. Under the chancel window of this quiet country



THE LIBRARY, HUGHENDEN MANOR.

church, with no covering save the simple green turf and the shadow of a plain slab of Aberdeen granite, the exact spot where his body lies marked out by a cross of living flowers, rest the remains of the great statesman.

His wife, and brother, and Mrs. Brydges Williams—a friend and intense admirer of his genius, who left all her fortune, amounting to over £40,000, to him, with the simple wish that she might be buried beside him—lie in the same vault, which is now closed up. Everything round and about the grave is noticeably plain and unostentatious; no emblems of rank or worldly greatness take away from the sacredness of the spot. Within the railed-in space is a large wreath of growing primroses, and year by year, every 19th of April, the Queen sends two wreaths—one of blooming fresh flowers, and the other of immortelles—which are hung on the granite slab. The quiet simplicity of it all is its greatest charm.

Inside the church the same feeling has been carried out. The memorial stained-glass windows which have been placed there by the universities and others, all form part of a single design, and are most subdued in tone and perfect in execution, the whole interest of the spot culminating, as it were, in the plain marble slab let into the chancel wall, with its simple but pathetic inscription—"To the dear and honoured memory of Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield. Erected by his Sovereign and Friend, Victoria."

Almost as interesting is another touching inscription which faces the royal memorial. It records the death of two brothers—one twenty-one, the other nineteen—who died within a month of each other in the Crimea. The elder, Sir William Young, was killed at Alma; the other, Sir John, who succeeded him, died before Sebastopol. It is an old story now, but "most pitiful."



HUGHENDEN CHURCH.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Taunt and Co., Oxford.)

Apart from its more modern interest the church itself is well worth seeing; there are fine recumbent statues of knights in armour, amongst them one of the famous Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. It is a curious accident that De Montfort and Disraeli should lie almost side by side. There is also a ghastly stone skeleton in a niche, which shows every bone of the human frame, and the heart, emblematic of the soul, is represented as just bursting through its bony prison—a not over-pleasant subject by which to linger.

Noticeable also is the exquisite embroidery on a series of altar-cloths worked by the vicar's wife; Heilbronner has pronounced it the best ecclesiastical work of its kind he knows: its fineness and artistic colouring are truly wonderful, the conventional emblems of the Apostles and Evangelists being enriched with real pearls and crystals, while the faces of the figures are more like painting than needlework, even the hair being worked in with the hair of the talented lady's own children.

There is no village close to the church, which stands inside the Park. Altogether Manor House, Church, and Park, and the surrounding country form a gem of English rural scenery, further enhanced by the associations gathered round the spot. The public life of the Earl of Beaconsfield is written in the annals of his country; *here* the kindly, lovable nature of the man, the culture and taste of the gentleman, of the poet, and the author has impressed itself. It was a fitting rest in life for a weary statesman, it is the fitting shrine of a great and good man.

I have often wondered why Hughenden, High Wycombe, Beaconsfield, and all the neighbouring country is not more known, for though only thirty miles from Hyde Park Corner it is most primitive and out of the world. If any one should want a day's outing away from the stereotyped suburban resorts let them try Buckinghamshire, and go and see Hughenden, and they will own they have had a pleasant time and seen as fair and as interesting a place as any that can be found in "Merrie England."

Lady Fairlie Cuninghame.



The Beaconsfield Tablet, Hughenden.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Taunt and Co. Oxford.)

Eldorado at Islington.

THE houses in the terrace were of grey stucco, with bow-windows and flights of steps out of all proportion to their size.

The main road ran along the bottom, and the remaining two sides were bounded by stretches of blank wall, above which a few sickly plane-trees were fluttering their leaves in the August air.

Eleanor Lloyd, from her window in the roof, could see not only the wall and the plane-trees, but, by dint of craning her neck, the High Street itself, with its ceaseless stream of trams and omnibuses. There was a public-house at the corner, and, as the door swung backwards and forwards, Eleanor caught glimpses of the lively barmaid behind her tall white tap-handles. A group of flower-girls, with uncurled feathers and straight fringes, stood outside on the pavement, jesting with the 'busmen and passers-by. Eleanor, who was a "lady," (Heaven help her!) used sometimes to envy the barmaid and the flower-girls their social opportunity.

This evening, over everything, over the sordid street, the dusty trees, the clustering roofs—over the girl at the window with her pale face, strong young shoulders, and shabby gown—brooded the spirit of the tired summer.

The summer, which, by stream and sea, is lusty from June to September, drags on weary and dispirited through its later weeks in the City.

The hot, gusty, grit-laden air blew from the east; it moved querulously among the plane-trees, and lifted at intervals the hair on Eleanor's forehead.

She had been sitting there all the afternoon, and now the sun was setting. There was nothing for her to do. Her little pupils in the neighbouring square had gone to the sea; her brothers and sisters played noisily in the basement parlour; even poor Eddy had fallen asleep on the sofa, with the crutch, that was of so little use to him, at his side.

And now, as a great red flame lit up the west, there came over Eleanor one of those half-rapturous fits of longing, those fierce yearnings for happiness, which most of us know in youth; which are not noble, not beautiful, perhaps; certainly in no way to be encouraged; which are only infinitely cruel and infinitely sad.

So the cry went up from her, the human, passionate cry from this helpless, fluttering creature caught—oh, the irony of it!—in a pitiless network of suburban streets.

A man with bent, shabby shoulders and lagging gait, turned up the terrace from the High Street.

At the parlour window of the Lloyds' house a worn-out-looking woman, with a patient face, watched him and sighed.

In their youth, no doubt, the husband and wife had dreamed of other things than those long years of ceaseless labour with their scant reward.

Hard-working, unassuming, delicately just, he was not, perhaps, of the stuff of which rich men are made.

The children clamoured up into the parlour to greet their father. Eddy held out a little thin hand from the sofa; Eleanor, with the dreams still in her dazzled eyes, slid into the darkened room—darkened on behalf of carpet and curtains—and took her place at the tea-table.

"Did you see your letter, father?" said the wife, as she lifted the teapot of Britannia metal.

Mr. Lloyd, who had taken the long blue envelope from the mantelpiece, laid it unopened beside his plate.

The room was very hot, and the blind flapped drearily in the wind. There was a household loaf on the table, some thick, thin-spread bread-and-butter, and a dish of watercress—a tough and sinewy August growth.

Even the children tackled the meal languidly, and after a few minutes their father set down his cup, took up his letter, and broke the seal.

A long, closely-written sheet of paper unrolled itself beneath his hand. He straightened the glasses on his tired eyes and began to read. He read it once, he read it twice, then lifting a perplexed face, said faintly—

"Mother, what does this mean?"

She was at his side, leaning over him, in a moment. She, too, read the letter, then stood strangely silent.

"Children," said their father, "a wonderful thing has happened. It seems that I am a rich man. My brother, from whom I parted in anger many years ago, is dead. He died as he had lived—alone; but at the last remembered me and forgave me. . . ."

His voice died away; and the wife, looking from her children's faces, on which a radiant comprehension was slowly dawning, to her husband's prematurely grizzled head, burst suddenly into weeping.

"My wife," he said—taking her into his arms—"there is no more cause to weep."

II.

Mrs. Lloyd brushed her husband's coat and hat the next morning even more carefully than usual, with a view to his visit to the lawyer.

"If it had come sooner!" she thought, as she watched the bent, beloved figure down the street.

Then she went back to her household duties.

The burden of those long years was not to be shaken off in an hour. She had stiffened, perhaps, into a habit of sorrow and of poverty; it is certain that she laboured faithfully throughout the day at her sordid cares—scarcely able to realise the strange fortune which had befallen them.

But not so the children. For them the good news was a reality. They drew together, building their castles in the air, which, unlike such erections generally,

had foundations of solid gold, and even in their unsubstantial upper storeys were fitted up with a sagacity characteristic of the early-wise children of the poor.

Eddy, from his sofa, spoke wistfully of marvellous cures, of health-giving breezes, of great doctors whose services he could now command. Eleanor moved about the house with new life, speaking little, but dreaming, dreaming, dreaming through the summer hours.

The wonderful day sped to its close. Once more the family gathered round the tea-table, the tired father taking his seat at the head.

"Did you go to that lawyer, father? A nice fellow he must be, I should say!" cried Eddy, who was a privileged person.

"And, father, did you tell them at the office that you are not going there any more?" added Eleanor, with a new gladness in her voice, a new light in her eyes, which to-day, at least, were the eyes of a pretty girl.

"Your father is tired," said the mother, seeing that her husband neither moved nor spoke, but sat with his elbow on the table, shading his face with his hand.

"No, no," he said quickly, "I am not tired . . ."

Then, lifting his head suddenly, he spoke out with curious harshness—

"Wife, children, you must put to-day and yesterday out of your heads. It has all been a mistake."

Half-imploring, half-defiant, he swept the dismayed circle of faces with his glance; then, dropping his eyes, went on—

"The money was never ours, never could be ours. It was the fruit of cruelty and extortion; it was wrung from the starving poor. It is money that no honest man can touch."

He covered his face with his hand, and there was silence in the room.

Then, all at once, the youngest of the children broke into loud crying, and Eleanor, with flaming cheeks and blazing eyes, sprang to her feet.

"I knew it!" she cried, and the anger and sorrow of her voice were sad to hear. "I knew it could not be true that we were going to be happy. It is a shame, a shame, but I knew it!" And she went from the room.

Her father followed her into the narrow passage, shutting the door behind them.

She stood silent, motionless, with her forehead pressed to the wall.

He stretched out a tired, trembling hand and laid it on her shoulder.

"My dear"—the harsh note of pain had faded from his voice; it was only very wistful and weary—"My dear, I am very sorry. But you would not wish it otherwise, I know."

He was a man of few words—simple, timid, little given to demonstrations of affection.

"You do not wish it otherwise?" he said again.

No answer; but he felt the shoulder shaking with sobs beneath his touch.

In the poor girl's simple heart she held her father's decision as absolutely without alternative, as he had done himself. Her anger was impersonal, directed against Fate, and at the pathetic sound of her father's voice she had melted into tears.

Meantime, in the parlour, the mother comforted her children. It was Eleanor who had believed in Eldorado, and yet who had cried, "I knew it!" The mother, whose heart had throughout refused to accept the glad tidings, made no such proclamation. She quieted the crying child, handed Eddy his tea, and taking up the loaf, began to cut it.

This evening the sun had been allowed to stream in through the window, regardless of the poor carpet and curtains. Perceiving this, Mrs. Lloyd laid down her knife and, stirred by the familiar thrifty instinct, walked firmly across the room and quietly drew down the blind.

Amy Levy.

A Song of Sunset.

SWEET the rose that the winds have smitten;
(Sing, croon, while the sun is low;)
Red the leaf that the frost has bitten.
(Sing, sweet, for it must be so,
A crimson sky when the sun is low.)

Brightest eyes have the longest weeping;
(Sing, sweet, it is ever so;)
And truest heart the shortest keeping.
(Sing, still, while the sun is low,
And find it true, for it must be so.)

Dearest love has the deepest sorrow;
(Hush, sweet, it is always so;)
And golden days the gloomiest morrow.
(O sweet, we have found it so,
A crimson sky when the sun is low.)

E. Matthey.

Pierre Loti and his Works.

ONE of the most wonderful French prose-writers of the day is, without doubt, Pierre Loti. I say wonderful because his style is quite untrained and yet is the very poetry of art. He does not pretend to be a great writer or even a *littérateur* at all—and for the very reason that he belongs to no school, and has followed no master, he is one of our most sincere "naturalists," in the true sense of the word. As simple as his style itself, his stories are ordinary episodes in sailor life. But Loti does not *relate* his tales to his readers, he *draws* and *paints* them as pictures before their very eyes; and so vivid is the effect produced by his word-painting, that we can almost *feel* in the midst of the surroundings of his plot as we read.

Pierre Loti is a lieutenant in the French navy, and in that capacity has travelled much, and in many and varied climes. His books are published in succession from the journal of his every-day life, during his travels; and even apart from the exquisite poetry and peculiar intense charm, which are the very breath of all his works, are full of descriptive interest.

The first work which attracted the notice of the public—*le gros public*—was "Le Mariage de Loti," published in 1880. It is simply a daily account drawn from his diary during his stay in Tahiti, and his poetical love for a young Tahitian girl there. When I first read this book, I had picked it up by chance at a library. I was immediately struck by its marked exotic originality, and before I had read ten pages, felt that the author and myself were old friends, and had both loved sweet little *Rarahu* for a long, long time. Loti puts the whole of *himself* into his writings. Always the man is discovered beneath the writer. His deep, youthful tenderness for *Rarahu* is most touching throughout, and vividly passionate are his descriptions of Tahitian scenery, with its great blossoming equatorial trees, its perfumed flowers, and its ever-fresh streams running through hot fevered forests, and his praise of the languid voluptuous court beauties of Papeete, wrapped in their transparent rose-coloured *pagnes*, with crimson blossoms in their hair and lips.

In "Fleurs d'Ennui" there exists more of his sad, morbid personality, and the manner in which he can render his innermost thoughts is marvellous. Nothing he tells us is new, everything he describes we have all felt in our moments of great moral suffering and discouragement when life seems to hold no longer anything good or sweet worth living for, and we find our own pain so perfectly painted that we are spell-bound; yet it is so simply and naturally written—without effort and without art—that it *seems* the easiest thing possible to write thus! Truly it is a grand gift to be so able to paint one's inner life, and to the writer himself it must be soothing and consoling. Indeed Loti's own motto is *Mon mal j'enchante*, and certainly it must comfort him to pour forth his deepest soul as he does.

At one time Loti spent a whole year in Turkey at Stamboul (1876 to 1877), and was so delighted with his sojourn, that he was sorely tempted to remain there for life. He learned Turkish, and as a real Turk wore the national costume, and lived in a Turkish home with his Turkish love Aziyadé.

When his naval duties called him to his ship, he changed his attire, and having despatched his duties, resumed his Turkish dress. This period of his life he has immortalised in his novel "Aziyadé." But thoughts of his aged mother and his loved ones at home caused him at length to leave his golden enchantment, and he returned to France. A very old friend of his—a fellow-officer, by name Plumkett—carried off his private diary containing his account of his life at Stamboul, and, without Loti's knowledge, sold it to Calmann Lévy, the publisher. This "Aziyadé" was Loti's first book, and he himself was the hero. It appeared in 1878 and was signed "X." So great was its success among the *raffinés* of literature, that Loti set to work to write his "Mariage de Loti" from his Tahitian journal. This was published in 1880, and since then Loti's fame has been established. The dates of his other works have always coincided with the dates of his various travels.

During 1873 and 1874 he travelled in Senegambia and Guinea. Here he made the acquaintance of Jean Peyral, the hero of "Le Roman d'un Spahi," which is again taken from his diary. The action takes place *au Sénégal*, that Hades of the French army, and so realistic and intense is his colouring, that we almost feel the hot scorching glare of the African sun as we read, and the ever-melancholy philosophy of the whole book remains in our minds for days after.

"Mon Frère Yves" is considered by many as his masterpiece. It gives us an insight into the life of a Breton fisher, with all his vices, his conservativeness, his pride, and his intense poetry. Frère Yves is a companion sailor of Loti's—a man for whom he has the "love surpassing that of a brother," a love vying with a mother's tenderness. For Loti has a woman's patience with loving, erring Yves, and his efforts to raise his "frère" to his own level are long and continued; and when Yves once says to Loti that he is beginning "to have many of his ways of thinking now," Loti sighs, hoping he will always have the strength to resist his terrible passion for drink. At the end Yves says to Loti that "all is right now," and the book closes upon a very soft picture of Yves's home life; and Loti—who brings his distrusting melancholy into the very midst of all his joy—adds that he only wishes real histories could end up well like a book. In fact "Mon Frère Yves" is a sort of very intimate biography of the two men—Loti the officer, and Yves the seaman. The descriptions of Brittany are marvellous.

In the painting of a mere nothing the writer puts his whole soul, and several scenes are heartrending in their naïve truth.

After "Mon Frère Yves" comes "Pêcheur d'Islande,"* his last work. It is the most simple of stories, and the action again takes place in sweet, melancholy Brittany. A poor Breton fisherman—the "pêcheur d'Islande"—by name Yann, loves a girl, Gaud, who is very rich—at least, too rich for him. Gaud loves him also, and even once makes an attempt to urge him to speak, seeing his great timidity. But Yann, proud and reserved, will not declare his love, and two sad years roll by—two years, during which he goes out to Iceland, and returns again, yet never breathing the words Gaud so longs to hear, and for which her heart is breaking. At her father's death Gaud becomes poor; then one day Yann returns, and afterwards all is explained and they are married. Only for six days though, and then he embarks again to Iceland, never to return . . . and Gaud weeps out her sweet, blighted youth alone under the misty green sky of Brittany. A most simple tale in itself, yet Pierre Loti makes it a masterpiece. The account of the death of a young sailor in Tonquin is a perfect gem, and I know nothing more chastely impassioned than the marriage-scene of Yann and Gaud.

* English translation. "An Iceland Fisherman," by Clara Cadiot. Published by Maxwell Bros.

Loti calls "Pêcheur d'Islande" a *novel*, and indeed it is the first book he has not drawn *directly* from his own notes. One might almost be tempted to say that what he has gained in the science of novel-making he has lost in originality, yet he has not even attempted in this so-called *roman* to alter or educate the quaint simplicity of his style. Some parts are even quite childish; the rough, simple fishermen are painted in their own language, and poor Gaud's misgivings on the score of her retiring lover are all girlishly reasoned as the lass must have reasoned to herself. He writes as he would speak—simply and colloquially, yet in the most educated and polished modern French.



PIERRE LOTI.

(From a Photograph by M. Delphin, Rochefort.)

The descriptions of cold, grey Iceland, where the summer sun never sets, are magnificent, and directly opposed to their chilling effect are the paintings of the Enchanted Gardens, far away on the other side of the globe. No great painter has ever so impressed us with the briny taste of the Northern Seas or has so rendered the very colour of the atmosphere. And, again, through "Pêcheur d'Islande," as through "Le Roman d'un Spahi" and through "Mon Frère Yves," lingers the strain of intense morbidness—a mocking discouragement of life, sceptic and scornful.

"Fleurs d'Ennui," the work to which I have already referred, is a *recueil* of letters which passed between Loti and his friend and fellow-officer, Plumkett. It is

an intelligent banter all through, hiding much deep and true philosophy, and the two friends are often very amusing in their frank, open remarks upon one another. Plumkett is the sceptical philosopher, or, at least, poses for such—Loti, the spleenish dreamer, and the merciless Plumkett spares him no railing when his friend wanders too far away into the realms of imagination. But in one of Plumkett's letters there is a criticism of Loti the writer, which sums up a great deal of what may be said of him :—

"*From Plumkett to Loti.*—In the very depths of your nature, dear Loti, the primitive man, or rather the prehistorical savage, still exists. The one thing which is peculiar to yourself, and which gives your books that strangeness which attracts simpletons, is the contempt you seem to have for all modern things, and the easy independence with which you throw off everything that thirty centuries of civilisation have given to mankind, to return to the simple sentiments of the primitive man and of the antediluvian animals of the Southern Seas. But to explain those sentiments you make use of all the resources and researches of the very civilised man, and you certainly succeed to some extent. I do not deny the fact, only I cannot class you in any order of writers. *You are very personally yourself*, and can bear no conventional denomination."

Since his marriage with Mlle. Blanche de Ferrière, in October, 1886, Loti has remained at Rochefort and has published three works—"Propos de Voyage," a charming series of jottings simply copied from his diary, which describe parts of Tonquin and the Malay Peninsula; a similar book on Japan, and "Madame Chrysanthème." This last is the *roman* built on his year's sojourn in Japan, which country seems to have amused rather than interested him. In a serio-jocular manner he describes Japan and the Japanese — *bonshommes de paravent* he contemptuously dubs them.



THE DRAWING-ROOM IN PIERRE LOTI'S HOUSE AT ROCHEFORT.

It is the same poem which Loti invariably weaves into everything which touches his fancy, be it serious, gay, or only amusing. Loti is above all a "poet" who writes in prose, and I am sure he could not write a line or give a single appreciation without an element of soft, lingering sadness in it. He described this last work to me as a "*gaîté eccentrique*," but I think eccentric gaiety is a thing of which he would be incapable. He certainly feels absolute contempt for the smallness and frivolity of the doll-like Japanese. He considers little Chrysanthème as a joke, only a joke which contains a painful element of disdainful pity. But the colouring of the work is very pretty—I mean the language and sentiment, for the *entourage* of these small Japanese figures, with their childish feelings and puerile games, seemed to have influenced even Loti himself, and the whole work appears small and delicate, although the immense sad greatness of Loti's philosophy bursts out occasionally, as if incapable of restraint.

To state the exact truth, Loti has never had a regular literary education, which accounts for his marked originality, and explains his fresh uncurbed genius. He comes of a good old family, native of Rochefort. His father

wrote a history of his birthplace, and his grandmother published a few poems.

Pierre Loti (whose real name is Julien Viaud) was born in 1850, and entered the naval school at Brest in 1867. During the war of 1870 he was in the Baltic and Northern Seas. In 1871 and 1872 he travelled in Polynesia, and after that time his naval career may be followed up in his books. From early childhood he had been in the habit of setting down his personal impressions in a journal of his daily life, and in that form wrote "Le Mariage de Loti" and his first works, little dreaming that they would ever be published.

When in France, Loti lives at Rochefort, in his old home. He has furnished several rooms after Oriental designs, which are faithful copies of his habitations in Algeria, Turkey, and other climes. He inhabits a small suite of rooms on the second floor of the house where he was born. His mother and aunt live in the other part of the house.

gers, "kandjiars," and silver and ivory-handled pistols flash against dark velvet panels, studded with turquoises and topazes. At one end of the room a broad couch, draped with brilliant silk, is placed beneath an over-hanging of crimson velvet threaded with gold. On the low-lying couches and carpets are soft cushions of all shapes and sizes. Small stools of sculptured mother-o'-pearl bear delicately-fretted brazen vases, and the Mauresque windows, veiled by light silks, are never opened, so that the Eastern charm of the whole room may not be broken. Towards the middle of the room an immense *sarcophage* is placed, hung with gorgeous, heavy draperies, with crossed fire-arms and scattered flowers upon it.

At night tall wax candles burn in the brazen chandeliers, throwing a weird mysterious glow over this strange Oriental abode, while the blue perfumed smoke of Levantine incense coils upwards from the "braseros."

Loti has generally written all his books on board ship during his long night-hours of watch, but sometimes he writes here in this luxurious room, lying full-length upon the floor, surrounded by his Oriental cushions and quaint Eastern odours.



THE MAURESQUE ROOM IN PIERRE LOTI'S HOUSE AT ROCHEFORT.

His drawing-room is the exact reproduction of his *salon* at Eyoub, and is adorned with Oriental draperies and beautiful art nicknacks. The walls are hung with heavy silks, embroidered with gold and pearls. Dag-

The Mauresque room is Loti's *chambre à coucher*. It is a narrow, lofty room, with white-washed walls graven with inscriptions and Mauresque designs. The daylight is shed from above, and Moorish carpets, cushions, and "narghilehs" are scattered over the floor. And again in the midst of this Eastern splendour rises the funeral-stone covered with amulets, to remind one of death in the midst of dreams. A small low desk lies upon the floor, bearing a manuscript copy of the Koran, and before this burns a brilliant light.

One room is an exact copy of the sitting-room in his Turkish home, so that in a provincial French town far removed from the madding crowd, Loti can imagine himself thousands of miles away in sunny Stamboul, and the ever-pervading impression of long unbroken silence reminds him forcibly of those lands of the East, where life passes on ever peaceful and motionless.

With modern life Loti is but little acquainted. He reads nothing which appears, and is interested by no political or social question of the day. It is only quite lately that he read the works of Daudet and Flaubert. Of Zola, Maupassant, or Bourget he knows not a line, and what is more, wishes to remain in his perfect ignorance. He hates everything which means "progress" or "invention." Old-fashioned customs and quaint feelings please him, but scientific discovery he abhors. He loves his naval calling, not for the technical work, but only for the long, silent nights in the midst of the ocean, and the pure, fresh taste of the open sea.

He is intensely conservative, and loves Brittany so well for having kept its look "of other times." He approves the Chinese who have built a wall round their country. "In a century's time," he says, "China will still be China, but Japan will be no longer Japan; it is already covered with railway lines and telegraph wires."

And so he lives quietly and calmly away from the busy crowd of modern Paris, surrounded by friends in the home he so dearly loves, and continues writing down his every-day life which, uneventful as it may seem to the commonplace, gives us the greatest and most genial masterpieces of modern prose. CADIOT DE PRAZ.

The Soul to the Ideal.

I WILL not hear thy music sweet!
If I should listen, then I know
I should no more know friend from foe,
But follow thy capricious feet—
Thy wings, than mine so much more fleet—
I will not go!

I will not go away! Away
From reeds and pool why should I go
To where sun burns, and hot winds blow?
Here sleeps cool twilight all the day;
Do I not love thy tune? No, no!
I will not say!

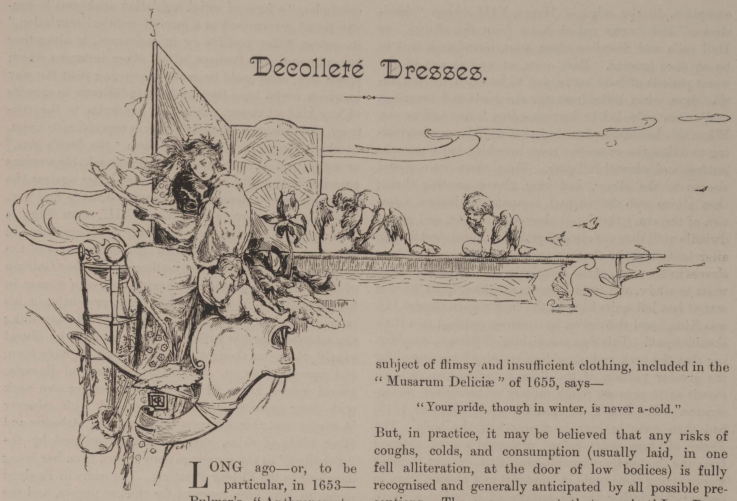
I will not say I love thy tune;
I do not know if so it be;
It surely is enough for me
To know I love cool rest at noon.
Spread thy bright wings—ah, go—go soon!
I will not see!

I will not see thy gleaming wings,
I will not hear thy music clear.
It is not love I feel, but fear;
I love the song the marsh-frog sings,
But thine, which after-sorrow brings,
I will not hear!

E. NESBIT.



Décolleté Dresses.



LONG ago—or, to be particular, in 1653—Bulwer's "Anthropometamorphosis," which is at once one of the rarest and most readable of rare books, raised the plea that scanty and low-cut dresses were physically injurious to women. Writing of the cutting-down and hollowing-out of dresses as "an exorbitant and shamefull enormity," and "a piece of refined Barbarism," the "Chirosopher," as this author delighted in being called, went on to threaten as many and grievous bodily afflictions as if he had been a nineteenth-century physician delivering a popular lecture. The practice, he says, is not only an offence against modesty,

"but it proves many times prejudiciall to health, for I have observed some Ladies who, by this inconvenient Garbe of nakedness, have lost the use of their hands, which have resolved and hung Changeling-like through a refrigeration of the originall of the Nerves which from the Neck send those Nerves to the hands which enable them with motion, to which mischief some Mercurial Dealbation (which this fashion usually requires) perhaps contributes."

In plainer phrase, some involuntary victims to low bodices had suffered a kind of paralysis in their hands, although mercurial lotions, used to improve the skin, might, perhaps, have had something to do with that mishap.

These terrors do not, in our day, add to the evils attributed to the exposure of delicate necks and chests to chance draughts and chills—a risk commonly supposed to be guarded against by a preliminary course of training to accustom young girls to this "inconvenient Garbe," with a view of hardening them, and accustoming them to what Chaucer calls "the distemperance of the firmament." For that matter, the ancient adage has it that "Pride feels no cold." An old ballad upon this very subject of flimsy and insufficient clothing, included in the "Musarum Deliciæ" of 1655, says—

"Your pride, though in winter, is never a-cold."

But, in practice, it may be believed that any risks of coughs, colds, and consumption (usually laid, in one fell alliteration, at the door of low bodices) is fully recognised and generally anticipated by all possible precautions. The announcement that an Anti-Low-Dress League has been formed amongst American men, because of the discomfort and danger they have to encounter in rooms kept over-heated for the convenience and protection of low-necked ladies (although, in all likelihood, entirely unreliable) embodies a reasonable complaint. It is not possible to credit the assertion that the Anti-Low-Dress League is prepared with statistics to prove that *décolleté* dresses are more fatal to men than either war, pestilence, or intemperance; but there are good and sufficient grounds for a new "Revolt of Man" against this "refined Barbarism." We must be impartial in our pity. If women endure, with impunity, perhaps with pleasure, all the hardships and hazards of low necks, while men do not, we may pity them the less and men the more. This aspect of the question, too long neglected, must have been present to La Bruyère, when, after contrasting the costume of the sexes, he asks if "the women also, who show their throats and shoulders, are they of a complexion less delicate than the men, or less subject than they to decorum?" But he continues—"What shame is this that makes them cover their limbs, and almost their feet, and allows them to have arms naked above the elbows?"

It is curious to notice that this uncovering of the arms—not the neck—was long considered the greatest possible offence against propriety. Dresses slipped down from the neck early in the fourteenth century, succeeding, as might be expected, the opposite extreme of closely muffling throat and ears with a wimple, and bodices were worn scandalously low towards the end of the century following; but sleeves closely shrouded the arms to the wrist all the time, with a brief and single

exception, in the reign of Henry VIII., when "demi-sleeves" and "arms naked down from the elbows," as Hall calls and describes them, were introduced, only to be at once ignored. Bare arms, as well as one of the worst periods of bare necks, are to be dated to Restoration days, when relief from the strictness and severities of Puritan rule led to corresponding laxity and excess. When this boisterous time had passed, it is very interesting to follow the successive steps by which fair arms were set free and allowed full play. First, there were puffed sleeves to the elbow, and long gloves meeting them; then gloves and sleeves part company to disclose a portion of the arm; then open sleeves fall lower, and gloves dwindle until they are altogether discontinued; and finally, after imitating the first pretence of plainness and long sleeves to the wrist, of the Revolution, the sleeve ebbs from wrist to elbow, and from elbow to shoulder, until the arm was at last left quite bare, in the days "when George III. was King," and the sleeve, by courtesy, reduced to a little shoulder-puff. This was astonishing diffidence, considering that the neck and shoulders remained uncovered for the greater portion of the time, sometimes to such an extent as to provoke rough raillery or indignant remonstrance. The female neck, said the *Guardian* of 1713, had then come to include almost half the body. The *Tatler*, of three years before, presented a mock petition from the linendrapers complaining that current fashions were putting their trade in jeopardy, and placing them in danger "of losing the advantage of covering a ninth part of every woman of quality in Great Britain." It is by no means to be assumed that these old essayists were not very much in earnest, even though they sometimes appeared to write so lightly, almost with levity, of social disorders; but if there could be any doubt in that respect, there was no room to question the sincerity of a small volume of "Just and Seasonable Reprehension" of the unseemly fashion, issued in 1678, with all the advantage of a preface of approval furnished by Richard Baxter. Argument, threats, and persuasion are united in these uncompromising pages, to endeavour, in one way or another, to cover the shoulders which were then so obtrusive. Readers were reminded, on the one hand, of the terrors of the Great Fire and the Plague, both considered at that time to have been direct judgments upon immoderate pride and luxury, and, on the other hand, were told of instances in "Ecclesiastical History where many Saints, not by any means enduring to pull their cloaths off of any part of their Bodies, when they were to go through little Rivers," had been miraculously transported across intervening streams without uncovering and without any trouble. The book was professedly the work, in the first instance, of "a Grave and Learned Papist," which will account for the introduction of cases of providential interposition on behalf of modest scruples; but religious differences were for the moment reconciled in view of what was considered a common danger; and the sturdy Protestant divine joined hands with the "grave and learned Papist" in assailing flaunting shoulders.

Whether Fashion is a matter of simple impulse or definite development, whether it comes of personal institution and popular imitation, or is, as Herbert Spencer concludes, "a form of social regulation analogous to constitutional government as a form of political regulation," its power, either positive or in resistance, is altogether beyond question. Perhaps, of all other instances which prove this, none could be more convincing than the way in which necks have been stolidly indifferent to attacks of any kind whatever, careless of examples to the contrary, and defiant of express decrees in opposition to them. Stephen Gosson, in 1596, called them "the devil's gins," or snares, and Thomas Reeve in some remarkable sermons preached in the City, in 1657, was very bitter against the "clippings and strippings" of women's dress in that day. Tradition tells how young Louis XIII. once flung a glass of wine into the neck of a lady too conspicuous in her attire—or lack of it; and in like manner, one of the pastors of the early American settlements, Father Galitzin of Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, having noticed a woman in his congregation in a low-necked dress, presently, in his parade down the aisle, singing *asperges* and sprinkling the assembled people with holy water, he dashed a liberal supply where he thought her dress ought to have been, and passed grimly on. Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, second wife of Louis XIV., began to cover her own neck with white gauze or lace in summer, and with minever in winter, and then all snow-white, marble, alabaster and other kinds of skins, were for a time eclipsed by the "Palatines," as the coverings were known from her being daughter to the Elector Palatine. The name in England seems to have been reserved for thicker tippets, and the thinner shelter to have been called the Modesty-piece, subsequently reduced to the Tucker, "a certain female ornament," as the 100th *Guardian* describes it, "by some called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a slip of fine linen or muslin that used to run in a small kind of ruffle round the uppermost verge of women's stays, and by that means covered a great part of the shoulders." At that time the original Modesty-piece had almost shrunk into obscurity. In the audacious Stuart period there was a similar show of exculpatory frill, too seldom made large enough to be of any service, as the sprawling beauties of Lely testify, but the Queen of Charles II. turned this tucker down, indifferent to its defence. Anne, humdrum Queen though she may have been, was a better woman, bent upon preventing impropriety, and so extremely solicitous for strict decorum, that she was hurt because Bolingbroke once, when summoned in a hurry, came into the royal presence in a Ramillies, or tie-wig, instead of a full-dress wig. It is funny to read—however excellent her motives may have been—that she would have the bust upon the coinage well draped. Most of the silver pieces were of a seemly sort, but on the gold coins the royal neck was exposed, until orders were given that drapery should appear on both kinds.

These are the lighter aspects of low necks, but there was a far more serious side to their history, to which we are led by the *Guardian* already noticed and its immediately succeeding numbers. It is, however regarded, a remarkable coincidence that the appearance of the paper touching the tucker in England was almost simultaneous in issue with a papal prescript at Rome "forbidding

women of whatsoever quality to go with naked necks, and the priests," as the news ran, "are ordered not to admit the transgressors of the law to confession nor to communion, neither are they to enter the cathedrals, under severe penalties." This was not exceptional legislation, nor by any means an occasional instance of the kind. Dr. Yeats, usually reliable, says that from the twelfth to the fifteenth century princes and prelates in France, Italy, and Germany, repeatedly forbade to women the wearing of low bodices, but in this instance is probably in error in assigning so early a date to measures of repression. No steps appear to have been taken in England to limit necks by law, although sumptuary statutes are numerous and elaborate enough, and from no other direction was opposition so strenuous as from the Court of Rome, at which, still consistent, any lady presented to his Holiness must wear a dress reaching to the throat and wrists. In 1635, for instance, an order was circulated to the clergy directing them to rebuke all women, matrons or maidens, who disclosed the bosom and shoulders, or who wore patches; and Innocent XI., in the first years of his pontificate, again urged, through the confessors and preachers of the Capuchins, a thorough repression of the immodesty and luxury of women's dress. Finding this disregarded, he published in 1683 a particular edict requiring women, whether married or unmarried—this denoting an old-standing inclination to permit unmarried women freedom in this particular—to cover their shoulders to the neck and their arms to the wrist with some thick fabric, not transparent, threatening those who did not obey within six days with excommunication, *ipso facto*, and declaring that confessors, who should presume to absolve any one so guilty, should themselves incur the penalty, and, besides, be liable to all the spiritual and temporal punishments his Holiness should think proper, which temporal punishments fathers, masters, husbands, and heads of families should likewise incur if they connived at the breach of the edict in any of those who were under their authority. This zeal is said to have been due, in the first place, to the fact that Innocent was at this time unfriendly to France, and would, if he could, have dealt a blow at her through the fashions by which she reaped riches and power. There seems, however, to be no good and sufficient reason for believing so uncharitable a conclusion, and it was not long after that the Pope further endeavoured to prevent laxity of manners by another extraordinary order, expressly forbidding women to employ any master of music to teach them to sing, even though the tutor should be an ecclesiastic or a near relation.

At no time has there been full surrender of public opinion to this fashion, and at times when it has been most commonly adopted, there have been protests against it. When the *Connoisseur*, in 1755, notices that even chandlers' wives appear behind shop counters without neckerchiefs, another periodical, not so well known, entitled the *Prater*, remonstrates with women against their bare necks, by which "the Decrees of Nature are reversed and the Remonstrances of Reason cancelled," and expresses pleasure at seeing the neck of a favourite lady "ornamented with a handkerchief." When Caroline was endeavouring to enforce her recognition as Queen, her faithful champion Alderman Whitbread was honest and bold enough on more than one occasion to warn her that her dress was improper and would injure her cause with the people. A distinguished lady in our own day condemns it as "indelicate and unhealthy," and Miss Cleveland, when taxed not long ago with encouraging, by her example, "a shocking scarcity of waists and sleeves" at the White House, although explicitly approving of evening dress which shows neck and arms, was emphatic in denunciation, "on the score of morality, beauty, health, and every consideration which good men and women should conspire to preserve and exact," of dress which went at all beyond this. But the most complete condemnation of the fashion is its absolute limitation in society to occasions of ceremonial or festivity. "The practice of wearing dresses cut low round the bust," remarked Mrs. Merrifield with severity in her interesting little study of "Dress as a Fine Art," "is limited to what is called full dress and to the higher and, except in this instance, the more refined class." This reproach may not be wholly just, but, whether or not, the common desire of people to imitate those above them in degree, is inactive and dormant so far as low necks are concerned. Whether it is for the avoidance of harm or confusion, people in general will have none of it. That is the alternative footing on which the custom is put by Malebranche, who goes on to ask what real excuse can be put forward for it, and can only find "that it is the fashion and nothing more. But this fashion," he says further, "is eccentric, troublesome, uncivil, unworthy every way. No matter, it is the fashion."

S. W. BECK.

The Ethics of Tidiness.

VERY few people know how to be tidy; fewer still have any idea of how important it is to be tidy in the fullest sense and meaning of the word.

At first sight it seems as if no well-bred, well-educated, sensible woman could be other than tidy—certainly, no well-dressed one could be; and yet well-bred, well-educated, well-dressed women very often are; and they would be very much surprised if they knew the vast amount of inconvenience and annoyance their untidiness often causes. Latterly, there seems to have arisen a prejudice against tidiness; many people—women especially—confound it with primness, others with positive narrow-mindedness. Others think disorder fashionable; others firmly believe it to be the sign of a great mind; others think it only means

> "Still to be neat, still to be drest
> As she were going to a feast."

But it really means much more than that. The neatness of personal attire and personal appearance is a small matter, though an imperative duty; it is mental tidiness that is needed to make things in this round world roll along more smoothly. Neatness, order, method, regularity, punctuality, all may come under the head of "tidiness," for want of a more comprehensive word; and how many women possess any two out of these five qualifications, how few know how to combine them so as to make a complete and comprehensive whole? But when you meet a tidy woman—tidy in her dress, her house, her manner, her thoughts—how delightful she is! the nearest approach to the

> "——perfect woman nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

But, unfortunately, many people don't like the "perfect woman;" others consider her a perfect nuisance; but that is only because they see but one side of her tidiness. The "perfect woman nobly planned" is usually supposed to be a woman of one idea, which she clings to most tenaciously; she is also (frequently) an intolerant woman, with small patience for other people's infirmities, and an overweening opinion of her own capacity. The "perfect woman" is often given to fault-finding, the tidy woman is given to fault-righting; the "perfect woman," as most people understand her, will "warn" in the sweetest voice, and "command" an octave higher, but I do not think she liberally bestows "comfort" on an offending housemaid; in short, the "perfect woman" is a trifle too good "for human nature's daily food." But the tidy woman, when she sees a fault anywhere, rectifies it first and complains after. If the drawing-room curtains are awry, the breakfast-cloth is askew, the plants in the windows put in "anyhow," the really tidy woman sets things straight, and then, if she is patient and long-suffering, and full of gentleness and meekness, she will remonstrate with the maid; but if she is a wise woman as well as tidy, she will see to the things herself, and trust to example rather than lecturing; few servants can resist the force of a good example, if it is set before them long enough.

A magazine article could never contain the innumerable blessings that a tidy woman can bestow on those around her; but even in a limited space one may mention a few of the miseries entailed by an untidy one.

It is hard to say where the habit of untidiness first begins to be acquired; in the nursery, perhaps. Who has not felt that "Chaos has come again" on entering the nursery at half-past eight in the morning? Three merry little rogues are scampering about half-dressed—socks, sashes, slippers, sponges, wet towels, and pinafores all mixed up—and nurse (the best creature in the world) is laughing at one chubby, rosy little woman of two scolding another of four, and refusing to "have anything more to say" to Miss Laura, who is nearly six, and promenading about in a Court train, improvised from two Turkish towels and a dressing-gown. The mother just looks in for a moment, tosses the baby, laughs at the muddle, then runs downstairs without a word of correction, or even an attempt at setting things straight either by precept or example. So the little ones grow up without an idea of neatness or method; and as the girls grow older, and have rooms of their own, they are constantly in a state of disorder. Ethel never knows where to find her gloves; Gracie's stockings are rarely fellows, and Laura is perpetually clamouring for ribbons for her hair, or laces for her shoes, just as she is going out. In the schoolroom matters are not much better; the moment lessons are over, grammars and dictionaries are thrown down, exercises thrust into a drawer, inkstands left uncovered, pens unwiped—everything, in short, in a litter. The tired governess endeavours to put things a little right, but it would be of more value to the child if she had been compelled to tidy the schoolroom than to write a French exercise. Untidy habits unfortunately too often lead to untidy modes of thought and forms of expression. A careless method of reading certainly entails a slovenly way of thinking, and so the memory becomes unreliable; persons come to have a vague idea of having read something somewhere about a certain matter, but when asked to give details, the usual reply is, "Oh, I forget; but I'm certain I saw or heard something about the matter." It is this mental untidiness that makes the conversation of the majority of so-called clever women so unsatisfactory, and the writing of others so unreadable. They mix their metaphors, muddle their dates, and double up their participles in the most amazing manner; and the result is that the readers of modern fiction speak in a way to make a lover of "English undefiled" turn in his grave. Without accuracy of thought there can be no accuracy of

expression, and therefore no sensible or profitable conversation. But indeed, as Talleyrand observed, "conversation is a lost art;" every one chats, or gossips, or makes speeches, or epigrams, or puns, but people do not converse, for the simple reason that they are afraid of betraying the chaotic state of their minds. They meet to dance, to dine, drink tea, play tunes, read poetry, but not to converse—not to "speak often one with another," as the old Hebrew poet puts it; but if a Coleridge was to come again, would people care to listen to his conversation or monologue? Not even, perhaps, if the Divine Teacher Himself reappeared, who caused the hearts of His followers to "burn within them as He talked with them by the way." So one of the greatest pleasures in life is lost by the mental untidiness that makes conversation impossible.

But perhaps it is in domestic life that untidiness causes the greatest mischief. It means waste of time, waste of money, waste of affection; in nine cases out of ten it is the cause of strife and unhappiness, often of utter ruin. Far more marriages turn out unhappily through untidiness than from any other cause; I do not mean the ordinary sort of personal untidiness that so many women fall into after marriage, the ceasing to make themselves attractive—though that in itself is disastrous enough—but the mental untidiness that prevents women from thinking out a subject to the end. Many a girl has married full of love, good resolutions, and the best intentions, resolved to be careful and economical in her housekeeping, and always keep her home in its pristine freshness and prettiness. But she soon finds putting down *everything* she buys is a very tiresome business; "besides," she says to herself, "I only buy just what I want, and putting down every penny won't save me a penny." And she very soon finds that she loses a good many pennies. The weekly bills grow in the most alarming manner; the weekly allowance is no longer sufficient to meet them; one has to be left over one week, another the next, and so on, till all are in arrears; while the husband, "good easy man," thinks everything is going on quite smoothly, and praises his wife for her good management and skill in being able to have everything the same when beef and mutton and coals and butter are so much dearer. She, flattered by his praise, cannot bear to admit that she is all behind; and so the matter goes on till it cannot be concealed any longer. If the husband is a prudent man, and has made some provision for such a contingency, he is fortunate; but if he has been living up to his income, as so many men do nowadays, he is handicapped at the very commencement of his career with an unsuspected debt, and it may take him the best years of his life to shake it off, for even the smallest debt has the most marvellous power of accumulating; besides, he has lost faith in his wife's management—lost some of his admiration for her, spoken some words, perhaps, that can never be recalled, and unconsciously distrusts her. She, knowing she deserves to be blamed, woman-like, resents the distrust, and is impatient of any interference or supervision; the simplest question about household expenses sends her into a passion; more hard words follow, and so "the little rift within the lute" grows wider and wider, until a dreary sea flows between those two hearts that had loved so truly! And a little mental training—mental tidiness—would have saved all that. The habit of letting things "slide" is, perhaps, the most ruinous of all habits. In Northern Italy there is a common expression that has almost become a proverb—it is "To-morrow morning." No matter how pressing the occasion, the laundress, the bootmaker, the locksmith will civilly tell you the work will be done "to-morrow morning." I have even heard that if a good Milanese died to-day he would not think of going to heaven till the next morning. That is a sort of national untidiness, and its counterpart is to be found in almost every middle-class English household. "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow" is the unspoken maxim of many a mother; "Never do anything at all if you can help it" is the practice of many another.

The mere forgetfulness, the carelessness, the indifference (call it what you will, it is untidiness still) in the every-day life of every-day people, causes an enormous amount of trouble. One forgets to order the coals till the cellar is empty, to send for the sweep till the chimney has taken fire, to ask for a stale loaf till some member of the family is ill with indigestion; to note when the tax-man calls, or the gas-man, or what day the coals came in. All these are instances of mental untidiness that cause a great deal of domestic annoyance. The washing is not ready on Monday morning, so the laundress must call again on Tuesday; that practically means the loss of a whole day, or half a day, and inconveniences a half-dozen of families perhaps, besides the actual loss of time to the woman herself, whose time is money. Again, some necessary article of food is allowed to run out, and is sent for in a hurry to the nearest shop; the servant has to take whatever there is, whether suitable or not, and probably pay extra for an inferior article. But it would be an endless task to enumerate all the troubles and misfortunes that arise from untidiness, just as it would be almost impossible to count up the blessings that accompany neatness and order; tidiness, like sunshine, can enliven the most shady place, and if it is a most desirable qualification in the rich and educated, how much more so among the poorer classes! If the wives of working men were only taught to be tidy, how different their homes, their lives, their manners, and their morals would be! How much misery and waste and want would be avoided! If "order is heaven's first law," surely it should be earth's too, and so desirable a thing, so sacred, so honoured a thing as order, should never be neglected.

Formal people are intolerable, and frequently possess but one idea; tidy people are full of life, and are eyes all over: the slightest disorder or want of harmony annoys them till it is set right, whereas the formal person is only anxious that a certain thing should be in a certain place and kept there regardless of its surroundings. In fact true tidiness is harmony, with oneself and with one's surroundings, and without it life at best must be a discord.

HARRIETTE BROOKE DAVIES.



BRUSSELS LACE.

(From the South Kensington Museum.)

"Speldewerksters," or Belgian Lace-Makers.

LACE is associated with recollections of mediæval history, and with the palmy days of the Flemish school of painting. More than one of the celebrated masters of that school have selected from among their laborious countrywomen, the lace-makers (or, as they are called in Flanders, *Speldewerksters*), pleasing subjects for the exercise of their pencil. The plump, fair-haired Flemish girl bending earnestly over her lace-work, whilst her fingers nimbly ply the intricately winding bobbins, figures in many of those highly esteemed representations of homely life and manners, which have found their way from the Netherlands into all the principal picture-galleries of Europe.

Lace-making, like embroidery, is an art of very ancient origin—lost, like a multitude of other origins, in the darkness of bygone ages. It may with truth be said that it is the national occupation of the women of the Low Countries, and one to which they have steadily adhered from very remote times. During the long civil and foreign wars waged by the people of the Netherlands, while subject to Spanish dominion, other branches of Belgic industry either dwindled to decay or were transplanted to foreign countries; but lace-making remained faithful to the land which had fostered and brought it to perfection, though it received tempting offers from abroad, and had to struggle with many difficulties at home. Notwithstanding the overwhelming supply of imitations which modern ingenuity has created, real Brussels lace has maintained its value, like the precious metals and stones. In the patterns of the best bone lace, the changeful influence of fashion is less marked than in most other branches of industry; indeed, she has adhered with wonderful pertinacity to the quaint old patterns of former times. These are copied and reproduced with that scrupulous uniformity which characterises the figures in the Persian and Indian shawls. Frequent experiments have been tried to improve these old patterns, by the introduction of slight and tasteful modifications, but these innovations have not succeeded. Each of the lace-making towns in Belgium excels in the production of one particular description of lace; in other words, each has what is technically called its own *point*. The French word "*point*," in the ordinary language of needlework, signifies simply "stitch;" but in the terminology of lace-making the word is sometimes used to designate the pattern of the lace, and sometimes the ground of the lace itself. Hence the terms "*point de Bruxelles*," "*point de Malines*," "*point de Valenciennes*," &c. In England we distinguish by the name of "Point" a peculiarly rich and curiously-wrought lace, formerly very fashionable, but now scarcely ever worn except in Court costume. In this sort of lace the pattern is, we believe, worked with the needle, after the ground has been made with the bobbins.

In each town there prevail certain modes of working, and certain patterns which have been transmitted from mother to daughter successively, for several generations. Many of the lace-workers live and die in the same houses in which they were born; and most of them understand and practise only the stitches which their mothers and grandmothers worked before them. The consequence has been that certain *points* have become unchangeably fixed in particular towns or districts. Fashion has assigned to each its particular place and purpose; for example, the *point de Malines* (Mechlin lace) is chiefly used for trimming night-dresses, pillow-cases, coverlets, &c.; the *point de Valenciennes* (Valenciennes lace) is employed for ordinary wear, or *négligé;* but the more rich and costly *point de Bruxelles* (Brussels lace) is reserved for bridal and ball dresses, and for the robes of Queens and courtly ladies.

As the different sorts of lace, from the narrowest and plainest to the broadest and richest, are innumerable, so the division of labour among the lace-workers is infinite. In the towns of Belgium there are as many different kinds of lace-workers, as there are varieties of spiders in nature. It is not, therefore, surprising that in the several departments of this branch of industry there are as many technical terms and phrases as would make up a small dictionary. In their origin, these expressions were all Flemish; but French being the language now spoken in Belgium, they have been translated into French, and the designations applied to some of the principal classifications of the workwomen. Those who make only the ground are called *drocheleuses*. The design or pattern which adorns this ground is distinguished by the general term "the flowers;" though it would be

difficult to guess what flowers are intended to be portrayed by the fantastic arabesque of these lace-patterns. In Brussels the ornaments or flowers are made separately, and afterwards worked into the lace-ground; in other places the ground and the patterns are worked conjointly. The *platteuses* are those who work the flowers separately; and the *faiseuses de point à l'aiguille* work the figures and the ground together; the *striqueuse* is the worker who attaches the flowers to the ground; the *faneuse* works her figures by piercing holes or cutting out pieces of the ground.

The spinning of the fine thread used for lace-making in the Netherlands, is an operation demanding so high a degree of minute care and vigilant attention, that it is impossible it can ever be taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art. The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp, underground cellars; for it is so extremely delicate, that it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground; and it is obtained in good condition only when made and kept in a humid subterraneous atmosphere.

There are numbers of old Belgian thread-makers who, like spiders, have passed the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This occupation naturally has an injurious effect on the health, and therefore, to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid.

To form an accurate idea of this operation, it is necessary to see a Brabant thread-spinner at her work. She carefully examines every thread, watching it closely as she draws it off the distaff; and that she may see it the more distinctly, a piece of dark blue paper is used as a background for the flax. Whenever the spinner notices the least unevenness, she stops the evolution of her wheel, breaks off the faulty piece of flax, and then resumes her spinning. This fine flax being as costly as gold, the pieces thus broken off are carefully laid aside to be used in other ways. All this could never be done by machinery. It is different in the spinning of cotton, silk, or wool, in which the original threads are almost all of uniform thickness. The invention of the English flax-spinning machine, therefore, can never supersede the work of the Belgian fine-thread-spinners, any more than the bobbin-net machine can rival the fingers of the Brussels lace-makers, or render their delicate work superfluous.

The current prices of the Brabant spinners usually include a list of various sorts of thread suited to lace-making, varying from 60 francs to 1,800 francs per pound. Instances have occurred in which as much as 10,000 francs have been paid for a pound of this fine yarn. So high a price has never been attained by the best spun silk; though a pound of silk in its raw condition is incomparably more valuable than a pound of flax. In like manner a pound of iron may, by dint of human labour and ingenuity, be rendered more valuable than a pound of gold.

Lace-making, in regard to the health of the operatives, has one great advantage. It is a business which is carried on without the necessity of assembling great numbers of workpeople in one place, or of taking women from their homes, and thereby breaking the bonds of family union.

It is, moreover, an occupation which affords those employed in it a great degree of freedom. The spinning-wheel and lace-pillows are easily carried from place to place, and the work may be done with equal convenience in the house, in the garden, or at the street-door. In every Belgian town in which lace-making is the staple business, the eye of the traveller is continually greeted with pictures of happy industry, attended by all its train of concomitant virtues. The costliness of the material employed in the work, viz., the fine flax thread, fosters the observance of order and economy, which, as well as habits of cleanliness, are firmly engrafted among the people. Much manual dexterity, quickness of eye, and judgment are demanded in lace-making; and the work is a stimulator of ingenuity and taste; so that, unlike other occupations merely manual, it tends to rouse rather



MECHLIN LACE.
(From the South Kensington Museum.)

than to dull the mind. It is, moreover, unaccompanied by any unpleasant and harassing noise; for the humming of the spinning-wheel, and the regular tapping of the little bobbins, are sounds not in themselves disagreeable, or sufficiently loud to disturb conversation, or to interrupt the social song.

In Belgium, female industry presents itself under aspects alike interesting to the painter, the poet, and the philanthropist. Here and there may be seen a happy-looking girl, seated at an open window, turning her spinning-wheel or working at her lace-pillow, whilst at intervals she indulges in the relaxation of a curious gaze at the passers by in the street. Another young *Speldewerkster*, more sentimentally disposed, will retire into the garden, seating herself in an umbrageous arbour, or under a spreading tree, her eyes intent on her work, but her thoughts apparently divided between it and some object nearer to her heart. At a doorway sits a young mother, surrounded by two or three children playing round the little table or wooden settle on which her lace-pillow rests. Whilst the mother's busy fingers are thus profitably employed, her eyes keep watch over the movements of her little ones, and she can at the same time spare an attentive thought for some one of her humble household duties.

Dressmakers, milliners, and other females employed in the various occupations which minister to the exigencies of fashion, are confined to close rooms, surrounded by masses of silk, muslin, &c. They are debarred the healthful practice of working in the open air, and can scarcely venture even to sit at an open window, because a drop of rain or a puff of wind may be fatal to their work and its materials. The lace-maker, on the contrary, whose work requires only her thread and her fingers, is not disturbed by a refreshing breeze or a light shower; and even when the weather is not particularly fine, she prefers sitting at her street-door or in her garden, where she enjoys a brighter light than within doors.

In most of the principal towns of the Netherlands there is one particular locality which is the focus of lace-making industry; and there, in fine weather, the streets are animated by the presence of the busy work-women. In each of these districts there is usually one wide open street which the *Speldewerksters* prefer to all others, and in which they assemble and form themselves into the most picturesque groups imaginable. It is curious to observe them pouring out of narrow lanes and alleys, carrying with them their chairs and lace-pillows, to take their places in the wide open street, where they can enjoy more of bright light and fresh air than in their own places of abode.



VALENCIENNES LACE.

(From the South Kensington Museum.)

Great quantities of *Blond lace*, also called *Alençon*, were exported from Belgium, but it is considered the most inferior of any cushion-made lace.

In the portraits painted by Vandyke during the reign of Charles I., and also in those painted afterwards by Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller, the lace represented is *Brussels point*, in which the network is made on the cushion with bobbins, and the pattern worked into the net with the needle.

The illustrations represent specimens of Valenciennes, Mechlin, and Brussels laces, and it is interesting to note that the last-mentioned (shown on page 500) was on Admiral Byng's shirt, and may be seen in the South Kensington Museum.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

Needlework of the Day.

THE use of flax-threads forms a characteristic feature of this season's embroideries, and they should indeed prove an acquisition to those workers to whom needlework on linen is a difficulty by reason of the scarcity of thread that is really suitable for this material. Some beautiful work executed with these threads is just now on view in the show-rooms of the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington. When they are used upon linen materials the effect is far more harmonious than when serge, plush, silk, or satin is chosen as a foundation for them. Nothing but silk or wool seems appropriate to a silken or woollen fabric. Specially pretty are some covers for blotting-books, and post-card and telegram cases worked upon greyish-blue linen, principally with white and fawn-coloured threads. Sideboard scarves, too, in tones of reddish-brown upon white linen, are effective. It is claimed for these threads that they combine all the advantages of silk without the disadvantage of its expense; but it can hardly be expected that they will supersede silk for the richer style of embroidery where fast dyes are not required to stand the test of perhaps not too careful washing. The washing filoselles, knitting, and smocking silks, are another development of recent improvements in dyeing, and will be greatly welcomed now that such charming little frocks made of washing silk are worn by small children. These are generally elaborately smocked and embroidered, and it is often discouraging to find, when they come home from the laundry, that the delicate colours have been displaced in the process of cleaning.

The washing filoselles will be particularly welcome now that so much work is executed on pongee and other Oriental silks. The colours in which these are to be obtained are most artistic, and capable of a multitude of lovely combinations. One chair-back in particular deserves detailed description, the scheme of colour being so effective and yet so simple. The main body, so to speak, of the chair-back is of dark, rich terra-cotta pongee; at each end of this strip is appliquéd a six-inch-wide band of old-gold-coloured silk, which has first been worked in an Eastern design with two shades of yellow, two of old-gold, and two of terra-cotta. This terra-cotta is a valuable colour to art workers; it has such great capabilities, the shades are so numerous, and it blends well with so many other colours. A mixture of terra-cotta and gold is always satisfactory, while a few shades of green contrast admirably with it. It must be remembered, however, that few tints can be more jarring than certain raw shades of terra-cotta indiscriminately mingled with other colours.

Returning to the work recently prepared by the Royal School of Art Needlework, I must not forget to note the very exquisite embroidery upon vellum that is a *spécialité* of this establishment. The finest silk only is employed, and the greatest credit is due to the workers for their skill in working thus evenly and regularly upon so troublesome a material to use as parchment. Some sprays of myrtle laid across a book-cover were noticeable on account of their delicate shading, a rosy tinge over the tips of the leaves and buds being particularly admirable. Another book-cover was worked in gold-coloured silk upon very fine, white linen, but no description can give an idea of its dainty appearance. The embroidery was most delicate, and at the corners of the book had much the same effect as a tracery of lace would have in the same position. In the centre of the cover a conventional star-shaped flower and scrolls were worked in thick satin stitch. The reverse side of the cover was, although far simpler, quite as effective. It was embroidered merely with a diapered pattern of tiny squares and wee stars where the lines intersected each other. The back of the book was also embroidered. Blotting-paper cases are prepared for working in a similar manner.

Embroidery is so much used just now for dresses that many ladies have become fired with an ambition to work their own. One design in particular is in thoroughly good taste. It is worked thus:—Upon a foundation of faille of a shade known as "milk chocolate" is traced a bold conventional design of flowers and foliated scrolls. The whole of the background is covered with closely-laid strands of deep red silk, over which is arranged a lattice-work of very fine, gold thread. The outlines of the design are traced with a slender, silken cord, which exactly matches the tone of the faille. Outside this cord are placed at regular intervals a number of French knots worked with the brownish silk, and which give from a distance the appearance of a number of lace picots. Another vest and cuffs would look well upon either a black, terra-cotta, or very dark brown gown. The foundation of these is a rich amber brocade, upon which is appliquéd a design in the finest white linen, the outlines of which are followed with gold threads. A mixture of linen and brocade would not at first sight seem likely to be satisfactory, but in point of fact the linen has such a glossy surface, and is so fine and evenly woven, that it needs very close inspection before its true nature is discovered.

Speaking of linen, reminds me of some very beautiful specimens of *point tiré* that have been lately sent out by the members of Miss Clifford's Work Society. The art of drawing out certain threads from linen, and forming a rude lace with the remainder, is of fabulous antiquity; but has, until the last few years, received but little attention from our workers. This is much to be regretted, as it is practically everlasting, and nothing could possibly be more suitable for the improvement of house-linen of all kinds. There are few cottages on the Continent in which the careful housewife is not

proud of a set of "best sheets" and pillow-covers, carefully laid aside for use on very rare and important occasions. Many of these are handed down for generations from mother to daughter, and are splendidly ornate with thread lace, drawn work, and often with still more precious embroideries. We, on the other hand, have for years past been content with plain, severe edges to our house and table linen, but at last we seem to be acknowledging the fact that ornament properly applied does not deteriorate from the utility of such articles, and certainly adds much to their effect. The so-called "Clifford embroideries" have been for the last few years slowly but surely rising into popularity, and deservedly so, as they are all executed by well-trained and thoroughly efficient workers. The combination bed-spread, sham sheet, and pillow-covers, is also a *spécialité*, and lends itself well to embroidery of a very bold and effective description. Flax threads are generally used for this, and many of the designs are of fifteenth and sixteenth century origin, treated with a boldness and freedom of touch that are pleasant to see.

Embroidery upon canvas materials is popular, and comparatively easy. The most tasteful does not by any means involve an elaborate selection of colours, for nothing could be devised that is more effective than a simple mixture of écru and white. The canvas being white, a thick geometric pattern is worked upon it with écru embroidery, or knitting cotton, according to the coarseness of the canvas. The stitches are similar to satin stitch, and are of various lengths, according to whether they are carried over more or less threads of the canvas material. The most popular patterns are entirely geometric, and any heavy appearance the work might otherwise have is entirely relieved by a finer stitch that is worked in and out of the thicker one. Fine knotting, or crochet cotton, is required for this, and certain threads of the canvas are surrounded by a square of four stitches, which, being pulled rather tightly, draw the threads together, and give an appearance, at first sight, of some having been removed altogether. When finished, the work is improved by being carefully pressed with a moderately hot iron between two damp cloths. Sometimes this style of embroidery is executed upon canvas that is woven in a series of richly-coloured stripes, and very effective slips may be thus made for use upon a bedroom toilet-table or washstand.

Those who are fortunate enough to possess valuable antique embroidery and tapestry need never be depressed by the ravages made in it by time, moth, or hard wear. The members of the Decorative Needlework Society have recently had entrusted to them a quantity of fine old tapestry, which, sad to relate, had been so ill-treated as to have been used as a carpet in one of the old palaces of Genoa. The surface is not only threadbare, the colours are not only unrecognisable in places, but there are many jagged rents in which the warp and woof are both entirely worn away. Under skilful and patient treatment the worn places are being carefully backed, and the holes replaced with needlework that will scarcely be distinguished, when the work is finished, from the original. The *spécialité* of this society is needlework as applied to decorative purposes, and an important commission now being executed by the members, is the embroidery of a set of panels to fit the framework of an antique three-fold screen. They have been specially designed to suit the Byzantine pattern of the framework, and are worked upon an old-world-looking material, woven specially for the purpose, and which resembles, and is in fact a copy of the now obsolete material known as "tabbinet." The colours of the embroidery are faded and subdued, and are arranged to give as much as possible the idea of their being the original panels of the screen. For footstools and cushion-covers tasteful work is executed upon a twilled material, the background of which is closely covered with a minute wavy pattern worked with gold-coloured silk in back-stitch. This resembles some of the older forms of quilting. The design of the embroidery itself is worked over these wavy lines. Some curtains intended as wall-hangings in a large mansion were of dull velvet of a rich, dull tone of colour, upon which were embroidered at intervals the crest and motto of the owner. These were arranged to fall in scanty folds, so that the pattern was not much disturbed, and yet hung full enough to avoid any appearance of formality.

Ladies who are somewhat weary of ordinary productions in needlework, or who are seeking good and tastefully executed embroideries, would do well to pay a visit to the depôt of the Society of Oriental Embroidery in Oxford Street. Within the compass of two small show-rooms are stowed away most exquisite embroideries worked in so varied and tasteful a range of colours, that they are treasures many an artist would be glad to include among his "properties." The designs are all purely conventional, and have been copied and adapted mainly from antique works of art from Egypt, Persia, and Arabia. The variety of stitches used is but few, that most frequently worked being a sort of close herring-bone stitch, which principally acts as a filling for large spaces. The colouring is specially charming, the tints being, as a rule, subdued though rich, and often used against a background of soft silk of opalescent shades of colour, or flushed with pink of a tone often seen inside the lip of certain shells. Some of the colours are as daring as others are tender and soft. On one dinner-table slip is a mixture of tones that should be seen by artificial light to be fully appreciated. The background is of moonlight-blue, which is specially pretty in the folds of the silk. It is worked with gleaming yellow silk in several shades, which are toned down with golden-brown. Space does not admit of reference to a tenth part of the many specimens of artistic needlework to be found in these rooms, but I must not omit to call attention to the way in which all the fancy goods are made up with heavy fringes, and flat, plaited cords made of the same silks as those used for the embroidery, thus insuring a perfect match as to colour. The work of this society is entirely executed by necessitous gentlewomen, many of whom are invalids, but who have been through a course of training which renders them fully competent to undertake embroidery of the most elaborate character.

ELLEN T. MASTERS.



MADAME TALLIEN.

(*From the Portrait by I. J. Masquerier.*)

(*See p. 514.*)

Hurry.



"THAT the Curse of modern Society is Dissimulation," was the alarming statement once propounded to a Debating Society, calling up before the eyes of the astonished members terrible visions of an ideal state of things in which every one should be conscientiously and provokingly candid, and in which the innocent little platitudes and agreeable conventionalities of the drawing-room should vanish before the stern decree of the would-be reformers of society. Without following the example of the Debating Society in question, and proclaiming that Hurry is the Domestic Demon of Destruction, or the Curse of Civilisation, or any other such well-sounding and alliterative combination, it may not be out of place to gently insinuate that at least Hurry may not unfairly be reckoned as one of the causes of many of the minor evils of modern society. No doubt a more paradoxical assertion would have formed a more striking beginning for an essay; but then, unfortunately, those striking and rocket-like beginnings are apt to share the common fate of rockets, and to vanish into thin air in a shower of sparks on the first approach of the critical opponent.

There is a beautiful passage in Plato's Theaetetus where he contrasts the life of the philosopher with that of the lawyer:—"The philosopher, he says, has that leisure which a freeman can always command: he has his talk out in peace, and wanders at will from one subject to another, and from a second to a third, if his fancy prefers a new one, caring not whether his words are many or few; his only aim is to attain the truth. But the lawyer is always in a hurry . . . . he is a servant, and is disputing about a fellow-servant before his master, who is seated, and has the cause in his hands; the trial is never about some indifferent matter, but always concerns himself, and often the race is for his life." And again, "Such are the two characters, Theodorus: the one of the freeman called by you useless, when he has to perform some menial office, such as packing up a bag, or flavouring a sauce or fawning speech; the other of the man who is able to do all this kind of service smartly and neatly, but knows not how to wear his cloak like a gentleman; still less, with the music of discourse, can he hymn the true life which is lived by immortals or men blessed of heaven." Here in a few sentences one catches a glimpse of the truly Greek ideal—the life of contemplation unsullied by any base or sordid cares of this world—"the true life of leisure which only the freeman can live." Fair indeed is the picture drawn for us so often in the pages of Plato of the graceful Athenian gentleman, the patron of art and of learning, himself often no mean artist, passing his time in converse with the wise of all lands, the disciple of a Protagoras, a Socrates, a Plato. But alas! that for candour's sake it must be owned that the ideal if realised at all was, and could only be, realised at the expense of the greatest number—"the greatest happiness of the greatest number" was a truth still lying hidden in the lap of the future—perfect leisure for the privileged few was only to be purchased by the compulsory service of the unprivileged many. Hence in its fulness the Greek ideal is an impossible ideal—impossible in this work-a-day world, where, as Carlyle has shown us, there is work to be done by every one—impossible in this philanthropic nineteenth century which would offer to all alike opportunities of culture and education.

But excellent as is that Gospel of Work which Carlyle came to preach, one sometimes doubts whether after all it is the one thing needful—or rather, to look at the matter more superficially, whether it is necessary to be so obtrusively in earnest, or to set about our work in such a terrible hurry. No doubt from a common-sense and even from a philanthropic point of view, the lawyer was an infinitely more useful man than the philosopher. The latter, it is true, was hopelessly unpractical as the world counts practical (a form of condemnation which to some minds seems to express the *ne plus ultra* of contempt), whereas the lawyer could pack a bag and sweeten a sauce besides pleading for the life of his fellow-servant; but then the lawyer was always in a hurry, and on hearing that, it is not in human nature to help reflecting what a much more pleasant member of society the philosopher must have been. Mr. Walter Besant in one of his novels says, "No wonder the Athenians killed Socrates. Who could stand a man that was always asking questions?" And probably not a few might be found to consider it justifiable homicide to lay violent hands on a man who was always in a hurry. For unluckily this form of torture is by no means confined to the individual's self. It is impossible to have any peace in the company of the man who is in a hurry; that fact seems to him sufficient excuse for leaving your convenience entirely out of his calculation, for taking the paper you particularly want to read, for treading upon your toes, pushing you aside, and altogether rendering you generally uncomfortable.

Now why are people in such a hurry? Probably if you asked them they would tell you that life was short and work plentiful, and would show a serene conviction (if such an expression as serene could at any time be applied to their state of mind) that their method was the only one likely to succeed in accomplishing that work. True enough there *is* plenty of work for every one—no need to tell us that; but, on the other hand, these over-energetic people labour under a great mistake in thinking that they are promoting the general industry. On the contrary, they are adding enormously to the already large

amount of laziness in the world. For such is the inherent contradiction of human nature, that the ordinary individual, who would naturally be inclined to do a moderate amount of work, on coming into contact with his friend's excessive zeal, very often then and there makes up his mind that there is nothing in this world he hates so much as fuss, and that no amount of persuasion shall move him from his comfortable fireside. In more ways than one, therefore, our feverishly industrious brothers and sisters fail to attain their end, assuming that that end consists in the accomplishment of as great an amount of work as possible. In the first place, taking the common acceptation of the words, "More haste, worse speed" is applicable to the effects of hurry on the workers themselves—to say so is a truism. We have all had our childish experiences of the evil and inevitable result of pulling up our flowers to see if they were growing; but by no means all of us have learnt thereby the wholesome lesson that most things—whether flowers or human beings—are the better for a little judicious letting alone. We must make the most of our opportunities, we must strive after culture—that is the cry; and so we rush on trying to keep pace with the times, to read this and that new book which every one ought to have read, to get up more or less superficially this or that subject which is the question of the day, to talk a little art, a little music, a little science, and a vast amount of shallow nonsense on every conceivable subject. And after all, what is the result? True we can, metaphorically speaking, "pack a bag and sweeten a sauce"; but we are not a bit nearer the "music of discourse, which can hymn the true life lived by the immortals or men blessed of heaven." We reason that because plants refuse to grow without rain, therefore the best thing we can do is to treat them to a perpetual shower-bath—because our minds want an occasional stimulus from without, therefore the best thing we can do is to apply that stimulus continuously—because sometimes there is need of energy, therefore, like the lawyer, we should be always in a hurry.

One phase of this hurrying, this zealous self-culture, appears, I take it, in that disease of modern social life, otherwise known as the Self-Improvement Society. Truly this might be said to be the Age of Societies. You can hardly read your favourite poet without falling into the clutches of a society which professes to interpret him to you; and even if you are heretical enough to prefer your own interpretation, fashion probably proves too strong for you, and carries you off by might and main to be improved and cultivated. If you happen to be a Conservative in politics, straightway you are adopted by the Primrose League, and have such-and-such ready-made sentiments put into your mouth. Indeed, if so minded, a man might read by a society, walk by a society, hear music by a society, and in short be taken in and done for by half a dozen societies, until there was about as much individuality left in him as could, by the uninitiated, be discovered in his top-hat. And all this because we are possessed by a laudable desire to be cultivated and to make the best use of our opportunities, whereas all the while we are giving our poor unfortunate minds not a single moment wherein to digest any part of that ill-assorted and plentiful food which, whether by societies or otherwise, we are always forcing upon them.

But enough of railing against society and societies. After all, as Mr. Marion Crawford has lately told us, criticism is easy, and in these days "no one is too ignorant to volunteer an opinion." Nevertheless, even if in nineteenth-century life we cannot have leisure in the sense of having all our work done for us, and all rough places made smooth, at least we might go about our business in a somewhat more leisurely way;—the philosopher was not idle, only he took his time about his special work. In all probability perfect leisure was even to the Greeks only an ideal, and, like all ideals, never fully realised. Socrates himself had to endure the domestic complaints of Xantippe, though let it not be inferred from this instance that in the gentler sex is to be found the source of all evil so far as the comfort of mankind is concerned. Indeed for a type of bustling fussy importance commend me to the man of small and trivial occupations, who cannot exchange ten words with you in the street without informing you that he has a most important engagement, and hurrying off with an air of having all the cares of the world on his shoulders. Meet this same individual in a railway station; after driving his family to the verge of distraction he has succeeded in arriving there a good half-hour before time, and is now the centre of a small ring of porters, shouting here, ordering there, and so assiduous in looking after his luggage that he nearly succeeds in divorcing it from himself altogether, and barely escapes being left to gaze after the departing train with what small amount of equanimity he can muster. He, and his like, lose a vast amount of pleasure by not knowing how to take life lightly, and by being absolutely incapable of appreciating that greatest of all enjoyments commonly called "doing nothing," but as interpreted by the initiated, "dreaming." After all, in spite of its paradox, there is a great deal to be said for the poet's "Why should he do anything? Is it not enough to exist beautifully?" or to pass from the fanciful to the sublime, for Mr. Pater's notion of the complete self-surrender of an artistic nature to the pleasurable influences of the moment, of the realisation of the fulness of many-sided life, as indeed a Counsel of Perfection. Perhaps, if every one would not try to do a little of everything, and if people could be content to follow their own line only, the world would grow more leisurely, and there would be more real progress and less talk about it; but it is a great If. One dreams sometimes of such an ideal state of things, on one of those lovely summer days when everything seems possible and all kinds of airy castles float in the mind; but alas! there will come a cold wind and we shall wake with a shiver to the fact that autumn is here, that Parliament is still sitting, that every one has been talking all the Session, that little has been done, that our ideal of leisure is as far removed as ever from the daily life of society, that the lawyer is still in the ascendant, and the philosopher by common consent banished to the study.

JANET E. HOGARTH.

On Cloaks.

THE immortal author of "Le Barbier de Séville" has proved, with all a Frenchman's wit and ingenuity, that one has only to look attentively at a lady's mantle



ANGLO-SAXON LADIES.

(From Planché's "History of British Costume.")

to guess the height, the age, the complexion, and even the moral characteristics of the absent owner. Who can forget the dramatist's description of the blonde locks, the superb figure, and the elastic gait of the unknown charmer whose cloak he had by chance stumbled on? Nice critics maintain—to use the modern jargon of *chiffons*—that the mantle may "express" almost anything—from the austerer virtues conveyed in the plain fur-lined garment affected by the rector's wife, to the elegant flightiness suggested by one of the beaded and gold-embroidered mantelets of the Frou-Frous and Francillons of London and Paris.

From the earliest times the cloak or mantle has been the most usual form of outdoor covering, as well as a sign of rank.

Anglo-Saxon ladies understood the art of gracefully wearing these outer garments, although the extreme length and voluminous folds of the mantle must have been highly inconvenient when the wearer moved. A cloak which fell far below the feet, and was capacious enough to include long floating sleeves and a loose hood, must have taxed all the energies of a *mondaine* of the period to manage gracefully, covering as it did the whole figure, and forming a point in front whenever the arms were raised. According to Planché, "the costume of England to the close of the tenth century had more of the antique Roman than the Dane in it. But the Normans had adopted the Saracenic and Byzantine fashions they found diffused through the South of Europe; and an English female of the twelfth century could scarcely have been distinguished by her attire from a lady of the Lower Empire." Our illustration conveys a good idea of the Anglo-Saxon cloak. In one, however, there are well-defined, though loose, sleeves. Both garments are long enough to trail on the ground in front.

A drawing of the famous—or, rather, infamous—Frédégonde, wife of Chilpéric I., depicts somewhat the same sort of outer covering, and we may take it that the fashions in France towards the end of the sixth century were much the same as in England. Queen Frédégonde's mantle, which is of green material, is almost Greek in its simplicity and grace. Fastened in front, and drawn over one shoulder with sweeping folds, it has also loose under-sleeves beneath. A drawing of Sainte Clotilde, daughter of Chilpéric and wife of Clovis, depicts the French princess in a long blue cloak made exactly like the mantles worn by men at that period. During the Middle Ages it must be borne in mind that the mantle formed part of the official insignia of the different Orders of Knighthood, and that women of rank appeared in



FRÉDÉGONDE, WIFE OF CHILPÉRIC I.

(From Lacroix' "Costumes Historiques de la France.")

similar cloaks to indicate their station in society. Sometimes the arms of both husband and wife were impaled

on the mantle, which always formed part of the dress of the effigies on tombs, so that we have a good idea of what the mediæval mantle was like.* The seals of great personages also supply the student of costume with an accurate representation of dress in the Middle Ages.

In the tenth and eleventh centuries, in France, mantles lined with ermine were the exclusive privilege of queens, princesses, and noble ladies, so that the exact status of a woman was clearly marked whenever she appeared in public. Up to the end of the twelfth century French ladies appear to have worn a mantle or *chape*, which was shorter than the dress, and was fastened simply in front by a brooch incrusted with precious stones, called a *fermail*. The seal of Adèle de Soissons (1186), however, represents that lady in a *chlamyde*—a graceful cloak which was fastened up on one shoulder, like those worn by men at that period. Later on, in the early part of the thirteenth century, a curious fashion obtained of emblazoning the arms of the husband on the tunic or mantle of the wife. Thus Alix, Duchess of Brittany, who was married in 1212, appears in an ample green cloak, over a tunic on which the armorial bearings of the duke are gorgeously embroidered. The cloak was now worn apart in front, being merely connected by a thin cord, which the wearer held with one hand. The seal of Marguérite de Valois depicts her in a cloak fastened by her emblematical flower—a golden daisy. From this time up to the end of the fifteenth century, French ladies continued to wear the arms of their spouses emblazoned on their dress. This fashion we find in England at the close of Richard II.'s reign, when ladies' mantles were frequently ornamented in this manner, or covered with devices and mottoes. Chaucer mentions the motto "Bien et loyaulement" as being worked on the border or facings of a lady's dress. In England we find an extremely graceful garment prevailing during the twelfth century. This cloak fell in straight lines from the throat to the feet in front, having a short shoulder-cape in addition, and was apparently bordered all round with some kind of trimming. Green was a very favourite colour for cloaks at this period, and we hear of tight-fitting pelisses lined with costly furs.

During the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. the most gorgeous mantles were worn for State occasions and Court ceremonies. A fine lady's dress consisted at that time of three distinct articles of attire. First there was the robe, then the cyclas or super-tunic, and lastly the mantle, which was usually the most costly of the three. The robe or kirtle was made high in the neck, and had tight long sleeves and a train; over this was worn the surcoat or cyclas, and sometimes the mantle, which was fastened on the shoulders with cords and tassels. In the "Lay of Syr Launful" we hear of mantles of green velvet "y-bordered with gold right well y-sette." A picture of Agnès de la Queue gives us a good idea of the cloak of State in the thirteenth century. Blue in tint, it is lined with costly ermine, and is apparently worn loose.



CATHÉRINE DE VENDÔME.

(*From Lacroix' "Costumes Historiques de la France."*)

That the female fashions of the day were ludicrously extravagant is proved in the "Roman de la Rose," in which William de Lorris and John de Meun mercilessly satirise the *élégantes* of the period. So devoted to dress and display were the upper classes in England, that during the reign of Edward III. an Act of Parliament was actually passed prohibiting sumptuous attire, but what end was gained by limiting the market for expensive materials it is difficult to see. At the beginning of the fifteenth century these sumptuary laws prohibited certain furs, such as ermine, lettice, pure minevers, or grey, to the wives of esquires, unless they were of noble birth, or their husbands happened to be mayors of free towns such as London or Warwick. Certain ladies were, however, permitted the use of the more costly furs; these included the Queen's gentlewomen, the chief maiden attending on a princess, a duchess, or a countess. These distinctions sound quaint in an age when a duchess's maid wears sealskin and plush, and her Grace herself fails back on homespun as the perfection of good taste.

The fourteenth century in France saw a garment called *le corset fendu*, which was a mantle formed of two pieces, short in front and long behind, but fastened together on the shoulders, leaving the arms perfectly free. This cloak was frequently lined with fur, ermine being chiefly affected by Breton ladies, who wore this skin to recall the arms of their duchy.

* The mantle of the Order of the Garter, still worn on State occasions by the Knights of that ancient Order, is a survival of this custom.

During the reign of Edward III., ladies of high degree were admitted to the new Order of St. George, afterwards to be nicknamed the "Garter;" and we hear of Queen Philippa, the Princesses Isabella and Joanna, and all the other high-born "dames" of the new "society," appearing at Court in the mantle of the Order, a long garment which was embroidered over with garters in sign of the new motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

Indeed, the mantle of mediæval times seems to have been a simple and effective way of expressing "full dress." Our illustration shows us the costume of Cathérine de Vendôme, who was married to Jean de Bourbon in 1364. Here the mantle, which is of red velvet, appears to be attached to a low-necked bodice, falling down in narrow folds from under the ermine trimming; from which we gather that the cloak was not used as a warm covering, but rather to add to the dignity of the fair wearer. Thus Anne, wife of Richard III., appeared the day before the coronation in a kirtle and mantle of white cloth-of-gold, trimmed with Venice gold, and furred with ermine—the mantle being additionally "garnished with seventy amulets of silver-gilt and gilt."



Catherine de Medicis.

(*From Lacroix' "Costumes Historiques de la France."*)

Catherine de Medicis, whose extravagance and luxury in dress was notorious, introduced Italian fashions into France, among these being the high upstanding collar which bears her name. During her sway the cloak underwent a perfect revolution; the high collar, which was worn as well as the stiff throat-ruff, now forming part of the mantle. Our illustration, which depicts the famous Queen in mourning garb, gives a good idea of this cloak, which was often made of the flimsiest materials, such as gauze or lace. Pictures of Elizabeth depict the Virgin Queen in mantles of this form, surmounted by an enormous round collar. These high collars, which were often trimmed with lace, expanded like wings on each side of the head, and helped considerably to make the costume of the Elizabethan age ridiculous.

In the reign of Queen Anne the "mantua" was much worn. Forming a kind of loose over-dress or outdoor garment, it had big puffed sleeves, which fell a little below the elbow, showed the whole of the square-cut bodice and voluminous skirt beneath, and was generally lined with a contrasting colour. Mr. Spectator, in his essay on the rivalries of Brunetta and Phyllis, records the fact that Brunetta appeared at a public ball "in a plain silk mantua," and, in order to discomfit her rival, "attended by a negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade with which Phyllis was attired." Such refinement of insult, indeed, would only have been possible in an age when dress, *bric-à-brac* hunting, and cards took up the whole of a fashionable woman's life.

A mantle which became the rage later on in the century was called the "Cardinal"—a short graceful cape, to which a hood was attached, and tied in the front with a bow of ribbon. These cloaks seem to have been occasionally trimmed with frills all round, as we see in one of Hogarth's most celebrated prints. "Mantelets," which appear in all the prints of Hyde Park, Ranelagh, and other resorts of the fashionable world of that time, were often made of black spotted satin, and were not unlike the short garment which our French neighbours now call a *visite*. Our illustration, which depicts a young girl in a flat hat and a mantelet with a revers of another colour, is a good example of the short cloak of the early Georgian period. Long blue mantles in the Spanish style were also affected during the last century, these latter resembling the graceful cloaks worn by the Connaught peasantry.

In the period immediately preceding the French Revolution, a certain affectation of masculine attire obtained among ladies in France. "Le Cabinet des Modes" of 1786 says that the women copied the men in everything—even to wearing a catogan! But with the general upheaval of 1792 great simplicity in attire came into vogue, which a few years later developed into the extraordinary attempt to refit ancient Greek costume to the requirements of modern life.

In the year 1800 women not only endangered their health by wearing low-necked white muslin gowns in the bitterest winter weather, but went so far as to put "Roman boots" and "Grecian sandals" on their bare feet, occasionally even gilding their toes in order to carry out the "classic" idea. "Invisible petticoats" were advertised at this period, and altogether the fashions in Paris were sufficiently eccentric to scandalise a British traveller—Lady Brownlow—who records the fact that,

in a cold November, the walking-attire of fair Parisians consisted of a low-necked gown, worn over a single petticoat, which was held up unnecessarily high; slippers on the feet; no bonnet or cap, but the hair dressed in



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CLOAK.
(From a Print in Mr. Gardner's Collection.)

curls on each side of the face, and greased with *huile antique*. The only attempt at an outdoor covering was a shawl which hung over the shoulders. On Napoleon's return from Egypt in 1799, he brought a number of Indian shawls as a present to Josephine, who became passionately attached to this article of dress, and insisted on wearing one at all times, even in the house. It is recorded that the hero of Austerlitz, who disliked shawls, was in the habit of pulling off his wife's cashmere and throwing it in the fire, on which the somewhat obstinate Empress would send for another. Indeed, the quarrels of this imperial couple on the subject of bonnets and shawls are sufficiently diverting. With her usual extravagance in matters of dress, Josephine became the possessor of no less than five hundred shawls, and a manufactory for Indian cashmeres was started in France. Costly cashmere shawls invariably formed part of a bride's trousseau: a custom which, curiously enough, still obtains to this day in Paris, although the Indian shawl, no longer worn in its original form, is chiefly used as a drapery or table-cover in my lady's boudoir. "Cashmeres and diamonds" are essential parts of the *corbeille de mariage* which every wealthy Frenchman who respects himself offers to his bride.

At the beginning of this century it was considered "indelicate" for a lady to wear anything but *muslin* dresses summer or winter: a fashion which, as a modern writer on costume justly remarks, is probably accountable for that terrible scourge of the present generation, consumption. In the middle of winter, however, some bolder spirits ventured on pelisses or mantles of cloth or velvet lined with fur. But these were exceptions, for we read that "the pelisse of twilled sarsnet, with simple wrap front, continues the reigning favourite." Indeed, the thinnest "gossamer" satin and sarsnet were used for mantles all the year round. It must, however, be borne in mind that "tonnish females"—as women of fashion were then called—never went out in wet weather, or took constitutionals as we do now. During the winter of 1807, which was unusually severe, we hear that "some of the fashionables have covered their transparent gowns, which display the elegance of their form to the greatest advantage (similar to the ancient drapery), with an enormous cloak, as large as a hackney coachman's great-coat." By March of the same year the mantle had become firmly established in the modish world. In Hyde Park "the dresses of the fashionables were composed for the most part of mantles and pelisses of every description. . . . Spensers of silk or velvet were much worn, and some fur shawls were likewise *perceptible*."

Toilettes de circonstance were also much affected. In May, 1806, we are informed that "caps made of silk and lace, with flowers of the same colour, will be fashionable for Lord Melville's trial, with spensers *à l'Espagnole* and mantles of silk." The next year we hear of a "long square mantle of primrose silk, em-



A LADY IN A CRIMSON CLOAK. 1811.
(From a Plate in Mr. Gardner's Collection.)

broidered with a dark rich border of embossed riband;" and, again, of "a Danish robe and mantle formed of

beautiful carmine soft satin shot with white . . . . trimmed all round with a superb floss-silk trimming half a quarter wide . . . ." and "a rich Cardinal cloak composed of white satin stamped with small blue flowers, ornamented round the edge with an Egyptian border of the same, enriched with a superb Hungarian fur trimming."

In 1810 we read that "during the late cold westerly winds we observed on a lady of undisputed fashion a short pelisse of white bombazeen lined with pale green sarsnet, trimmed with a narrow floss fancy trimming" — a garment, by-the-by, which must have failed as a protection from the cold westerly wind of a London street.



1829.

(From a Print in Mr. Gardner's Collection.)

At this time the short mantelet had been relegated to the simple *bourgeoise*, the fashionable coloured satin pelisses lined throughout with fur being only worn by women of wealth and position, or by courtesans. Our illustration shows us a gorgeous cloak of the year 1811, made of crimson velvet lined with ermine, and having holes for the arms, outlined by fur, and a heavy collar of the same. Long satin cloaks were generally lined with another colour, and sometimes had large hoods, which hung on the shoulders. A good ball-cloak of this period is made of lilac satin, lined throughout with pink, with a hood showing a lining of the same gay colour. A print in Mr. Gardner's collection of "Old London" shows us a damsel of the year 1829, attired in a most graceful mantle, having not only a shoulder-cape, which falls a little below the waist, but a wide, flapping collar, which adds not a little to the picturesqueness of the garment. The enormous hat, crowded with ostrich feathers, goes admirably with this cloak, which was probably about the last graceful mode which obtained during the middle of this century. Anything uglier or more unmeaning than the fashions from 1830 to 1870 it is difficult to picture, and the cloak of the year 1839 is a case in point. This mantle, which makes the wearer resemble a bell in outline, is of bright green, liberally trimmed with magenta-pink, forming an apt example of the taste in colour of that day.



1839.

(From a Contemporary Print.)

In Paris a successful play inevitably launches a new fashion in feminine dress; and it is to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and *Fédora* that we owe that most graceful of garments the wing-sleeved cloak, which in its pristine and pleated-sleeved form was dubbed the "Bernhardt." Indeed, so great a factor has the stage become in the matter of feminine attire, that the writer on costume a hundred years hence will perforce deal, not with nineteenth-century sovereigns, but with that modern queen of fashion the actress, who has gradually become the all-powerful arbitrator of woman's dress.

Ella Hepworth-Dixon.

Madame Tallien.

ALREADY in 1793 the Revolution, although only four years old, had begun, like Saturn, to devour its own children; in the summer Marat had died by the hand of the Republican Charlotte Corday, and in November the guillotine claimed the heads of the Jacobin Philippe Égalité, and of twenty-two Girondin deputies—the first-fruits of that ample tithe it was to exact from among the members of the Convention. The Girondins, dismayed by the fate of their leaders, fled to the seaports and provincial cities; but swifter than they fled did their fate pursue them, and Convention representatives were sent to their strongholds to exterminate the doomed party. From its situation Bordeaux was a chief centre of the fugitives, and its reduction was entrusted to one Jean Lambert Tallien, the member for Versailles, who, though only twenty-four years old, was already an adept in the policy of "thorough," and notorious as one of the chief promoters of the September Massacres.

The young man put up at an inn in the Place de la Révolution, where he built up a guillotine, and daily from his windows he watched the assembling crowd, the arrival of the tumbril, the fear, the horror, the death-throes of his victims, and shared the wild, inhuman joy of the spectators. Yet, who can say that this savage joy was unnatural? Upon the scaffold the poor revenged with one swift blow the cruel, eating tyranny of long centuries; brutal they were, but the sin of their brutality lay, for the most part, at the door of those whom they destroyed; and terror, too, counted for much in their frenzy, for all Europe was in arms against the revolutionists, and every refugee was a possible conqueror, who might return and avenge with a sea of blood the insurrection of the peasantry.

No wonder then that the people dreaded the escape of fugitives; yet, despite the watch that was set upon the ports, great numbers did escape, and one day there came the news that three hundred suspects had escaped through the connivance of a lady of doubtful politics. The refugees, hunted and penniless, had reached an English ship; but the captain, more prudent than pitiful, had refused to sail without the passage-money; and this tragic story, getting wind among the many refugees hidden throughout the town, had reached the ears of a beautiful young Spanish lady, the Marquise de Fontenai, who had forthwith walked down to the port, paid the money, and taken a list of the passengers as a receipt. The chivalrous young lady was in fact a fugitive flying with her husband to her father's home in Spain, but policy and love of amusement had combined to impel her to attend the revolutionary fêtes, so that her sympathies were unknown till she risked her charming head to save those in greater peril than herself. That she also risked the head of her elderly husband did not probably enter into her calculations, for only their recent troubles had drawn the illustrious pair together, and his danger was his solitary hold upon his wife's affection. Pleasure and kindness were equally dear to Thérèse de Fontenai, and it appeared no less natural to her to risk her life by going to the theatre after her chivalrous treason to the Republic than it had done to commit that noble treachery. But on her way thither she was recognised, mobbed, and would probably have been torn limb from limb, had not the Deputy Tallien come to the rescue and sent her to prison under safe escort.

This rescue must have seemed singularly propitious to Mme. de Fontenai, for, despite the wide gulf that separates the daughter of a Count of Castile from the son of a nobleman's house-steward, Tallien was already slightly known to her, and was one among the many victims to her charms. Thérèse was a daughter of M. de Carabas, that Minister of Finance who had introduced the banking system into Spain. Not only his view of political economy but his standard of female education appears to have been in advance of his age, for when he brought his sixteen-year-old daughter to Paris she spoke three modern languages "to perfection"; played several instruments; sang and danced "divinely," and had a far larger store of general information than was common among young ladies of her age and country.

It was during the Carnival of 1788 that this gifted creature was first seen in Paris, and by her extreme grace and beauty, her wit, and above all, her rare and powerful fascination, she at once brought the city to her feet. She was besieged with offers of marriage, but with the perversity of youth and recklessness of innocence, she at once chose the least eligible of her suitors—the Marquis de Fontenai, an elderly roué, with little to recommend him beyond the mysterious attraction that worldliness ever has for inexperience. The married life of the young Marquise had been disillusionising but brilliant; she had been fêted, courted, sung, and painted, until the march of the Revolution turned her triumphs into a hasty retreat for Spain.

Her acquaintance with Tallien was slight, informal, and not wholly unromantic. One day when she was sitting to Mme. le Brun, and the artist's studio was crowded as usual with the friends and admirers of the model, the door had opened abruptly and a young man had entered, announcing himself as the head compositor at Panckoucke's printing house, who had urgent business with M. Riveral, one of the company. While author and printer stood aside discussing their business, the other visitors crowded round the easel and bewildered

the artist by their contradictory criticism till she—recalling the practice of Molière, who, when he wanted a just criticism, appealed to his servant—said that she would consult the young compositor, who did not look like a flatterer. But if the compositor was not a flatterer this was because it was impossible to over-praise the beauty of Thérèse, for he delivered himself in language so eloquent and so ardent as to impress even a lady so used to admiration. Since then she had seen him twice, once as the secretary of her adorer, Alex. de Lameth, when he had presented her with a bunch of white roses, and again, not long after, as a member of the Convention. For Tallien's rise had been rapid; from the printer he had quickly risen to be editor of the *Moniteur*, and he had gained notoriety by his "journal affiche," *L'Ami du Citoyen*, by which he propagated Jacobin ideas on the walls and hoardings of Paris. He was a fluent speaker too, and when in the first days of September, 1792, he was elected Deputy for Versailles, his voice and person were already well known in the Convention, where he at once identified himself with the extremest section of "la Montagne" by signing the death-warrants for the September Massacres. Mme. de Fontenai must have watched with dismay the career of the susceptible compositor, yet it was no doubt some comfort that he, and not some other "Septembriseur," commanded at Bordeaux.

On his side Tallien was undoubtedly pleased at the turn affairs had taken; the guillotine, with all its exciting incidents, lost its attractiveness, and soon he turned from his favourite window to visit the prisoner in her captivity.

Conjecture only can supply the details of that interview, but the gaoler's laconic report to Paris shows that he was not blind to its tendency: "Tout le monde trahit la République; le Citoyen Tallien fait grâce aux aristocrats."

And if mercy be treason, there was treason sure enough. Soon the guillotine has a holiday, then it is taken down, because the *ci-devant* prisoner will not tolerate it in sight of the windows from which she too looks out on the Place de la Révolution. Clemency is now the order of the day, for Tallien can refuse no petition of his charmer's, and poor Thérèse's charity is great enough to cover even the multitude of her errors; and for the sake of the many lives she saves she becomes known as "Notre Dame de Bonsecours." But in those days clemency was no recommendation at headquarters; Tallien was recalled to Paris, whither Thérèse soon followed him, her husband making his way to Spain in safety, but alone.

The Girondins were now gone, but discord already reigned among the Jacobins. Tallien had been recalled in disgrace, yet he was President of the Convention until within two days of the execution of Danton and Camille Desmoulins. The ambition of Robespierre was a wide-spread danger; salons, theatres, and dancing-rooms were closed, social intercourse abandoned, and the ambition of every one was to remain forgotten and obscure.

No, not of every one; for fear and Thérèse were strangers to one another, and upon the very day of Danton's execution she appeared before the Convention to read a long discourse of her own composition on the position of woman, and to entreat the nation to find her some philanthropic work. There, for the first time, she found herself before an audience blind to the charms of beauty at nineteen, deaf to the sweetness of her thrilling voice. For a time the nation ignored her aspirations, then in the person of Robespierre it showed her that the position of woman was to lie in the gloomy dungeons of the prison of La Force. Here, when terror and loneliness and misery might have been supposed to break her spirit, freedom and life were offered her if she would sign a declaration of Tallien's treason to the Republic at Bordeaux. "I am only twenty years old, but I would rather die twenty times," was the contemptuous answer; indeed, life so basely bought would have been worthless to a worse woman than Mme. de Fontenai.

La Force having no terror for her, she was removed to the less gloomy prison of "Les Carmes," and it was here that she shared the cell of Josephine Beauharnais—her senior by more than ten years—and formed that intimacy which had so great an effect on the society of the Directory. But the association was not for long; soon Thérèse was taken back to the darkness of La Force, and now for the first time since her imprisonment Tallien found means to communicate with her. Her health had failed in the close confinement of her cell, and she was allowed an evening walk in the court-yard of the prison; and here, on the first evening, there fell at her feet a stone to which was attached a slip of paper. "I am watching over you," it said; "every evening you will go into the court at nine, and I shall be near you." He had, indeed, hired an attic opposite, and for eight evenings one lover looked up at a red head in a garret window; the other, down on to a black one in a prison yard. On the ninth evening the yard was empty; Robespierre was watching over Tallien, and the exercise had been stopped.

The next communication was made by the prisoner. One morning when Tallien awoke a dagger that had been hers lay on his table; he knew this was a hint of the need for immediate action, but how to act was the difficulty. For long he had watched the tumbrils as they daily jolted towards their destination (had watched them with feelings different to those that had filled him at Bordeaux!) and on this morning, as he walked towards the Convention, he met four such carts with women among the victims. Near the Convention he fell in with Robespierre, and, drawing him aside, he interceded passionately for the female prisoners—especially for one who had been unjustly arrested—he meant la Citoyenne—and his voice broke, and he faltered "Beauharnais." The Incorruptible smiled coldly at this proof of human weakness. "I do not know la Citoyenne—Beauharnais," he answered frigidly; "however, there is no one who has been unjustly arrested." It was then, we are told, that Tallien took his resolve.

But no word reached the prisoner either of encounter or resolve. She could not even know whether her knife had reached him or had been recognised; all that she

knew was that she was in danger, and that Tallien made no sign. So a few days later a very bitter little letter reached him. "The Administrator of Police has just gone out; he came to tell me that to-morrow I am to mount on the tribunal—that is to say, the scaffold. That is very little like the dream I had last night: Robespierre was no more, and the prisons were open; but thanks to your supine cowardice, there soon will be no one left in France capable of realising it." The answer was laconic, and the advice of its final sentence difficult for one in Thérèse's desperate case to act up to: "Soyez aussi prudente que j'aurai de courage; mais calmez votre tête."

She had not long to wait; only two days later Tallien led the revolt against the revolutionists, and, drawing Thérèse's dagger from his bosom, cried, "I have armed myself with a dagger to pierce the heart of this Cromwell if the Convention does not order his arrest."

Like all Tallien's doings, the harangue was theatrical rather than dramatic, but a poor spark suffices to fire dry gunpowder. The arrest was decreed almost unanimously, and soon the two Robespierres, St. Just, Couthon, and Le Bas had perished under the indictment of a man possessed of all their faults, guilty of the same excesses, and deficient in many of their better qualities. Again the woman had triumphed, and by this Revolution of the 9th Thermidor the proverb, "Cherchez la femme," had received another striking illustration.

Then came a little day of feminine supremacy, and Paris was once more at the feet of Thérèse Carabas. Not the old Paris, courtly and elegant, that had admired Thérèse de Fontenai, but a new Paris, *parvenu*, vulgar, illiterate if you will, but only the more willing to be led by such women of fashion as still remained to it. Notre Dame de Thermidor, as Mme. Tallien was now entitled, became at once the leader of society, and reigned in consort with the poorer, older, less beautiful, but more enchanting widow Beauharnais, and these two between them set the fashion in dress and manners. Their slight and graceful figures are responsible for the very scanty amount of clothing that came into vogue, and that reached its climax when the ball-dress of a reigning beauty—gown, under-clothing, jewels, sandals, all—just turned the scale at *one pound!* "Plus la femme est nue plus elle est habillée," was pushed to its extremest limits; but the modest, the well-bred, the chilly, the thin, and the fat soon rebelled against a fashion that gave boldness and beauty such unfair advantage. Bare feet and transparent clothing were well enough for the divinely lovely and unabashed Mme. Tallien, but as the ladies of the old régime returned to Paris, and its six hundred and forty-four public dancing-places began to fill with more decorous beauties, the power of the loveliest woman in Paris began to wane.

Moreover, Tallien was unpopular with the rising men; with Barras, who declared that if there were five hundred plots a year, Tallien would be mixed up in all of them; with Bonaparte, who never concealed his hatred of the man, and stigmatised him as bad in himself and a corrupter of others; so when the Directory superseded the Convention, Tallien's name was not among the five who were chosen. Thus he was threatened with a fate intolerable to Thérèse—obscurity, a fate indeed that ultimately overtook him in its intensest form, and (need it be told?) Thérèse did not share his long decline. Within four years of the 9th Thermidor she had wearied of him, and after various vicissitudes obtained a release from the scanty revolutionary rites that had bound her to her second husband, and married M. de Caraman, afterwards Prince de Chimay.

But neither her beauty, her kindheartedness, nor her husband's high position induced society to overlook this plurality of husbands. Napoleon had long since forbidden Josephine to receive her in the Tuileries, and the Belgian Court was as firmly closed against her; so the comfortable and prosperous days of her long life (for she lived to the age of sixty) were passed in a certain enforced retirement. Nor did the unhappy Tallien die of grief, but survived their separation by twenty dreary years, spent, many of them, at Alicante, where he became French Consul, till, having lost his eyesight, he returned to Paris, and refusing the humiliation of a pension from Thérèse, he passed the last days of his blindness alone and very poor.

F. MABEL ROBINSON.

Glendalough and St. Kevin.

FEW places retain so entirely the spirit of the time which made them famous as the lovely upland valley of Glendalough. Hundreds of years ago it was the centre of a busy population; its buildings and churches were spread in groups from the opening into the deeper recesses of the valley. Its mountain heights rose as solemnly then as they do now, only they were more thickly wooded and impassable. Its two lakes, from which the valley takes its name ("Glen of the Two Lakes"), were as sombre and still as they now are, only they were probably larger, at least the lower one now spreads into marshy land where the water once lay. The place was chosen with care, selected from many others by one who sought for solitude above all things—one who, travelling in lonely thought, had built his rude hut in more than one deep recess of nature, but still unsatisfied, still yearning for a more profound retirement, had come at last to this austere desolation, and, penetrating into its farthest corner, had built his shed, or, as some say, chosen the trunk of a tree for temporary covering; certain it is that to the choice then made by this most indefatigable of hermits is due the future fame and greatness of Glendalough.

It was about the year 498, or early in the sixth century, that Kevin or Cœmgin was born. Tradition says his birthplace was somewhere in the east of Leinster, his family being of ancient extraction; he was, in fact, a near relative of the famous Laograire, King of Tara, who withstood St. Patrick for so long. The numerous legends which attend his infancy point to a time when life was in the rudest and most primitive lines; but more than one name which afterwards became famous is associated with his early training, and in fixing his mind towards that life of monastic seclusion which he adopted as a very young man. Not far from Glendalough and on the shores of that bright sheet of water known as Lough Tay, where the sloping woods descend to the water's edge, Kevin is said to have fixed his first place of retreat. The site of his cell is still pointed out, a shapeless pile of ruins; but, according to local tradition, he left this cell on account of some miracles which he worked, and which threatened to give him that notoriety he so much dreaded.



GLENDALOUGH.

(From a Photograph by W. Lawrence, Dublin.)

And now he seems to have wandered from one place to the other in search of solitude. His *Wanderjahr* was not spent in seeking, but rather in shunning the resort of men; the world as it then was had no interest for him (not even the strife between Christianity and Paganism); he represents the meditative aspect of the Church, just as the great Columba represents its combative and missionary spirit. In his own heart he found the Kingdom of God, and he sought for a retreat where he might deepen and intensify it within him. Such a spot was not difficult to find in a county like Wicklow, which in the time of the saint, and for long afterwards, was famous for its steep mountains, deep valleys, and forests.

From the first Kevin had loved the valley of Glendalough, and there at length, in obedience to the bishop who had ordained him, he fixed his dwelling, and began his long life of austerity and self-denial. The place is indeed suited for monastic retirement. As approached from the Vale of Clara it is slowly disclosed to the eye —the home of twin lakes, from whose shores rise precipitously the heights of Derrybawn and Lugduff, with their steep cliffs clothed in heather and wood. Many a turbulent stream pours down their sides and swells the river Annamoe, which issues from the lower lake; but save where the tumult of the streams makes pleasant music, the silence of the place is unbroken. It is not certain when the monastery was founded, or the exact time when Kevin yielded to the entreaties of the monks who had followed him to his retreat, and put himself at their head. It must have been towards the end of the sixth century. The site was given him by a certain Dymned, who came with his sons and laboured in clearing away stones and brambles which grew in that wilderness. The place is near to where the two lakes meet, and where the ruined Church of Our Lady now stands. Hither came numbers of those who desired to place themselves under his rule, and the nucleus was formed of what became afterwards a very extensive monastic settlement. The word "monastery" may probably suggest to the reader those large and systematically arranged buildings belonging to mediæval times, the ruins of which, with their exquisite architecture, rise beside the rivers of England. The monastic institutions of the early Celtic Church were in every way more rude and primitive. No traces remain at Glendalough of the abode of the monks; the fact is that at this remote period there were no great architectural buildings designed for them. The abbot, clergy, and brethren, had each their separate cells, in which they lived much as hermits do; the cells were generally built of walls of undressed stone, or mud, or wicker-work, with shingles or osiers for roofing; but all were under the rule of one abbot, the head of the community. The account that is given of the monastery of Iona, under St. Columba, is probably a fair description of what Glendalough must have been. The cells were enclosed within a wall or castle; the pagan Irish lived inside such enclosures, and on their conversion to Christianity they permitted the monks to erect their cells within these fortifications, and the habit was continued.

Part of the wall which enclosed Glendalough still remains, and in it is a very ancient gateway, which led up to the cemetery. The Church of Our Lady, which Kevin and his monks began to build, lies west of the cathedral, and it is probable that the nave was finished in his time. The western door is quadrangular in form: it is composed of enormous blocks of cut stone, inclining towards the head, which consists of a flat lintel of huge size and thickness; underneath it a cross is sculptured—a curious position for it, as it cannot be seen until one stands just inside the door. The rest of the building, ruined and roofless as it is, bears out the same impression of noble strength, formed to withstand and endure—a fit type of the faith of that remote period. This church is said to have been the first erected in the lower valley. It did not bear that name then, for none of the ancient churches of Ireland were dedicated to the Virgin or any foreign saint previous to the twelfth century. It was here that Kevin lived, clothed in rough garments, and living on scant food, and it was here he desired to be buried. It was here that the monastery gradually rose to his honour—indeed, the whole area is strewn with remains, many of them now shapeless and impossible to identify, but witnessing even in their decay to the reputation for sanctity the place once had.

Although as abbot Kevin was bound to be both director and teacher of his monks, yet the passion for solitude came over him again and again, and he got them to build for him the circular cell which still exists on the edge of the cliff and overhangs the lake. One can imagine him here, looking out over the dark waters beneath him, and down towards the valley where the sun was streaming.

There is a curious story told of him in this retreat by Cambrensis. It was the time of Lent, and he had come here for prayer and meditation. He knelt, as was his wont, and stretched his hand out of the window, lifting it up to heaven. At this moment a blackbird came and perched on it, and dropped her eggs into it. The saint pitied the bird, and neither drew in nor closed his hand until she had hatched her young: on account of this legend he is usually represented with a blackbird sitting in his hand.

It appears that the gloomy hue of the lake is due to him, as well as the tradition that no skylark sings over it. For when the cathedral was being built, the saint noticed that the men who worked at it seemed daily to lose their strength; on asking the cause of this, they replied that they were accustomed to rise with the lark, in order to continue their work, but the larks were so very early in that place that they were quite overworked and tired out! On hearing this, Kevin commanded the larks nevermore to sing in Glendalough, and so the builders, freed from the strain of early rising, regained their health, and the lovely valley has never since echoed to the enraptured song of the lark. It is certain that the cathedral was begun during his lifetime, and probably altered long after his death. It now stands, a bare and unsightly ruin; the yew-trees which grew so luxuriantly by it are gone, and the clustering ivy which hid its desolation is gone too. The door in the west end is one found in the earliest churches; it is of

quadrangular form, in which the weight of the lintel is taken off by a semicircular arch immediately above it. That the chancel is of later date is unquestionable: it has no massive masonry like the nave; it *had* an east window, lovely in decoration, but hardly a trace of it remains. In short, from the unsympathetic stranger the cathedral would receive scant praise, save that it attracts attention from its size, and from standing in the centre of a cemetery thick with graves.

Within a few yards of it stands the round tower, probably built about the same time—the grim custodian of the place! The time has wellnigh gone when people wrangled, and opinions clashed, over the subject of the round towers of Ireland. All who have really investigated the matter have come to the conclusion that they are of Christian origin, and served as bell-towers, as well as places of refuge. Whether it be the long controversy over their origin, or the scant account we have of their history, or the solemn aspect they present, and the extreme care and skill with which they are built—certain it is, there is an air of romance and wonder about them, which nothing can lessen or depreciate; they are to the Middle Ages what the Pyramids are to Egypt, partaking in the same solitary and incommunicable grandeur.

There is one tradition of St. Kevin which must not be omitted, as it connects him with the outer world, and shows that his fame is more than local. Hearing that the three abbots,* St. Columba, St. Comgall, and St. Cannice, were assembled in one place, he set forth from his mountain retreat to see them. On the day of his arrival a crowd of people collected together to see St. Columba, and stood around him. They were much astonished when they saw him rise at the arrival of Kevin, and remain standing until he came up. Certain rustics blamed Columba for standing so long; but he turned, and said to them in reproof, "Why, foolish men, should we not stand up at the approach of Kevin, the servant of God, when at his approach the angels of God arise in heaven?" This story is interesting, as showing that he was not altogether cut off from his fellow-workers. But we do not again read of him leaving the monastery; and what remains of him there witnesses more specially to his life of seclusion.

There is one memorial of him which every traveller and tourist is invited to behold and visit, and which connects his name with a story that, unless it be treated as mere fable, does little to uphold his fame for sanctity. Moore's pretty words, set to one of the beautiful Irish melodies, has helped to keep alive the tradition of Kathleen, who fell in love with him, and pursued him wherever he went.

> "East or west, where'er he turned,
> Kathleen's eyes before him burned."

In the great cliff of Lugduff there appears to be a natural cavity in the rock, widened and enlarged by the chisel; it was probably one of those retreats that the saint had found, and made his own. It is most difficult to reach, as it is right in the face of the cliff overhanging the water; the only way of getting to it is from above, and even that is a hazardous matter. Here Kevin came in desperation, hoping to find rest from his pursuer.

> "Ah, the good saint little knew
> What that wily sex can do!"

For Kathleen finds out where he is, and penetrates there, but he sternly rejects the intrusion—

> "And with rude impulsive shock
> Hurls her from the beetling rock."

The ghost of poor Kathleen was long seen to glide over the dark waters of the lake, and her hapless fate has done much to add to the gloom of the whole place. However, there is no mention of this story in the lives of Kevin. The only thing that may remotely point to it is a tradition that in his youth, and before he came to Glendalough, a maiden loved him, and followed him wherever he went, until, wearied out and indignant at her importunity, he gathered a bunch of nettles, and inflicted such a chastisement upon her that she pleaded for forgiveness, and never after interfered with the life of devotion he had chosen. The tale of Kathleen may be one of those romantic incidents, dear to the Celtic nature, as untrue as it is poetic. But "St. Kevin's Bed," as it is called, is a fact, and is connected with the life of another great man—St. Lawrence O'Toole, who, long after Kevin was laid to his rest, grew up as a scholar in the monastery of Glendalough, and afterwards became abbot there. From thence he was promoted to the See of Dublin, where, in times of great difficulty, he distinguished himself by his great wisdom and piety. It is said that at certain seasons he used to retire to the scenes of his youth, and spend the Lenten season in St. Kevin's bed. His tomb, a slab now hardly decipherable, lies in the aisle of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, in the chapel called after him, and the name of St. Lawrence O'Toole is deservedly remembered in the Irish Church.

The life of the individual, St. Kevin, is inseparably interwoven with the monuments of the place he made so famous. Apart from these it is impossible to trace it, they are the only fixed and stable points of those scenes which were enacted there twelve hundred years ago, and which continued to be enacted for centuries after his death. It is strange, this medley of buildings, this grouping of churches and oratories, tombs of kings and sculptured crosses, in the midst of scenery intensely beautiful and wild—it gives to Glendalough that sentiment of romance and religion which belongs so essentially to it. Perhaps there has been no spot so often burnt and pillaged. But even now, after the ruin and neglect of centuries, walking by the shores of the lakes on that exquisite green road which skirts their borders, and which we may identify with the name it received long ago of "The Pilgrim's Road," we can well imagine the devout and the learned, the scholar and monk alike, wending their way from one cell or church to the other, the valley echoing to the sound of the bell; the encircling mountains rich in heather or wood, guarding the community from the intrusion or strife of the outer world. It forms many

* St. Columba, Abbot of Iona; St. Comgall, Abbot of Bangor; and St. Cannice, patron saint of Kilkenny.

of its attractions that from this same road one has in view nearly all those relics of antiquity which enrich the place; the cathedral, near which stands the round tower, and the Church of Our Lady, being conspicuous by their size and height.

But there is another building which must be mentioned in connection with St. Kevin—it is called St. Kevin's House, or "Kitchen." It stands alone now, but was formerly the centre of a group of buildings; not the least would be St. Kiernan's Church, for that saint was Kevin's dearest friend, a man famous as the founder of the splendid monastery at Clonmacnoise, whose ruins, like those at Glendalough, boast of seven churches. St. Kevin's House is one of those buildings which combine an oratory and a dwelling-place; there is a similar structure at Kells, called St. Columba's House; their plan is uniform — a single doorway in the west, and a single window in the east, with a stone altar placed beneath it. Many such-like

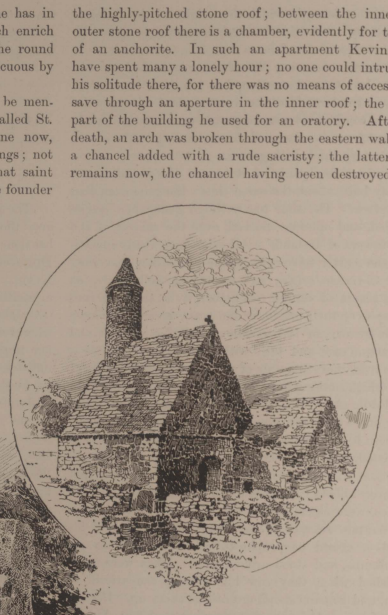


THE ROUND TOWER, GLENDALOUGH.

(From a Photograph by Poulton and Sons, Lee.)

oratories were built on the Continent for the private use of Irish missionaries.

St. Kevin's House is singular and interesting as possessing a peculiar feature of Irish architecture, namely the highly-pitched stone roof; between the inner and outer stone roof there is a chamber, evidently for the use of an anchorite. In such an apartment Kevin must have spent many a lonely hour; no one could intrude on his solitude there, for there was no means of access to it save through an aperture in the inner roof; the lower part of the building he used for an oratory. After his death, an arch was broken through the eastern wall, and a chancel added with a rude sacristy; the latter only remains now, the chancel having been destroyed; the



ST. KEVIN'S KITCHEN.

(From a Photograph by Poulton and Sons, Lee.)

little bell-turret, looking like a miniature round tower, was also a later addition, but it gives a quaint significance to the building, which is so strongly built that it looks as though it would last for ever.

It is supposed that Kevin was not only Abbot, but Bishop of Glendalough; but it only became an episcopal see after his death. He was founder of the monastery which gave rise to the see, his fame for piety and learning drawing numbers of students to its precincts. It was the custom for scholars to travel from one school of learning to the other—schools which sent forth missionaries to France, and Germany, and England, and were themselves the resort of scholars from these countries. For just as in mediæval times students travelled to the universities of Bologna, or Padua, or Paris, so did scholars travel to and frequent the great monastic centres at Clonmacnoise and Bangor.

About the year 618 Kevin is said to have died. So old a man as he must have been glad to go, even though his monks wailed and lamented his loss. It is supposed

that according to his wish he was buried in the Church of Our Lady; his tomb remained unbroken down to the middle of the last century, and on his festival crowds of pilgrims came to see it, but not a vestige of it remains now. Glendalough remained a bishop's see until 1214, when it was incorporated in that of Dublin. Since then, this place, so sacred in its memories, has passed out of the region of history, and we hear no more of it.

Sir Walter Scott describes Glendalough as "the inexpressibly singular scene of Irish antiquities." There are other places in Ireland which witness to the same far-off time when monasteries and schools of learning abounded; but few unite in one, as this valley does, the wild scenery of mountain height and shadowy lake, with such dim but significant vestiges of grey and ruined buildings.

There are two very small but ancient churches close to the shore on the upper lake; they are so ruined that little is left but the walls and gables, but they are very striking in their green loveliness. There is one feature about these early churches which is very puzzling, and yet most characteristic of them, and that is their smallness. It is probable that the intense conservatism of the Celtic mind was one cause of this. From the introduction of Christianity the Celtic Church had been thoroughly monastic. We have seen that the monks, in place of occupying one particular building, established themselves in separate cells, with separate oratories, in which they performed their solitary devotions. The congregation, if there was one, was content to stand outside listening to the service as recited within, so it became the custom to build more than one little chapel in the same place. Ruined and deserted as these buildings are, they possess an intense interest to the antiquarian, as pointing to a time when Ireland, independent of foreign influence, was working out a style of architecture all her own, side by side with the development of that Christian faith which shone so brightly from her shores to the nations around.

It is easy, standing in the lovely valley of Glendalough, to recall the holy and peaceful life of that saint who made this place the home of prayer, the refuge of the scholar and the devout. Many a church and many a holy well have been dedicated to him in Ireland, but there is no place where his personality becomes so dear, and familiar to us, as in the valley where it is guarded by the mountain heights which he loved so well in life, and in the shadow of which he lies buried. HONOR BROOKE.



Amabel at Work.

TRIOLET.

LAST evening when I passed
ye farm,
Sweet Amabel was making
butter.
The cream splashed up her
rounded arm
Last evening when I passed.
The farm
In sunset light lay rosy warm;
Two white hands moved like
doves a-flutter,
Last evening when I passed ye
farm,—
Sweet Amabel was making
butter.

M. C. GILLINGTON.





The Latest Fashions.

By Mrs. JOHNSTONE.

"Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on."—*Thomson.*

IT is in August that we begin to realise that soon "autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world once more." Summer is on the wane, but there lies before us a wealth of sunny hours, and, to most of England's well-to-do classes, holiday hours too.

In work and in play, the question of dress asserts a prominent place, and I have headed my chapter with some examples of ornaments which would be useful, handsome, and suitable for holiday wear, as also for more full-dress occasions. Chatelaines have become once more fashionable. They originated in the days when women were housewives as well as cultured ladies—when their life's sphere lay principally at home, and they carried their keys and their implements of needlework always ready for use at their side. In our times chatelaines are far more for ornament than use; though some of the odds and ends that dangle and clink mechanically, like a milkmaid's yokes, may occasionally be of some service.

Mr. Barker, in Bond Street, has contrived to make some of the adjuncts he has prepared for chatelaines extremely useful, and calculated "a double debt to pay." The pretty silver horn smelling-bottle has a bayonet top which could not, by any careless use, distribute its contents unwittingly, to the detriment of gowns; and in the top a tiny watch is placed, which goes well. The thimble-case, in shape not unlike an antique urn, is furnished, as well as the thimble, with a place for pins, and a triple reel in the centre for white and black cotton and black silk. Very convenient this arrangement proves, and *multum in parvo* with a vengeance. The dainty shoe of silver holds matches, and when detached serves for a few trinkets to lie in, on the dressing-table. When these shoes were brought out in white satin lined with pink, and in blue and white kid, with high heel and pointed toe, they were made expressly for this purpose. The silver belt, of fine pierced work in detached pieces of different sizes united by rings, is often worn low down on the hips, as the Plantagenet dames wore their girdles years ago when loose robes were in fashion. The tea-gowns, which fall in an unbroken line from neck to toe, lend themselves to this re-introduction. In the "Boke of Mayd Emlyn," as far back as about 1520, "any pretty knacks as bedes and gyrdels" are spoken of. In those days the girdles were worn by men for daggers, rosaries, pennons, or pen-cases, and for ink-horns, as well as by women, who also carried "Bookes tyed to theyr Gyrdles." There is, you know, nothing new but what is forgotten, and most of our present modes may be traced back to centuries ago.

A pretty style of chatelaine takes the form of an Irish harp, headed by a coronet. It hangs almost as a brooch at the side, and makes a graceful foundation for the chains.

The ornaments of to-day are apt to be too costly and too prominent, for jewels and jewellery of every kind should be adjuncts to a toilette and not the

principal part of it. Puzzle rings are of great antiquity, and no doubt they have inspired the idea of the new puzzle gold bangle, which is pretty to look at, and is calculated to afford some amusement.

Children's clothes become a matter of prominent importance in the maternal mind when the holidays come round. The little dresses, illustrated from Messrs. Peter Robinson's plenteous stores in Oxford Street, are exactly what are wanted at the moment. For a seven-year-old maiden there is a happy combination of navy blue and cream zephyr, which would stand hard wear, and, happily, hard washing. The frock is ornamented with feather-stitching on the cuffs and bands, and the bodice is gathered at the back of the little collar. The printed mousseline de laine costume is for a child of more tender years, and could be carried out in cotton; the skirt is made full; the sleeves have a revers to the cuffs, and some contrasting material is introduced on the fore-arm. The cut of this sleeve is quite new. There is a belt of the dominant colour, matching the ruche. Directoire fashions have found a prominent place in children's clothes, and are likely to maintain their supremacy for some time. The Directoire coat in the picture is made in plain material, and opens over a striped petticoat; the sleeves are striped, and have pleated tops; the sash is lined with white. Hats are to be principally straw this autumn, and large, and are trimmed, often, with a piece of the material like the dress; but plenty of flowers are worn. To be *en règle* the headgear must be picturesque.

But it is not only the children who have to be thought of when the annual flittings we islanders are fond of making to the sea come round again. I have selected some useful gowns, suited to the coast, at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, as embodying the newest styles. They are equally well suited for travelling. The one with the cape may be made in almost any well-woven woollen material, and trimmed with double tabs or braid in contrast; either a darker tint to match the dress, or black and white. Apparently, the skirt and bodice are cut in one, and the fastening is diagonal; but, in good truth, the skirt is sewn to the bodice below the waist, and is arranged with a broad box-pleat at the side, bordered with triple pleats besides, and a double row of five tabs from the edge constitutes the trimming, which is repeated at the opening, crossing the bodice, on the cuffs, and on the front of the movable cape. This last has a turn-down collar, the dress having a stiff all-round one. The dress is neat and trim; not calculated to collect dust, and not over-heavy; in white and red it would be well suited to smart coast yachting; not for actual sea wear, where, from experience, I consider a close-fitting bodice objectionable. Navy blue is the colour which is most generally useful.

The other model can be made in red and black, or any other convenient mixture—fawn and brown, grey and white, two tones of green, black and brown, and so on. This is the sort of skirt which our best-dressed women now affect. They eschew drapery, and even sashes, but accept the plain falling skirts, just as they are, with no dress-improver and often with no steel; though a short thin one, eleven inches from the waist and measuring twelve inches long, being quite invisible, but throwing the back out a little, is an improvement. In shopping do not be deceived by the slight attempt at drapery which is often found at the back of the waist of those gowns which are displayed on stands; they are only so arranged because on the stands this excessive plainness is deterrently ugly; not so when worn. This plain skirt has box-pleats at the side of the fronts, made sufficiently broad to show off to the best advantage the elaborate trimming you see in the illustration. The braid starts in a double line from the waist, diminishing to a point in the course of its length. The basque finishes with pointed rows of braid, and for



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

the vest the narrow braid is arranged in any form, with continuous rows from the waist.

The brocaded zephyrs are for the moment some of the most serviceable materials; they are, in good truth, far more durable than the favourite foulard, and do not get out of condition; they are made up with plain skirts and fully-trimmed bodices. It matters little nowadays how plain and simple the skirt is; the bodice is all-important; and for dressy occasions full vests and jabots of crêpe or mousseline chiffon are almost a necessity. These are often made in pink and yellow; and at Ascot, just as they will be at Goodwood, nothing else was to be seen. But they have very varied accompaniments. Sometimes the large double revers of distinct colour are attached to jacket-fronts, which end straight at the waist, and have large buttons, a huge bow of the crêpe beneath the chin meeting the revers, the jabot falling from it. Sometimes it peeps from beneath the crossing folds; one side composed of the material, the other of embroidery. Grey mixed with yellow I can strongly recommend as a pretty Goodwood combination, but the yellow should be confined to the crêpe vest and bow, the roses which should cover the crown of the hat, and the parasol. These, for the races, are made of most transparent crêpe or tulle and draped crêpe de Chine, having a wide double-gathered frill at the edges about eight inches deep. Chartreuse, and indeed all greens but the darkest, are in fashion now; and the pretty women of our day seem to have gone to our woodlands for the tints that most enhance their charms. Fringes of flowers border some of the parasols, which have become mere airy nothings, and quite inadequate for their original purpose, that of giving shade; but they impart that finish to a pretty woman's dress which is essential. A foulard gown must, I should say, have been ordered by almost every woman in society; green, light blue, and pinks are best worn, printed in white or



SEASIDE COSTUMES.

black, with sparse floral designs, or with dashes, splashes, and eccentric patterns suggestive of fireworks. Daisies, thrown on a cream ground, are exactly the sort of flower which should deck a simple foulard; and when their pink petals are accentuated by jabots and vests of pink crape, and linings of pink here and there, which seem to peep out occasionally inadvertently, they are very pretty indeed. Daisies or buttercups united by the stalks, in the fashion in which children make daisy-chains, are introduced on parasols and bonnets. We are nothing in this year of grace 1889 unless we are sylvan; perhaps we show thereby our rejoicing at the unusual amount of sunshine with which we have been blessed. At all events, as a rule, very costly materials have been relegated to evening wear; though few find this fact diminishes the cost of a dress. The cotton gowns being made for Goodwood at this moment are very simple; they and the muslins and the soft silks are all accordion-pleated; often with many rows of ribbon or velvet sewn on first. These rows of ribbon figure again on the bodice, being arranged to resemble a corselet-belt. The wide sashes, when they are used, generally appear crossing from beneath the left arm diagonally.

Race bonnets, as a rule, are all flowers; sometimes a mere wreath, with the hair visible where the crown should be; some are covered with blooms, and a bandeau is placed below the brim to raise it above the face. The hats are extremely picturesque, for they are of all shapes, tricorn or wide-brimmed, with flowers peeping in above and below.

The two gowns from Redfern, shown on this page, are suitable for the Ryde week as well as for other occasions. The first is a blue serge, trimmed with light grey and silver fancy braid; the braid is introduced on the side of the skirt, and the double revers of the bodice are of two colours, meeting the central box-pleat. The grey hat is ornamented with roses. The other dress is all grey, trimmed with silver braid, having a white silk front; the bodice opens on one side, and at the opening the white silk is again introduced; it is of rich corded make. The grey hat is trimmed with white ribbons and white ostrich-feathers.

A number of linen shirts, worn with the ordinary coat-jacket, fastened with one button, are to be worn with plain serge skirts for the Isle of Wight week. The sailor hats are made narrower in the brim, higher in the



OUTDOOR COSTUMES.







NEW MILLINERY.

it has come to be looked upon as correct to place the minimum of bonnets now worn behind a wide curled mass of hair, so that it seems only an addition. It is a style that requires a very young face; but, unfortunately, it seems one of the hardest lessons a woman ever learns, how to grow old gracefully, and not to add to her years by over-young garments.

Flowers add much to the beauty of summer hats and bonnets this season. Roses, camellias, corn-flowers, carnations, and violets are, perhaps, the most popular; the last are tied in small bunches, their stems and occasionally their roots being *en évidence*.

Small capes and mantelettes are often required about this time of year by women who are wearing mourning. A crape shoulder-cape, lined with crêpe de Chine, and interlined with soft silk, meets the want precisely. It can be made in two different styles—either it may be of even depth all round, not quite reaching the waist-line, or the fronts are lengthened into mantilla ends. A turned-over collar, and a bow of gros-grain ribbon with long ends, complete both shapes. Another style, worn in cloth as well as crêpe, has three or five capes simulated by bands of the material pinked out at the lower edge and crossing the back only, the fronts forming long slender ends.

crown—in fact, quite three inches and a half deep—with a band of ribbon round. For a yachting-wrap a new smart triple cape in red cloth has been brought out, just to reach to the waist. It has a turn-down collar, and is tied with three-inch-wide ribbon. It could, of course, be made in a less striking colour.

Mme. le Breton, in the accompanying sketches, gives some examples of pretty hats for summer wear. A gentlewoman, she is endued not only with an innate knowledge of what her customers personally require, but also with a strong artistic nature, carefully cultivated. She has lately removed from Welbeck Street to 3, Bentinck Street, and her show of hats and bonnets has been larger than heretofore. The rush hat has a very artistic appearance, and is liberally trimmed with flowers, which seem to be well suited to the nature of the foundation. The shape is very light, and it is sufficiently picturesque to find favour now, when dress must be becoming to be appreciated and admired. The black hat has pink trimmings with butterflies hovering over; and cowslips are introduced on another black hat of a different shape. The forms will best be gathered from the illustration. There is so much, also, in the way the hats are put on, as well as the bonnets. The fringes of hair this season have become outrageously large again, because



Paris Fashions.

By VIOLETTE.

FLAT dresses, scanty and rigidly straight; narrow sleeves, and vast hats laden with flowers are the order of the day for feminine attire. The silhouette of a woman's figure thus attired suggests an open parasol. On the day of the race for the Grand Prix at Longchamps, a day always memorable in the annals of the year's fashion, the ladies, as a rule, presented this appearance. If, as it always happens, the extravagancies of fashion ran riot on that day, and exaggeration was the rule rather than the exception, there were yet a number of costumes marked by a graceful reticence.

Women of disciplined taste alone know how to escape from the dominion of fashion. Those only possess the secret of artistic dressing who understand how to reconcile the claims of their personal appearance to those of *la mode*. Eccentricity is as inartistic as is slavish submission to conventionality. It requires, therefore, not a little originality to know how to impart those delicate suggestions of character to fashionable attire, investing it with a sort of spiritual charm.

The too uncompromising flatness of skirts is avoided by some of our most elegant women, by suggestions of supple draperies breaking the rigid lines. In giving to my English readers an idea of some of the charming conceits imagined by artists in dress, I offer the best that can be made of the prevailing fashion—the coquetry, the grace, the elegance that may be attained by the disposal of colour and of line.

White is pre-eminently in favour. In Indian foulard, in crépon, in lawn, in mousseline de laine, in silk even, is woven the cool, pure charm of white. Nothing can compare with white in summer. In the hot sunshine and warm twilight of midsummer and July, the numerous white dresses worn in Paris were grateful to the eye.

The white dresses were, as a rule, embroidered either in white, in gold, in fawn-coloured silk, or with garlands and posies of flowers. Next to white, green remains the favourite colour. The length of time green has held sway over the popular taste is a tribute to the dyer's art. Every shade of green is reproduced. Nature's pretty scale of verdant tones and semi-tones, from the pale sweetness of the opening bud to the full green of summer foliage, is admirably imitated. Worth has brought red into fashion, and has lately made some graceful russet morning-gowns. Crimson, with purply shades, currant-red, Venetian and brick-reds are the great dressmaker's favourite tones. The fashion of these morning-gowns is usually a flat skirt clinging like a sheath; the bodice gathered into a yoke of guipure; cuffs of guipure confining at the wrist the lower sleeve. A narrow sash of black watered ribbon is fastened behind.

Worth has never been more happily inspired than when recently designing dresses for some of the foreign ladies now in Paris. The floral foulards—the old-fashioned brocades so much in favour now—seem especially suited to draw out the creative genius of Worth. It is, however, the subtle art with which he suits the dress to the wearer, adapts the flow of the lines to disguising her defects and enhancing her qualities, which gives him supreme ascendency over the world of fashion. A charming gown, of pink and black foulard, attracted my attention in his show-rooms. Festoons of black silk edged the skirt, the straight lines of which were softened by floating scarves of black spotted net; the guimpe and sleeves were of net.

Another dress, fresh and gay as a spring day, was of creamy-white lawn, patterned over with flowers. Three interludes of cloudy white spotted net circled round the hem of the skirt; a chemise russe of white tulle veiled the front of the bodice; the wide sleeves were slashed with net; the sash of green watered silk was fastened by a *chou*.

A picturesque gown was of blue satin, of the bright shade known as "Chantilly blue," brocaded with white ears of wheat. This upper dress, cut in panels, displayed an under-dress of finely pleated black gauze. The feature of the trimming was the use of Louis XVI. cretonne, blue and white edging the panels; and the folds laid crosswise of the fichu bodice. The guimpe was of pleated black gauze.

A dress, very tender in its bright colouring, was of blush-rose foulard, over which spread an eccentric design in faded turquoise-blue. Interludes of crêpe de Chine, of the same shade of blue, adorned the skirt, which was cut in panels, and fastened on one side with knots of pale green ribbons.

A quaint Directoire costume was composed of a skirt of pink foulard, covered with a design of blue, red, and white flowers; it was finely pleated in front, and flounced at the back. The Directoire coat was of dark blue serge made short behind, and large buttons of mother-of-pearl trimmed the revers of the bodice; a jabot of white gauze gave the finishing touch to this original costume.

A harmony in yellow and pink was formed by a tunic of salmon-pink foulard, over which was spread a design of yellow wild roses. The under-skirt was of plain yellow foulard pleated in deep folds; the puffed sleeves and sash were yellow.

Perhaps the prettiest of all these pretty dresses, was one composed of a tunic of ivory-white crêpe de Chine, edged with a trelliswork of fringe. The tunic was admirably draped over a skirt of slate-grey faille. The folds of the bodice were caught in a slate-grey corselet. The Maison Morin-Blossier, second to Worth only, displayed costumes worthy of having been designed during a season when Paris was the centre of attraction to the beauty-loving women of the world. "Elegance" perhaps best describes the stamp given by this house to dress. It might essentially be applied to a dress of shot taffetas of the bright pink of a moss-rose shot with pearl. The skirt was edged with a thick ruche of taffetas surmounted by a wide band of white silk Venetian guipure. The Tosca bodice was fastened on one side with a ruche of silk. Another beautiful gown was of turquoise-blue taffetas shot with opal; the skirt, edged with a thick ruche, was covered with black lace caught up at the hips with knots of black watered silk. The bodice, draped with lace, was made with a corselet of black watered silk.

Then there was a crêpe de Chine dress of lilac of that peculiar rosy shade known as "Persian lilac." The straight skirt was edged with a border of velvet of the same shade, surmounted by a band of Flemish guipure. The bodice was gathered into a yoke of guipure. The sash was of velvet.



VISITING-DRESS, FROM THE MAISON LAFERRIÈRE.

Contrasting with these richly elegant dresses, was one no less elegant in its simplicity. It was of navy blue satinette, covered with a design of white flowers. The yoke and cuffs were of guipure; the sash, knotted behind, was of striped blue-and-white watered ribbon.

Another pretty gown was of écru lawn, striped with lines of many-coloured flowers and trimmed with interludes of Valenciennes lace. Three little flounces edged with Valenciennes bordered the skirt; the sash was of willow-green watered silk.

Another idyllic gown was also of écru lawn, covered with a pattern of rose-buds. A thick ruche of pink taffetas shot with green edged the skirt, and was repeated crosswise in the bodice. The sash scarf was of pinked-out taffetas.

Flowered dresses, the blossoms in varied shades of colour spreading over pale pink, deep blue, delicate azure, white or black ground, are the most appropriate gowns for the summer season. Field flowers, fresh as if newly picked from the meadows, and bound in posies with long green grasses, appear on some gowns made up for rustic festivities. The tunics of these dresses are trimmed with long fringes matching the colours of the nosegays, and are draped in a point on an under-skirt of plain foulard of the same shade as the ground. The draped bodice, cut heart-shape back and front, discloses a finely pleated insertion of plain foulard. The sash is formed of two ribbons of different colours placed one on the other. These dresses are graceful and fantastic.

I have seen no prettier costumes than those exhibited in the show-rooms of Mme. Lebouvier's now famous house. The use of black lace appeared to me as very noticeable in a costume of pink crêpe de Chine. The skirt was covered with black guipure; the redingote bodice was of pink crêpe de Chine with cuffs of black lace. The same arrangement was repeated in maize crêpe de Chine and white guipure.

A dress effective in colour and style was of white Indian foulard, covered with a mingled pale green and dim red pattern. The pleated skirt was edged about the hem with black Chantilly lace. Two panels of green watered silk covered with black lace were placed on either side; green ribbon covered with lace formed bretelles on the bodice, and joining behind they were fastened in a knot, the long ends of which formed the sash; epaulettes and cuffs of black lace finished off the draped sleeves.

On a foulard dress—the ground covered with a pattern of black leaves—the black lace was arranged in three panels. The dusky cascades, narrowing upwards, joined and formed the front of the bodice. The high sleeves were richly trimmed with lace. The sash of black watered silk came from under the arms, and, forming a point, was knotted in front. Lastly I must notice a blue foulard dress of the faded turquoise tone, starred with white daisies; the pleated skirt, straight in the front, was draped in undulating lines behind. The pleated half-loose sleeve was placed high on the shoulder. The jabot was of black spotted net; the sash of black watered silk.



INDOOR COSTUME, FROM THE MAISON LAFERRIÈRE.

As for hats and bonnets, they are covered with blossoms. These headgears might well adorn a festival of flowers. Every blossom, from the humble plants that star the woods and hedges to the hot-house blossoms, garlands the feminine heads of to-day. The art with which flowers are imitated is extraordinary. Artificial flowers emulate the grace, the freshness of nature.

Virot, as usual, leads the way in the creation of beautiful headgear. No one more gracefully disposes the floral treasures on hats and bonnets than does this master-hand.

A most delightful change from the hats and bonnets for Parisian wear are the cool white sun-bonnets or hats that are made for country rambles — dainty white capelines, such as the ladies of Marie Antoinette's Court might have worn in the alleys of Trianon when they played at being rustics under the shadow of the guillotine.

There was one Lamballe capeline in Virot's show-rooms that was a triumph of simple daintiness. Of écru lawn, finely drawn into tiny pleats, edged with lace, it was covered with a network of delicate grasses.

A Bourbonnaise capeline of unbleached straw was very picturesque, with drooping white feathers and clusters of oats.

Then came a hat rightly called after Mme. de Pompadour, in Leghorn straw garlanded with crimson, pink, and yellow roses, all knotted with pale green and pink ribbon.

A Marie Antoinette hat, in coarse-cut straw, formed a delightful and a costly imitation of countrified simplicity. The crown was covered with yellow crêpe; on an aigrette of fresh green oats perched gold and black butterflies. A Trianon hat was all white, in white horsehair, white lace, trimmed with white feathers and knots of white watered silk.

The Warrene capeline was in straw-coloured lace, with a black crown; a sheaf of blue corn-flowers and thistles knotted with black velvet for trimming. The Moissonneuse capeline deserves its name. A princess playing at being a reaper might wear this fantastic hat of coarse straw, with its adornment of bats' wings of wheat, in which nestle pretty wildings of the ripening fields. There was a Tosca capeline in white lace, trimmed with delicate oats and black velvet knots. Oats, so feathery and light of colour, are a favourite trimming; silvery-green, they mingled with corn-flowers on a coarse straw Biarritz capeline.

A daintier repetition of the Biarritz hat was one lined with straw-coloured crêpe; the crown composed of white silk muslin, garlanded with tufts of white roses, knotted with white watered ribbon.

A rather quaint hat called the "Frondeuse" had a certain piquant audacity, with its trimmings of yellow plumes running through every shade of pale gold to orange. Among all these beautiful headgears, none seemed to me so picturesque as a Gainsborough hat. The broad brim, the graceful lift on one side, the clusters of maize plumes, drooping low in the neck, might have well adorned the head of one of those stately and serenely smiling English ladies your great painter loved to represent.

At the Exhibition, your English firms compete closely with those of Paris in the dressmaking department, the largest exhibitors being Messrs. Nicholson and Co., of St. Paul's Churchyard. The most successful of their novelties are some charming little mantelettes especially suited for the hot weather we have been experiencing, for while affording an effective addition to the costume, they add little or nothing to the weight of the dress. One pattern is made of lace, covered almost entirely with small beads of gold or steel, while instead of sleeves it has deep-falling epaulettes of beads that partially cover the arms of the wearer. Another consists of a deep cape of Chantilly lace, with bows on the shoulders, from which long ends cross the bust and tie at the waist.

Other specialities of this firm are their washing blouses and costumes, and, what they greatly excel in, cloth gowns and jackets. Some of the former are particularly handsome, one especially deserving of mention being the "Cleopatra." It is made with a deep box-pleat on either side of the skirt, which opens over a front of a lighter shade of cloth, the skirt being embroidered with beads for a distance of several inches from the edge, while the front is also handsomely embroidered.

Some of the jackets, too, are exceedingly tasteful, having lapels covered with a novel applique embroidery, in which the pattern is outlined in silk with a peculiar stitch which gives the same effect as though done with cord, while the lapels by an ingenious contrivance can be turned entirely back, or so arranged as to be only partly visible, at the pleasure of the wearer.



DINNER-DRESS, FROM THE MAISON LAFERRIÈRE.

"Il Caval di Piazza."

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH IN FLORENCE.



T is but a short step from the entrance to the Uffizi, where the statue of the invincible warrior Giovanni delle Bande Nere still bids defiance to his foes, to the Piazza della Signoria, where that of his son Cosimo I., the first Grand Duke of Tuscany, bestrides with easy majesty his splendid bronze charger, so splendid as a work of art that it has usurped its master's place in the popular estimation, and the "Statua equestre di Cosimo I." is "detta" (called) the "Caval di Piazza" in the "Osservatore Fiorentino," that authentic historical hand-book to Florence, and still more so in the common parlance of her citizens.

The respective statues of father and son have, perhaps unconsciously, preserved for posterity a perpetual reminder of the contrast between the lives of the two men. That of the father valiant, restless, eager, impetuous, engaged in perpetual warfare; that of the son calm, majestic, dignified, bent on the affairs of State. Look at the frown of determination upon the brow of the warrior, and then at the placid open countenance of Cosimo; look also at the contrast of attitude between the two statues—the one indicative of a desperate hand-to-hand fight, the other of the perfect ease which is so exactly rendered by the Italian saying, *a cavallo*.

But we must retrace our steps somewhat to see how the splendid position of the son was in reality the result of the father's unswerving rectitude of purpose and determined valour. The funeral rites of the illustrious warrior had been performed in Mantua, his mortal remains cased in full armour borne shoulder-high by his comrades-in-arms to the grave, and then the "Bande Nere," with their black standard in honour of their dead leader, clustered round the widowed Maria-Salviati, imploring her to place herself and her son—a boy of seven years, the only descendant of their beloved chief—under their protection. They would fight for him as they had fought for his father, and they would obtain for him a position of honour and dignity worthy of his lofty parentage. But Maria-Salviati was as prudent and foreseeing as she was courageous when the occasion required. The moment had not yet come for action. Her warrior husband had ever been lavish towards his troops, so that his orphan boy was heir to little else but the fame of his illustrious father, except indeed the envy, jealousy, and suspicion of which Giovanni had ever been the object in the eyes of his relative, Pope Clement VII. It was also notorious that his Holiness looked upon the death of Giovanni as a most opportune removal of a formidable claimant to the honours of the House of Medici, to whom, in fact, as the only legitimate representative of the family, belonged of right the position unworthily filled by Alessandro and Ippolito de' Medici, at that time engaged in misgoverning Florence.

In these circumstances Maria-Salviati declined to allow any active service on behalf of herself and her son Cosimo. But she was glad to avail herself of the stalwart defence of her husband's famous troops when the Florentines, exasperated by the hateful tyranny of Alessandro and Ippolito de' Medici, had driven them from the city, and the Pope, fearing that the next step of the citizens would be to proclaim the young Cosimo, gave secret orders that he should be seized at Trebbio, where he was living in retirement with his mother, and taken prisoner.

Happily for the widow and her orphan son, the rumour of this intention reached the ears of a detachment of the Bande Nere, who had taken up their quarters in Mugello. They hastened to warn Maria-Salviati of the Pope's treachery, so that she was in time to escape with her son under their safe-conduct to the fortress of Imola, and thence to Venice.

Meanwhile the tumult in Florence was temporarily appeased, Alessandro and Ippolito reinstated in their former position; and the Pope, deeming it more prudent to be on good terms with Maria-Salviati, invited her and the young Cosimo to Rome. Eventually, in accordance with the Papal instructions, Maria-Salviati was despatched to France in the train of Catherine de' Medici, who was about to be married to the Duke of Orleans, son of Francis I., and afterwards Henry II. of France.

No sooner did it reach the ears of the French monarch that Maria-Salviati, the widow of the famous warrior, had arrived at his Court in the bridal train of his future daughter-in-law, than recalling the splendid feats of arms of his favourite captain, he manifested the greatest eagerness to see his widow.

Very pressing inquiries elicited from Maria-Salviati the acknowledgment of her little affluence, and the hesitating request that perhaps his Majesty would allow her son to be the recipient of some of the arrears of pay due to her late husband. To which the King replied, with his wonted magnanimity, that the arrears should be paid with interest, and that if Madonna Maria would send her young Cosimo to his Court he should be trained in the service of arms, to be a worthy son of his father.

But here again the prudence of Maria Salviati intervened. Perhaps she had seen enough of the life of a warrior, and its inevitable, fatal result, and she informed his Majesty that her son was being brought up in retirement in the environs of Florence to be a good citizen, so as to give no occasion for the watchful jealousy of his relatives. These precautions she found it necessary to double when, on her return to Florence, she found that the rumour of the King's proposal had preceded her, and had stirred fresh envy and jealousy among the Medici. In order to allay their suspicions history records the curious detail of her having caused her son to lay aside all vestige of military attire, to which her

husband's reputation had given such a tremendous signification, and to wear the long dress of a citizen of Florence.*

This expedient, coupled with the studied retirement of their lives, except when paying careful homage to Duca Alessandro at his Court, lulled to rest the suspicions which had been newly kindled by the proposal of the King of France; and subsequently the young Cosimo was allowed to exchange the dress of the citizen for the accoutrements of a soldier, in order to form part of the suite of Duca Alessandro.

Everything, it is said, comes to him who waits; and the patience of Cosimo was not put to a very severe test, for he was barely eighteen when the wheel of Fortune made a sudden turn in his favour, and when he least expected it the ball was at his feet.

The crimes of Duca Alessandro, which had long rendered him odious in the sight of the Florentines, met with a fearful retribution, when on the night of January 6, 1537, he was barbarously murdered in his bed by his cousin and an accomplice, Lorenzo de' Medici. The assassin had made good his escape before Florence awoke to a knowledge of the fate of the unhappy Duke, and of her own deliverance from his odious government.

But as soon as it became known the Senate met in conclave to decide upon his successor, and although some few desired to preserve the freedom so unexpectedly restored to them, the majority of votes were in favour of preserving the same form of government. This point determined, no successor appeared so worthy in the eyes of the Senate as Cosimo, the young son of the famous captain who had restored the military discipline of Italy, and had died fighting the battles of his country, and of equally noble parentage on the side of his mother, Maria-Salviati, the daughter of Jacopo de' Salviati and Lucrezia de' Medici, the sister of Leo X. There was no blot on the family escutcheon of this young scion of the House of Medici, and his antecedents were such as to attach no common interest to his person.

It was in keeping with the prudent line of policy rigidly adhered to by Maria-Salviati, that the choice of the citizens of Florence should have been signified to Cosimo while he was fishing in the quiet shades of Trebbio, when, as the contemporary historian truly records, he landed in the Duchy of Florence a larger fish than any he had ever anticipated would fall to his bait.

Still preserving the same modesty of demeanour when certified of the reality of the proposal, and having perceived that it was his duty to return with the envoys to Florence, he yet declined the proposal of many of his father's friends and companions-in-arms to escort him in triumph to the city, saying that he would prefer to enter it alone or only accompanied by two or three of the companions of his retirement. Nor would he go to the Casa Salviati, where his mother was awaiting him, till he had paid his respects to the remains of the murdered Duke.

Meanwhile, even the heroic soul of Maria-Salviati had been shaken by a description of the ghastly condition of the corpse, for the party in Florence who had other views for the government of the city, had been at pains to dilate upon the horrors of the murder, and to represent to her that her son would be exposed to a similar fate if he accepted the honour which had been offered to him.

So that when Cosimo came into her presence she besought him with tears and entreaties to refuse the dangerous post; but he replied that while he would never have sought it on his own account, as it had been offered to him, it behoved him not to refuse to serve his country even if such service must result in a violent death.

Maria-Salviati, recognising in this speech the dauntless courage of his father, was comforted; and, we are told, "smiling through her tears, prepared to accept what was evidently the will of Providence; nor could any subsequent attempt on the part of her brother, Cardinal Salviati, avail to shake her resolution, still less that of her son."

Cosimo passed into the Council Chamber, where the forty-eight senators were in conclave assembled.† Alessandro Vitelli, the captain of the late Duke's guard, made an oration describing the disturbed and tumultuous condition of the city, the necessity of the choice of a leader, and urging the claims of Cosimo upon the Senate. One dissentient voice, however, that of Palla Ruccellai, protested against the rule of any Medici, nor could the historian Guicciardini persuade him to alter his opinion.

The discussion continued, Giovanni Corsi urging that before proceeding to the election of a Prince his authority should be restrained by laws, so that his power might be beneficial, not harmful to the State. Many seconded his opinion—Francesco Valori, Guicciardini, Ruberto Acciauoli, Matteo Strozzi, Francesco Vettori, and others; but when they came to examine the laws they found them so full of difficulties and contradictions that they began to gravitate towards absolute authority, so that when the next proposal came from Antonio di Bettino da Ricasoli that the suffrages should be taken, with the single exception of Palla Ruccellai, Il Signor Cosimo was, on the 9th of January, 1536, elected Prince of the Republic of Florence within and without the walls of the city, with the same authority which had appertained to the Duca Alessandro.

The soldiers who were keeping guard outside the palace were instructed by their captain, Alessandro Vitelli, to incite the people with the familiar cry of "Palle! Palle!" in honour of the new Duke, while they were allowed to revenge the outrage on the murdered Alessandro, by sacking the house of the assassin, which adjoined the palace of the Medici.

The popular election having been ratified by the sanction of the Emperor Charles V., and the title of Duke conferred—which alone could be derived from the imperial fountain of honour—the position of the young

* Cini. "Vita del Serenissimo Signor Cosimo de' Medici." 1611. Lib. I., p. 17.

† The Supreme Council, as it was called, of the Forty-eight, had been constituted on the occasion of the election of Duca Alessandro, 1532, by order of the crafty Clement VII., to flatter the Florentines with the belief that they retained their Republican form of government, while he was in reality erecting the State into a Principality dependent upon himself.

Cosimo was completely assured. His youth and inexperience were supplemented by the wise counsels of Il Campana and Lelio Torelli, the first jurisconsult of the age, counsels which had been urged in vain upon his unhappy predecessor. So that having learnt from them the art of reigning, it was not long before he found himself on an equality with the most astute politicians and potentates of Europe.

We may, therefore, look upon him as firmly seated in the saddle, nor could Cæsar himself, the "Alberto Tedesco" of Dante's aspirations, have exercised a more absolute control over the State. There was little chance for Florence to become "indomita e selvaggia"—

"Per non esser coretta
dagli sproni
Poi che ponesti mano
alla bridella." *

But we will leave to the great historians of the time to relate at length how the reins of government were gathered into that strong grasp, and how by a wise internal administration of her affairs, and a spirited, far-seeing foreign policy, Florence was raised into the first rank among the Italian Principalities. Her pre-eminence was for ever established by the Papal Bull of Pius VI., which conferred upon Cosimo the Grand Ducal Crown, while the preamble recited that "this Prince, having been in the first instance called to the Supreme Power by the universal consent of the citizens of Florence, and, so to speak, of the whole Province of Tuscany, has succeeded in governing with consummate wisdom and prudence the Princedom which so unexpectedly fell to his lot in his youth—preserving it in justice, peace, and security, being moreover powerful both by sea and land, the declared enemy both of pirates and brigands, and all disturbers of the public peace, especially the adversaries of the Holy See; is a rigid upholder of truth and justice, severe in the punishment of wickedness and vice, the ruler of a State peopled with many inhabitants,



Statue of Cosimo de' Medici, Florence.

maintaining large forces both by sea and land, having adorned the cities in his dominions with cathedrals and public buildings, having promoted literature and learning by the erection of Colleges and Universities, having made harbours for ships, garrisoned fortresses, and equipped an armament for the defence of the shores of the Adriatic against the Turks, and especially the seaboard of the Papal States," &c. &c.

It was, however, especially stipulated that the crown should not resemble that of the Emperor, nor those of the Kings of France and Spain. It was to have the inscription "Beneficio Pii V., Pont. Max." inside, and to bear outside in the centre the red lily of Florence, and its general form was to be open and spiked like that of the ancient Kings.

Such was, in fact, the crown prepared for Cosimo I., the first Grand Duke of Tuscany; and the coronation was performed with every solemnity at Rome by Pope Pius V. on the 18th of February, 1569.

The historians relate that his Holiness could not refrain from tears when the moment came for thus honouring the "prediletto figlio," who had so fully justified his dedication by his father to the service of the Holy See from the moment of his birth, just fifty years ago, and his right to the name of Cosimo, given to him by Leo X. in the hope that, like his great ancestor, Cosimo Pater Patriæ, he might prove the wisest, the most discreet, and the worthiest son of the House of Medici.

But while leaving, as we have already said, to abler hands the annals of the thirty-eight years of his reign, we will endeavour to gain from a contemporary description some personal acquaintance with the man himself. In appearance, the Grand Duke Cosimo I. was a man of great height, noble proportions, and a striking countenance, in which majesty and dignity were tempered with benevolence, and a glance at his statue will confirm the truth of this description. His eyes were large and brilliant, and, like those of his warrior father, could flash with fire when roused by anger or emotion; his voice,

* "From having lost correction of the spur,
Since to the bridle thou hast set thine hand."
Purg. vi. 95, 96. (Cary's trans.)

soft and sweet in conversation, was, when addressing the senate or the people, distinct, grave, and sonorous. His manner was self-contained, calm, dignified, and majestic, as one accustomed to be held in awe by the people who loved and feared him; but, except when called upon to reprove or punish crime, he was ever gracious to them as one who bore in mind that the interests, both of the Republic and the Principality, were united in his person. His dress, the short Florentine cloak with the hood appertaining to it, and the long cassock to the knee, is accurately represented in the statue. The limbs are cased in armour, which for many years, especially at the time of the war with Sienna, it was his custom to wear whenever he rode out of the city. The dress of that period was of the sombre hue introduced by the Spaniards into Italy, and represented in Morone's portraits; not that the melancholy of this every-day apparèl was allowed to stand for mourning, which was most emphatically marked by a long lugubrious habit called *Granaglia*. This the Grand Duke solemnly assumed on two occasions—the death of his patron, the Emperor Charles V., and that of his illustrious mother, Maria-Salviati (December 12, 1543), whose funeral procession all the city combined to honour, the magistrates, chief citizens, and all the noble families of Florence following in the train of the Grand Duke to the Church of S. Lorenzo, where the remains of this remarkable woman were interred in the family resting-place; though it was not till the following century that those of her warrior husband were transported thither from Mantua to rest beside her, there to await together the moment when at the

> ———"novissimo bando
> Sorgeran presti ognun di sua caverna
> La rivestita voce alleluiando."*

At the Court of the Grand Duke a studied splendour was preserved, and every detail of his method of life was calculated to convey to the Florentines the magnificence of his position, and, thereby, his sense of the honour they had in the first instance conferred upon him; while he ministered to their love of pleasure with feasts, and games, and tournaments, masquerades and carnivals, which vied with each other in successive splendour and ingenuity of device; with shows of wild beasts, in which the famous lions, now existing only in effigy at the entrance to the Loggia de Lanzi, played a prominent part.

It was, therefore, no wonder if, after his short absence of eight or ten days from the city, the people would flock to the Piazza to greet his return with shouts of "Palle! Palle!"—refusing to leave it until they had been gratified with the sight of their popular leader.

The representatives of the great Italian families attended his Court, and the young noblemen vied with one another for the distinguished honour of forming part of his body-guard, or of attaining to some post about the Court that they might offer him personal service, happy if, in their early youth, they could be chosen as pages to serve him in his repast. It was his habit to dine in public, sitting in State at the head of the table, with his Duchess,† a person of rare beauty and noble qualities, to whom he was deeply attached, at his right hand. On these occasions he would appear dressed in a long velvet robe, generally black, embroidered with gold; his velvet cap on his head, his sword by his side.

During these repasts he delighted in the conversation of the learned *letterati* of the day, who were constant guests. Among these were Alamanno Salviati, his maternal uncle, Pandolfo Pucci, Leone de' Norli, and Piero di Gino Capponi, to say nothing of the famous historian, Bishop Giovio, for whom there was a permanent place prepared, and who had leave to come and go as he pleased. In conversation the Grand Duke was affable and easy of access, but he was a man of few rather than many words, and, in spite of his great position, modest in expressing his opinions. Yet he was of ready wit, and many of his sayings and repartees were treasured up and preserved. But in speaking of the European potentates or of the Italian princes he showed a careful discretion, and if he could not praise he would remain silent rather than blame them. He was such a lover of truth and justice, and of so magnanimous a disposition, that he never bore any grudge against the enemies of his house, and their opposition he imputed to a genuine love of liberty and zeal for their country, rather than to any personal ill-will to himself.

Although he never forgot the timely support of the friends and partisans of the House of Medici in the hour of need, he would not allow justice to be warped in their favour; and nothing displeased him more than an act of oppression or arrogance on the part of the nobles of the city, or that those of his own house should presume on their relationship to indulge either in acts of violence towards each other, or in any way oppress the citizens. An instance is recorded of a quarrel in which the offender, one Leone de' Norli, thought his relationship to the Duke would screen him from the consequence of a gross insult offered to another courtier, many years his senier, in the precincts of the Court. But Cosimo was extremely displeased when he heard of it, and instructed the magistrate to impose the fine upon Leone without any regard to his condition; while to the Duchess, who endeavoured to plead the cause of the culprit, he replied that he would "never suffer the relationship to himself to be made an excuse for arrogance or insolence towards any one, that Leone had misbehaved himself, and that Leone must be punished according to the law;" and when afterwards, at the reiterated entreaty of the Duchess, he was allowed to return to the Court, the Duke received him with marked coldness.

Rigid in the administration of the law to all alike, without respect of persons, he would never allow any penalty to be commuted by a fine, observing that if he chose to pardon it should be a free grace, and there are many such instances of his clemency on record. He was exceedingly jealous of his authority, and would not

* ———"at the last nuit, so
The blest shall rise, from forth his cavern each
Uplifting lightly his new-vested flesh."
Purg. xxx. 13. (Cary's trans.)

† Eleonora di Toledo, daughter of Don Piero di Toledo, Viceroy of Naples.

suffer any interference with it on the part of his ministers; and even the Duchess, whose influence was otherwise paramount with him, was never suffered to interfere with the affairs of the State. But he was not the less well served on that account, and the directions, which he had an especial faculty for imparting with clearness and precision, were implicitly fulfilled. In all mercantile matters he showed the shrewdness of his race, and when peace was established he traded himself with two galleons, like his predecessor and namesake, Cosimo Pater Patriæ. The manufactures and commerce of Florence were encouraged by every means in his power. In the year 1575 the returns of the wool-staplers alone reached a sum of two millions, to say nothing of the manufacture of silks and cloth of gold; and in any failure of merchandise, a timely loan from the Grand Ducal coffers would avert the catastrophe and save the merchants from the *banco rotto* (broken bench of bankruptcy). Nor must we forget to mention that he was the first to introduce into Florence the pietra-dura work, for which the city has ever since been famous.

In matters of religion we have already seen that on all public occasions he proved himself a devoted son of the Church. He was the adviser of Pius IV. at the time of the Council of Trent, and as soon as its decrees were formally ratified, was careful to have them promulgated throughout his dominions. For his own part he was ever an example to his subjects in diligent and devout attendances at all the solemn offices of the Church. Perhaps his habit of laying aside his rich garments, his sword, and jewelled dagger before entering the cathedral to kiss the relic of the Holy Cross on Good Friday, may have suggested to Tasso that last eloquent touch in his description of the approach of the Crusaders to Jerusalem:—

> "Nudo ciascuno il piè calca il sentiero;
> Che l'esempio de' duci ogni altro muove,
> Serico fregio e d'or, piuma o cimiero
> Superbo dal suo capo ognun rimuove,
> Ed insieme del cor l'abito altero
> Depone, e calde e pie lagrime piove." *

His alms were distributed with princely magnificence. Three times, during a temporary dearth, food was supplied to the people gratis in the city; and whenever he made a hunting expedition into the surrounding country, he was accompanied by an almoner who carried a purse of red velvet, the contents of which would be freely bestowed among the *contadini*.

He delighted in hunting and fishing and all the pleasures of a country life, which he enjoyed at his favourite villa of Castello,† but he would never allow them to stand in the way of the affairs of the government of his Principality; and it was his custom to rise with the dawn, and write with his own hand, before his secretary could reach the spot, either his State letters to the European potentates or his own private correspondence, which often consisted in replies to memorials, supplications, and petitions from all classes among his subjects. These he would take a pleasure in answering himself, and redressing the individual grievance, whatever it might be; for no matter how humble the application, he would attach importance to it if it guided him in the administration of even-handed justice among his subjects. More than this, in order that all might have access to him he had a habit of riding constantly about the city on a small bay horse, of purposely low stature that all might conveniently approach him and pour their complaints into his sympathising ears.

We may please ourselves with imagining that there must still have been many Florentine citizens who could recall this custom when they looked up at the effigy of their late Grand Duke mounted on his splendid charger, one of the noblest of the equestrian statues of Italy, erected by the filial piety of Duke Ferdinand some twenty years after his father's death. Three centuries have since given many a varied hue to John of Bologna's *chef-d'œuvre*, and many a change, political and otherwise, has passed beneath the unalterable gaze of the bronze face. Few now care to examine the military triumphs recorded on the base of the statue; fewer still to read their record in the "Archivio Storico," to which they gave birth; and the Grand Ducal Crown, which was the pride of Tuscany, has become only a single jewel in the circlet of united Italy.

But in his liberal patronage of the arts Cosimo I., first Grand Duke of Tuscany, has made for himself a claim upon posterity which has outlived his consummate statesmanship and his military fame. When Vasari dedicated to him his "Vite de più eccellenti Pittori, Scultori e Architetti," he knew that art could not record a more brilliant epoch in all her annals hitherto, and he might have safely ventured the prophecy that the future would contain none to equal it. For never again would it fall to the lot of a prince to build a palace for a Madonna fresh from the easel of Raphael, or to have Michel Angelo for the president of the new Florentine "Accademia delle belle Arti" during life, or, at the death of the great sculptor, to outwit the Vatican by having his body conveyed out of Rome as a bale of merchandise, that all Florence might attend the funeral obsequies, and S. Lorenzo, the family resting-place of the Medici, receive his honoured remains. It is, therefore, but just and reasonable that the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, which Cosimo had ever favoured with consistent and liberal patronage, should combine to keep alive his memory in Florence.

So long then as the magnificent proportions of the Ponte alla Trinità span the Arno, so long as the Palazzo Pitti exhibits its treasures to the world, and the Boboli Gardens their varied charms, so long as the Fountain of Neptune plays in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, and the Loggia de Lanzi preserves its unrivalled specimens of sculpture, each and all will be inseparably associated with the "Statua equestre di Cosimo I., detta Il Caval di Piazza."

Catherine Mary Phillimore.

* "Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
Following th' ensample of their zealous guide;
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay,
They quickly doft, and willing laid aside;
Their moulten hearts their wonted pride alay,
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide."
Gerusalemme Liberata, c. iii., s. 7. (Fairfax's trans.)

† He died there, April 21, 1574.

Beauty, from the Historical Point of View.—II.

IN Da Vinci's portrait of La Gioconda, the third wife of Francesco del Giocondo, with its marvellous mingling of materialism and mystery, and the treacherous smile which, even as a youth, Leonardo loved to set upon the lips of the women he drew, we find the union of the untroubled beauty of antiquity with the suggestion of memory and experience belonging to later days. Da Foggia's bust of Sigilgaita di Ruffalo is remarkable, as expressing the union of two different modes of temporal expression, but the face of Monna Lisa is instinct with the intricacies of the mind. She holds the clue to the dark labyrinth of past life; she has seen and known those secrets over which the fair Greek women never even wondered. Yet, apart from the distinct mentality shown in this face, and the slightly accentuated sensuousness, it clearly resembles in actual lineaments the conventional religious type that prevailed before it and after, and to which, in some measure, Raphael



THE LILLE BUST.

(*Attributed to Raphael.*)

returned. One might almost imagine that the curious and mystical soul of Da Vinci himself still looks out of the eyes of his masterpiece.

Again, in the waxen bust of a young girl, in the Wicart collection at Lille, attributed sometimes to Da Vinci—partly on the evidence of the delicately malicious half smile upon the lips—more generally to Raphael, by



LADY SURREY.

(*From the Sketch by Holbein.*)

reason of the suave, small mouth, and the tender oval of the face—but with certainty to no one—we find a strange marriage of types, or rather, maybe, of expressions. It is no slight spell that this enigmatical beauty wields over the imagination. The eyes, half closed, seem to follow us, either in sadness or in mockery, with their dreamy, fixed gaze. Or they are indifferent to our visible world, maybe, and see only a pageant of old time, and the dead people who lived so gaily and beautifully, amid intrigue and disaster—treading their rose-gardens hand-in-hand with Death—pelting the Plague with flowers. She remembers the brilliant, subtle Florentine life, the dalliance and the wit, but she will tell us nothing thereof. The fine lips are closed, the brooding gaze bent inward, and we may never know who she was or by whom created. We can only wonder and theorise over the sweet indecision of her smile. To M. Paul Bourget she seemed the possible presentment of the unhappy Helena Campireali, the heroine of Beyle's tragic story: a story, if possible, even sadder than the old Scottish ballad of Glasgerion.

But some say that this waxen bust is the death-mask of a beautiful young girl, whose corpse was accidentally exhumed centuries ago at Rome, and, strange to say, instead of crumbling away under the light of open day into a heap of grey ashes, remained calm and unchanged in its subtle loveliness, with the faint flush as of life yet lingering upon the lips and cheeks. So she lay in her stone sarcophagus, and all the city flocked to look on her and to marvel; and, alas! nearly all the city fell so desperately in love with her that the ecclesiastical authorities, seeing the demoralisation even of monks and priests, caused her body to be destroyed by fire, as being some work of the Evil One, and correspondingly "no canny."

And, indeed, an intangible and indefinable, yet none the less real, *dead* look pervading the eyes, and the

whole expression of the face, may furnish an excuse for this not too likely supposition. The smile, scarcely so pronounced as that of La Gioconda, is the smile of a dead woman; and it is from the dead that she comes to us. And now, returning from the siren-sands of speculation to the, perhaps, surer ways of historical probability, it will be seen that, towards the beginning of the sixteenth century, beauty began to clothe itself in larger forms, more massive contours. Diane de Poictiers must have possessed such robust comeliness as Rembrandt and Rubens delighted, afterwards, to portray; but a certain chastity withal appears to have clung to the admired types of this period, being due in all likelihood to the still lively influence of religious enthusiasm.

This austerity one observes in many of the more beautiful portraits by Holbein (Anne Boleyn must have been a little less than plain, if we may trust his testimony), notably in that of Lady Monteagle. The high forehead and oval face still hold their own; the eyes are steady and cold, and the mouth firm; altogether there is a greater tendency towards squareness and strength of outline.

But if Anne Boleyn was not beautiful, what shall be said of Mary Stuart? Few of her portraits are even passably good-looking, and a well-authenticated (although unsigned) miniature declares her to have been a pallid, commonplace-looking woman, with small eyes and a very long, large nose. The miniature is exquisitely painted, appearing to bear the impress of truth, and entirely skilful and conscientious workmanship. To look on the large, pale face, with its evident sincerity of likeness, tends inevitably to disillusion as regards the *beaux yeux* of this fascinating and lately canonised princess.

Perhaps at no time (if we except the late chignon and



THE DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

(*From the Painting by Sir Peter Lely.*)

crinoline period) but during the reign of Elizabeth, have natural forms been more entirely superseded by those artificial in English attempts at beauty among the richer classes. Beauty was then merged in its adornments, and reduced to insignificance by the extreme gorgeousness of its "caparisons."

Truly a light smothered under a splendid bushel! Consider the enormous hooped skirt, covered, like some costly piece of furniture, with elaborately-flowered silk, the stomacher stiff with pearls, the monstrous ruff held up on wires above the very ears, the hair raised high over cushions (as again in 1777), "supporters, postures, farthingales;" and, under all this, *cherchez la femme!* The distended hoops suggest no possibility of limbs beneath, neither do the swollen and distorted sleeves. Within the compressed compass of the rigid bodice (women actually wore *iron* stays then) every feminine contour is extinguished. The face itself sinks into an unconsidered trifle between all these unnatural forms, these sparkling tissues, holding comparatively the same relation to the body as that of the figure-head to a ship in full sail: a conventional, but scarcely an important item.

In the literature, too, of the age, it is not easy to find any intimate description of female beauty. As a rule, the poet draws his inspiration not from the actual features of his mistress, but from her wardrobe and her jewel-casket.

Her lips are rubies and her teeth are pearls; her complexion is like alabaster or satin; diamonds or crystals are her eyes; her hair is golden wire, and so on; his verses sparkle like her brocades, and both are beautiful, but seldom with distinctly human beauty. The nightingale has forsaken the emperor's palace for the



MISS POLLY KENNEDY.

(*From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*)

long-forgotten groves of ancient Greece; and an automaton, resplendent with gems and gold, warbles in her stead.

The reign of the roses was over, and the artificer in precious stones and metals stood pre-eminent.

Not so with the beauties of the Stuart *régime;* with

A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part."

Nature triumphed over art, rotundity of outline was



STUDY OF A HEAD.

(*From the Original by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*)

them flowing locks and robes, and that sweet neglect that Herrick delighted to honour, prevailed.

"A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction.
* * * * *
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;

neither compressed nor concealed, and beauty, as then popularly conceived, erred, if anything, on the side of chubbiness; while, in Holland, the buxom and robust beauty painted by Rembrandt approached almost to the verge of unwieldiness. Apart from this characteristic of Rembrandt's work, perhaps the drawing, in the Berlin Museum, of his young wife, Saskia van Ulenburgh, is one of the most pleasing examples of actual beauty, as portrayed by him.

This drawing, made three days after their marriage, shows a fair and happy face, looking out from under the shadow of a broad-brimmed hat. One hand supports her head, in the other she holds a flower.

What a contrast between this strong, thoughtful face, and Lely's painting of Louise, Duchess of Portsmouth! —as great a contrast, presumably, as between the two women themselves. In Sir Peter Lely's portraits we find, again, the full, heavy-lidded eyes of the Italian Renaissance, and the high forehead, but not the austerity. Indeed, many seem to suggest a decided *soupçon* of Orientalism, possibly by reason of their excessive sensuousness and smooth vacuity. They are all fat and well-liking, and most of them very pretty in their way.

These portraits share many characteristics in common with the sprightly nymphs of Boucher; for example, the pouting lower lip, languishing eyes, great breadth at the angle of the jaw, narrowing to weak insignificance of chin; and, indeed, it is easy to trace from here the decadence of this most popular and charming type, down to the actual imbecility of Keepsakes and Books of Beauty (not forgetting the bouncing damsels of Leech) in the Victorian era.

Canova was, we imagine, the highest exponent of this pleasing roundness so dear to our immediate forbears, and Gerome one of the first painters who found beauty in squarer forms and flatter planes. To return to the last century, it may be well to consider the beautiful women painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The general impression carried away from a review of his portraits resolves itself into a very distinct and lovely type of dignified and, at the same time, piquant beauty. In these faces often an arch *espièglerie* is mingled with intellectual nobility, and the result is entirely fascinating. One would say that to this class Lady Hamilton (painted by Romney) belongs—sans the intellectuality. A fine example of a Reynolds beauty is the portrait of Miss Polly Kennedy, a picture singularly full of grace and charm. The lady sits in a chair, with one hand laid across her knee, the other is raised (she is leaning on her elbow), and holds up a carelessly-draped handkerchief. Her outer robe is trimmed with ermine. Perhaps the nearest approach within this century to the lovely refinement and inexpressible sweetness of the women painted by Reynolds and Romney exists in Raeburn's portrait of Mrs. Scott Moncrieff. It may be that the daintily simple costume assists somewhat the charm of this divinely beautiful creature, but surely no mode of dress, however unbecoming, could have marred the exquisite grace of this purest, fairest, most human type of womanhood. The beautiful eyes neither sparkle nor do they languish; they meet our own with a sweet, unartificial candour, making us fain to believe that none but a befitting soul could have dwelt in so fair a temple.

It is notable that the types painted by Reynolds are far stronger in character than those of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who appears to revert to the fair inanities of Boucher. Of the Waxen Ideal, with her immense eyes and tiny mouth, hands, and feet, described and limned by authors and artists whose name is legion, we have here no space to speak, nor do we greatly desire it. She is banished to fashion-plates and German lithographers, giving place to the three infinitely preferable types of the present day.

Possibly the kind of beauty painted by Rossetti is hardly recognised as one of the popular ideals (not so distinctly so indeed as the revived Botticelli-ism of Mr. Burne-Jones, which, too, is very fair and delectable in its way). But what, to say nothing of the rest, can be finer than Rossetti's "Silence"? She is the Sphinx of the nineteenth century, and does not smile, but is sad.

It seems strange to think that a girl who might well have posed as the model for that beautiful head was despised by her fellow-peasants, in a little Italian village, as being quite distressingly plain. Her colouring was sublime, and her figure grand as those drawn by Jules Breton, yet she was the only girl in the hamlet without a sweetheart; and the proposal of the English signore to paint her was greeted by her compatriots with a storm of jeers and peals of inextinguishable laughter. "It was too comic. Holy saints! but the signore must be joking. What, paint la Ricciola! Oh, these strangers!"

Turning our attention to still later days, we cannot fail to see that Mr. Du Maurier has the good fortune to be the creator of a most healthy and glorious type—to wit, the "Athletic British Matron," with the head of Mrs. Langtry upon the superb shoulders of the Venus de Milo; and she is no inane Waxen Ideal, but a magnificent reality. In Mormon phraseology we only wish there were "more of her," not individually, but in the sense of numbers. And with her—and not unmindful of the gorgeous beauty of gipsy and Jewess, types enduring unchanged through all ages—we will close, having once more borne testimony to the truth of the well-worn aphorism, "Beauty lies in the eyes of the gazer."

Graham R. Tomson.

A Lost Art.

By LADY BRIERLEY.



IN these days of feverish excitement, when every hour is filled up with countless engagements, each of which has its appointed minutes and no more; when the chief aim of society seems to be the cramming into our poor empty brains of as many passing sensations as possible, it is not to be wondered at if good conversation is at a discount.

The society of the present day will have none of it. The fashion, a fashion strictly enforced by all its most sacred laws, forbids conversation.

We do not meet to talk, but to shake hands, say half a dozen stereotyped words to our hostess—who would indeed be surprised if we showed any desire to lengthen the process—to sit down, if possible, and listen to music or recitations. We may perhaps bestow a nod to distant friends in the same situation as ourselves, but which of us would have courage to perpetrate such a breach of etiquette as to rise to go to speak to them?

Or we go to pay ordinary calls. We know that our allowance is a quarter of an hour in each drawing-room, and if we curtail our visit to ten minutes, we are conscious of our hostess' unspoken blessings as we rise again.

During those ten minutes we have had just time enough to express an opinion on the weather, and to make a remark about the last party at which we met. If we are good-natured the remark will be one of mild approval, and if the reverse, well—we may find so much to say that our quarter of an hour is all but too soon over. Then we shake hands once more and retire, with the same smile which, alas! has already done duty in so many houses, and to which we cling as a fitting accompaniment to our uncompromising talk. This performance is repeated without important variations in several drawing-rooms, until, at last, wearied out with the day's work we sink into our favourite chair at home, with a sense of relief that one of the season's sternest duties has been accomplished with all due precision.

Yet it was not always thus. It is not so long ago but that some of us can still remember the palmy days when conversation was cultivated and looked upon as one of the greatest arts of a polished and refined society. Such names as Mme. Récamier and Mme. de Staël abroad, and the third Lord Holland at home, remind us that this lost art was then a reality.

The influence over society that such a centre as the

Holland House *salon* must have had can never be fully appreciated, for it spreads as the ever-increasing rings made on calm waters.

It was in that *salon* that beauties, painters, poets, scholars, philosophers, and statesmen used to meet to enjoy the true communion of superior minds. There conversation reigned supreme and blossomed naturally, animated, various, rich with observations and anecdotes, and good-natured wit. There genius met, not to receive fulsome praises, but to be exhilarated to fresh efforts. There struggling *débutants* came, not to be crushed, but encouraged. There beauties assembled, not to distract science, but to smile appreciation, and inspire to nobler exertions and higher aims.

The goodness of heart of the celebrated host who attracted the brilliant assembly, was as the bond between such varied elements, and under its influence all were ready to appreciate the earnest endeavours of others.

It is not given to everybody to possess Mme. Récamier's beauty, her sympathetic gift, or to fulfil what was called in her: "le rôle d'un lien affectueux et intelligent entre des âmes d'élite et des esprits supérieurs."

Neither can we hope to emulate the brilliant circle of Holland House at the beginning of the century, when Sheridan, Washington Irving, Talleyrand, Tom Moore, Kemble, Mme. de Staël, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, and many others whom it would be too tedious to enumerate, came and went, always welcome. Such men and women cannot be manufactured at will; they are the work of the age; but instead of vainly regretting the past, we will look forward to what the future has in store for us.

New centres could be formed, scattered talents gathered, and a new era begun.

And is not this essentially a woman's mission? What better could be given her? Here is one of woman's rights *par excellence*, and one which, if thoroughly understood and accomplished, will be found sufficient to fill her heart, her mind, her hands.

All that is most womanly in woman—her gentle influence, her sympathy, her ready tact, her clear judgment, her quick perception of right and wrong, of what is noble or base—I speak of the educated woman—will be brought into play, and each will find that her real happiness is "de réfléchir les nobles pensées."

There are a few drawing-rooms in London now where good conversation is still to be met; where clever men and women enjoy meeting each other, and where wit answers to wit; but their existence is little known, and that in itself speaks of a dying influence, while some suffer from their Bohemian proclivities.

What we require is for Philistines and Bohemians to grasp each other by the hand and say—"Let us share our goods. We want thoughts, new ideas, to hear and see all that is best in man and woman, and we will give you our sympathy, our help, and be the bond which will draw all to one centre of life, and fill our empty, meaningless existence with new aims and new aspirations."

But, besides a ready sympathy, what can we do to foster a love for this dying art?

First of all, let us look to our children's education. Let us teach them, not only how to talk, but how to listen; not only how to listen, but how to think and how to read. Let us form their minds to seek for happiness on the higher grounds of pure intellectual thoughts, and in the pursuit of objects worthy of the intelligence entrusted to them.

I have nothing to say against the present so-called higher education of women. The movement is advancing with such rapid strides that we cannot shut our eyes to the necessity which created it; but I maintain that many girls, with no marked aptitude, are taught and crammed to the needful pitch of examination requirements, who will, in after-life, sit dumb and bewildered in drawing-rooms, looking what they have been made, totally incapable of expressing an original remark upon any subject whatever, or of filling those duties which alone would give to their lives the charm of usefulness.

One of the great obstacles to good conversation nowadays, and one that cannot be too much deplored, is the indistinct articulation which is becoming so general. Women adopt it under the impression that it is society's tone. Even young girls, forgetting the all-potent charm of simplicity, will study to acquire it. In men this same fault becomes more strongly marked, and a lisping drawl is the usual medium by which the world is made aware of the fact that one of fashion's petted darlings is making a remark.

Faulty articulation is also very common amongst public speakers. This is, no doubt, to a certain extent due to the natural trepidation and the anguish which seizes some men unaccustomed to speak outside their own family circle when called upon to make a speech. Hence the unfortunate mistakes made especially at weddings, when an impromptu orator is for some unknown reasons impelled to mention all the cupboard skeletons which he was most desirous to leave untouched. Fortunately, the fashion of wedding speeches is dying out with the absence of wedding breakfasts, and none of us will regret that there is one occasion less for speech to be forced into incompetent hands—or mouths.

Indistinct speaking is of small consequence when it whispers sweet nothings, for then the intention is so patent that it can easily be taken for the deed—or the words; but when a thing is worth saying, surely it is worth being well said, and we ought to look upon clear elocution as one of the primary elements of good conversation.

But we must not forget that talk, however distinct, is not conversation. Mere *talk* is only too abundant. It is the natural outcome of minds which are only the *pied-à-terre* of any passing idea which must be got rid of as soon as possible, as if the brain could never bear the strain of harbouring too much at one time. Hence the constant repetition of the same words which do duty on so many occasions, and which relieve us of the trouble of thinking out a new formula.

Another very important branch of the art of conversation is the power of listening. This may sound paradoxical, but its importance is, nevertheless, great. All cannot talk well, but all can learn to listen, and a

good listener is as rare and almost as precious a specimen of humanity as a good talker. I say almost, for notwithstanding the saying that "Speech is silver, and silence gold"—a maxim which, no doubt, owes its exaggeration to its foundation of truth—we all agree that silence is better than speech only when speech is bad.

I have often heard it recounted of a celebrated woman that she used to boast that her reputation was chiefly made by her powers of listening and of looking interested in whatever was said to her. She declared it was often to deep talk, indistinctly uttered, when every minute she trembled lest her diffident "yesses" and "noes" wrongly applied would betray her total ignorance of what even the subject of the conversation was. But she never allowed her anxiety to appear in her eyes, and thus she won general popularity, and was acknowledged, especially by men, to be a most sympathetic *talker*.

This talent of listening will, sometimes, evoke the most wonderful information from the most reserved of men; and great is the pleasure to be derived from a cultivated mind whose rich stores will open, timidly at first, then more freely under the gentle but all-powerful influence of a sympathetic listener. It would be difficult then to say which is the happier of the two—whether he who unseals his treasure-house, or the listener who is allowed a share in its contents.

But how can the art of conversation, apart from good elocution and judicious listening, be successfully cultivated? There are many ways, but I will only mention some of the simplest as being within reach of all.

First, then, I would say—read. I do not mean the superficial reading of sensational novels, but the serious study of standard works so abundant and so varied, and which testify to the extraordinary richness of English literature.

Read books which will make you think. What we want most is to be made to think. No one can talk who cannot think, and thinking is by no means as usual an accomplishment as many so called. The want of thought is at the root of many a social failure.

Good reading will present different subjects to your mind. If one of them interests you, take it up as a study. Little by little you will find many points in it which may seem obscure; don't be satisfied to leave them aside, but read such works as are likely to bear on the subject, and never rest content with half-truths, when a glorious revelation may be awaiting you.

Try to retain important facts, but do not give up originality of thought or independent judgment when you feel it to be sound.

Read and think—read and think.

When the importance of serious thought is fully understood, good conversation will once more flourish, and we shall taste again the delights of kindred thoughts. Then the quick repartee, the witty answer, which often sheds an unexpected light on some knotty points pored over in vain, the thoughtful question revealing the, till then hidden, beauties of the mind, all these joys once known will be counted as among the purest of life.

Instead of a crush of people thronging our heated rooms, why not gather around us half a dozen chosen friends with something to say? What pleasure, what sweet recreation we should find in such society!

A quick intelligence, a cultivated mind, a good memory, are all useful qualities which will make the art of conversation easy to acquire; but, even if these are lacking, an ordinary amount of intellect, a good heart, and some of that precious common sense which is, as it were, the birthright of nearly every English woman, would be sufficient, if judiciously used, to create a revolution in conversation which would make many drawing-rooms almost as pleasant as those famous ones whose departed glory we would not mourn, but look upon as a stimulus to better things.

Rondel.

IN the shadow of your eyes
Love lies dreaming,
Softly gleaming,
With a pensive sweet surmise.

Will some sterner light arise,
Where now beaming
In the shadow of your eyes
Love lies dreaming?

With a thousand tragedies
Life is teeming,
Tears are streaming,
While unheeding tears or sighs,
In the shadow of your eyes
Love lies dreaming.

ARTHUR MARVELL.

Screens, Ancient and Modern.

THERE can be little doubt that screens to serve as a protection from either air or fire were in use at a very early date. The first form of all may have been a branch of a tree, or a broad leaf held in the hand to shield the eyes from the sun. From the inconvenience of holding a screen when engaged in manual labour, the notion doubtless soon arose of hanging up the skin of an animal captured in the chase, or a mat woven of reeds or grasses. From tents to curtains is an easy transition, and it is probable that screens retained the form of curtains or wall-hangings for many centuries. They were often hung from a horizontal bar or rod, which was so constructed that it moved on a pivot, and could thus be arranged at any convenient angle. Such a screen as this is shown in an Assyrian bas-relief in the British Museum, where it is placed round the back of a royal throne. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in our own country we find that a similar protection was often arranged round

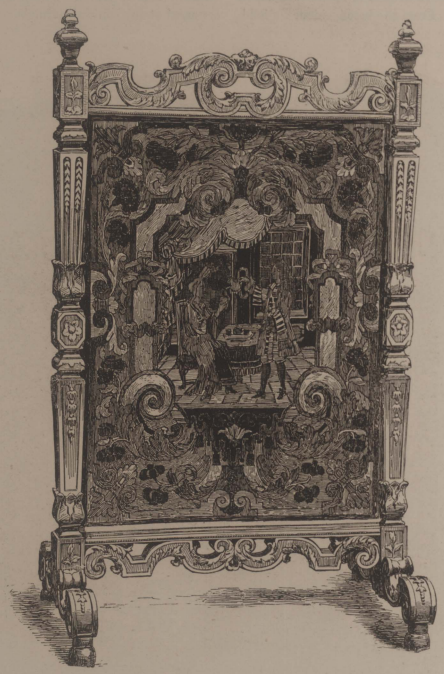


A Sixteenth-Century Screen.

the seat of honour in the more important and larger houses. This was known as a "traverse," and the contrivance lingers in a modified form in the high back which supports the canopy of the royal throne at the present day.

In ancient Rome and Greece, remnants have been found of large umbrella-like shields, to the edges of which were attached long draperies and textile hangings. The open colonnades and courts of the houses, too, were generally hung in this way with rich fabrics, often for the purpose of shutting off part of a large room to form a small one.

Some of the earliest fire-screens seem to have been made of wickerwork mounted upon a pedestal of wood or iron. These are to be traced back to the fourteenth century, and must have borne a strong family resemblance to the wickerwork screens we still occasionally see fixed to the back of a chair, or to those which sometimes serve as shields for the wall behind a wash-stand. One such screen is preserved in the Museum of Weapons and Antiquities in the Porte de Hal, in Brussels. It is so closely woven as to be perfectly opaque, and is furnished with a guard at the lower part to ward off chance sparks. The gaping fire-places of the Middle Ages necessitated a shield of some kind for the safety and comfort of the occupants of the rooms; indeed, matters must have been truly in want of reformation when it was possible for the clothes of a courtier to take fire, as he stood near the hearth in attendance upon his royal master, who was himself safely protected by a screen from the fierce action of the blaze. We read of wickerwork baskets about this time in which the legs were placed, so that the upper part of the body could be warmed comfortably, while the legs, encased as they often were in thin hose, were removed from any danger of scorching.



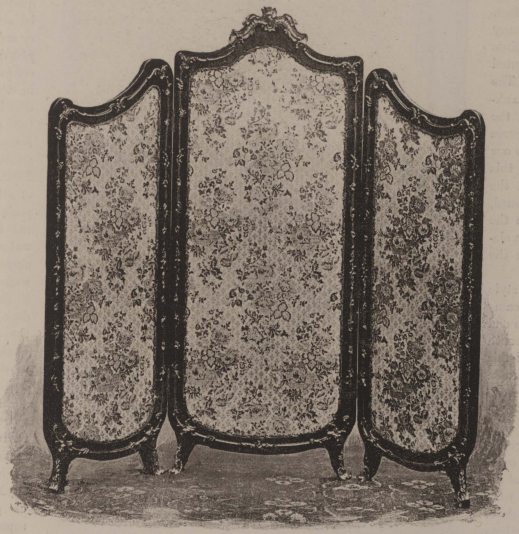
BEAD-EMBROIDERED SCREEN, TIME OF LOUIS QUATORZE.

Records of both plain wooden and wickerwork screens are to be found until the end of the seventeenth century; but it is not likely that, with the innate love of home-decoration possessed by man, they would remain thus simple and unornamented, especially as they soon formed so conspicuous an object in every room. When, in the fourteenth century, the fashion arose in England of setting aside one apartment in the house as a parlour, or best room, we read that screens of various kinds formed so common an item in its furniture, that we are led to think it must have been about this time that the idea first occurred to cabinet-makers to add a frame at the sides and base of the screen to make it stiff and flat, instead of as heretofore allowing it to hang in loose folds. This form of screen, mounted upon handsomely carved wooden or silver-gilt legs, and in various shapes, seems to have been that most generally in use till the introduction of the three, five, or seven-fold screens from China and Japan. It is in this fourteenth century that we read of "screenes of French and Venetian work, or with silken pictures set in frames of dark, grained walnut-tree;" of screens of purple taffeta, deeply fringed, and standing upon feet of "tymbre," painted and gilded; and of smaller ones than these, of "silke, to hold gainte the fyre."

Once the notion arose of ornamenting screens with embroidery, silk, or brocade, no limit seems to have been made to the extravagant expense that was often lavished upon them. We have an instance of this in the description given by Mme. de Sévigné, in one of her famous letters to her daughter, of a screen offered by Cardinal d'Estrées to Mme. de Savoie in 1680. I quote it here as a curiosity in the art of cabinet-making:—"I wish I could describe a screen which the Cardinal has

just given to Mme. de Savoie as a *sapate*,* and which has been designed by Mme. de la Fayette. You know that Mme. de Savoie's greatest wish is to bring about the marriage of her son and the Infanta of Portugal; it is the talk of the day. This screen is of medium size; on one side is a miniature of Mme. Royale, a very good likeness, about as large as one's hand, and which is surrounded by the various Virtues and their symbols. Facing the Princess is a portrait of the young Prince, handsome as an angel, also taken from life, and surrounded by the Loves and Graces. This little group is very charming. The Princess is pointing to the bay and city of Lisbon with her right hand. Glory and Fame are hovering over the two figures to place crowns upon their heads. Below the feet of the Prince are these words of Virgil's:—'Matre dea monstrante viam.' Nothing could have been better designed. The other side of the screen is richly embroidered in gold and silver. The stand is silver-gilt, well worked. The nails and screws which support the screen are diamonds, while at the top of the stand is the crown of Savoy, also set with diamonds." The screen was intended as a pleasant surprise for the lady, and the little plot succeeded, so it is said, *à merveille*. Mme. de Savoie found the gorgeous production before the fire in her apartment, and was properly pleased and astonished to see it. Some may agree with the amiable letter-writer in her unaffected admiration of the gift:—"Oh, my child! how I should like to be able to give such a present as this!"

The re-introduction of the art of tapestry-weaving into France, in 1677, gave fresh impetus to, and provided a fresh material for use in, the manufacture of screens. We find a characteristic little entry in Evelyn's Diary *à propos* of this. It is dated October 4, 1683, and gives a description of a visit paid by him to the apartments occupied by the Duchess of Portsmouth. He does not give such sincere admiration to her treasures as does Mme. de Sévigné to that of Mme. de Savoie:—"Here I saw the new fabriq of French tapissry, for designe, tendernesse of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Versailles, St. Germain's, and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures, and landskips, exotiq fowls, and all to the life rarely don. Then for Japan cabinets, screenes, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney furniture, sconces, branches, braseras, &c., all of massive silver, and out of number, besides some of Her Majesty's best paintings. Surfeiting of all this, I din'd at Sir Stephen Fox's, and went contented home to my poor but quiet villa. What



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SCREEN.

* This word *sapate* is quite untranslatable. It signifies a gift of apparently small value (according to Littré) which encloses one of great price, as for example, a rose which contains a diamond hidden amongst its petals.

contentment can there be in the riches and splendor of the world if purchas'd with vice and dishonour?"

The screen figured on page 545 was probably one of the earlier achievements of the Gobelin tapestry-weavers. The work has much the appearance of having once formed a portion of a larger piece of tapestry, and may possibly have been mounted later. The design represents a lady and gentleman in the costume of the sixteenth century, apparently engaged upon a hawking expedition, for the man has a bird upon his wrist. Flowers are represented as springing up at their feet, and there are many animals and birds quaintly represented on the panels. The absence of background above the heads of the figures seems strange to our notions, unless this was done when the screen was framed, in order to make the most of the more elaborate details in the foreground.

A debased style of embroidery came into vogue in the end of the seventeenth century, and of this we have an example in the beaded screen shown on page 546. This beadwork, with its heavy scrolls, which seem to overpower the central design, must have been the precursor of those tasteless productions of beads and Berlin wool common in the early part of the present century. Visitors to the Stuart Exhibition will doubtless recall a small picture of Charles II. and his consort Catherine of Braganza, which was of about the same date, and executed in much the same way as the screen illustrated.

After the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, stoves and fire-places were gradually made smaller and smaller, so that when the folding screens from the East were introduced, they were used more for the purpose of excluding draughts than for that of shading persons from the heat and glare of the fire. It is easy to see how such folding screens first originated when we study the domestic architecture of China and Japan. The slender, sliding partitions of which the interior of the houses is composed, when fastened together in sets of five, seven, or more, at once constitute a folding screen such as those with which we are now familiar. They gradually found their way to France, and from thence to England, and were frequently ornamented in a style that would be much appreciated at the present day. It is said, however, that many such screens were destroyed in order that their lacquered panels might be set into cabinets or sedan-chairs. We read of Chinese screens as early as in the days of our Charles II., when the parlour of Mr. Bohun, at Lea, is described by Evelyn, in 1682, as "a cabinet of all elegancies, especially Indian; in the hall are contrivances of Japan skreens instead of wainscot; and there is an excellent pendule clock inclos'd in the curious flowerwork of Mr. Gibbons in the middle of the vestibule. The landskips of the skreens represent the manner of living and country of the Chinese." It is evident that the worthy Mr. Evelyn's ideas of geography were somewhat vague, or that he shared the then common confusion of China and Japan with India.



CHINESE FEATHER SCREEN.
(In the South Kensington Museum.)

As the primary use of screens in shielding from the heat of the fire became less necessary owing to the changes in the shape of stoves, considerable ingenuity in the eighteenth century was displayed in making them more fanciful, but consequently less useful. Some, however, were attached to the arm of a chair, many were arranged to slide up and down at will, others were fitted with cases for needlework, with desks, drawers, or brackets that could be let down so as to hold a fan or book. The latter form of screen must have originated

the teacup screens of the present day. Others were ingeniously contrived and weighted in such a manner that, if they chanced to be overthrown, they immediately regained their upright position. Then, too, first appeared the banner screens which have only quite lately been banished from our drawing-rooms.

The Louis Quinze screen, with brocade-covered panels, on page 547, may be taken as a good example of the shape and style that were most popular towards the end of the eighteenth century, and which have continued in more or less general use until the present day. The original, from which our illustration was taken, was until lately in the possession of a member of an old French family. The colouring is very characteristic of the house decoration of the period; the groundwork of the brocade is of a pearly shade of cream-colour, and the flowers woven in pale tones of blue, and rich dull red. The panels are framed in kingwood, relieved with a narrow moulding of ormolu.

Nowadays the folding screens are the most popular, but the tendency is to err in placing them in meaningless positions where there is neither draught nor heat to be intercepted, merely because one such screen forms an effective background for a group consisting, perhaps, of a "towering" palm, a sofa, and a milking-stool. Such effects are all very well when one only is seen, but when they are repeated with various degrees of success, or non-success, in nearly every drawing-room we enter, we are apt to weary of such attempts at artistic arrangement.

A fine specimen of a nineteenth-century Chinese screen is that shown on page 548, and is of very curious workmanship. It is of rich gold-coloured silk, with birds and butterflies and sprays of chrysanthemums entirely executed in tiny feathers, mostly of a rich metallic blue colour. A few fawn-coloured, darker blue, red, and green feathers are used where the details of the design require this variety. Fine gold thread serves for veins of leaves, or outlines of flowers; and where the work is much raised, the feathers have been attached first to a foundation, it is said, of metal, instead of being fastened directly to the silk. The whole effect of this side of the screen is intended to imitate cloisonné enamel. This resemblance is further heightened by the fine gold thread which surrounds and marks out some of the feathers. The embroidery on the reverse side is executed upon white silk, which has been tinted, where necessary, to represent the sky. The figures are well worked in floss silk with so great an attention to detail, that the long hairs of a grandee's moustache, which he is pulling as he walks along, are plainly visible between his white silk fingers. Great delicacy of workmanship is shown in the robes of the different figures, which are brocaded



EMBROIDERED SCREEN.

with flowers worked in various colours. The frame of the screen is lacquered.

No more beautiful modern needlework can be found than that prepared by the members of the Royal School of Art Needlework, at South Kensington, and the screens figured here are no mean examples of their skill. The large one on page 549 is chiefly remarkable for the regularity and evenness of the execution. The embroidery is

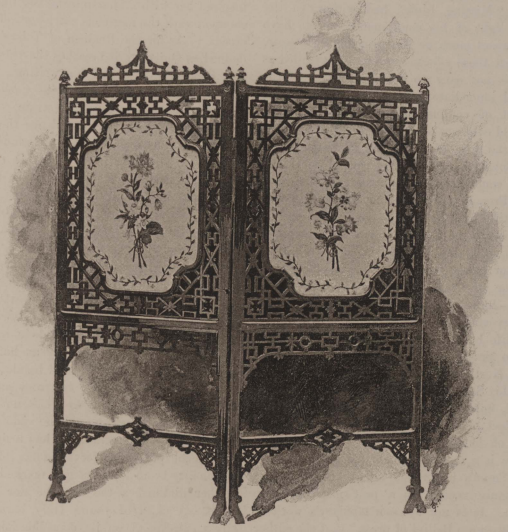


SCREEN WITH PANELS OF WOOLWORK.

Chinese in character, and was copied from some priceless antique hangings that were entrusted to the School for restoration; much of the design is so excessively delicate and minute as to render the task of transferring it to new material no easy one. The background is of amber satin, and the vases holding the flowers are of full, rich tones of blue. One of the characteristics by which Chinese embroidery can always be recognised, may be noticed here in the manner in which the shades of colour in the flowers and leaves are arranged; they are not blended, as in most embroideries, but are kept totally distinct and separate one from another. Not only had the silks to be specially dyed to match those of the old work, but the satin also, so rich and peculiar is the shade of colour. Particularly pleasing pieces of work are those mounted on the smaller screen on this page. The design was adapted, and the colours exactly reproduced, from a piece of antique chintz. The panels were executed under the superintendence of Mr. Poynter, R.A. The graceful scrolls, worked in admirably shaded tones of yellows and browns, are very charming, and the whole screen may be taken as a good example of the advantages possessed by wool over silk for work of a bold, effective nature. The shades of wool are much more numerous than those of silk, and its very roughness of texture causes those shades to blend more perfectly and with a far softer result. The little screen on page 551 is also worked in wool, but on Tussore silk instead of linen. The fretwork frame is an adaptation of a Chippendale design, and the embroidery exactly reproduces the subdued tones of old work. The centre design is slight, as the space devoted to it is but small,

and an elegant little wreath of conventionalised myrtle blossoms and leaves surrounds it. Another most artistic screen lately on view in the show-room of the School was four-fold, with panels of écru linen, upon which had been embroidered graceful classic figures in brown wool of a sepia tint. Though simple in the extreme, the result was most excellent; and the very difficulty of doing justice to the features with the needle would be sufficient to insure such designs from ever becoming hackneyed or commonplace. Some of the screens with flowers trailing over latticework, or arranged stiffly and conventionally upon the panels, are rather apt to come under this category, however well they may be worked.

From the foregoing remarks it may be readily understood what a valuable field is afforded by screens for the talents of the artist, embroideress, weaver, and cabinet-maker. With regard to the design, it may be said that a screen is one of the few articles of household furniture upon which pictorial or naturalistic representations may be placed without fear of offending by inappropriate use of what may be in itself a beautiful idea enough, but which, if applied to the decoration of a chair, couch, or curtain, would be sufficient to raise a smile, or excite a more unpleasant feeling in the mind of the beholder. Except in occasional instances the colours should be subdued, as the screen must needs form a background for pieces of furniture and other objects which are required to be more prominent in the arrangement of a room. At one time a fancy prevailed for decorating screens with scraps from pictures of all kinds, which were pasted on with no regard either to beauty or agreement in size and proportion. It is well that this evil fashion lasted so short a time, for in many instances good engravings were ruthlessly sacrificed by being cut up and fastened piecemeal to the panels.



SCREEN WITH FRETWORK FRAME AND PANELS OF WOOLWORK.

In conclusion we must remind our readers of the famous screen upon which, when Sir Robert Peel was First Lord of the Treasury, his wife was in the habit of pasting all the newspaper cuttings that expressed a hostile criticism of his doings. It is said that, when a friend remarked upon this, Sir Robert replied, "There is nothing very singular in that: it is but the duty of every good wife to screen her husband's faults."

ELLEN T. MASTERS.

Matilde Serao.

IT has been averred of the modern Italian novel that it is derived through Zola, the brothers Goncourt, and the naturalists in general, from Flaubert. Within memory of man, perchance even in those halcyon days ere the "Missing Link" had withdrawn the light of his countenance, effects have been traced to causes more or less probable or remote, until in their turn these effects come to be regarded as causes. If it be not easy to detect as much of the ape as its alleged immediate ancestry warrants, in this youngest product of contemporary literature, neither does it as yet yield evidence of the chiselled perfection of form peculiar to the prose of the author of "Salammbô" and "Madame Bovary." But the vigorous physical imagination is there, combined with a photographic accuracy that, unlike its French prototype, focusses fair as well as foul, the beautiful and the ugly.

Italian Realism is in fact more real and therefore more impartial than Gallic Realism—it is as true, from its own standpoint, as the Realism of Tolstoi, of Dickens, of Thackeray, or of George Eliot. Therefore, while true to nature—human nature (for with her inanimate or impersonal aspects, the brilliant and incisive limner of Italian city life busies herself not at all), the works of Matilde Serao present as notable a contrast to the masterpieces of Northern fiction as does a child of the sunny South to his Saxon or Sclavonic brother.

Like Tolstoi, however, this gifted woman has been taxed with neglect of style, like Thackeray with "slipshod" writing of her mother-tongue. Although the Italian language is a superb vehicle for prose, it may be that Mme. Serao's impetuous talent has somewhat lacked the patience needful to a past master of the Written Phrase. It is not by such lapidary's work as that of the "Benvenuto Bellini of prose" that the author of "Fantasia" has won her high position. It is by dint of an exquisite perception of things external, of flashes of keen psychic insight, of a wide sympathy with many states of mind and will, and of a subtle irony that alternates with impassioned eloquence, expressed in pages of vivid description and brilliant dialogue,—that her talent has prevailed.

One of the ablest of French critics has defined the weak point in French so-called Naturalism as a want of the subtle gift of sympathy.* This Naturalism, and the pessimism which is its outcome, are equally wanting in sincerity, conviction, and tenderness. Not so the humanitarian Realism of a George Eliot, a Dickens, a Tolstoi, or a Dostoïewski, whose tender sympathy for the poor, the halt, the blind, and the despised, has taught that suffering and death give to one and all an equal right to the attention of their fellows. In George Eliot, these probings into the souls of her humbler brethren, their sufferings, their struggles, the humanity they share with the nobler types she has so skilfully portrayed, have inspired her with a humanitarianism that has nothing in common with the nauseous catchword of certain political creeds. As for the Realism of Tolstoi, which has been defined as Quietism, it breathes the very spirit of Christ-like abnegation. In all his writings, behind the pantheistic *Entsagen sollst du, sollst entsagen*, of the great German, we seem to hear the strain, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," so tempered are they, and as it were upheld by an ever-present consciousness of Divine support. It is this faith and this resignation which take the sting from what has been misnamed the pessimism of Tolstoi, and leave his loving pity for suffering humanity untarnished by bitterness or contempt. He shares its joys as well as its sorrows, and hears its heart-beats, as we do his. *Le moi est haissable*, said Pascal, yet 'tis a philtre which has of late not been often denied to us. Neither is the personal element wanting in the works of the great exponent of his nation's soul and temperament. Born in a society at once courtly and intellectual, heir to wide acres and master of many men; equally at home in Court and camp, and wood, and field, and hamlet, Count Tolstoi—possibly because he is too far from self-consciousness to have thought of doing so—has not veiled his individuality from his readers. The vision of Matilde Serao is not so wide, the suffering is less resigned; it is in fact pessimism, poignant, fervid, felt. But the author's personality is no less strongly marked, and it certainly neither diminishes the interest nor the value of her work. A child of young Italy, born in the din and stress subsequent on its consolidation, in the ranks of that *bourgeoisie* which is the heart and pulse of the ancient Neapolitan capital, the personal element is as apparent as it is interesting, in every achievement of the young Italian novelist. The examinations passed at the Scuola Normale at Naples entitled her to a postal telegraph clerkship, at perhaps twelve to fifteen shillings per week, and her proficiency in shorthand procured her after a time the more lucrative employment of reporter at the Chamber of Deputies, in Monte-Citorio. The struggles, triumphs, and privations, the pleasures that were few and far between, the sorrows, the general hard times of those schools and succeeding days, are they not written in "Scuola Normale" and "Telegrafi dello Stato," a collection of short stories pathetic and humorous as life itself! To the second period of her labours—when as a reporter or shorthand writer she gained so keen an insight into the politics of her country—we are indebted for many a brilliant descriptive chapter of Italian political life. The interest inspired by the telegraph

* "Uniquement attentifs à soigner leur réputation et leur vente, ils n'ont vu dans tout ce qui n'avait pas écrit 'L'Assommoir' ou la 'Tentation de Saint Antoine,' que matière à caricature." ("La Banqueroute du Naturalisme," par F. Brunetière—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, September 1st, 1887.)

clerk of whom it was whispered that she was writing a novel,* and who actually did write snatches of one that made her famous, on that dreary Christmas Eve in a Roman post-office, when she and her companions watched and waited to transcribe telegrams until we weary with their weariness—that interest is not lessened when, in "Fantasia," we come upon the pale-faced young journalist, writing under the shade of her black-brimmed mourning hat on a certain presidential platform.

"Those are the journalists," said Andrea to Lucia, "the correspondents of the *Libertà*, the *Popolo Romano*, the *Fanfulla* for Rome, the *Pungolo* and *Piccolo* for Naples."

"And is she a journalist?"

"I think so, but I don't know her name."

"I envy her if she is intelligent. At least she has an aim—"

"Bah! You would sooner be a woman!"

The cause of the sympathy we experience in both instances is not far to seek, nor are extraordinary gifts of divination needed to enable us to recognise one and the same prototype behind each of these sympathetic figures.

II.

THOSE critics of Matilde Serao who, while acknowledging her power, deplore her neglect of style, might surely seek consolation in the architectural beauty of such a chapter as the one which describes the obsequies of King Victor Emmanuel in the Pantheon. They who read this passage in the "Conquista di Roma," and are alive to the sculpturesque element in Keats, to the colour and fleeting motion of Shelley, will pardon us the term by which we essay to indicate the superb dignity of this fine example of Italian prose. *Un soffio molle di pianto*, the low breath of tears, the blue pagan lights, the yellow flame of Christian mortuary candles, and the Pantheon is sacred, for that day, to the memory of Italy's first King. At the sound of a drum, muffled, yet apparently sonorous in the hush of the awe-stricken crowd, Donna Angelica falls on her knees in an ecstatic grief in which she recognises her own long-endured, long-repressed sorrow: wherein she loses herself, until the *solo* cry *Libera, libera, libera me, Domine*, rises out of and above the funereal strain, and gives definite form to the silent wail of her own heart. For she, too, is longing for deliverance from the present and from the past—"from all that has been." And then Sangiorgio, the young politician who does *not* conquer Rome, learns the nature of his love for this woman. For when she fell on her knees, oblivious of her surroundings, lost in "inarticulate prayer, he felt himself merged in her annihilation," and when she started at the sound of the drum, then he too started and awoke from the sad dream in which his soul had followed hers. And when the dirge rose and swelled as if it would pierce the vaulted roof, uplifted with what he divined to be her prayer, he felt himself take wing on pinions of the same music. Who has not known himself under the spell of such music, if but for a moment, lose consciousness of self, and gain a lightning-flash of wider consciousness, so identifying himself with the soul of a fellow-creature, that infinite possibilities, even union with the Universal Soul, are opened out to him? But it was left to Mme. Serao to give adequate expression to an emotion at once mystic and sensuous, and to do so in words worthy to echo within the mind she has led into such high places. For at this moment of her narrative, her tale of earthly love has no cause to hide its head, even within the walls of the Pantheon.

The "Conquista di Roma" has been compared both to "Transformation" and to "Madame Gervaisais." To us it presents a very original form of the observation of life, with modern Rome for a background. George Sand has given us, in "L'Histoire de ma Vie," her formula of novel-writing. She held that the central figure—to whom might be attributed all that was most potent in the aspirations of the author, together with his intuitions of sorrow either witnessed or experienced—should be an ideal type surrounded by real characters. As it sometimes happened to Mme. Sand, it has befallen Mme. Serao to idealise her charming Angelica out of all possibility. Nothing can be more delightful than the first glimpses we get of her, and nothing less satisfactory than the poco-curantism with which this irreproachable and withal attractive shade sanctions the ruin of the man she has permitted to love her. Stendhal would have said of her that she "is only excusable because she does not exist." No such excuse is needed for the other personages of this story. Sangiorgio, poor creature that he is, except in rare moments of exaltation, lives, although he does not always deserve to do so, and the others are "observed" from life as accurately as any of the people M. Daudet has given us to be our friends or our enemies. From the gracious royal lady to the young ladies at a Ministerial tea-party and the inimitable lodging-house keepers, from the Cabinet Minister to the fiery or phlegmatic deputies of the *sinistra* or of the *diritta*, the obsequious private secretary or the tradespeople, they are not created—they are photographed. Who, knowing aught of Roman society, could fail to recognise in these vivid pages those types who have sat for their portraits, full-face, three-quarters, or *profil perdu*?—as for instance the deliciously important member for Chiaia, *l'onorevole* Bulgaro, or *l'onorevole* Seymour, or the Venetian member with the German name, or the "slow, cold liquid" tones of the voice that propounds the paradoxes of the "Principe di Sirmio," a person much at home in other capitals besides the one which crowns the Pincian Hill. "La Conquista di Roma" is a wondrous picture of Roman official life, painted by an eye-witness, and entirely free from the exaggerations of "Cuore Infermo," a somewhat melodramatic sketch of Neapolitan society. Of this luxurious, semi-provincial "high life," Mme. Serao appears to have gleaned as much as we may perceive of the especial face most interesting to each of us, in the burnished sides of our grandmother's tea-pot. It is a vision blurred, dull, exaggerated, and inaccurate, which pales before the brilliance of her *bourgeois* idylls, veritable reproductions of the life of the streets and gardens, the drudgery and recreation, the every-day endurance, the every-day joys and sorrows of her native town. They are indeed from life, and may be recognised as such even by those who have not compared the presentment with the original.

* "Telegrafi dello Stato."

But for evidence of her creative power we must turn to "Fantasia." Lucia, whose evil fantasy gives its title to the book, stands midway between the ideal of George Sand, to whom all good and great potentialities may be ascribed, and the abstractions of Flaubert, personifications of the human holocaust of relentless thought. "I am always thinking, but I know nothing," said Lucia. She dreams of angelic deeds and countless sacrifices, and ends by sacrificing, not herself, but every one who crosses her path, suffering, quivering, thrilling, and immolating because life does not keep the promises of her imagination. Not because she has a soul, as one critic has averred, does Lucia fill even her creator with a repulsion that savours of terror, but because that soul is so cruel in its immeasurable selfishness and vanity. When Caterina discovered within herself, in the place of her shattered illusions, the "inflexible justice that weighed men and things," she saw that Lucia was a monstrous creature, a spirit ruined from the beginning, an ever-swelling egoism that assumed the fair treacherous features of fantasy." It is from "spiritual wickedness in high places" that the artist recoils when she has limned the mental perversity of a being as intelligent, as sentient, and as sensitive as Lucia Altimare. For these Southern realists have not M. Zola's fine contempt for matters appertaining to the soul. They are, or behave as if they were, of M. Brunetière's opinion, that a novel may *à la rigueur* dispense with dramatic action, composition and style, but that no novel has yet been produced without psychology. Psychology he defines as the exact science of the diversity of our inner motives, and the distinguishing of this diversity despite the apparent resemblance between our actions.

It is with no uncertain nor tentative hand that Matilde Serao has revealed to us the psychological abysses of a character she can thus sum up:—"Within, indifference to every human being; without, the delirium of noble utopian theories, fluctuating aspirations round an indefinite ideal. Within, a harsh, spongy pumice-stone, that nothing can soften, that nothing can move; without, the sweetness of a voice and the tenderness of words. And artifice, so deeply rooted in the soul as to mock nature, artifice so complete, so perfect that by night, alone with herself, she could persuade herself that she was really unhappy and really in love; artifice that had become one with disposition, temperament, blood, and nerves until she had acquired the profound conviction of her own virtue and her own excellence." It is not the preponderance of mind over matter by which this great artist is alternately attracted and repelled, it is the unhallowed power of a diseased mind. The nicely-poised soul in which mind and heart go hand-in-hand "without prejudice" to each other does not affright, possibly would not interest, the author of "Fantasia." Caterina, in whom there is no want of soul, Caterina the tender-hearted who as a child "had wept for her dead at night, in her little bed with the sheet drawn over her face," because "she had always been ashamed to cry before people," had surely escaped her punishment had her powers of mind been on a par with that capacity for love that may not be denied her, and which is surely the soul's finest essence.

The record of the school-days of these two essentially Italian girls forms a prologue which for humour, pathos, penetrating insight, and artistic sympathy is unsurpassed in Italian—we had well-nigh said in any—realistic fiction. The first and last pages of this prologue, which opens in the school chapel, strike the note of fanaticism that enables the beautiful ghoul—by dint of belief in herself—to establish her fatal dominion. After the excitement incidental on the leave-taking, the prize-giving, and the varied emotions of the last day at school, we have the picture of a quiet dormitory. Even the "boiled-fish" eyes of the long-suffering under-teacher, Cherubina Friscia, are closed in heavy slumber. But Lucia Altimare, whose eloquence has that day drawn floods of tears from her companions, and a contortion akin to them from the most stoical of professors, is wake, *avide* for a new, a yet more poignant emotion. She creeps on tiptoe from her narrow bed, and laying a light hand on one of the sleeper's, whispers—

"If thou lovest me, Caterina, dress and follow me."

"If thou lovest me?" Caterina did not question her, but arising, dressed herself noiselessly, glancing betimes at Lucia who was standing beside her like a statue.

"Fear nothing," breathed Lucia, as she led her victim shivering from terror through the shoals and quicksands of the dormitory. The night was black outside the great windows, the corridor was cold and dark, the stair wound through immeasurable gloom. Caterina forgot the number of stairs she had mechanically counted, and did not even realise whether it was to the right or to the left they turned.

"Come, come, come!" murmured the siren voice of Lucia, and suddenly they stopped before a door. Lucia dropped Caterina's hand and inserted a key into the keyhole; the door creaked as it flew open. A gust of chill air struck the two young girls; a faint diffuse light broke in upon them. A lamp was burning before the image of the Virgin. They were in the chapel. Calmly Lucia knelt before the altar and lighted two candelabras. Then she turned to Caterina, who, dazed by the light, was catching her breath, and once more said, "Come."

They advanced towards the altar. In the little whitewashed church, with two high windows open on the country, a pleasant dampness tempered the heat of the August night. The faintest perfume of incense still clung to the air. The church was so placid and restful, the candelabras in their places, the tapers extinguished, the Sacrament shut away in its pix, the altar-cloth turned up to cover it. But a quaintly fashioned silver arabesque, behind which Lucia had lighted a taper, projected on the wall the monstrous profile of a pensive animal. Caterina stood there in a dream, with her hand still clasped in Lucia's, whose fever it had caught. . . Even at that unusual hour, in the dead of night, she no longer asked herself what strange rite was to be solemnised in that chapel illuminated only for them. She was conscious of a vague tremor, of a weight in the head, and a longing for sleep; she would fain have been back in the dormitory, with her head on her pillow. . . . But like one who dreams of having the well-defined will to do a thing, and yet, while the dream lasts, neither the speech to express nor the energy to accomplish it, she was conscious, between sleeping and waking, of the torpor of her own mind. She looked around her as one in a stupor, neither understanding nor caring to understand. From time to time her mouth twitched with an imperceptible yawn. Lucia's hands were crossed over her bosom, and her eyes fixed on the Madonna. No sound escaped her half-open lips. Caterina. . . leant forward to observe her; in the vague turn

of thought that went round and round in her sleepy brain, she asked herself if she were dreaming, and Lucia a phantom. . . She passed one hand across her brow either to awake herself or dispel the hallucination.

"Listen, Caterina, and try to comprehend me better than I know how to express myself. Dost thou give me thy whole attention?"

"Yes," said the other with an effort. "Thou alone knowest how we have loved each other here. After God, the Madonna Addolorata, and my father, I have loved thee, Caterina. Thou hast saved my life, I can never forget it. But for thee, I should have gone to burn in hell, where suicides must eternally suffer. I thank thee, dear heart. Thou believest in my gratitude?"

"Yes," said Caterina, opening wide her eyes, the better to understand her.

"Now we who so love each other must part. Thou goest to the left, I to the right. Thou art to be married. I know not what will happen to me. Shall we meet again? I know not. Shall we again come together in the future? Who knows? Dost thou know?"

"No," replied Caterina, starting.

"Well then, I propose to thee to conquer time and space, men and circumstances, should they stand in the way of our affection. From afar, howsoever we may be separated, let us love each other as we do to-day, as we did yesterday. Dost thou promise?"

"I promise."

"The Madonna hears us, Caterina. Dost thou promise with a vow, with an oath?"

"With a vow, with an oath," repeated Caterina monotonously, like an echo.

"And I too promise, that no one shall ever by word or deed lessen this our steadfast friendship. Dost thou promise?"

"I promise."

"And I too promise, that neither shall ever seek to do ill to the other, or willingly cause her sorrow, or ever, ever betray her. Promise—the Madonna hears us."

"I promise."

"I swear it—that always, whatever befalls, one shall try to help the other. Say, dost thou promise?"

"I promise."

"And I too. Besides, that either will be ever ready to sacrifice her own happiness to that of the other. Swear it, swear!"

Caterina thought for an instant. Was she dreaming a strange dream, or was she binding herself for life? "I swear," she said firmly.

"I swear," reiterated Lucia. "The Madonna has heard. Woe to her who breaks her vow! God will punish her."

Caterina bowed her assent. Lucia took her rosary from her pocket. It was a string of lapis-lazuli bound together by little silver links. From it depended a small silver crucifix, and a little gold medal on which was engraven the image of the Madonna della Saletta. She kissed it.

"We will break this rosary in two equal parts, Caterina. Half of it thou shalt take with thee, the other half I will keep. It will be our keepsake, to remind us of our vow. When I pray at night, I shall remember. Thou too wilt remember me in thy prayers. The missing half will remind thee of thy absent friend."

And taking up the rosary between them, they pulled hard at it from either side. . . . Lucia kept the half with the crucifix, Caterina the half with the medal. The two girls embraced. Then they heard the clock strike three. When silence reigned once more in the college and in the empty chapel, both knelt down on the steps of the altar, crossed their hands on their bosoms, and with closed eyes repeated in unison—

"Our Father . . ."

III.

THIS fantastic religious comedy is recalled to the reader by the tragic invocation that is Lucia's prelude to the wrecking of both their lives, to the long-drawn-out breaking of her vows, of her trust, of the hearts of those around whom she wove her web. For her vows, her asceticism, her fanaticism served but to enhance the fierce delights of the sin she plotted and yet cowered before, as she had cowered before the "great, splendid, crushing Mephistopheles" who threatened the terra-cotta Marguerite in the boudoir of her girlish days. "Whenever she looked at Marguerite, Lucia felt herself blush with desire; whenever she looked at Mephistopheles, Lucia paled with fear: the vague indefinite desire of sin, the vague dread of punishment, a mysterious struggle which took place in the depths of her being."

"*O Vergine Santissima*," she cried, kneeling before the Virgin's shrine on the day she deserted her dying husband to rob Caterina of hers—

"O Holy Virgin, even as thou hast suffered in thy motherhood, so do I suffer in my womanhood. The anguish of these sorrows was not thine, but from high heaven thou seest them and dost fathom them. *O Vergine Santissima*, mine was not the will to do this sin. Before the Divine Mercy I am innocent and unhappy. . . O Holy Virgin, I may have sinned, but I am not a wicked woman, I am a tempest-tossed, tortured creature, a plaything of the fates. O Holy Virgin, like unto thee have they thrust seven swords into my heart; like unto thee for fifteen years am I pursued by the sinister vision of martyrdom. *O Vergine Santissima*, I am in the most bitter tribulation that is upon the earth, my heart bleeds, my brain is bound in leaden bands, my nerves are knotted by an iron hand, my mouth is parched. Madonna, do thou help, do thou console me. O Madonna, thou that hast not known human love, mercy on her who has learnt to know it, ardent, immense, devouring! O Madonna, thou who knowest not desire, mercy on her who has it within her, long, insatiable, ferocious!"

There is inexorable logic in the fate foreshadowed for this illogic creature by the psychologic warnings of the prologue. The masterly study of Lucia dusting and ordering her own room, for the double pleasure of mortifying the flesh by menial work—"the act of bending her great pride and her little strength"—and of letting her fantasy run riot among its characteristic bric-à-brac, the scenes in the ball-room, in her own apartment after the ball, and in her friend's house, prepare one for the miseries, the machinations, and the catastrophe of her married life, for her ferocious cruelty and for the sufferings she revelled in inflicting and in enduring. And how real are the people among whom this wretched heroine moves and has her being, and the scenes and circumstances through which we follow them! Here is a description of an agricultural exhibition held in a royal palace, and filled for the occasion with the society of the province in which Caterina Lieti passes her *villeggiatura*. Lucia, with the sickly cousin she has just married, is staying at the Villa Lieti. A gaily-attired crowd is seen thronging the towering palace, "that poetic dream of Vanvitelli, which has assumed architectural reality." Banners wave, fountains play, jewelled in the sun, music floods the park and gardens. "It seemed as if the old palace that had witnessed the splendour of Carlo III. . . were awakening for an hour to the pomp of modern luxury." Inside the great hall of the palace, the promoters of the exhibition and the country notables and exhibitors were hastening to attend the opening ceremony. The mayors of country towns, the lawyers, deputies, land-owners, Jacks in and out of

office, the provincial *élégantes* and their envied and admired sisters from Naples and the adjacent villas, crowd these vivid pages with life and sound and colour, Italian colour and Italian sound, bright, sonorous, and clear as the atmosphere that is pictured for us.

"Signora Lucia — Caterina," said Andrea, little Caterina's tall husband, "I must go and speak to the Prime Minister."

Andrea Lieti is a genial, good-looking, ease-loving, hot-tempered, and hot-blooded athlete: a genuine



MATILDE SERAO.

(From a Photograph by H. le Lieure, Rome.)

Southern Italian, albeit a very different type from the wiry, Machiavellian study in black and yellow of the conventional stage or novel, dear to the hearts of school-girls and housemaids.

"Caterina," said her husband, "don't yawn, child; remember that thou art the wife of the Vice-President of a Committee."

She smiled absently, and nodded to him. Lucia stood up to look at the hall, which was crammed. . . . a vivid undulating crowd disported itself under the gilding of the regal ceiling. "Oh! it's lovely, Caterina," said Lucia, flushed with excitement. At that moment there came from the staircase a suppressed sound of applause. A flutter stirred the whole assembly as it turned to face the Prime Minister, who entered leaning on the arm of his friend, the member for Caserta. He was lame on one leg that had been wounded in battle, and he stooped slightly. His powerful head was covered with thick iron-grey locks, well planted on a square brow; the head of a faithful watchdog, with bold honest eyes, wide nostrils, and a firm jaw. The grey moustache covered a mouth almost infantile in its sweetness, to which the *impériale* lent a certain meditative seriousness. He bowed with evident pleasure to the prolonged applause, one of the few joys of official life, then ascended the platform, and after responding once more to the applause, seated himself in its centre.

Then came the chorus of coughs, throat-scrapings, and clearings of the voice that precede all speeches. Next, to the Premier was seated the member for Sora, a white-haired veteran, whose chin was fringed by a white beard: a financier of somewhat furtive expression of countenance. On the left sat the member for Capua, cool and composed and as distinguished-looking as ever. . . . Two empty places. The member for Caserta mingled with the crowd. The Prime Minister raised his voice to speak, amid breathless silence.

To tell the truth, the collar of his uniform came up too high at the back of his neck, and gave him an appearance of awkwardness. He leant forward while he spoke, gazing fixedly at a vague point in the hall, losing himself and his words at times from sheer absence of mind, and occasionally indulging in long pauses that passed for oratorical effects, but were probably due to the same cause. He pointed one hand on the table, while the right described a vague circular gesture, as if he were setting a clock to rights.

"He is unwinding the thread of his eloquence," quoth Lucia, with much emotion.

He expressed himself poetically, here and there falling into the rhetorical ready-made phrases that strike so pleasantly on the ear of an attentive crowd. "Yes, he was indeed happy to put aside for a moment the cares of state and the burden of politics, to

be present at this festival of labour—of labour that despite its humility is so ennobling to the horny hand of the peasant. . . ."

No effect. The hall was filled with well-dressed landowners, who did not appreciate this sentimentality.

"Besides," he continued, "this festival assumes an historic character. The Romans, ladies and gentlemen, our great ancestors, who were gifted with the very poetry of diction, named this province the *Campania Felice*. . . ."

Here the assembly, moved by the music of his words, broke into thunders of applause. The journalists scribbled in their notebooks, supporting them either on their knees or against the wall, with an air of infinite importance.

"We have named it *Terra di Lavoro*, a yet more poetic name, indicating as it does the daily call of man on his mother earth, on that earth—that earth—that Alma Demeter to whom of yore the labourers' hymns were raised. We also salute her, the beneficent mother, inexhaustible fount of social well-being, blessed bosom that nourishes us without stint or weariness." Here, being tired, he sipped. A thrill of satisfaction ran through the assembly, well pleased with its statesman. He began again, shrugging his shoulders imperceptibly as if resigned to their burden, and resumed. The moral atmosphere was cold, it needed warming. Then rang out the sonorous words and broad phrases of little meaning that floated like a vision before the mind's eye of the somewhat bewildered company. He spoke confusedly of enterprise, the new machinery we owe to England, the *contadino*, the vast future of agriculture; on Bentham, on universal suffrage, primary instruction, the horn of plenty, and decentralisation. He slipped for a moment on "Regionalism," but caught himself up; then lost his way and became absorbed in thought, with one hand suspended in mid-air, arrested midway while describing a circle. Slowly he came to himself again, referring to *la patria* and the fight for independence. The hall rang with applause.

"This magnificent exhibition, which unites to the sheaf of corn of the poor *contadino*, the domestic animal trained by the aged dame, the flower cultivated by the fine lady, the school exercise written by the labourer's child, is a happy manifestation of every energy, of every—yes, of every force . . ."

And transported and intoxicated by his own words, his hand described so rapid a circle that the face of the invisible clock appeared to be in imminent danger; he had knocked down the bell and an empty glass. He referred to the Government, to efface the impression produced by this disaster.

"The Government, ladies and gentlemen—and especially the Minister for Agriculture, whom a slight indisposition has debarred from being here to-day—says to you by my lips, that this festival, a living proof of fecund prosperity and of useful activity, is a national festival. The affluence of every single *commune* is the affluence of the State; this is the ideal the Government has in view. It will do its utmost within the limits of the means at its disposal, and the power it wields, to help this brave and laborious country where Garibaldi has fought and . . . ."

"*Viva* Garibaldi!" cried the company.

"And where landed proprietors work together with their tenants for the good of the community. The Government is imbued with good intentions that in the course of time will become facts. But what appears to me to be the feature the most touching in its beauty is the holding of this domestic feast in the Palace of the banished Bourbons—is this triumph of the people, where the people have so suffered. . ."

"*Benecce!*"

"Only under a constitutional country like ours, only under the beneficent rule of the House of Savoy, a race of knightly soldiers, could this miracle be accomplished. I call upon you to join with me in the cry *Viva il Re! Viva la Regina!*"

He fell back tired, his eye dulled under its flaccid lid, while his under lip hung slack. Mechanically he wiped his brow, while the crowd continued to applaud; the deputies closed up around him, and there was some congratulatory hand-shaking. He thanked them with studied courtesy, bestowing Ministerial handshakes and endeavouring to insure his jeopardised majority.

"Art thou bored, Caterina?" queried Andrea.

"No; it's like the Chamber of Deputies," she replied with placid resignation.

How long does the best novel escape oblivion?—"*Où sont les neiges d'autan?*" Besides, it is idle to write for immortality, since books, like populations, exist in such numbers that they are doomed to crowd each other out. It is possible that the novels of Mme. de Staël were as interesting to her contemporaries as are those of Mme. Serao to her compatriots, perhaps because Delphine and Corinne were—if not Mme. de Staël herself,—that is to say, a very interesting living personality—they were at least what this distinguished woman considered flattering portraits of herself. But they neither picture her time, nor the men and women of any time for us—in which they certainly differ from the imaginative works of the Italian woman of genius who has obtained so firm a hold on the imagination of her clime and day. We can but wish them that length of days which should be the meed of their potent originality.

PAUL SYLVESTER.

A Chat about Japanese Dress.



THERE have been few things lately over which there has been shown at once such a lively interest, and such unanimity of opinion, as over the all-important question of the anticipated change in the dress of the ladies of Japan. All travellers, whether of European or American nationality, cordially agree on one point, and that is in their appreciation and admiration of the national dress; praising it as being at once dignified, picturesque, and charmingly graceful; lending itself, especially in the woman's dress—partly, no doubt, by virtue of the soft richness of silk and crêpe textures—most aptly as an expression of the polished *hauteur* and *naïve* dignity of the ladies of high estate; just as it affords to quite a unique degree, a quaint and simple setting to the beauty of the lower social castes in this most conservative yet progressive land. So greatly, indeed, is their dress admired by the Westerns, mainly from the standpoint of its happy agreement with the national culture, temper, and peculiar environment of this exclusive people, that of late some of our Transatlantic neighbours—rightly apprehensive, as it seems to me, of the baneful effects in health and taste of the European fashions—have indited a "solemn warning" to their sisters of the far Orient, exhorting them to consider, prior to their adoption of our dress, the various evils and inconveniences associated with it; great stress being laid by them on the injurious results to women, and to the generations yet unborn, of the close-fitting corset, heavy skirts, and other articles of feminine attire, which serve only to hamper the limbs, to deform what should be beautiful, and indirectly—if not directly—handicap the wearer in the effective doing of any public or outdoor service. So earnest is the attitude of these objectors to inartistic innovation, that one would fain desire to see set afoot, here at home, some effort in the direction of æsthetic, hygienic, and economic reform in the European dress, which might lead to far-reaching and valuable results of a permanent character to the whole sex.

But supposing, on the other hand, that some definite, though ill-understood, advantage does occur to women in the wearing of stays, belts, &c., about which the *savants* have lately disagreed, then it may be necessary to regard the matter from another aspect, no less serious, though other than the purely æsthetic one, and to question how far the retention of the national dress on the part of the Japanese woman is likely to coincide with her reduction to a permanent conservative force in the state, albeit it is difficult to conceive that the conservation of a simple and beautiful custom in dress *can* act in any other way than as a refining factor in daily life. Be this as it may, for those who entertain hopes of woman's wider usefulness in a world full of toil and hardship, it is pretty certain that the question will have to be ultimately reckoned with on higher grounds than this, much as it appears to have been by the masculine half of Japan, when expediency and the trend of events pointed in the direction of progress. For however reluctantly, at the time of the Revolution in 1868, many of the Samurai* entertained the idea of abandoning their "top-knots," "two swords," and other picturesque evidence of semi-barbarism, it is now a foregone conclusion that with the assimilation of Western ideas a corresponding impulse is making for a change in the fashion of their dress. Many, indeed, of the Samurai class, just after the Mikado's restoration, at once availed themselves of the permission to go about in public without the two swords, which from time immemorial had formed an essential part of a gentleman's dress, and marked his rank in the social scale. Henceforward, among the cultured class at any rate, to dress in the European manner, to wear his machine-made boots and shoes, instead of shuffling along in heelless slippers and clogs, as in the olden time; to wear felt hats and caps, and nether garments, indicates the man of action and progressive ideas. But for a while, indeed, the reformer's zeal was apt to be damped by the refusal of the majority of the men to abolish their cherished "top-knots," and to cease shaving their scalps; for these Samurai, losing sight of the ancient reason of the practice, clung with all the fanaticism of religious fervour to their old fashion of *coiffure*, deeming themselves staunch patriots in conserving a custom honourable to their class and country, and which to swerve from inferred disloyalty, and worse; not the least evil anticipated being a wholesale breaking down of class barriers, and a tendency to democratise the Empire. Thus they refused to imitate the outer barbarian, and recoiled with as much prejudice from the introduction of foreign culture and fresh ideas, as the veriest Tory of our own political body might be expected to do. But the example of the Mikado, and a few of the more enlightened Court nobles, led the way to a reconsideration of the matter, which was facilitated further by the breaking down of the feudal power and dispersal of the territorial nobles. Here then was a change! Then it was found that the most ancient Japs knew about as little of shaven pates, scalps, and top-knots, as the veriest outside barbarian himself; that the warrior of olden times had even sported a beard and moustache, and that the top-knot, since become a classic feature in their ceremonial, was not known to the early dwellers in Nippon, but had originated in mediæval times among the military class, and from the most utilitarian of motives, to wit, that of keeping the hair well out of the eyes whilst in action on the field of battle. It would seem that the difficulty

* The men of gentle blood forming the third or Warrior caste, ranking below the Daimios or Territorial Nobles and Priests, who again ranked below the Court Nobles, who came next the Mikado and were of his blood.

might have been met in a simpler way, by cropping the hair close to the head; but this was not the solution in Japan; and so the "top-knot" became the insignia of a powerful and dominant caste in the State, much honoured, as the military class is wont to be in a particular phase in the evolution of society where physical valour is of the first importance. Thus, as fashion sets ever from the higher to the lower state, in time all classes came to wear the hair in this way, and it became the national masculine form of *coiffure*.

In this land of anomalies and surprises, one quaint and seeming contradiction to the rigid etiquette and strict observance of caste distinctions, lies in the fact that from the highest to the lowest there is no fundamental difference in the actual form and cut of the garments; for this is the same for all classes, and even such variety as would indicate difference in sex is neutralised as much as possible. Yet, for all this, it is needless to say, palpable distinctions are obviously preserved by the people of quality, who have the wider choice of artistic designs and sumptuous materials, over the poorer folk, who, however, can yet afford to don silken robes, this being the universal textile stuff worn by most who wear clothes at all—for there is, or was, a considerable class of *sansculottes* to whom clothing is an irksome bore.

But in considering the Japanese dress, it is necessary to hark back to a time prior to the Revolution of '68, and before the restoration of the Mikado to his position as head of the State, and the opening up of Japan to outside influences. The dress then of the Jap of both sexes, in its main lines, was the same, the difference lying chiefly in the sleeves, which were slightly longer and wider in the feminine dress. Its shape was based on hygienic, and therefore on truly beautiful principles; loose, and long, and flowing, giving no indication of the wearer's sex; quite unconfined save by the girdle or sash, which passed twice or thrice round the waist, and was worn wider by the women than by the men. Quite a science indeed was it held to be, this art of tying the girdle in an elegant flat bow at the back of the waist, by the young girls.

These wide girdles, which form an important part of the ladies' costumes, are often of the richest and costliest character, being very frequently embroidered with gold, silver, and coloured silks, into the most exquisite floral designs; and even pearls and precious stones are worked in, in agreement with the wearer's rank. The long garment is worn trailing in the house, in the case of the young girls merely falling to the feet, the superfluous length of which, on going out, is tucked up, or pulled through the waist-girdle, in which the Japanese beauty carries her fan, without which neither male nor female dress is perfect. The Japanese woman wears none of the frills, ribbons, or fripperies known to her Western sister; all is simple, useful, and complete; neither knows she aught of jewellery or ornament except maybe such as she wears in her chignon, which, by the way, is dressed with much and elaborate care, and ever with due regard to her married or single state. When the weather is cold or inclement, everybody—male and female—wears a warm upper garment or paletot-like arrangement; but the garment which is most distinctive of social status is the long sweeping robe, the *hakama*, trailing often a length of several feet, and whose length affords a sure guide to the rank of the wearer, for the higher the social caste of these ladies, the longer the tails of their gowns. Then the custom is for everybody to shuffle along on heelless slippers, bound to the foot by a thong or half-circle of leather, which passes between the toes.

Women of all classes go about with neither hat nor bonnet, although in the winter, when snow fills the air, and the cold is intense, they wear the daintiest head-gear of white wadded silk, which covers the front of the head, is cut up at the sides, and fastens under the chin like the ordinary European bonnet; but in the summer and spring months, when blossoms fill the land and sunshine is to be reckoned on as a matter of course, shining day after day throughout this wild and picturesque country, the women pass bare-headed up and down the clean bright streets of the capital, made bright with blossoming plum and almond trees; with the coloured lanterns and picturesque devices of the shops and tea-houses. Then it is that they, with their attendants, go shopping, visiting, or are to be met on festival occasions shaded with great Japanese umbrellas or sunshades, their costume incomplete without some gay and beautiful fan, always worn to harmonise with the rest of the dress, and just as indispensable a toilet adjunct to the masculine as to the feminine creature. Each also has his or her little requisites thrust into the folds of the wide girdle—the handkerchief, writing materials, and many another little trifle besides. In the good old times the ladies even wore short swords, analogous to the larger ones worn by the gentlemen, though as the centuries wore away and peace brooded over the Empire, these warlike tools came to be worn less as necessary for personal defence, than as a mark of fashion and etiquette.

Although they have the power of combining the richest and most brilliant tints into delicious harmonies, in which crudity forms no jarring element, anything like mere gaudiness in colour is eschewed by the fine sense of the Japanese as meretricious taste. Earrings also—and this may be instructive to the Western woman—they deem barbaric. The matrons choose their robes of soft, harmonious, and rather dull shades of peach-colour, purples, greys, and browns, wearing with these an under-skirt of white; while the young maids of less serious humour deck themselves in brighter hues. Often a glimpse is caught of a scarlet under-skirt, or a hint of some vivid colour, never offending the eye by its garish relation to some other brilliant mass, but peeping in and out with softer hues of cream, or dull sweet lavender. At times, her flowered robe, with chaste design and subdued colour, may be rendered gay with the surpassing brilliancy of her girdle, embroidered as it is with the purest tones of rose, blue, maize, purple, white, and gold. Her youthful vivacity of temperament, and charming modest ways, go oddly enough with the pallor of a dead-white skin, for it seems that to possess a snowy whiteness of complexion is the great desideratum of the young Japanese beauty. To this end, she scrupulously whitens her face and neck with a chalky powder, and then

heightens the effect of this artificial plastering by dashes of vermilion redness on the cheeks and lips, accentuating these by further dabs of black to give relief. Although this may seem barbaric, it is the general custom, and is so naïvely practised and accepted, that the moral result is scarcely the same as it would be in a more highly civilised state, where the practice, if universally adopted, would probably meet with general condemnation.

But on the marriage of this fascinating little maid, all is changed. Her beauty is at an end. Sometimes at her betrothal even, usually a short time after she becomes a wife, she blackens her once pearl-like teeth to a hideous darkness, and worse even than this, removes her eyebrows either by shaving them, or by the extraction of each individual hair. Hence, however charming and beautiful she may have been as a girl, she is at once rendered an unsightly object by the working of this barbarous custom, which was enforced, as so many other customs are apt to be, in the interests of one sex alone, and as a safeguard against masculine marital jealousy.

But signs are not wanting that foreign contact is tending to disperse these oddities of barbarism in favour of truer and more rational ethics. The higher and more liberal thought of the advanced section is casting light in dark places, and doing much to uproot the popular prejudice; and taking into account the cordial interest evinced by the Empress in the social and political status of her own sex and in the advancement of their education, much may surely be hoped for in the near future. It may not indeed be too sanguine to look once more to Japanese women to sustain the honourable tradition of their country. That tradition ascribes to them the crystallisation of their own native tongue into a literary language, as well as the lasting honour of having written the best part of the classic literature of what was their Augustan age. For in whatever estimation Japanese literature or art may be held by European *littérateurs* and *savants;* however limited may be its grasp and circumscribed its horizon; whatever it may lack in profundity or philosophic wisdom; in a word, whatever its limitations, it remains none the less a remarkable and noteworthy fact that the genius of the woman equalled that of the man in this intellectual groove; although it does not appear that the fact of her having proved so great a factor in civilisation, and in the founding of *belles lettres*, has led to the recognition of her sex as either politically, socially, or intellectually equal to the other. However, the fact remains, that despite the conservation and etiquette of the old Empire, the secluded nature of the woman's life, and consequently her narrow experience and ignorance of the world, she has, as Mr. W. G. Aston avers (and on this Griffiths and many other writers agree), compiled a "large proportion of the best writings" of Japanese literature. The first-named writer goes on to say, "The *Genji Monogatari* is the acknowledged standard of the language of the period to which it belongs, and is the parent of the Japanese novel. This, with the classics *Isé Monogaturi* and *Makura Zoshi*, and much of the poetry of the time, are the work of women."

Many pretty stories are rife in their literature of the valour and courage of their women, side by side with accounts of their literary and poetic achievements. Thus, to cull haphazard from the store, one hears mention made of a beautiful woman, *Tomoyé*, gifted with a brave heart, and much strength of will and physical endurance, much as one might conceive the Amazonian woman of the old Greek time. She was the lover of the renowned *Yoshinaka*, one of the heroes of the Middle Ages, whose memory is cherished in the traditions and folk-lore of the country. She was his companion, accompanying him even to war, sheathed in shining armour and mounted on a swift and stately battle-steed. In his last battle, she, fighting in the van, bore down and vanquished one of his principal enemies, bearing back the head of the slain man as a trophy of her warlike spirit. But *Yoshinaka* was unfortunately worsted in the fight, and had to flee for his life; then his flight being too late, and as he refused to let her die in the field with him, she put off her armour for ever, and retired as many another noble woman did in those troublous times, to the cloister, there to live and die a nun.

Stories pretty as this and tinged with the aroma and romance of these long-dead loves abound, with others which deal with the life and doings of the Court and nobles during their play-time, when the kingdom was at rest. Once upon a time—as the children begin—a custom prevailed at the Court and among the ancient nobles, a custom not without awful possibilities of boredom and *dilettantism*, of jotting down and relating afterwards such epigrams, stories, witticisms, quips and cranks, or poems, as the mood of the hour brought forth. In this form of intellectual gymnastics, it appears the ladies of the Court much excelled. One day, thus runs the legend, a most lovely branch of cherry-blossom, rose-pink and snow-white as the inside of a shell, chanced to be brought to the Court from Nara; whereupon the Emperor, much charmed at its beauty, gave it to the accomplished *Isé no Taiya*, a lady of the Court unsurpassed for her talent of spontaneous versification, at the same time begging her to "extemporise a verse." This she did, amazing the courtiers and the Mikado with the spontaneity and "delicate sentiment" of her beautiful words. Another little fragment runs on to relate the doings of a lady named *Murasaki*, the daughter of one of the nobles attached to the Court, who, being solicited to write, and knowing the value of solitude and a poetic environment, retired—in imitation of some wise sage of the day—to a high tower overlooking the romantic Lake Biwa. In that solitary spot, famed throughout Nippon for its beauty of mountain fastness and loveliness, she dwelt, waiting for inspiration and ideas. At last these came to her one silent summer night, when everything was hushed and the great pallid moon rising, a ghostlike thing, hung full-orbed, shining wondrously and with exceeding clearness over the dark untroubled waters of the lake, and the everlasting hills just faintly capped with lingering cloud.

The outcome of this seclusion and meditation was the beginning of a book, which the authoress subsequently finished, and which is unto this day regarded as a classic by the Japanese.

MARY REED.



——"Lifted up against the sky,
There towers a carven Calvary."

"*IN PICARDY*" (p. 579).

Poets' Corners.



IT is scarcely an original idea now-a-days to have a corner of one's garden where only those flowers may flourish which are distinguished among their peers, even as Laura and Beatrice, Dorothy Sidney, Louise of Savoy, and other ladies, are exalted above their sister-women by their "beauty making beautiful old rhyme." To have been praised and sung by a poet is the earthly immortality which glorifies women or flowers alike. And so a garden, sacred to the sisterhood of poets' flowers, will "keep a bower quiet for us," full of sweet dreams. The pleasaunce-walks where such blossoms abound, will be full, not only of the fragrance of blossoms, but of that rarer perfume which also "comes and goes on the air like music," the delicate scent of subtle memories of lovely thoughts, set in lovely words of perished passion and pathos; all sweetness, both of scent and sound, let free in the air, as we wander between the flowers which deck our poets' pages even as their images may fitly garland the vellum of an illuminated scroll.

If we would have a poets' corner of our own, it must not be only part of the garden, it must be screened from tennis-lawn and carpet flower-beds by some dusky richness of shrubbery, or trimly clipped yew hedge, and once passing under the garlanded trellis (overgrown, let it be, if possible, with Titania's flower, the musk-rose, as befits the entrance to fairyland) we should be free to forget the present day. No gravel walk must mar our pleasaunce, rather let the close green turf of the paths be set in accordance with Bacon's wise advice, with wild thyme and burnet, "that you may have the pleasure as you tread."

But how shall we begin to plant our garden? There is such a crowd of claimants whose right to a place therein cannot be denied; for if we pull down only Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser from the shelves, already our poets' corner is full to overflowing. In spring we shall be bright with the wealth which Proserpine "frighted let fall from Dis' waggon." We all know the lovely catalogue by heart, as Perdita named them to her guests. And let such of her flowers as have not forgotten the delight of their lush freedom in the fields of Sicily, recall it by springing up at their own will among the English grasses her feet never stirred. They will look nearer akin to the daffodils of Shakespeare and Herrick, the violets dim, the rathe primroses, and the cinque-spotted cowslips of the poets, than they will if trimly disposed of along the beds and borders.

Yet shall the beds and borders be royally filled, from the moment when the first snowdrop

> "In vernal green and virgin white,
> Thy vestal robes, arrayed,"

peeps from the brown sods, to the time of

> "The sweet apple that reddens upon the topmost bough."

Roses, of course, we must have in plenty, not only for their own sakes, but for all of those who have made the flower of delight their own; the flower of which Sappho said, "if Zeus made a king of the flowers, he would call to the rose and royally would crown it." For the sake of Shakespeare's "rose distilled," of Sidney's "rosy garland" and Ben's "rosy wreath," of Waller's "proud and lovely rose," glowing 'mid the grey walls of stately Penshurst, of Keats' "coming musk-rose full of dewy wine," and Shelley's "fragrant blossom," "like a nymph to the bath addrest;" of Browning's red rose tree, and his wife's dear white rose, delicate in her loneness, and the fairer for that loneness. In memory of these and of many more, shall our garden be so full of the royal flower, that in the time of roses, of rose harvest, it shall bring to mind

> "A rain and ruin of roses,
> Over the rose-red land."

And ranked next to the roses shall come "lilies of all kinds, the flower-de-luce being one," "the plant and flower of light," with the martagon lily, on the chance that it may be "the sanguine flower inscribed with woe"—which others will have is the hyacinth—and the naiad-like lily of the vale, while the mystic lotus shall float on the brook below. Tangling round the trees shall be the sweet-briar, and the vine, and the honeysuckle with its virgin lamps of scent and dew; and in the shrubbery shall be set the laurel, meed of mighty conquerors, the bay and the myrtle, and the cistus; while above them the slender acacia shall shake its long milk-blooms, and wych-elms "counterchange the floor of this flat lawn with dusk and bright."

And for the further planting of our garden we must turn yet again to "The Shepherd's Calendar," to "Lycidas," and that bank where the wild thyme grows, and a "thousand fragrant posies" will spring up around us. "Coronations and sops in wine" shall offer us their heavy urns of fragrance with all other high mid-summer pomps, despite Perdita's depreciation of them; the pansy, freaked with jet, shall acknowledge by neighbourhood its kinship with the little western flower, "now

purple with love's wound;" and the grace of the pink and purple columbine shall delicately spire above the hyacinths' burden of honey-coloured buds.

Down a side walk the mad Clytie, whose head is turned by the sun, shall ray round with flame her disc of seed, and "the golden haze of the calendula" be mixed in one splendid flare of colour with poppies, red to blackness, and white also, in memory of the sweet singer of the Prince's Progress. I thank Keats and Hood for ranking sweet-peas among the poets' flowers, for what garden would be complete without the flower which in scent and form and colour brings back the definition of poetry itself, "simple, sensuous, passionate"?

The grass shall be thick in summer with clover, for the sake of the dying poet who, drowsing in the sunlight, could almost feel the flowers growing over him, and all the year it shall be sown with

> "Daisies, those pearled arcturi of the earth,
> The constellated flower that never sets."

One scarce recognises Burns' "wee modest crimson-tipped flower" so described, yet both are lovely, and true, "si douce est la marguerite."

There are certain blossoms which are free of the poets' corner by their very names, which are patents of nobility; for who but a poet could have christened the "morning glory," or "the star of Bethlehem"; "Solomon's seal," and "virgin's bower," the fair-named flower we know also as "traveller's joy"? What pale mystic was it whose eyes, yearning to find in all outward things the witness of eternal truths, first discerned in the passion-flower the record "In hoc signo vinces," the witness of the cross, and cruel nails and thorny crown? Whose dainty fancy christened "ladies' delight," and who was sponsor to the "crown-imperial," or the hedgerow "lords and ladies"? "Night-shade" and "maiden-hair," "May" and "moon" daisies, surely in such names as these, and "love in a mist," "meadow-sweet," "sweet Nancies," and "sweet Williams," some poet's long-forgotten inspiration has found its lovely record.

So in our poets' corner the sweet of the year will be fitly wreathed by such a garland, the very memories whereof shall crown old Winter's head with flowers, and yet we have but mentioned a handful out of the wreath, which awaits any one who shall deck their bower on this fancy. Drayton and Tennyson, Jonson and Browning, Herrick and Herbert, Wordsworth and Shelley, and Keats are all treasure-houses, where sweets compacted lie at your service. And the three elegies "Lycidas," "In Memoriam," and "Thyrsis," from which I have already gathered blossoms, are all full of flowers "seen through the crystals of tears," but none the less fair. If a poets' corner needs an inscription, there is one ready for it by the poet of the marguerite, which is old-fashioned poetry but choicely good:—

> "Through me men go into the blissful place
> Of the heart's heal, and deadly wound is cure;
> Through me men go into the well of grace,
> Where green and lusty May doth ever endure;
> This is the way to all good adventure;
> Be glad, thou reader, and thy sorrows offcast,
> All open am I, pass in, and speed thee fast."

ETHEL EARL.



Brides and Bridal Customs.

IT is generally admitted that one of the most important events of human life is marriage. Marriage, to the woman, means so much, that for her it may fairly be allowed to be the most important event of all. A young woman cannot plan out her future as a young man can; her childhood over, she sees plainly that on her marriage the very nature of her future life depends; it brings with it a change of name, home, duties, social and physical, as well as mental surroundings, and is in every respect a changing-point from which she turns into an entirely new life. Till that vital question of her marriage is settled, plans for the future are useless, for who can plan into the unknown? She may, therefore, be excused if she attaches a great deal of importance to the day, and the circumstances under which she makes this change; the interest in the bridal day, and the conditions surrounding the bride, naturally extends to all women, whatever their station in life—all women being wives or possible brides—and as such, they are certainly entitled to an abiding interest in all that concerns one of their body.

To begin with, the circumstances under which a girl becomes a bride are generally such as to raise her both in her own and other people's esteem. A youth singles *her* out, over and above all others, to be his beloved companion through life, to share his name and fortune, and become the mistress of his home, to be loved, cherished, and protected with all the tenderness of a strong arm and a true heart; and for this he pleads, and makes her consent a favour, hanging upon her words, and courting her to compliance with offerings and tender speeches, and every form of adulation which can flatter her self-esteem and incline her heart towards him. All this is naturally interesting to others besides the ones most nearly concerned.

When the shy maiden has at last been won to consent, and the day of the wedding—or uniting of the lovers—comes round, it has been from time immemorial the custom for the bridegroom to show himself, for that day at least, in the character of one who has received a crowning happiness; and for the bride to be considered as the giver of his bliss. The bride smiles, and the bridegroom celebrates his triumph with feastings and rejoicings, which he bids all comers to share.



Japanese Wedding Ceremony.

This is the spirit of the old wedding feast, which in former days was always made by the bridegroom; and is still so made in Eastern and savage countries. The more European custom of holding the wedding feast in the bride's home originated in times when the spirit of adventure sent young men wandering—in many cases, to find fair sweethearts in homes far remote from their own. Naturally he would wed his bride amongst her own people, and as they could not go to his festivities, they would have a frolic amongst themselves with their own friends before the young people departed; whilst the bridegroom's friends would have their rejoicings on the arrival of the happy pair at his home. This was, no doubt, the origin of our modern house-warming, with

which so many young couples begin their matrimonial existence.

The wedding-day then is essentially the bride's day, and all its glory and honour belong to her. However obscure she may have been before it, and whatever insignificance she may sink into after it, she is for once the most important person there, the central figure, the sun around which the lesser orbs revolve, gaining or losing brightness as they approach or recede from her; in fact, she is queen of the day. So much indeed is this the case, that the word "bridegroom" is given as originating from *bryda gama*, "bride's man," applied to the newly made husband, because at the wedding feasts of the Middle Ages he was expected to wait upon or serve the bride. History assures us that this custom did prevail; at the first part of the wedding feast, the bridegroom rose and waited upon all his guests, but rather in the character of a host, personally solicitous of their comfort, than in that of the bride's servitor. Probably it is one of those definitions of word-origin which are better taken *cum grano salis*, but the fact that such an explanation should be offered at all is significant of the dignity which bridal honours are admitted to confer upon a maiden.



CHINESE BRIDE.

All the customs and superstitions, all the poetry and folk-lore which have grown up around the day refer to the bride; it is very seldom the bridegroom does anything worth being considered an omen, good or bad. It is the bride who will be unlucky if she weds on a Saturday, the bride who will be happy if the sun shines on her wedding (the ceremony itself); it is unlucky for the bride to look at herself in the glass after being fully dressed; it is the bride to whom a present of opals will bring bad luck, the bride who is threatened with a sudden and violent end if she tears her wedding-veil. One could go on *ad infinitum*, accumulating omens which are attached to every trifling thing the bride does or leaves undone, but it is always the bride to whom the omen refers. The only "bridegroom" omen is that it is unlucky to drop the ring, or not put it at once and directly on to the right finger; but even here, though the action is the bridegroom's, the ill-luck attaches itself to the bride.

Of course the central figure of the great day cannot stand in her high place without paying the usual penalty of greatness—she is the cynosure of all eyes, and certain things are expected from her by that unwritten law of "It is the usual thing," which is stronger than the most stringent written laws ever made. She must carry herself with becoming grace, yet with shy maiden modesty; her eyes should be downcast, and her cheek either very pale or mantled with a blush; and, yes! let it be confessed, that no woman in her heart quite admires a dry-eyed bride. Probably these expectations have arisen from the fact that most young maidens have looked very shy and have cried when it came to the trying ordeal of pledging themselves to an unknown future, and leaving a loving home and friends to share the life of one who is only, after all, a comparative stranger; and the bride who is an exception to the rule is naturally regarded in that light.

Of course, what was at first simply an outburst of natural emotion, may in time come to be regarded as a necessary part of the bride's proper and becoming behaviour, and then custom can be crystallised into a ceremony, as in the case of the unfortunate Chinese bride—who, by the unwritten law of public opinion, is expected to bewail the coming change in her condition with tears of anguish; and ten successive evenings before the wedding are actually set apart for that purpose, on which her female friends assemble to weep and bewail with her. Still, though the bride goes to her new life with fear and trembling, it is with hope too, and reliance on the love of the youth of her choice. She will faithfully endeavour to do her duty in her new life, remembering that marriage is not a one-sided affair in which the man is to give all and take nothing, but that the wife too assumes duties and responsibilities from which the maiden is supposed to have been so far exempt, and that the most important of these responsibilities is that of having the comfort and happiness of her husband's home-life in her care. This was beautifully exemplified in one of the old Grecian forms of marriage, where, after leaving the temple, the bride was borne to her husband's home by her friends and carried by them over the threshold, lest in walking across it she might slip unawares, and so bring bad luck with her. There the new husband received her with every symbolic demonstration of welcome—fire and water being the chief emblems—and delivered up to her the keys of the household, as a sign that he installed her into the position of mistress of his home, after which she bore them through the rooms, together with a pitcher of water, thus symbolising that she assumed the responsibilities of the housewife. The custom of the bridegroom placing the wedding-ring on the bride's hand, is said to be a survival of this old key-delivering ceremony, the ring symbolising the grouping together of the household keys. Whether this is correct remains to be proved, as the use of rings at the marriage ceremony is almost as ancient as the marriage institution itself; and many beautiful and curious specimens of old-world wedding-rings are still in existence, the gold and jewels still untarnished, and the loving or superstitious inscriptions still clear and legible, though the beloved hand for which it was made has been dust for ages.

Now, although the bride is undoubtedly the chief personage of the day, her *rôle* is not a speaking one, and she is judged chiefly by her looks and bearing. Feeling this, she is naturally ambitious to look her best, and no details—particularly those of the dress—are too insignificant to claim her care and consideration. The dress is generally of the richest material that can be procured,



PERSIAN BRIDE.

and the style of it is largely influenced by prevailing fashions; but, as a rule, brides in civilised countries have little choice of colour—white, the symbolical colour of purity, being almost invariably chosen amongst the higher classes and town dwellers. But with the peasantry, and the people of countries where Christianity does not prevail, the principal aim is to make the bridal dress as gay, as bright, and as rich as possible, without much regard to the symbolical significance of the colours employed. Of course, these things vary, and some people have an appetite for colour not easily appeased. The Chinese bride before-mentioned, for instance, wears the colour of the sun—bright yellow—in her gown, which is richly embroidered in various colours; over this an ample red veil; and she is taken to her husband's home in a bright red Sedan-chair, over which a red umbrella is carried, the bearers being lighted on their way by a multitude of flashing red lanterns—gay enough, even if we omit the crackers they let off and the tom-toms they beat. Yet black is considered an eminently suitable colour for the robes of her bridesmaids!—who, by-the-by, are not maids at all, but middle-aged matrons. The custom of the bride's attendants wearing black is not, however, exclusively confined to China, for in Franconia (Central Europe) they appear in long black cloaks, fastened at the neck with large silver buttons, and each carrying a tall staff—as tall as the maiden herself. Thus attired, they escort the bride to and from the church.

There is a piquant martial effect about a bevy of bridesmaids so attired which seems to hint at bygone days—the dear old days when it was necessary for the bride to be accompanied by staunch friends, who, whilst preferring peace, were willing to fight for her protection should the need arise. At ancient Polish weddings the bridesmaids were similarly attired, but added to their already imposing appearance by wearing long scarlet veils reaching nearly to the ground. The bride of ancient Greece wore white, but her robe was fringed and bordered with purple, and her sandals and veil were bright yellow, whilst the bridal wreath was twined with roses and myrtle. Curiously enough in the Shetland Isles neither white nor gay colours are popular; sober greys, browns, and purples being almost invariably chosen by the maidens for their wedding-dresses.

The pretty custom of wearing the hair loose and flowing is one that for young brides might well be retained, but it is fast giving way to the encroachments of the fashionable hair-dresser amongst the better classes, though it still prevails largely amongst the peasantry of Europe. The veil and wreath are still considered almost as indispensable adjuncts to a full and proper wedding costume as the ring, the parson, or even the bridegroom himself. Of the symbolic significance of the veil (almost universally worn by brides amongst all people not actually barbarous) many explanations have been tendered, but there is little doubt that it is an Oriental survival. One explanation of its Anglo-Saxon origin is ingenious. In those days when marriages were solemnised at the church-



LAPLAND BRIDE.

porch, it was a custom for four tall men—the tallest obtainable—to hold a square of cloth over the heads of the couple during the ceremony. It is inferred that the "care-cloth" was so used to shadow the bride's blushing face from the too close scrutiny of the surrounding onlookers, and that, therefore, it is the origin of the bridal veil.

This *might* have been the origin of the use of the care-cloth, but other writers feel inclined to attribute an utilitarian purpose to it; it made a canopy to screen the chief personages from the sun or rain, and it separated them effectually from the crowd which was sure to gather round, whilst, at the same time, it threw them up into prominence against it. The custom of wedding under a canopy is a very ancient one indeed, which prevails even to the present day amongst that most conservative of religious bodies—the Jews, who consider it a very important adjunct indeed, and use it even when the ceremony takes place under the sheltering roof of the synagogue itself.



NORWEGIAN BRIDAL DRESS (HARDANGER).

How the extemporised canopy came to be considered the origin of the bride's veil seems doubtful—did the four tall men drop the piece of cloth upon the head of the blushing bride as soon as the religious ceremony was concluded? It hardly seems likely! Veils are certainly of much more ancient origin than that, as they were worn long before the Saxon left his native fastnesses and wilds to displace the natives of ancient Britain. It is significant that amongst the German peasantry the veil is by no means such an indispensable part of the bridal outfit as it is with the more Southern and Eastern nations. In these countries, where every modest maiden goes habitually veiled, it would not be possible to imagine that on this most trying public occasion she would discard that customary screen which, even on ordinary occasions, was a distinguishing mark of propriety and womanliness; on the contrary, it is fair to infer that she would increase rather than diminish its volume, so that she would feel shrouded and sheltered beneath it. Thus the Persian bride is borne to the home of her husband, muffled from head to foot in a veil of red silk; and in the South of Europe, if we are to believe a lady of the eighteenth century who wrote many curious things, the bride's modesty is what we cold English folk would call excessive. According to the writer aforesaid, the bride is beautifully dressed in chemisette and sash of softest silk, and full trousers and bodice of fine bright cashmere, her hair is dressed with coins and jewels, her nails stained red, her eyelashes darkened, and her garments scented with the most delicate perfumes; then, says the eighteenth-century writer, "a tea-board is placed on her head to keep her breathing free, and a large sack is drawn over her, coming nearly down to her feet. Her blushes thus effectually concealed, the modest maiden is literally supported to the church by two of her nearest female relatives. They must be a very retiring people in this particular part of Southern Europe, for according to our writer the bridegroom also goes veiled. Curiously enough this is a fact: in some of those countries where Greek Christianity prevails, the bridegroom covered his head with a slight network of gold or silver thread, or flesh-coloured gauze; in others the couple are enwrapped in a veil during certain parts of the ceremony, or whilst mass is solemnised after the ceremony itself is over, but in these cases the bride's veil is very thick, being as often as not a large and fine white shawl, the intention of effectually covering her being always observed. All the world over, the peasantry attach less importance to the veil than the town-dwellers or women of the upper classes; with them the crown or wreath is a very much more important part of the bridal outfit.



NORWEGIAN BRIDAL DRESS (SALTERSDALLEE).



NORWEGIAN BRIDAL DRESS (VANG IN VALDERS).

Why the modern bridal wreath should always be made of orange blossoms is hard to say, excepting that its dead white and tender green harmonise with the white usually chosen for the bridal dress. In Switzerland the pretty white Edelweiss is the favourite flower, and the ancient Greeks and Latins wove roses and myrtle in their garlands, but no doubt the custom has come northward to us from "the land where the orange-tree blows." In warm climates, where flowers and blossoms are always plentiful, wreaths are, and no doubt will continue to be, worn on all festive occasions; but coming northward, where the season for flowers is shorter and the winters are longer and darker, it is but natural a crown should take its place. Indeed, in Europe, the crown in symbolical significance far exceeds the white robe and veil, for the peasantry wear their national costume, of richer

materials and brighter colours than the usual every-day attire, but the crown is a glory that none but a pure and modest maiden dare arrogate to herself. When a woman whose previous life has not justified this dares to assume the virginal crown, its desecration is avenged (sometimes very forcibly) by the indignant women who follow her to church wearing crowns of straw, and singing songs whose meanings are forcible if not elegant; and in some instances, if her life has been one of flagrant misdoing, the crown is wrested from her and derisively replaced by one of those of straw assumed by the avenging maidens.

The clergy wisely encourage this reverence for the virginal crown which, garish and crude as it often is in itself, symbolises with them all that is purest in women, and they certainly encourage good behaviour in the present by making the wearing of the bridal crown in the future contingent upon it; but they do still more in Norway, and lest poor girls might give up the hope and the endeavour to deserve a bridal crown, through inability to purchase one when the time for wearing it arrives, they keep a complete bridal outfit at the church, which is lent without charge to such humble brides as choose to avail themselves of the privilege—and can prove they deserve it. It is needless to say that the privilege is very seldom claimed, the absolute possession of her own bridal finery being a desire very near every young girl's heart.

These crowns are common to the peasantry of Central and Northern Europe, and are sometimes worn on the flowing hair, and at others on the ordinary cap or headdress of the bride. They are generally stiff erections of linen or cardboard covered with lace, and trimmed with ribbons and sometimes artificial flowers and jewels; wealthier damsels have worked crowns of precious metals lined with bright silk, and decorated with precious stones and coins of value; indeed, some of these crowns are so costly and weighty that the poor bride would sink under their weight, and to such extremes is the gorgeous enrichment of the crown carried that in Russian Kamschatka the bride has a special attendant—a kind of best man (generally chosen for his height)—in addition to her bevy of bridesmaids, whose pleasing duty it is to carry the bride's crown an inch above her head during the long and fatiguing ceremony. It is this gentleman's privilege to have the first kiss, and when we reflect that the ceremony occupies three-quarters of an hour, and that both during the ceremony and during the procession before and after it he is expected to carry the crown at exactly the right angle, and at exactly the right distance above the bride's head, standing or walking behind her, and yet avoiding any chance of treading on her dress, it cannot be denied that he has earned the osculatory reward.

JANET DEE.



A Poet's Sister.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S life is the record of a sister's self-sacrifice for a brother's fame. Her life, her labour, her very thought, were necessary for Wordsworth's purpose, and he received and used them as a right. Naturally Wordsworth loved Dorothy: she was his sister, his constant companion, and devoted servitor. She belonged to him, and was beloved even as a man loves his own right hand. He accepted her unquestioning fealty as a natural offering, and she not only permitted, but aided him to absorb her mental strength.

In one respect no poet was so richly dowered as Wordsworth; his poetry is the product of twin minds. Great poets have had wives, sisters, children poets, but in such cases the near relative has ever sought to acquire a separate and independent reputation. Dorothy relinquished everything for her brother's sake, and by her fostering care largely contributed to make the poet known as Wordsworth. She dissected her every emotion and embodied every impression for him with such vitalising force that she became his strongest motive-power. Her thoughts, memories, sometimes her very words, are reproduced in her brother's verse.

The record of the two Wordsworths' mental story is unique in literature; that of their more material life is somewhat conventional. Dorothy, the daughter of an attorney, was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on Christmas Day, 1771. She was the only girl in a family of five children. Almost all that is known of her childhood is that she lost her mother in her seventh and her father in her twelfth year. Her character as a child, and the kind of influence she even then exercised upon her brothers, may be gauged by William's reminiscences of her who "was the heart and hinge of all our learning and our loves." The tenderness of her gentle heart could not be better told than when he tells how he whilst chasing the butterfly sprang eagerly after his prey, but she

> ———— "feared to brush
> The dust from off its wings."

The same solicitude for defenceless things, which inspired her through life, is again and again remembered and expressed in the poet's lines.

When their father died the Wordsworth children were scattered in different directions; the boys were sent to various schools, and Dorothy went to reside with a maternal aunt at Halifax. Her education would appear to have been of a somewhat desultory if not defective nature, and although she mixed in "good society" her strong mental capabilities seem to have been left fallow. For eight years the girl saw little or nothing of her brothers, so that when during one of his college vacations Wordsworth once more met his childhood's playmate, and found her all that the fondest brother could desire, his joy was as boundless as it was unexpected. A new light had gleamed upon his life; he was, he says in "The Prelude"—

> ———— "blest with the presence
> Of that sole sister—
> Now, after separation desolate,
> Restored to me—such absence that she seemed
> A gift then first bestowed."

Henceforth Dorothy became, if not the mainspring of Wordsworth's existence, certainly the font whence he drew his mental nurture and refreshment. In his later vacations, when he travelled over various portions of the Continent, he maintained a correspondence with his sister in terms of affection more like those of a lover than of a brother. What Dorothy thought of him she expressed, with her usual candour, in letters to a dear friend. In one she says: "You do not know him; you do not know how amiable he is. . . He cannot be so pleasing as my fondness makes him. I am willing to allow that half the virtues with which I fancy him endowed are the creations of my love; but surely I may be excused! He was never afraid of comforting his sister; he never left her in anger; he always met her with joy; he preferred her society to every other pleasure—or, rather, when we were so happy as to be within each other's reach, he had no pleasure when we were compelled to be divided."

The idea of sharing a home, of living with this beloved brother, had already germinated in Dorothy's imagination, and had, probably, already been discussed with him. Writing to her friend Jane Pollard, she says: "If we could erect a little cottage and call it our own, we should be the happiest of human beings. I see my brother fired with the idea of leading his sister to such a retreat; our parlour is in a moment furnished; our garden is adorned by magic; the roses and honeysuckles spring at our command; the wood behind the house lifts its head, and furnishes us with a winter's shelter and a summer's noonday shade." That Wordsworth shared his sister's pleasant fancy seems proved by his letters to her at this period. In 1794 they found the means to make a short tour together through the Lake District, and Dorothy writes: "We set forward by coach towards Whitehaven, and thence to Kendal. I walked, with my brother at my side, from Kendal to Grasmere, eighteen miles, and afterwards from Grasmere to Keswick, fifteen miles, through the most delightful country that was ever seen. We are now at a farm-house about half a mile from Keswick. When I came I intended to stay only a few days; but the country is so delightful, and, above all, I have so full an enjoyment of my brother's company, that I have determined to stay a few weeks longer."

The only thing that rendered their permanent companionship impracticable was their want of wealth; their

means consisted of little more than a money claim on Lord Lonsdale, the payment of which appeared to be problematical. William seemed unable or unwilling to follow any regular occupation, and Dorothy's only prospect was dependence on the bounty of relatives. The year following their first tour together, however, a young friend died and left Wordsworth a legacy of nine hundred pounds. This decided the poet's destiny; it enabled him to devote himself to literature, to obtain the society of his sister, and to realise their aspirations for a home of their own.

In the autumn of 1795 the two young people took up their residence at Racedown Lodge, Dorset, a picturesquely situated dwelling near the sea. Here Dorothy became all in all to her brother; besides taking the household work in hand, she found time to accompany him in many of his lengthy rambles; to read to him, and, as he detested the labour of copying even his own writing, to become his amanuensis and transcriber: she was the inspirer of his literary work, and, in fact, his general guide and guardian angel. Under her benign influence the restlessness and depression which domestic and public trouble had caused him to give way to were soothed, and nature and poesy made to sway his thoughts. "Then it was," he exclaims—

> "That the beloved sister in whose sight
> Those days were passed,
> Maintained for me a saving intercourse
> With my true self. . . .
> She whispered still that brightness would return;
> She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
> A Poet; made me seek beneath that name,
> And that alone, my office upon earth."

Those days of the *Sturm und Drang* period of her brother's career were to Dorothy the happiest of her life. She was his sole guide and companion; no wife had as yet been taken to usurp the first place in his affections, nor had he as yet developed the intense egotism that subsequently so entirely overcame him. No wonder poor Dorothy looked back upon Racedown as the brightest spot in her recollections. "It was," she said, "the first home I had." The two shared everything in common, alternating their literary labours with work of a less engrossing nature; Wordsworth "handling the spade with great dexterity," and Dorothy attending to domestic duties.

Referring to this epoch in their lives, the writer of an article in *Blackwood* suggestively remarks that henceforth Wordsworth was "the spokesman to the world of two souls. It was not that Dorothy visibly or consciously aided and stimulated him, but that she *was* him—a second pair of eyes to see, a second and more delicate intuition to discern. . . . This union was so close that in many instances it becomes difficult to discern which is the brother and which the sister. She was part, not only of his life, but of his imagination. . . . He saw by her, felt through her. . . . Her journals are Wordsworth in prose, just as his poems are Dorothy in verse."

When they had lived together in their happy and secluded way for two years, they received a visit from Coleridge, who had been introduced to them by Charles Lamb. Miss Wordsworth's description of their visitor is remarkable as showing her acute and discriminative powers, but his record of her is more to our present purpose. "She is a woman, indeed!—in mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty; but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly that who saw her would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible to her.' Her information various, her eye watchful in minutest observation of nature, and her taste a perfect electrometer."

The pleasure which Wordsworth found in the society of Coleridge caused him to give up their happy retreat, and, to be near his brother-poet, to move to Alfoxden, a romantic old family mansion near Nether Stowey, Somerset. During the Wordsworths' residence at Alfoxden, Coleridge frequently shared their rambles, and discussed equally with both of them his plans for the future. It was during one of these walks that "The Ancient Mariner" was planned, and, according to Wordsworth, it was to be sold to defray the expense of a short tour. He has told us what share he had in the genesis of the wonderful ballad, but we know not, much as we would like to know, whether Dorothy also had a hand in Coleridge's master-work.

The mysterious rambles of the poetic fraternity, and their apparent want of any regular occupation, aroused such distrust of them in the neighbourhood that ultimately they were compelled to leave Alfoxden. This was in 1798, in the September of which year the Wordsworths, accompanied by Coleridge, started for Germany, intending by a few months' residence there to complete their knowledge of the language. Whilst Coleridge went further afield, his companions took lodgings in the romantic imperial town of Goslar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. The winter was the coldest remembered in the vicinity, and the Wordsworths appear to have endured no slight amount of privation during their four months' residence there, so that their return to England in the spring must have been a delight to them. In this cheerless time in Germany, however, Wordsworth, "by the side of my sister," as he says, produced some of his best work. By this time his mind had attained its maturity, and, although in after-years he wrote much that was good, it was never better than what he had now done; henceforth he only maintained, but never surpassed, either in imagination or artistic skill, the productions of his earlier years.

Upon their return to England the Wordsworths once more sought for some beautiful spot in which to make their home. After consideration William decided upon Grasmere, and took a little two-storey place there, known as Dove Cottage. It was the end of December when they settled in their new home, the two having characteristically walked to it; and for the eight years following, it became their abode. The cottage was furnished out of a legacy of one hundred pounds left by a relative to Dorothy, and, as the total annual income of the pair only came to a similar sum, they had to limit their wants in every way. They could not afford a servant, so Dorothy

had to undertake all the household work, besides continuing, as of yore, her duties of transcription, reading aloud —"at one such reading by her of Milton's sonnets it was that his soul took fire and rolled off his first sonnets"—acting as companion in his interminable rambles, and, above all, providing him with themes and thoughts for his poems. One of the known instances of this last labour of love may be appreciated by comparing the prose in Dorothy's "Journal" with the poetry of her brother's "Daffodils." "In the woods below Gowbarrow Park," she writes, "we saw a few daffodils close by the water-side. As we went along, there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there was a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them. Some rested their heads on the stones, as on a pillow; the rest tossed, and reeled, and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing."

This Wordsworth put into verse thus—

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once *I saw a crowd,*
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

"Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

The words we have italicised are but a repetition of Dorothy's prose, and the remainder of the verse but weakens the poetry and the picture. This is but one specimen out of many that might be cited. Miss Wordsworth kept a diary of her deeds and thoughts, and from that the germ, and the germination, of her illustrious brother's poems were often gained. Only extracts from this "Journal" have yet been made public, but it is hoped that at no distant day the whole will be published. Referring to the diary for the years 1800—1803, Professor Knight points out that these daily jottings are "quite as subtle and minute, quite as delicate and ethereal, as anything in her brother's poems;" and that "the materials on which the poems were based, as well as the sources of their inspiration," are therein to be found. Wordsworth acknowledges, "she gave me eyes, she gave me ears," and, he might have added, she gave me thoughts, and words to speak them.

In October, 1802, the quiet and happy life of the two Wordsworths, William

"And she who dwells with me, whom I have loved
With such communion that no place on earth
Can ever be a solitude to me,"

was interrupted by the poet's marriage with his cousin, Mary Hutchinson. It is contended this event made no difference in the domestic harmony which had so long held sway in Dove Cottage. Outwardly the three lived as if little alteration had taken place—only one Wordsworth more—but close observers may detect the rift in the lute; not an immediate, but a gradual change. William still kept his sister to all her olden duties—he could not spare her—but she was no longer the crowned idol of his younger days, and poesy written for another had now to be re-inscribed to another "phantom of delight."

In August, 1803, Wordsworth, Dorothy, and Coleridge, leaving Mrs. Wordsworth—who does not appear to have partaken of these long excursions—started on a six weeks' tour to Scotland. Dorothy kept a journal of the tour, and it is to the publication of these "Recollections," issued seventy years after they were written, that such literary fame as she possesses is due. These daily jottings, which, as their editor bids us remember, were never intended for the public gaze, are worthy of all the praise they have received; "they are," observes Mr. Myers, "indescribably attractive in their naïve and tender feeling, combined with a delicacy of insight into natural beauty which was almost a new thing in the history of the world."

Miss Wordsworth's "Tour" is a work of genius. Its simplicity is genuine. There is no straining after effect; her descriptions are of real life, whether of man or beast, or of natural scenery. She depicts an incident or a scene by a few minute touches in a manner as suggestive of the artist as of the poet. They pass a castle, "an ancient building of red stone, with sloping gardens, an ivied gateway, velvet lawns, old garden walls, trim flower-borders with stately and luxuriant flowers," and straightway Dorothy's watchful eye sees not only these details and "the swallows that flew about restlessly, and flung their shadows upon the sun-bright walls of the old building," but how "the shadows," as she observed to her companions, "glanced and twinkled, interchanged and crossed each other, expanded and shrank up, appeared and disappeared every instant, seeming more like living things than the birds themselves."

The "Tour" is also valuable as showing us the woman, Dorothy Wordsworth herself, with her thoughtful kindness for man and beast, sympathy for the sorrowing, and humour for the humorous. In this work she has painted herself to life, a woman not unpossessed of strong common sense, though somewhat disregardful of the conventional, and brimming over with the "milk of human kindness."

Besides its other merits, the "Tour" is of historic value for its preservation of many traits of a people more greatly changed by time than are even the crumbling castles and abbeys in their midst. It is amusing to notice that almost the only poetry she quotes in her journal is her brother's; in her eyes and heart even then he was famous. Altogether it is a charming volume, and should keep her memory verdant.

The incidents in Dorothy's future life, as far as known, are few and unromantic. The drowning of her brother John on his last voyage was the most remarkable. Happily fortune provided more bountifully for her later than her earlier years, she receiving her share of the settlement of the family claim on Lord Lonsdale. Her brother's marriage gave increased work for her hands, as babies arrived with due punctuality, and Aunt Dorothy

had her full share of their supervision. Amongst other things which she did for their edification was writing verses; but though Charles Lamb pronounced one piece "masterly" done, and others are highly spoken of, and some included in her brother's works, it must be acknowledged they are not of a high order generally. One piece, suggested to her whilst watching one of her brother's infants, is not unremindful of Blake's style; it begins—

"The days are cold, the nights are long,
The north wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty Love!"

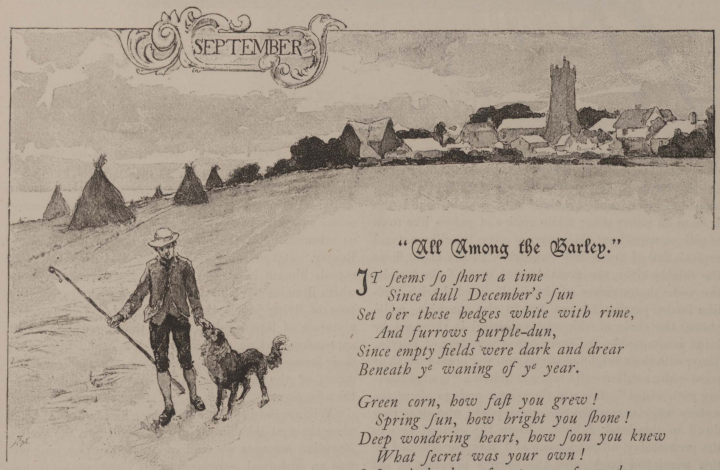
She was chiefly a producer of poesy through the medium of her brother; he absorbed what was poetic in her nature, and gave it forth in a more or less kindred style. She was a skilful correspondent, as her published letters show; and with what delicacy she could perform an act of kindness, her epistle recalling De Quincey to his neglected wife is evidence.

The Wordsworths' pecuniary position having greatly improved, and the family having steadily increased in numbers, the Grasmere cottage was given up, and after one or two changes of residence a removal was made in 1813 to Rydal Mount. Dorothy continued to be her brother's companion in his lengthy walks, and his *factotum* in other matters, but towards the latter period of her life her mental and physical powers gradually failed, William's death, in his eightieth year, apparently completing their deterioration.

Although with nothing left to live for, the wreck of what had once been the ardent and impulsive Dorothy Wordsworth survived her brother five years, until at last the long-expected release came, and on the 25th of January, 1855, she followed him she had loved so truly, and was placed beside him in Grasmere Churchyard.

The world knows nothing, it has been said, of its greatest men, and more truly might it be added of its noblest women.

JOHN H. INGRAM.



"All Among the Barley."

IT seems so short a time
Since dull December's sun
Set o'er these hedges white with rime,
And furrows purple-dun,
Since empty fields were dark and drear
Beneath ye waning of ye year.

Green corn, how fast you grew!
Spring sun, how bright you shone!
Deep wondering heart, how soon you knew
What secret was your own!
Soft winds, how sweet your serenades
Rang through ye ripening barley-blades!

O, what a golden glow
Fills all these fields to-night
The while with eager steps I go
In yellow western light,
Here where ye barley lies in swath
On either side ye stubble-path.

Along the seaward slope
I take the olden way;
A little tender new-born hope
Sprang in my heart to-day.
Who knows? to-morrow I may bring
New carols to my harvesting!

M. C. GILLINGTON.



The Great Sphinx.

EGYPT is the temple of the Sun-god. The outer world is completely shut out, the grey-blue roof of the sky seems to rest on the long low walls of the flat-topped Libyan and Arabian hills, which bound the horizon on either side; while groups of palms, like rows of pillars, spread out their waving green tops like natural capitals full of grace and strength. In the midst flows the mighty river, the great central nave of the temple, the wide thoroughfare of the land, crowded with bird-like boats, passing to and fro in the sunshine, while above, the choir of this vast cathedral is thronged by birds innumerable, the free fearless songsters of heaven. They, with their bright plumage, and the boats with their snow-white swallow-sails, make it indeed a "land shadowing with wings." Silently they come and go along the watery way, bearing the Sun-worshippers, who alone may dwell in this land of light. From the earliest ages to the present day, all who come and stay are subdued by this wonderful land; even the warlike invaders of old time succumbed, and were gradually conquered by those whom they had vanquished; even the busy Englishman of to-day finds his restless nature slowly ebbing away. The calm of the ever-flowing river, the monotony of the changeless forms around, act as a charm on all, and those who come, proud in their own strength of purpose, must hasten away, or remain to bow the knee to the great Sun-god.

Were it always mid-day in this Sun-country, the great river would become monotonous in its unending sameness, the unchanging green aisles would weary our minds; our spirits would grow depressed in the presence of light too powerful for our eyes, light which causes colour to vanish in the white heat of its rays, and makes us unconscious of the presence of the divine Spirit of Beauty. But morning and evening this invisible spirit reveals himself in all the glory of the gorgeous colours which illumine the land; the hills glow with ever-varying hues of living jewels, the great highway of light seems a stream of liquid gold. Osiris, the Sun of the night, approaches, but on either side of him stand his sisters, their forms hidden in robes of glory, the wondrous goddesses of the land, Isis and Nephthys, the dawn and the afterglow.

Who are the dwellers in this temple of light? Whence came the first inhabitants of this land? In the earliest Egyptian accounts we read of Mena, the first king; he was an historical personage, who lived probably four thousand years or more before our era; but before the time of Mena, the old records tell us of an ancient past, the pre-historic time, whose age we cannot fathom. The Egyptians did not look back upon this dim period as a time of rude uncivilised savagery, but as a golden age, the reign of the gods, followed by the godlike heroes, who established law and religion, who caused to grow up a high state of civilisation, who brought with them paper and the art of writing. They came, it was said,

from the East. Arabia, their Eastern home, was called "the Divine Land;" they were Sun-worshippers, for the Egyptians called them the "Shesu Hor," the servants of Horus, the Sun-god. This old tradition points, perhaps, to a great immigration of the Akkadians, who in the pre-historic dim ages of the world came from the far-off East into Egypt—the Sun-worshippers to the temple of the Sun.

One great monument rises out of the golden mist of this early time, the Great Sphinx, the man-headed lion of Gizeh. Whether sculptured by these old ancestors of the ancient Egyptians, we know not, but we *do* know that this is probably the most ancient monument in all Egypt, and that it represents the Sun-god Horus, the god of life, the conqueror of death and darkness, and it would, indeed, form a fitting memorial of the advent of these "Shesu Hor," these servants of Horus.



HEAD OF ROMAN BRONZE SPHINX FROM ALEXANDRIA.

Out of the live limestone rock, in the sunrise of the Egyptian life-history, the Great Sphinx was brought into being by unknown artists, of whom we may say—"There were giants amongst men in those days." They saw him hidden in that great rock which reared itself on the edge of the Libyan hills overhanging the plain below. With child-like awe they carved that mighty human head and shoulders, which rise forty feet above the surrounding table-land; out of the solid rock also, filling up here and there with masonry to complete the shape, they formed the lion's body, 140 feet long, which crouches below in a great natural depression of the limestone foundation. From the edge of the rock a sloping descent of 135 feet now leads down to a flight of thirteen steps, by which a natural platform is reached; passing the ruins of two Roman buildings, thirty steps more bring us down to the level of the paws. Before them still stands the old altar, upon which, perhaps for four thousand years, incense and sacrifices were offered up in honour of the great god. We learn from a monument in the Louvre that as late as 600 B.C., a priest named Psammetichus offered incense to the honour of Khufu and Khafra, the king-gods, the builders of the Pyramids, and to the great Hormakhu (Hor-on-the-Horizon), the name by which the Great Sphinx was then known. Close to this altar were found the little Ptolemaic Sphinx, hawk, and lion, brought to England by Caviglia, and now in the British Museum.

From the altar we follow in the footsteps of the old processions, along the sacred paved way between the paws to the sanctuary at the breast, which was formed of three tablets fourteen feet high. The two side ones are gone; they were of limestone, and from them two low jambs projected at the entrance to form a doorway. The third tablet is of granite, and still rests against the breast; it was placed there by King Thothmes IV., about 1500 B.C. The bas-relief at the top represents him offering incense and a libation to the Sphinx, who like the colossal figure behind is sculptured with a beard and other divine attributes. Below we read how Thothmes IV., before he came to the throne, hunted lions in the Valley of Gazelles, behind the Pyramids, riding in a two-horsed chariot with two attendants; how in the heat of the day he granted rest to his servants, and was wont to advance and present an offering of the seeds of flowers to Hormakhu, and to the great goddesses. Further on we read: "On one of these days it happened, when the king's son Thothmes had arrived on his journey, about the time of mid-day, and had stretched himself to rest in the shade of this great god, that sleep overtook him. He dreamt in his slumber at the moment when the sun was at its zenith, and it seemed to him as though this great god spoke to him with his own mouth, just as a father speaks to his son, addressing him thus—'Behold me, look at me, thou, my son Thothmes. I am thy father, Hormakhu, Khafra, Ra, Tum. The kingdom shall be given to thee, and thou shalt wear the white crown and the red crown on the throne of the Earth-god Seb, the youngest among the gods. The world shall be thine in its length and in its breadth, as far as the light of the eye of the Lord of the Universe shines. Plenty and riches shall be thine; the best from the interior of the land, and rich tributes from all nations; long years shall be granted thee as the term of life. My countenance is gracious towards thee, and my heart clings to thee; I will give thee the best of all things. The sand of the desert has covered me up. Promise me that thou wilt do what I wish in my heart, then shall I know whether thou art my son, my helper.' After this Thothmes awoke, and he understood the meaning of the words of the god, and laid them up in his heart, speaking thus with himself—'I see how the dwellers in the temple of the city honour this god with sacrificial gifts, without thinking of freeing from sand the work of King Khafra, the statue which was made to Tum-Hormakhu.'" From this inscription we learn that as long ago as 1500 B.C. the sand lay as deeply round the body of the Sphinx as it did but the other day.

Thothmes IV. kept his vow, and freed the Great Sphinx rock from the sand, as a thank-offering to the Sun-god, who had helped him to ascend the throne; he also built

a wall of crude brick to keep back the great waves of the desert, but as this wall was not kept in repair, again and again they rolled over and around the gigantic body. In modern times Lepsius and the Duc de Luynes cleared the sand away, and yet in 1886 it was so deep that the work had to be again undertaken, that the whole of the Sphinx might be revealed to the world as we now see

Museum, which was found in the ruins of the temple close to the southernmost of the three little Pyramids near the Great Pyramid. Though this inscription only dates from the time of the 21st or 25th dynasty, and therefore is not earlier than 1000 or 700 B.C., yet it seems to have been a correct copy of an older document. It tells us that before the time of Khafra, King Khufu,



THE GREAT SPHINX.

(From a Photograph taken by Dr. W. Ogle, February, 1888.)

him; and yet probably he will soon again be hidden, unless, as is now proposed, the old crude wall should be restored.

From the conclusion of the inscription on the granite tablet of Thothmes IV., we see that in his time the Great Sphinx was said to be the work of King Khafra, the builder of the second Pyramid; this idea probably arose from the fact that the Sphinx lies in the direct line east of that Pyramid, and that close by is the granite temple, probably built by Khafra, which has been wrongly called the temple of the Sphinx. But that this opinion was erroneous, we learn from a limestone stele in the Boulak

the builder of the Great Pyramid, re-established the offerings in three temples, that of his mother Isis, that of Osiris, and that of the Sphinx. He built his Pyramid, and a Pyramid for the king's daughter Hontsen, near the temple of the goddess. The stele also gives representations of the gods and goddesses, and states the material of which they were made; amongst these the most interesting is that of the Great Sphinx, whose dwelling-place we are told is to the south of the temple of Isis, Lady of the Pyramid, and to the north of the temple of Osiris, Master of the City of the Dead.

It is most interesting to notice the names by which

the Great Sphinx is known on these tablets; we have the Egyptian words *Hu* and *Akar:* the former seems to denote the man-headed lion, as the symbol of the Sun-god; the latter may be connected with the dusk. We also find the Semitic word *Seshep*, signifying luminous —a title afterwards used by the great Rameses II., the oppressor of the Israelites, who always styled himself the Son of the Sun. In the stele of Thothmes IV., the Great Sphinx is called Khafra, Ra, and Tum, all denoting different phases of the Sun-god, but the common name of later times was Hormakhu or Hor-em-Khu (Hor-on-the-Horizon); this was translated by the Greeks as Harmais or Harmachis, the latter word being cut upon one of the paws of the Great Sphinx by a Greek visitor named Babillus.

From these names we gather that, to the old Egyptians, the Sphinx was the image of Horus, the Sun-god, the sun of the morning, of midday, of the evening, and even of the night; while the Greeks limited these broad ideas, and thought and spoke of him as the rising sun alone, Horus on the Horizon, Horus the Light of the Morning. To the Egyptians he was the type of life in its entirety, to the Greeks of new, fresh, young life only, perhaps because the latter saw him with his face to the east, crouching in the space before the Pyramids, called in the inscriptions *Ro-set*, the Door of the Under-world. His back was turned to the tomb, his face to the dawn; he lay as it were between life and death, between the everlasting green of the fertile country and the arid sands of the desert: the guardian of the entrance to the great City of the Dead. Though the Greeks changed the Egyptian andro-sphinx into one of female form, they retained in their early art the idea of the watcher over the dead. In the Xanthus sculptures brought by Sir C. Fellows from Lycia, a beautiful Sphinx sits on either side of the door of the tomb, keeping watch and ward over the entrance to the grave.



SPHINX-LIKE HEAD-DRESS OF A WOMAN OF MOGADORE.

Notwithstanding the verses of the historian Arrian and the other ex-votos of the Greek visitors, still to be seen on the paws of the Great Sphinx, we can find no mention of him by any author or traveller before the Roman time, not even by Herodotus, who describes the Pyramids so minutely, and mentions the avenue of andro-sphinxes which he saw at Sais. Pliny gives a long account, supposing it to be the tomb of King Amasis of the 26th dynasty.

The old Arab writers, like the modern Bedouins, call him Aboul-hol, the Father of Terror; they speak of him as a talisman or charm to keep the sand from the cultivated land, and say that the desert has encroached only since he suffered terrible mutilations at the hands of a fanatical sheikh in the fourteenth century.

Abd-el-Lateef, of Baghdad, that delightful learned Arabian doctor, who visited Egypt about the beginning of the thirteenth century, gives us his impressions of the Great Sphinx; he tells us that, at a little more than an arrow's shot from the Pyramids, he saw the colossal figure of a head and neck rising out of the ground:—"This figure is called Aboul-hol, and it is said that the body to which this figure belongs is buried beneath. On the face is seen a reddish tint, which has all the sparkle of freshness. His face is very beautiful, and the mouth bears the impression of grace and beauty. One might say that it smiles graciously. An intellectual man asked me what I most admired of all I had seen in Egypt —which object had most excited my admiration. I told him the truth of the proportions of the head of the Sphinx. In fact, in the different parts of the head — for instance, of those of the nose, ears, and eyes—we see the same proportions which nature observes in her works. Now it is most astonishing that, in a work so colossal, the sculptor should have been able to preserve the right proportion of all the parts, whilst nature gave him no model of such a colossus, nor anything which could be compared to it." Centuries have passed away since the above words were written, and the Sphinx has suffered much at the hands of man. The Mamluks are even said to have used his face as a target; the nose is gone; the beard has been knocked off; the sides of the head-dress have been broken; and yet we do not wonder at the admiration expressed in the words of the old Arab traveller.

In the Great Sphinx, as well as in other colossal creations of the old Egyptians, we are struck by the fact that, unlike the Assyrians and Romans, they were able to use immense size without degenerating into vulgarity. The reason is not difficult to find: the spirit of the artist-workman must live in his creation; when he has

used mere size to glorify himself, to show what he could accomplish, to impress the world by his own power, or simply to produce effect, then his work will fail as an artistic creation. The Egyptian artist sought by the size of his work neither to express his own power of overcoming difficulties, nor to impress mankind by its immensity, but to produce an ideal of majesty, divinity, and strength. Consequently the purity of his own mind became incorporated in his work, and the qualities he wished to express are shadowed forth to us in truth and dignity.

It is not enough for a gigantic form to have the right proportions in all parts, there must also be harmony between the expression and soul of the figure, and the actual vast size, the one must be the outward and visible sign of the other. When the old Arab physician said that of all things he had seen in Egypt, he most admired the proportions of the Great Sphinx, he meant not only the harmony of one part of the body with another, but also the harmony of the mind with the body, the superhuman strength and knowledge, the divine and royal majesty, which were expressed more in the deep-set eyes and by the strong mouth, than by the colossal size, with which the unknown artist invested his idea of the king-god. The form he used was that of the man-headed lion. This combination of the human with the animal shocks our modern taste, accustomed to the harmony of Greek art, while our scientific knowledge feels repulsion at the incongruous union from the fact of its very impossibility. But these old Egyptians were the children of the ancient world; to them, as to children, nothing was impossible; they believed that real griffins haunted the desert solitudes, and in the frescoes on the walls of the Beni Hasan tombs, we see in the hunting scenes, real animals, side by side with creatures of strange nature and curious complex form, chased by the sportsmen of the time of Abraham. The human-headed lion, and the flying dragon, were as familiar to their minds as the Jabberwock is to the child who wanders, through the looking-glass, into the Wonderland with Alice. We may look down from the heights of our superior wisdom on these old Egyptians, and see nought but deformity in their human-headed animals, and animal-headed gods; but as we smile, let us ask ourselves whether we do not fail to grasp the true meaning. To them these combinations were not only possible in nature, but were also symbols of ideas and thoughts, which they yearned to express in concrete form. They wrote their words in pictures, they sculptured their thoughts in the rocks. To them the head of man expressed the highest intellectual power, the body of the lion the most mighty physical force; the union of the two, the irresistible unchangeable laws of nature, which were the expression of the mind and strength of the Divine.

Having formed the Great Sphinx, the Egyptian proceeded to colour the mighty creature; he tried to reflect the deep glowing red of sunset on cheek and beard, while stripes of red and blue on the head-dress formed halo-like rays of light above the broad forehead. Long afterwards, when the Egyptians wished to depict themselves as highest amongst the national types of the peoples of the world, they used this same red colour, traces of which may still be seen on the face and body of the Great Sphinx, crouching in the desert sand of Egypt, and on the portions of the beard and uræus, which were found broken off and brought to England, and are now in the British Museum.

The beard was plaited, broad and square, and turned up slightly at the end; it represented the false beard of the old inhabitants of the Nile valley, which was fastened on by a strap round the face, and is of the same form as that we see in pictures of the kings and gods of ancient Egypt. The uræus was the hooded snake, with upraised head, which reared itself from the forehead; this symbol, the origin of which is most obscure, seems from the earliest times to have been the special emblem of royalty, both human and divine.

The head-dress which encircles the face was also reserved in olden times for royalty; it is called the "klaft," a word still used in the Coptic for the monk's cowl. It is made of folded linen striped with red or blue lines, and covers the whole of the head and the upper part of the forehead; the broad folds stand out behind the ears, and fall in two lappets in front over the sides of the chest; it forms a frame for the face, which enhances its fulness and majesty. The same head-dress is seen on the beautiful diorite statue of King Khafra at Boulak, the oldest royal statue in the world, and on many sculptures of Sphinxes and kings of ancient Egypt. Centuries later it was used as an artistic drapery for the head by the Greeks and Romans, as we see by one of the fine bronzes of Græco-Roman date, found by the French in Alexandria at the beginning of this century (page 575). At the present day the Coptic priest still covers his head with a Sphinx-like klaft, as part of his ritual dress when celebrating the holy mysteries of religion; and poor women of Mogadore wear, in their daily life, the royal head-dress of ancient kings and gods.

The head of the Great Sphinx is sculptured with far more care than the colossal body. It is evident that loving and reverent were the hands of the artists who fashioned those mighty features, encircled by the halo of the surrounding klaft. The calm of infinite peace is stamped upon the whole face, the smile is full of majesty and dignity, and is so far removed from the din of strife as to seem unearthly in its utter indifference to things below. It has been suggested that alone on the face of dead humanity can we see this smile, but it is rather the smile of superhuman divine life than the smile of death.

The broad grand brow of wisdom overshadows the deep-set eyes, which, full of faith and knowledge, seem ever to look beyond this earth into the far unseen. Time and space have passed away to him; the sun of yesterday and the sun of the morrow are to him his ever-present day. Hidden in the great natural limestone rock, he had waited perhaps for ages, longing that the veil which bound those deep-set eyes should be torn away, that he might look for the dawn. An old Egyptian myth speaks of the victory of darkness over light as represented by the Sun-god Horus blind, "sitting solitary in the darkness and blindness." In the royal ritual of Abydos we read: "I am Horus, I come to search for

my eyes." At the dawn of day his sight is restored, for though wounded in the battle, divine Light can never be vanquished; darkness is but his absence for a while. These eyes of Horus are shadowed forth to us in those of the Great Sphinx, and looking at them we feel that they will watch through endless ages.

The calm full lips are closed, the brilliant sun of Egypt shines down upon the mighty head, and crowds come and go, marring the beautiful silence around with harsh sounds; ill-timed jests and jokes are made at his expense, for to many of this generation he is a monster, they can see no beauty in the rough, broken, chipped features, they can but scoff at those who ever thought him divine.

Fifty years ago, Kinglake, the author of "Eothen," spoke of this present time with the poetic voice of a prophet:—"Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols, but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity, unchangefulness in the midst of change, the same seeming will and intent for ever and ever inexorable. Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings, upon Greek and Roman, Arab and Ottoman conquerors, upon keen-eyed travellers, Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day, upon all and more, this unworldly Sphinx has watched, and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad tranquil mien. And we, we shall die, and Islam will wither away, and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new, busy race, with those same sad earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting—you dare not mock at the Sphinx."

Yet men dare to mock, and still the calm full lips are closed, for what matter to the god the mock of the multitude? He does not hear the foolish murmur; far above in quiet repose, he still waits for the dawn, for the new sunrise of the world. Only in the night when the "yellow glory of the moon walking in brightness makes but a softer day," when the dim light has with her great cloak of charity covered up the ravages of time, and the ruthless scars of the wounds inflicted by the barbarians of all ages, the calm full lips may speak. Then, with the waves of the desert stretching around, like drifts of untrodden snow; then, stealthily rising as it were from the sand itself, in their long flowing white garments like ghosts of the forgotten past, come the tall figures of the Bedouin Arabs. With childlike faith and reverence, they seat themselves at the feet of their Father of Terror, and look up at the face of infinite wisdom and knowledge. Seated there with them, the peaceful quiet blue of the air seems full of the voice of silence, rising and falling in the stillness as it comes from those far-away lips above, telling of the never-ending day, which, though it may linger, they *know* will yet rise from the horizon in the East.

Helen Mary Tirard.

In Picardy.

THE sun is down, and twilight dim
Doth softly veil the dying day;
Long lines of poplars, tall and slim,
Between our eyes and skies of grey
On low faint light their leafage lay;
And darkness, dear to land and sea,
Full soon shall wing her noiseless way
Athwart the plains of Picardy.

Strange harvests here the meadows bear
Of stately poppies—holding high
Their dull green sceptres cold and fair:
These sealed seed-goblets seem to sigh
Of sleep that heals, of souls that die,
Of drowsy days, and death to be—
But, lifted up against the sky,
There towers a carven Calvary.

The old gods lie asleep or dead,
With all the bale and joy they wove,
With loves out-worn, and faiths long fled:
Their steps are gone from field and grove,
To-day lost Aphrodite's dove
Doth perch upon a Calvary,
Our martyred God hangs high above
The poppies of Persephone.

Graham R. Tomson.



The Latest Fashions.

By MRS. JOHNSTONE.

"Woman is an animal that delights in the toilette."—*Old French writer.*

LADY MORGAN devoted a chapter to the toilette in those sprightly volumes in which she strove to portray France as it was in 1829–30, and she headed it with the above quotation. Judging from what she tells us, the women of that date attached even greater importance to dress than we do now, though we are beginning to adopt many of the modes which were patronised then. There were only a few women who dared to set the dictates of the fickle goddess at defiance, such as Mme. de Staël, who never would relinquish the red turban of the time of the Directoire, and visited the Duchess of Angoulême at the Restoration in the same head-gear in which she had dined with Bonaparte. The beautiful, warm-hearted Irishwoman was not so courageous, and when she found that the tabinet made up after the latest modes in the *Petit Courier*, and her bonnet derived from the same source, amused the mocking, pert grisettes, she devoted two days to the pursuit of fashions. Not that the task was an easy one, for the dressmakers of those days were powers that had to be wooed without any certainty of being won. Everybody who was anybody seemed to dress alike in classic sandals, skirts draped mechanically, measured to the same length and circumference at waist and shoulders, as if every one were of the same type and proportions. We are rapidly veering towards this same error of uniformity, though just for the moment many styles are in favour. But there are signs betokening that the variety will not last. Forty years ago English muslins were all the rage in Paris, as they are now; the hair was worn in curled fringes about the forehead, together with long waists and short petticoats, after the Holbein and Perugino types. The long waists are coming to us; short skirts have come, and many of the patterns to be found in the folios our grandmothers have left behind them are reproduced now; the rouleaux and fringes with which they adorned their garments are being once more prepared.

In our ornaments, however, we have styles of our own, and the strides we have made in the treatment and application of gems are apparent in the novelties of this year of grace 1889. Small brooches of all kinds would seem to have a multiplicity of uses. Low bodices are studded with them, and many women who would run away from a toad or a mouse, wear their effigies as ornaments. Mr. Benson, of 25, Old Bond Street, is the originator of the several dainty brooches which appear at the heading of this chapter, and they are suitable for bonnet-strings, lace-pins, and other uses, as well as for evening wear. They are nearly all a combination of finely carved moonstone and diamonds, which blend charmingly together. A dainty Cupid face in moonstone is supplemented by diamond wings and a ruby-fringed tie, an arrow of diamonds for the background. Dog Toby is one of the comical designs, for these adjuncts to the toilette often boast of a comic element. The dog is cut in moonstone; the frill, in diamonds, stands well up round the face, and it is completed by an enamel bow in front.

"All hail to thee, moon, all hail to thee!"

From time immemorial the moon has played its part in feminine adornment, and as pretty as any of these brooches is the man in the moon, with the face of moonstone, the crescent of diamonds. The "Happy Family" has its spice of wit. A moonstone cat is accompanied by a diamond mouse on one side, and a diamond bird on the

other. A moonstone mermaid rests on a diamond and ruby trident, and an enamelled cherub has diamond wings. The largest and most effective ornament is a diamond witch with pointed cap and cloak, bestriding a golden broom, and it glistens well on the background of the dress.

Diamonds never were more lavishly worn in England, notwithstanding all we hear of hard times, judging from the magnificence of the display during the Shah's visit, and at the several Court receptions during the London season. Not content with wearing brilliants as ornaments, diamonds are made the centre of bows, they clasp feathers, and are turned to many other uses; the most extravagant form of ornament are the sword-belts of gems which are often now seen crossing the bodices of women of fashion.



LACE CLOAK.

There have been many and decided changes of late in modes, but perhaps the greatest have been in mantles. Mmes. Nicolle et Cie., of 171, New Bond Street, have introduced a white lace cloak of quite a new style over green silk, and lined it with pink. The lace is, it would seem, purposely arranged for the mantle, with a bordering of an important Empire design, whence stripes, sprigs, and larger devices are scattered over the whole lace. The garment entirely envelops the figure, and is arranged full on the shoulders, so forming the sleeves, though in truth these are in nowise distinct. At the back of the waist an ornament of gold and golden-brown beads forms a sort of Swiss bodice, which draws the garment into the waist, the lace above being very full. There is a lace frill at the throat. In front it is free and unconfined, falling from the neck to the hem in a straight line, like an academical robe. It can of course be equally well made in black lace, when it is likely to be of more service generally.

The pretty little mantle shown on page 583, emanating from Mr. Jay's mourning warehouse in Regent Street, is suited for wearing only in complimentary mourning unless made in different materials. The present example is a combination of grey velvet and passementerie with black lace. It has the merit of being very youthful-

looking and sufficiently warm for the chilly hours we are apt to experience when the woods catch their first gleam of gold with the early days of September. Back, sleeves, and sides of the front, are all cut in the grey velvet, and bordered with the passementerie, which is also introduced as handsome ornaments on the shoulders. The fronts are made of black lace, caught down in place with bands of ribbon ending in bows, a ribbon girdle encircling the waist. The sleeves are large and pointed, with a tassel at the points. The accompanying bonnet is in gold and silver, with a grey velvet bow, and of the fashionable close form.

There is as yet no special development of novelties in autumn cloaks, which for travelling and useful wear are made in a variety of serviceable materials, woollen or waterproof, often both, plain and figured, the more costly kinds being elaborately lined with silk. They cover the entire dress. Some that are very close-fitting have the long pendent sleeves, a mere oblong strip of stuff, but these have been too universally worn by fashionable people not to become vulgar ere long. A well dressed woman whose means are in any way limited, should never adopt any of the decided fashions which mark a particular date or season, for some enterprising tradesman will be sure to bring such out ere long in inferior stuff and at a low price which is fatal as far as Fashion goes. A full-fronted cloak, the fulness gathered well into the back, with ample sleeves, is pretty certain to be wearable for some time, if chosen of a neutral tint.



DINNER-DRESS.

At this time of year dinner-gowns for the country are in request, and the accompanying model from Messrs. Redmayne, of New Bond Street, has some special merits of applicability. It is sufficiently dressy for any occasion, and not over-smart for ordinary parties. The material of the front and back of the bodice is grey veloutine; the skirt has panels of grey plush, so lined with shell-pink that the lining shows here and there. The plush is richly embroidered in steel beads, grey pearls, and metallic sequins, with pendent drops at intervals. The bodice has revers of the plush lined with pink, also the fronts, which cross each other; the sleeve is of the full Empire form.

White is always well worn, but it is now mingled a great deal with some faint colour. A charming example of this is a white silk dress made by the same firm, the back quite plain, the front veiled with a single drapery of light green crêpe, embroidered in the same tone of silk. The design is the one most in favour now, resuscitated from the early part of this century — a conventional border with sprigs emanating from it and scattered all over the fabric. The low pointed bodice has a frilling of crêpe in front carried down to the point, like the Vierge bodices, one side embroidered, one plain. A couple of soft knots of crêpe ornament are on one shoulder, a close endless bow of white ribbon on the other. The bodice fastens in front, and is trimmed as a shallow berthe with the crêpe at the back. The effect of the soft falling crêpe on the front is light and pretty, and the colour is of the Nil shade. The short sleeves are of the handkerchief shape, made of a double fold of the crêpe on the cross.

White muslin is now fashionable once more, but the simplicity of the material is hidden beneath more important fabrics. It forms the foundation of many country party gowns and evening ones. A good example had a full muslin skirt; two broad sash-ends of yellow moire covered the back. There were no loops or any attempts at a made-up sash; the two ends were sewn in at the waist, and fell to the hem. There were wide and important panels of the same silk with a wide band of white guipure at the edge; the bodice of the moire had revers of the guipure. The white guipure of the Carrickmacross order was rich and effective.

No outfit for an autumn visit would be complete without a dinner-gown of some soft silk, and green is the shade most in favour. Such dresses are simply made

with full skirts, having often a succession of gatherings introduced on one side from the waist to the depth of half a yard. The back has long pleats which often fasten on the bodice in order that the waist may not look too flat, now that neither steel nor pads are introduced. Selvedges are permitted to play an important part, and some of the white lace dresses have the silk carried down the side, turning up at the hem, and so are brought up again without cutting and leaving the selvedge visible. A lime-blossom green brocade over Edelweiss lace is to be admired in this style. Foulards are serviceable dinner-gowns too, and grey, with a white pattern, is often worn with no trimming but long sash-ends of the material on one side, the ends blended with gimp ornaments to match. These, by-the-by, are rather too expensive an addition for such a style of dress, though they much improve it. Muslins are frequently embroidered in colours and trimmed with silk. They are new and stylish.



NEW MANTLE.

When we relinquish the enjoyments of town for the pure pleasures of the country, healthful exercise is one of the prominent charms set before us, and a dress to suit our requirements becomes a matter of moment. Each season more of the weaker sex join the ranks of sports-women as independent shots and fishers. For such, and for good active walkers, Messrs. B. Benjamin and Sons, of Ulster House, Conduit Street, have brought out a sportswoman's dress which meets every requirement (p. 584). It can be made in Cheviot, heather mixture—indeed, in all those undyed natural wools which wear so well, and change their tone, if change they must, equally all over. They last for years, as pure woollens will. In Scotland such suits are often made in certain families of the particular plaid appertaining to them. The skirt has one broad pleat in front and kilt-pleats all round. It is made short enough to show the gaiters, and there are knickerbockers of the same. The bodice is arranged as a Norfolk jacket, with a belt, a small pocket in the left side basque and on both cuffs. The wide turn-down collar makes any other collar not essential. The Scotch cap is very piquant and becoming, when placed at the back of the wide important hair fringes which the small bonnets have brought once more into fashion.

An ulster is a necessity for most women. It must be waterproof, light, and warm when needed, and should not unduly crush the dress, all of which requirements are fulfilled in the new "Marlow ulster," which is double-breasted and is gathered very full at the back of the waist. Moreover it has an accompanying cape which can be very easily dispensed with, and as easily put on (p. 584).

We are continually hearing that the reign of silk has once more set in, and that woollens will be relegated to purely useful wear; this is hardly the case as yet, though foulards and light silks have been much worn during our warm brilliant summer. At Ascot and at all the gay outdoor gatherings of the season there was no show whatever of any magnificence of attire, and if silks were worn, they were quite plain kinds and soft ones, except a few Louis XV. brocades destined for exceptional toilettes made in the style of that period. For evening wear the case has been different, and perhaps the most beautiful brocades of any period have been worn, the designs truly artistic, the workmanship exquisite, and as long trains have come in once again for grand toilettes, they show off these sumptuous stuffs to perfection. But wool has not been set aside; on the contrary, there has been an immense impetus given to the wool trade, and very fine weaving has been introduced into some of the best class of goods, in patterns borrowed from the best of all sources—Oriental designs. Cloth is not only better wrought, but is greatly reduced in price; for autumn and winter goods there will be a still greater demand for it, and for voiles and that class of thin materials destined for tennis-gowns and evening gowns, also tweeds, and fancy woollens for the better style of dresses intended for more substantial

wear. The stuffs must be good-looking if the present plain cut of skirts is to continue, and there is every appearance that it will. The most fashionable class of country gown has a skirt cut full at the back and as closely gathered as possible at the waist. It has a foundation but no drapery whatever; the front breadth has two pleats at the waist, sewn into the waistband on either side, in such a fashion that the hardness of the straight drapery is slightly broken and nothing more. There is more in the cut than meets the eye, but any one could make these skirts easily. A jacket bodice is more worn with them than any other style, the fronts loose with straight revers carried down each side. This admits of a variety of waistcoats—some full, made in silk, some in cloth or piqué plain; the full vests have a pointed girdle-piece carried across the front of the waist.

Felt and cloth hats are always worn at all seasons of the year, and with tailor-made gowns find acceptance for hard country wear; the shape of the one accompanying the ulster, the "Bournemouth," turns up on either side, and proves very becoming.

Paris may, and doubtless does set the fashions in many ways, but there are two points in which England continues to hold her own, namely, tailor-made garments, and children's clothes. There is hardly a Royal Family in Europe that does not come to London for the clothing of the younger members of its house in some portion of the year. Our Queen has just presented the young King of Spain with a charming little frock made in London of Irish poplin, trimmed with Irish point, two fabrics which find a great deal of favour abroad.



SPORTING COSTUME AND ULSTER.

It was a very dainty little garment, and yet a simple one also; just what a boy should wear, as it does not in any way confine the free use of his limbs. It consisted of a sailor shirt with a short skirt, all being made in white Irish poplin, trimmed with Irish lace laid over blue silk as insertion, which bordered the hem and was also carried round the cuffs of the close sleeve. The sailor collar, made of blue silk, was adorned in the same manner, with a lace edging; and a wide ribbon sash, widely fringed at the edge, encircled the waist.



Paris Fashions.

By VIOLETTE.

THE Exhibition has been the centre round which Parisian life has eddied through the spring, the summer, and early autumn. Its influence is dominating the routine of the shortening days of approaching winter. Every hour almost there has been something to be done at the Exhibition. In the evening it was customary to dine at the Tour d'Eiffel. Then came loiterings in the warm sweetness of the summer evenings, wanderings through the perfumed alleys and terraces of the gardens, watching the lighting up of the luminous fountain, marking the winding of the serpentine lines of fire through the encroaching twilight.

For those inclined to more active amusements, there were the Children's Theatre, where the Gitanas danced, and the Esplanade, where the Xistanoas, the Annamites, and the Javanese gathered in strange groups. The mornings, after breakfast, were generally devoted to visiting the galleries. Here many a hint could be gathered as to the prevailing fashions, and in the glass cases might be seen superb stuffs and jewels.

The fabrics displayed in the central gallery are unique examples of what can be done with the loom. The flowers woven in silk rival the colour and grace of natural blossoms in the delicacy and vividness of their hues and in the droop and sweep of their lines.

Fabrics of Oriental splendour, gleaming with gold and silver, mingle with the display of laces and furs of almost priceless value. It was unfortunate that our artist-dressmakers abstained from exhibiting. The make-up of these superb fabrics was, as a rule, inferior in the cut and draping. The graceful flow of the lines, the reticent use of ornamentation, all that lifts dressmaking to an art, was as a rule absent. The large use of trimmings, the accumulation of embroidery and braiding, the exuberance of colouring, marked many of their costumes, giving to strangers, I fear, a poor idea of our modern costumes.

In jewellery, the case was different. Our foremost artists in gems—for artists Bouchiron, Vever, Dubot, and Coulon must be called—vied with each other in the display of jewelled sprays, so delicate and supple as to suggest freshly picked blossoms touched by a fairy's wand and turned into jewels. The Exhibition of 1867 showed us the artificial flower, so skilfully imitated as to rival the charm of the natural blossom; the Exhibition of 1889 gives us the jewelled flower modelled on nature, and preserving in its radiant transfiguration all the suppleness and grace of its prototype. Anemones, lilies of the valley, daisies, orchids, wild roses, carnations, cornflowers, honeysuckle, a spray of hop-leaves, and all the pageantry of the woods, the meadows, and gardens are imitated by our jewellers, and the display inside these glass cases might well suggest a glimpse caught of some fairy realm, where trees and flowers grow in rubies, diamonds, and emeralds.

Diadems and other ornaments composed of many-coloured stones lack, as a rule, that refined radiancy of effect which is, I think, the highest charm of jewellery. Some aigrettes that look like miniature fireworks; some jewelled wreaths of fairy-like lightness, carried out in varied jewels, redeem the failure too often accompanying the use of many-coloured gems. There are also some pretty bracelets. One especially, from Vever, attracted my attention. It is composed of a series of miniature pictures illustrating the epic story of Columbine and Harlequin, wrought in enamel and jewels. Nothing, it seems to me, can compare with the luminous harmony attained by the mingled flash of two gems; rubies and diamonds, emeralds and brilliants, sapphires and pearls. To add to this a more complicated lustre, is to run the risk of destroying the effect of a simple melody, played in limpid flame.

Summer is not so much a season for the wearing of gems as are the autumn and winter. For the forthcoming balls and dinner-parties in country houses, the new-fashioned jewel is the necktie necklace, composed of a flower in diamonds, clasping at the throat the stalk which winds round the neck. A peacock's feather in emeralds and diamonds may also be thus worn. This costly ornament has just that touch of whimsical grace which makes it belong to the passing fashion of the moment.

From jewels we pass to dresses, the most important item of feminine apparel. Foulard, that most supple and graceful of fabrics, with all its charming delicacy of gay and tender colouring, remains in favour for demi-toilettes. Lace holds its sway over every other sort of trimming. It is used in forming cascades of tiny flowers; in interludes and undulating draperies. Morin-Blossier's show-rooms are full of dainty gowns destined to be worn at autumnal gatherings. In some of these dresses the tablier, the waistcoat, and the upper part of the sleeves are trimmed with insertions of lace; three or four fluted flounces edge the skirt and are repeated on the collar of the bodice. Another favourite make, very simple and countrified, was a round skirt, above the hem of which circled five insertions of lace. The heart-shaped bodies, *à la vierge*, opened over a guimpe of lace. The draped sleeves were striped lengthwise with lace insertions. A wide watered sash matching the foulard was fastened behind.

Valenciennes and Chantilly laces are used for the trimming of these gowns. The happiest combinations of colour are black and white stripes, white circled with blue, red and black, maize and white. Yellow in its various shades, and white, form one of the most distinguished arrangements of colour.

For evening wear, crêpe de Chine and Indian gauze may be used in conjunction with foulard. Crêpe de Chine falls in folds that would enchant a sculptor. Some of the most graceful gowns, into which this fabric largely entered, were adorned with foamy panels of lace with thick jabots mixed with ribbon, fastening the bodice crosswise. Fine embroideries in coloured silk tinged with gold, were placed at the hem and in bands, or were scattered over the gown, giving a crowning touch of elegance to these costumes.



HATS, FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

Embroideries will be more than ever worn this winter. Worked in the stuff, or in magnificent gold braid, in the Empire and Louis XIII. styles, they will brighten with their metallic lustre the dimness of cloth and velvet. The somewhat sober tones of plum-colour, dried raisins, old-blue, and water-green, are likely to be the fashionable shades. Furs will once more border the skirt, and edge the front of the bodice. Astrakhan, beaver, and sealskin will be the favourite furs.

Plain skirts mounted in deep pleats behind, slightly draped in front, a few lifted on one side, will be the order of the day.

Tartan dresses in soft wool, harmonising with autumnal tints, are putting in an appearance. One of grey and blue, bordered with a gathered band of white silk, was a happy example of our artist-dressmakers' skill in giving a touch of Parisian grace and originality to the make-up of the most ordinary material. A chemisette of white surah was gathered into a wide sash of black watered silk. The jacket was a quaint and original little vest apparently composed of three jackets

placed one over the other, cut square in front, each edged with white silk. The vest-bodice remained in favour during the warm weather. Cloaks are coming into fashion again as the cold sets in.

I have seen some very dainty and stylish dolmans, some pretty wraps for evening wear by the sea and for country walks in the chill October weather. These new dolmans are called the "collet Directoire." The collar is an adaptation of the Marie Médécis collar, rising up close to the ears, and finished off with a delicate rim of feathers. The sleeves are set high at the shoulders; the front of the mantle is long and pointed. These picturesque cloaks are usually made of velvet, embroidered or braided, and lined throughout with silk of delicate shades. The cushion worn at the back of the waist has entirely disappeared, and the flow of draperies follows the lines of the figure. Sleeveless jackets are growing more and more in favour. There is something very picturesque in these vests. The old masters, it may be remembered, constantly made use of the sleeveless upper robe, the sleeves repeating the colour of the under-dress.

One of the prettiest of such vests was made with a full-pleated blouse of pale rose-coloured gauze tied at the waist with a profusion of pink ribbons, the full gauze sleeves gathered close at the wrist. Over this was worn a sleeveless jacket of mignonette-green velvet, embroidered in dull silver.



MORNING DRESS, FROM THE MAISON CELY. HAT, FROM THE MAISON VIROT.

We must now turn our attention to hats and bonnets. The Maison Virot has designed the Mousquetaire hat, large and flat, for the hunting season, but it is too early still to speak of head-gear destined only for November wear. The hats that are to be worn during the late

summer and early autumn are very picturesque and simple. I noticed several hats in the Virot showrooms; and among them were a country hat, of paillasson straw, plainly trimmed with black velvet bows, and a quaint hat like a Picardy head-gear, of white pleated crêpe, veiled with black net, held in its place by knots of black velvet, and trimmed with raven's wings.

A willow-green hat of Flemish straw was bordered with a wide frill of black lace; an ample knot of grass-green velvet was placed in front, surmounted by black feathers. A hat of transparent black straw was draped with Chantilly net, and a gold ribbon encircled the crown; the feathers and aigrette were black. A picturesque Louis XVI. hat was lifted at the back by knots of maize faille and lilac velvet; a large maize feather touched with lilac wreathing the crown. A rustic hat with wide flat brim was trimmed with knots of black and jonquil velvet; a small pheasant lay flat in the crown.



COIFFURE, DESIGNED BY MLLE. MELBA.

Other hats, large and fanciful in shape, with lace falling over the brim, and feathers either falling from the back or massed on the crown, might be seen at Virot's. During the summer every head-gear seemed garlanded with flowers; never did fashionable women more resemble wreath-crowned votaries of the goddess Flora. It is, alas! easy, however, to vulgarise the use of artificial flowers, and to manufacture blossoms that are but caricatures of Nature's blooms. There is setting in a reaction against the floral hat and bonnet, and feathers are once more regaining their ascendency. No hats are so picturesque as those which depend upon the softness of plumes for their adornment. In the Louvre and at Versailles, in the portraits of fair women painted by Rubens, Lacroix, Mme. Lebrun, and other illustrious portrait-painters who understood the resources of the head-gear as a setting to the face, the plumed hat plays a great *rôle*.

A number of revived forms—attractive in shape and very becoming—are now worn, and will continue to be worn during the winter. The delicate shadow cast over the brow and eyes must always make the hat more becoming than the bonnet. A Marie Stuart head-dress, half hat, half bonnet, attracted my attention. It came down in a point over the forehead, and spread out on either side in sweeping lines. It was composed of scarlet crêpe, bordered with black lace, and trimmed in front with a chou of lace and black velvet.

A similar hat was of turquoise-blue crêpe de Chine veiled with black Chantilly net and edged with a border of lace. Knots of blue ribbon and black butterflies rested outside. A graceful and original hat was of English straw; wide and flat in shape, it was covered with billows of white gauze, tufted here and there with black velvet. Beneath the white gauze lay great pink and black poppies.

All these hats require the hair to be dressed low in the neck. During the summer heat, however, our artist-hairdresser Moirat designed, for coolness' sake, the shorter plaits. For evening parties there is a marked tendency to return to dressing the hair high on the head, brushed up from the neck. Next winter will see a return to the long side-curl and the long plaits.



Greek and Illyrian Folk-Songs.

THERE is an old Greek song—named "Chelidonisma," or the "Song of the Swallow"—which Athenæus cites as having been sung by the Rhodians at the return of spring, when it was the custom for the singers to carry a painted image of a swallow as they went about collecting offerings to be devoted to the worship of some divinity. In Greece to-day, the young men and children go singing from house to house to celebrate the return of spring, on the 1st of March, or when the first swallow is seen returning; and they, too, carry a rudely carved wooden swallow in their hands, and receive from every house, as they pass, little offerings of fruit, vegetables, and so forth. There are several songs for this occasion, but the most popular is one beginning thus:—

> "Now the swallow has returned
> From the white sea flying,
> And alighting, she has sung:
> 'March, my March, month dear to me!
> And thou, gloomy February,
> Rain and snowstorms though thou bring,
> Yet dost waft a breath of spring.'"

The songs for the feast of St. Basil (New Year's Day) are sung in the same way from house to house, and the singers rewarded by trifling gifts just as of old. The children of Samos sang lays and collected offerings to celebrate the feast of Apollo; and there are many other instances showing that the modern Greek folk-song is a descendant of the ancient; as, for example, the songs associated with various handicrafts, those designed to accompany dancing—or *ballads*, in the original signification of the word—and those named *myriologues*, or dirges sung over the dead.

In Greece, as in many other countries, blind minstrels, who wander from village to village, are the chief preservers, collectors, and exponents of the popular poetry. They accompany their songs on a stringed instrument played with a bow, which closely resembles the ancient Greek lyre. It should properly have five strings, but as it frequently can only boast of two or three, its harmonies leave a good deal to be desired. These blind minstrels are in great request at every "Panéghyri," the yearly festival held by each village in honour of its patron saint; and at which the people of all the neighbouring villages assist, sometimes camping out near the scene of the festivities for several days in leafy huts put up for the occasion. Then there is feasting and merriment, roasting of kids, and handing about of sweetmeats, then the old gala costumes see the light, and the old songs and dances are recalled.

There is a great variety of "singing-dances," for, besides those which have been handed down from immemorial times, new ones have often been composed in recent days. Each dance, however, remains always associated with its own particular song, with the spirit of which its rhythm and gestures are in harmony.

Some of these songs are warlike, others gay and frolicsome; others, again, are love-songs. Here is a well-known verse which is sung chiefly in Thessaly for wedding-dances:—

"Come out, O youths, come out to dance; come, maidens, to the singing;
That you may see, that you may learn, the way that love is taken.
First it is taken by the eyes, and next the lips doth win,
From thence it glideth to the heart and taketh root therein."

Many songs can testify that the influence of the ancient mythology is still alive among these peasants. In remote places the people will tell you of Nereids, who dance at night on the river-bank near the village, and whose glance is powerful to work evil; every stream, cave, and rock has its familiar spirit (nowadays, however, usually supposed to be a dragon); and a being, something between a Fate and a Fury, survives, in their belief, in the shape of a fearful old hag, the bringer of death—and specially death by smallpox—to children. This being must never be called by her real name, but by some gentle and pleasing one; just as of old the Furies were to be pacified by being called Eumenides. Among all the old myths, those relating to Charon have remained the most unchanged; he is the subject of many songs, of which the following is perhaps the most beautiful example. The rhythm in which it is written, and which I have tried to preserve, is that commonly used in Greece, but specially in the mountain districts, for the narrative and heroic class of songs. When in this form they are very rarely rhymed; as a general thing, rhymed songs may be considered as belonging to the towns and the seaboard, and unrhymed ones to the mountains; although, as the examples already given will show, rhymed and unrhymed lines are sometimes mingled, as if accidentally:—

"CHARON AND THE SOULS.

"Oh, wherefore are the mountains black, and dim with gath'ring tears?
Is it the wind that strives with them? is it the rain that smites them?
Neither the wind that strives with them, nor yet the rain that smites them;
But it is Charon with the dead, Charon that passes o'er them.
He drives the young men on before, the old he drags behind him,
And ranged upon his saddle holds the tender little children.
The old men pray aloud to him, the youths make supplication:
'My Charon, by some village halt, beside some running fountain,
That there the old may slake their thirst, the youths may throw the quoit there,
And there the tender little ones may gather flowers around them.'
'Beside no village will I halt, beside no running fountain;
The mothers come for water there, and they would know their children,
Husbands would know their wives again, and none could ever part them.'"

Passing on to songs of more modern origin, we find that the history of the Klephts, their adventures, and their sufferings at the hands of the Turks, form the subject of a large class of songs. It is generally known that, although their name literally means "thief," the Klephts of whom these songs are written, are not to be considered as brigands, but were men of signal bravery; who, having refused to submit to the Turkish dominion, took refuge in those mountain fastnesses which they so long and gallantly defended. Thence, indeed, they made raids upon the Turks; and sometimes, no doubt, upon the native villages, which incensed them by submitting too easily to the conquerors; they also required, and occasionally forced, the peasants to supply them with provisions when necessary; usually, however, the country people served them gladly, and regarded them with pride as heroes. At one time the Turks, weary of a useless struggle, consented that the Klephts should be incorporated into a sort of militia, composed exclusively of Greeks, intended for the protection of certain country districts, and of which the members were called Armatoles. Most of the Klephts, although not all, agreed to enrol themselves in this band, but the compact did not long hold good. The Turkish soldiery could not leave their old enemies unmolested, the rights of the Armatoles were continually infringed, and these, quick to resent injury from such a quarter, were soon up in arms again. Stories of the treachery and cruelty practised upon them abound; it is certain they were mostly driven to their mountain refuges again, thence again to make reprisals upon their enemies. Thus it is that the names of Klepht and Armatole were almost synonymous.

Already a fine and hardy race of men, their arduous and adventurous life, and the exercises they performed to fit themselves for it, developed their strength and agility to an extraordinary degree, and wonderful tales are told among the people of their swiftness in running, their skill in shooting, their self-denial, their endurance, not only under privations, but under the tortures to which they were put when they fell into Turkish hands. They were also men of great piety, and extremely rigorous in the observance of certain laws, especially that of treating with invariable respect the female captives who fell into their hands, even though they might be the wives and daughters of Turks who had done them the bitterest injuries.

Add to all this, that the Klephts were first in the field when their country rose to throw off the yoke, that to them, in great measure, it owes its freedom, and there is small wonder that they were the heroes of the people.

Most of the Klephtic songs are descriptive of their battles and struggles with the Turks, but the most beautiful of them all, strangely enough, is on a different and a less characteristic theme (insomuch as few of the Klephts died a natural death). In spite of this, however, and of the fact that other versions of it exist, I am unwilling to pass over so fine an example of the mountaineers' songs, and have therefore endeavoured to render it as follows:—

"THE TOMB OF THE KLEPHT.

"The sun was sinking in the west, and Dimos gave commandment:
'My children,* go fetch water now, that ye may sup this evening;
And thou, my nephew Lampraki, come near, sit close beside me,
See, gird my weapons on thee now, and henceforth be thou captain.
And ye, my children, take my sword, desolate and forsaken;

* The name by which he addressed his men.

Cut me green branches down and spread a couch that I may rest me.
Then fetch me the confessor here, that he may come and shrive me,
That I may tell him all my sins, all wherein I have sinnèd;
For thirty years an Armatole was I, a Klepht for twenty;
And now death has come unto me, has come—and I am dying.
Then, children, make my tomb for me, and make it wide and lofty,
That standing upright I may fight, and load my gun unfettered.
And to one side, upon the right, leave me a window open.
That so the swallows, passing by, may tell me of the spring-time,
And nightingales may bring me word that the sweet May is coming.'"

Among the songs for special occasions, mention must be made of the *myriologues* or dirges, which, like the *voceri* in Corsica and other of the Mediterranean islands, are sung over the dead by the women of the family, or by some woman of the district noted for her gift of improvisation, for an accomplished myriologist is regarded with admiration throughout the country-side.

The women collect about the bier, dressed in white as for a wedding, except that their heads are uncovered, and their hair hangs loose and dishevelled. Among the mourners may be some who have recently had another loss to bewail, and then it is not uncommon to hear them address myriologues to the dead man, which he is besought to repeat to those who have gone before; or they will throw knots of flowers and other tokens on to the bier, and beg him to carry these for them to their dead. Myriologues are also often sung at the grave during a whole year following a death.

The most numerous class is, of course, that of the love-songs; to these, almost without exception, belong the Distichs, whose terse couplets present a rare combination of simplicity and fervour.

Before giving examples of them, however, I would draw attention to the following curious song, remarkable for its abrupt transitions from tenderness to fierceness. It is sung in a curtailed form in some parts of Greece; but, in spite of some grotesqueness of detail, it seems preferable to give the whole as it appears in several districts:—

"THE CURSE.

"O golden moon, O gleaming moon, thou that art near to setting,
Go greet my love for me, the thief that stole my heart's love from me.
He used to kiss me, and he said: 'Never will I forsake thee:'
And yet he has forsaken me, like stubble in the meadow,
Yea, like an interdicted church and like a pillaged city.
Now I would curse him, but, ah me! still am I moved to pity,
And still my heart is fain for him, and still my soul is aching!
But better let my curse go forth—and God deal as He willeth
With all my sorrow and my sighs, my burning love, my curses!
Then—may he climb a cypress-tree, to pluck the blossom from it,*
And may he from its height be hurled, and down to earth be smitten;
May he be shattered even as glass, even as wax be melted;
And fall beneath the Turkish swords, beneath the Frankish daggers.
Yea, five physicians may he need to hold him, ten to heal him,
And may I, in the self-same hour, pass by that way and see them:—
'O Sirs, I wish your work good speed—good luck to your endeavour;
Suffer your knives to cut right deep, nor be ye moved to pity,
For he did make his boast and said: "Never will I forsake thee,"
And yet he has forsaken me, even as a pillaged city.
Then open, open all the wounds upon his stricken body,
Linen enough have I for lint, and sheets to spread beneath him;
And if the linen serveth not, I will cut off my aprou;
And if the apron serveth not, my gown I will strip off me;
And if for medicine ye need blood, my heart's blood will I give ye!'"

* The "flower" of the cypress is supposed to bring trouble on those who pluck it.

The following are some examples of distichs. They belong chiefly to the islands and the sea-coast, some having been heard even in Constantinople and Smyrna. The originals are all rhymed, though the rhymes are sometimes very free, and they are alike in rhythm, except that the accent sometimes falls on the last, though oftener on the penultimate syllable. The four-lined one is exceptional in form.

"My nightingale with tender voice, and wings of gleaming green,
Thou bring'st the morning star with thee—it shines thy lids between."

"Thou that art a golden tulip, seeing thee makes glad my heart,
Jessamine of the Frankish country, violet of the dawn thou art!"

"Lift up thine eyes to heaven, and let the fear of God be nigh thee,
Call to remembrance all our love, O love—and then deny me."

"My lofty cypress, bend thy head—that I may speak—more nigh;
I must but say two words to thee, only two words, and die."

"Mine eyes made question of my heart: 'Heart, why so sad to-day?'—
'And are ye blind, then, not to know your friend has gone away?'"

"O Jessamine of the western land, eastern carnation red,
May I, the day I love thee not, in thine embrace lie dead!"

"A stranger in far-distant lands, is like a wand'ring bird forlorn;
Though as the basil-plant he flower, yet the true perfume all is gone."

"When I may speak no word with thee, in passing by thy way,
My sorrow findeth no relief till I have swooned away."

"I went by hill and field, to ask the beasts of the forest, untamed and free,
If they could tell me of no cure, no way of forgetting my love and thee;
And all the land cried out: 'Go hence, what ill have I done thee, that with thy pain
Thou shouldst so sadden me, that now I cannot grow green or bloom again?'"

"Yea, songs are words, and only words—they sing them oft whose hearts are sore,
To try and drive their pain away, yet the pain leaves them none the more."

"Oh, tell thy mother, child, to make another like to thee,
That so at least one other heart consumed like mine may be!"

"Whoso without a single sigh can look upon thine eyes,
Oh, may the lightning strike him down, and the fire that never dies!"

Turning to neighbouring countries we find many points of resemblance between the songs of Greece and those of Servia, Bulgaria, and other kindred peoples. Some entire songs are known in the very same form in all these countries, and there is one legend repeated in all of them with scarcely more variation than the altering of the names. This is the substance of it, recalling Bürger's "Leonore." It is one of the sons who speaks :—

"'O my mother! mother of nine sons and of one only daughter—whom thou dost cherish, and dress her with thine own hands, plaiting her hair in the moonlight! Since they ask her in marriage at Baghdad, since they ask for thy daughter, give her to them, my mother; send her into the far country, that I may find some comfort on my way when I am journeying.'

"'Thou art wise, my son Dimitri, thou art wise; but this time thou dost counsel foolishly. Who will bring me my daughter from so far, that she may tell me whether she hath joy or sorrow?'

"Then the son took God and the holy martyrs to witness before his mother that he would bring back her daughter to her, whether in joy or sorrow.

"Two years have passed by, and the nine sons are dead, and over the body of Dimitri the mother tears her hair—

"'Arise, Dimitri! arise, my son! Didst thou not take God and the holy martyrs to witness that thou wouldest bring me my daughter back, whether in joy or sorrow?'

"And at midnight Dimitri arose, and went to seek his sister; he found her without the house, combing her hair in the moonlight.

"'Come quickly, Vékia, my sister; our mother asks for thee!'

"'Ah! what may this be, my brother? Is this an hour to set forth upon a journey? Is there gladness at home? then will I put on my golden dress. Is there sorrow? then will I go as I am.'

"'Neither gladness nor sorrow, my sister; come even as thou art.'

"And in the way as they went, in the way as they journeyed, they heard the birds saying: 'See now this beautiful maiden, whom a dead man leads by the hand!'

"'Oh! dost thou hear the birds, my brother, what they say?'

"'They are but birds—let them say; but little birds—let them sing.'

"'Ah me! yet I fear thee, my brother; there is a smell of incense upon thee.'

"'Yesterday we went to the Church of St. John, and the priests did incense us; yea, they did cover us with incense.'

"'Open the door, my mother! open! thy daughter is here.'

"'If thou wouldst deal well by me, pass on; if thou wouldst deal well by me, go thy way! My daughter is far from me, far in a strange land.'

"'Open! open! my mother; I am thy son Dimitri, who took God and the holy martyrs to witness that he would bring thee back thy daughter, whether in joy or sorrow.'

"Then the mother opened the door—and straightway her soul departed from her."

The motive of this legend is peculiarly characteristic of these Slav countries, where, as in Servia, a girl, often married against her will, is taken away from her own family and village to live with her mother-in-law in some lonely settlement. It is common for the heads of families to form, together with their married sons and grandsons, down to several generations, an isolated community, and, on entering it, the lot of the young bride—who seems usually considered an interloper—is often hard enough. So, at least, their songs would imply, for there are endless ones descriptive of her sufferings and of the way in which mother-in-law and sisters-in-law accuse her to her husband of all manner of crimes, and usually end by making away with her in some hideous fashion. Many of the songs altogether indicate a rather brutal attitude of mind towards women, and bear evidence of belonging to races in a somewhat primitive state of civilisation. Not only in these points do they differ from the Greek popular poetry, but also—and in spite of the admitted resemblance between them—in an absence of emotional expression, a dispassionate recital of facts and events. A touch of fatalism they have, and of Oriental imagery, yet of a certain mysticism withal, which bears with it an echo of the North.

These songs are very rarely rhymed; a rhyme occasionally slips in by chance, as it were, but it is seldom used throughout a piece. In the renderings that follow I have profited by the exceptions to relieve a monotony which might otherwise, in English, have become too apparent. The metres vary very much, but the commonest is, perhaps, a line of ten syllables, having its accent on the fourth.

Though there is evidence that folk-songs were known among these Slav races from a very remote period, yet few traces of mythology remain among them. The Vilas in Servia (Samodivas in Bulgaria), beings who inhabit woods and streams, are all that survive of it; and there are besides certain old lays, which seem to have belonged to the worship of some goddess. One of these—the "Kralyitchké"—is now, in Servia, sung from house to house at Pentecost by troupes of girls, who elect one of their number as queen or leader ("Kralyitza"). Another—the "Dodolske"—is sung in times of drought as a charm to bring rain, usually by bands of gipsy women, who deck themselves with flowers and leaves for the ceremony. The gipsies and the usual blind minstrels are in great demand as singers, here as elsewhere; but, indeed, in Servia every one is expected to sing, and in every country inn, or *méhana*, the *gouslé*—an instrument of very limited capacity—is kept hanging on the wall of the common room, and of an evening the best singers among the guests are called upon to contribute their store of "pesmas," or songs, to the general entertainment. Divorced from its natural surroundings the song might sound monotonous, with its interludes, between every few lines, of long thrumming on the *gouslé;* but here—among this audience of Servians and Mussulmans, sitting in groups, drinking coffee Turkish fashion, and listening spellbound to their favourite ditties—it is easy to fall under the charm of this sad and long-drawn measure.

These people, indeed, are more inveterate singers even than their southern neighbours; the store of pesmas possessed by one person is sometimes portentous; a collector once noted down two hundred and seventy from the lips of one Bulgarian woman. They have many singing-dances too—there are rounds for young girls, for matrons, and for young men, also for both sexes together. A round is named "Kolo" in Servia, "Horo" (a word borrowed from the Greek) in Bulgaria and Roumania. Here the girl who leads off the song-dance is named "Horovodka." In the gardens round about every village on feast-days, and not only then, but every evening when the women come for water to the wells, these dances may be seen; with only this difference, that to each feast-day special songs and dances belong, and that on these days more gold embroideries are seen on bodice and apron, more bright ribbons plaited with the floating braids of hair, more flowers and silver ornaments worn on the head.

After a hard day's work in the rice-fields, too, or a long dusty tramp in search of work at harvest-time, the young men and maidens will sing as they trudge home at evening, and dance their rounds at supper-time.

There exist endless ballads, too long for reproduction, in praise of different national heroes, and especially of Marko Kralievik, a Servian warrior of the fourteenth century, who "performed prodigies of valour, and lived to the age of two or three hundred." Indeed, there is a tradition among the people that he never died at all; but, like Barbarossa, retreated with his war-horse—a being as famous as himself—to a cave in the mountains, where he yet sleeps. The neighing of the horse may still sometimes be heard; and when the sword of the warrior shall fall of its own accord from the scabbard, he will awake and come forth again. One of his greatest feats was the conquest of a Vila, whom he fought in mid-air. These Vilas are sometimes represented as good, sometimes as evil spirits, but generally feared. Like the Valkyrias, they sometimes appear to strengthen and aid brave warriors; or again, like the fairies of our childhood, they come to endow a child at its birth with good or evil gifts. The confusion between ancient superstition and Christianity reaches its climax in one pesma, where the Vilas are portrayed coming to endow the Christ-child in His cradle. As in Greece, the form of a dragon is often given to evil spirits; there is an instance of this in the curious Bulgarian song given below. The following examples, taken chiefly from the love-songs of the people, will show what flowers of imagination and sentiment can exist side by side with the ruder expressions of the popular fancy:—

"'O thou maiden, thou my garden rosebud,
Whom, in thine unfolding, didst thou gaze on
Didst thou, growing, look upon the fir-tree,
Or upon the tall and slender pine-tree,
Or—now tell me—on my youngest brother?'

"'O thou youth, O thou my sun, clear shining,
As I grew I looked not on the fir-tree,
Nor upon the proud and slender pine-tree,
Neither looked I on thy youngest brother,
But I looked on thee, O youth, thee only.'" (*Servia.*)

"In the courtyard still the red sun found me,
Still upon the chase the sun fast setting;
I was on the hills, the sun behind them,
When I found beneath a fresh green pine-tree,
Fast asleep, a fair young maiden lying.
On a clover-sheaf her head was pillowed,
On her bosom two white doves were nestled,
On her lap a spotted doe was sleeping.
Here to shelter for the night I halted,
And my horse I fastened to the pine-tree,
Chained my falcons to the pine-tree's branches,
Gave to my good horse the sheaf of clover,
Gave the two white doves to my strong falcons,
Gave the spotted doe to my swift greyhound—
And for me there was the fair young maiden."
(*Servia.*)

"O thou blooming flower of beauty,
God's curse light upon thy mother,
Who so fair a thing did make thee,
And right through the village sends thee,
Where the warriors sit carousing,
And the youths their quoits are throwing,
And the brides their rounds are dancing,
And the maidens sing their ditties;
There it was that first I saw thee—
Now my heart must ache for ever!" (*Servia.*)

"A maiden, fair and young, has fall'n asleep
Out in the garden, under red-rose bowers,
Her feet lie thrust among the basil deep,
Her hands flung out among the peony-flowers.
Close by her stands, with pearl inlaid, a stool,
Thereon a crystal goblet, clear as ice,
The goblet holds a drink, both sweet and coo',
And steeped in it are heads of clove and spice.
When presently a youth doth chance to pass;
He stops and wavers, which the better were,
To drain the cool drink from the crystal glass,
Or kiss the maiden who lies sleeping there.
At home there are sweet drinks, full many a one!
But maidens, fair young maidens, there are none."
(*Bulgaria.*)

"Sister, comrade of my heart's belovèd,
Greet for me thy brother, kiss him for me,
Ask him wherefore he is turned against me.—
Yet, indeed, I reck but little of him;
There are plenty still of forests standing,
And of gentle youths that lack a mistress.
Yea, the gold will surely find a goldsmith,
He who is my fate will surely find me." (*Servia.*)

"Said a Pallikare to the forest:
'Now fare thee well, God keep thee,
O forest, mountain of Rila!
Grant us thy pardon, forest,
For that we drank thy waters,
For that we crushed thy herbage.'
The forest made him answer:
'O Pallikare, God guide thee!
All things do I forgive thee,
The herbage and the waters;
There flows fresh water ever,
There ever springs fresh herbage;
But one thing I forgive not,
That ye did break my fir-trees,
Whereof ye fashion distaffs,
And go, in winter evenings,
Giving them to the maidens.'" (*Bulgaria.*)

ALMA STRETTELL.

Lamartine.

BEING partly brought up in Paris, it was my good fortune to count amongst my earliest friends the poet Lamartine.

I remember him now, as he was at that time, a grand figure of an old man standing erect to his full height of six feet; or leaning against sofa or mantelpiece with a grace no years could take from him, and—must I say it?—casting, once in a way, a quick glance into the mirror behind him. Snow-white hair thinning at the top of the head, yet retaining something of the wavy softness of the days gone by; eyes of hazel, intensely dark, that shot out like two stars beneath the faded brow, while behind them two deep hollows sank into the temples, where the cruel fingers of care and sorrow had pressed him hard; a profile still perfect, such as might have served the sculptor as a model for a Roman poet or seer; hands sadly emaciated between the swollen joints that had suffered so much from his hereditary martyrdom, gout, and used singularly to attract my compassion, for withal they were still seemly, with transparent nails and skin; a soft bass voice, deep and low, tender as a father's, with that eerie vibration such as, if a spirit could speak, might haunt us through our earthly days; a bearing and manner befitting an old warrior of princely birth. Such was he when first I remember him.

What he had been in brighter days I could partly guess, as I grew to know him, and compare his likenesses in bust and picture. One portrait showed him in the prime of life, it was a copy from Gérard, admirably done by Mme. de Lamartine; another represented him at the age of fifty or sixty, not essentially changed, except by the whitening of the auburn hair; to this last he retained much likeness in these latter times, when his day in France was over, and the world was slipping away from beneath his feet.

Nothing could tire his energy, though much he regretted what the years had taken away. "I could live through another life," he would say sometimes, with the spirit that cannot grow old, though at other moments he was depressed and weary of life. Every morning, unless disabled by illness, he rose at five, even in the coldest winter, and after a light cup of tea, set to work five hours for his daily bread. After eleven o'clock *déjeûner* he walked or drove out, and in the evening received friends from eight to ten—his hour of rest, seldom broken through, in view of his morning's task.

He had come to bear the yoke in his closing years, after a brilliant career in youth and manhood. Well born, and magnificently endowed by nature, he entered life as a royal guardsman, but with scant means to hold his own amongst that military set. His *Méditations Poétiques* made him famous, and the post of Chargé d'Affaires at Naples was conferred upon him by Louis XVIII. An English lady of high talents and handsome fortune became his wife. After the Revolution of July he travelled for two years in Palestine, attended by his yacht and maintaining the state of a prince. As years went on, all the lands in his family centred upon him as last representative of the name, and he became one of the largest vineyard proprietors in Burgundy. His infant son was killed by an accident, his young daughter died in the Holy Land. There was none to succeed him. "Now," he said, "my country shall be to me in place of children."

He became a Deputy of the Lower Chamber, and, having forsaken the traditions of Legitimacy, renounced all party to work for France only. The Revolution of 1848 brought him to the forefront of the battle, and for some brief days he stood between his country and the red ruin of havoc and slaughter. Thanks to him, the tricolour held its own against the symbol of pillage and massacre. But this availed him nothing once the crisis was passed; the society he had saved left him to struggle on with his growing involvements, and sink at last into an impracticable slough of desperate affairs.

He came to this pass by simple ways enough; had he depended solely on his pen he might have been rich, being able to command £4,000 for a single work. The literary earnings of his life can hardly have been less than £100,000. His lands, houses, and position weighed him down. Milly, his paternal inheritance, was divisible, under French law, amongst him and his five sisters in equal shares; he bought the claims of the ladies by means of mortgages; these being at five per cent., while land yields no more than two and a half, the consequence is easily foreseen. But he clung to the house where he was born as to a piece of his own heart, and defied figures, which he hated on principle, upon this mundane sphere, although more abstruse studies of the stars in their courses had a fascination for him. My mother used to say, he was one who ought never to be troubled about so vulgar a thing as money. In fact, he used to drop gold out of his hands—when he had it—and leave it lying about the floor.

Milly possessed only a small dwelling-house of modest pretensions, but the two châteaux of Saint Point and Monceau came to him by collateral line. Between these he lived for quite half the year, keeping open house for many friends as well as his sisters, cousins, and nieces; one of these latter, Mlle. Valentine de Cétiat, devoted herself to her illustrious uncle. She was the beauty of her province, but refused all offers of marriage, and supplied, as far as she could, the place of mistress of the house during the long illness, and after the death, of Mme. de Lamartine. This lady, in most respects a model wife, was helpless as a housekeeper, despite all well-intended efforts at economy, and under such circumstances the house has a tendency to keep itself, with ruinous results to the paymaster, especially when multiplied by three into one town and two country establishments.

Moreover, the poet loved the pomps and shows of the world, with his imaginative faculty of seeing everything *en grand*. I remember his once asking me whether the Empress's surroundings, carriages, and state did not make me envious, and my answer, "No—Heaven forbid!" seemed to take him quite by surprise. This was almost the only defect I ever saw in him, this and the mad clinging to every acre of land, as if it had been his own flesh; but his poverty was increased by another and a nobler cause—he was generous to a fault.

More than one literary friend was supported by pensions lavishly bestowed and regularly paid by "as good as the good God;" all who lived about him were fed and supported out of his fast-dwindling means.

The staying company at the châteaux came and went all the same, and every summer and autumn they were filled with life. Monceau, situated only a few miles from the town of Mâcon, was the more convenient to receive a large house-party, with its vast chambers and ample accommodation for large-hearted hospitality. Saint Point, at a distance of some seventeen miles from the town, was the poet's favourite domicile; to this he added a new tower for his own occupation; on the ground-floor, a dining-room, with a very convenient *appartement* above,



LAMARTINE.

(*After a Sketch by David.*)

Lamartine, even when he wanted money to satisfy the printers who worked for him. As to his management of his estates, he was a model of what a popular Irish landlord ought to be. No rent was paid in money; he took his share in kind, after the custom of the wine-growing country, and allowed himself to be cheated by his tenants at their pleasure. He never evicted one under any circumstances. If they were bad, he kindly excused them on the plea that their fathers might have been good before them, or their children after them might improve. Then the vine harvest varied from year to year—sometimes a little fortune, sometimes a dead loss, and no fruits for the "husbandman that laboureth" to be "first partaker of," according to his Scriptural claim. Under such pressure of calamity, "Monsieur Alphonse," as his people always called him, was, in their simple phrase, two rooms for sleep and work, furnished with every appliance for writing, including piles of fancy stationery for correspondence. Overhead the same arrangements were repeated on a lesser scale, for Mlle. Valentine. The tower was built of solid stone, and rose to a height of sixty feet, forming a landmark in the country, and a rock of offence to sundry old-fashioned republicans, who did not like this expensive folly of Citizen Lamartine; but through two hard winters the work was a godsend to the labouring poor.

Another erection stood not far off, upon a small portion of land added to God's acre about the village church of Saint Point, so that it should never be touched by any creditor but Death. This was the mausoleum of his house, a small Gothic building; and thither the embalmed body of his little girl was carried from her

far-off death-place, according to a desire expressed by the child in her last moments. Here she slept with her mother and grandmother, and an old servant, so trusted and loved in life as not to be separated in that last home. This place of rest bore on its pediment above, the words *Speravit anima mea*—"My soul has hoped." The poet was a believer in our immortality, and looked for the life to come where we shall meet again. To those who held that the spirit of man should be quenched in the dust of earth, his answer was:—



LAMARTINE.

(*From the Portrait by Gérard.*)

"Qu'un autre vous réponde, O sages de la terre,
Laissez-moi mon erreur, j'aime, il faut que j'espère."

No doubt this neighbourhood of all that was mortal of his beloved "flesh of our flesh," as he called it in one of his most touching lines, endeared Saint Point to him beyond every other spot on earth. House, gardens, and low bushy forest lands were haunted by tender memories of the days of his past happiness. Yet here he seemed most sensible of that desire of life which neither time nor pain could eradicate from his strong elastic nature, and here he delighted to surround himself not only with his old friends, but with the young, the hopeful, the light-hearted; and many a time the bright bursts of girlish laughter would break through the stillness of noon in summer, when a bevy of fair bathers used to disport themselves like wood-nymphs in a cool lakelet perched in the hollow of a hill, and absolutely hidden, until your feet almost stepped into the clear blue water, beneath a dense growth of low trees. Here the younger ladies of the château used to take their morning plunge in pretty *costumes de bain*, after the French fashion, and here a select audience, composed of the matrons and fathers of the house-party, used to enjoy the gambols and mirth of the graceful swimmers.

Candid and judicious friends were always pressing the poet to effect a sale of one or other of his properties, and relieve the pressure of business, work and worry, fast dragging him down towards the grave. He listened, and even attempted to follow good advice, but somehow the evil day was put off from year to year. He clung to his land with the tenacity of a hard-up Scotch laird or ruined Irish gentleman, even though no son of his was to succeed to the heritage of woe. Possible purchasers were ashamed to offer far less than the supposed worth of the lands, as computed for the "upset price," or, on the other hand, to risk the chances of a fluctuating return for a large capital. What his income might be approximately,

he not only never discovered himself, but persistently declared, in answer to all whom it might concern, that it was impossible to know. The doctrine of averages, like faultless grammar and spelling, he cordially despised.

Of his kindness to others I have said not enough. How am I to speak of his kindness to me? From the first he interested himself in my education, and especially in my early attempts at verse, in French as well as English. On my repeating to him one in the former language, not quite irreproachable in form, he directed me to a teacher in the following thoughtful letter:—

"MADEMOISELLE,—My ear yet ringing and my heart yet stirred with your fine lines, I send you the address of a lady, also a poet, and who will be happy to initiate you, not into the genius, but into the forms of our poetical language. She is a friend of mine, and gives lessons to enable her to bring up her young family. This will be a farther claim upon your regard.

"A. DE LAMARTINE."

These juvenile productions being published, he wrote me:—

"I should wish to have, along with your works, a little notice —very modest, but very sincere—of your life scarce yet begun; your birth, places, sites, mountains, travels, &c. I shall draw my honey from this, like the wasp from the flowers. The model shall be Pico de la Mirandola, the phenomenon of the Middle Ages, the Raphael of the pen; he was like no one except you.

"A. DE LAMARTINE."

Thus was it his delight to guide and encourage the first uncertain steps of every young aspirant in whom he could discern what seemed to him a spark of that poetic fire which Burns has told us, though it lead astray, is light from heaven. During an epidemic of fever he wrote from Monceau:—

"Several people are dead at the château, amongst others the family doctor and friend. Meantime, I was pressed by my creditors—the bailiffs at my doors. Oh, my execrable country! and obliged to work day and night for an exacting public that has not your heart. Yesterday I was obliged to sign away the marrow of my bones, my estate and birth-place, Milly, at a price that represents neither the moral nor material value. With tears, I carried away with me on quitting the threshold the belongings of my mother, and relics of our family, and I wrote upon that door which I shall never pass again, 'Blessings upon this house, curses upon France! Forgive this vengeance of a lacerated heart.'"

Thick-coming troubles were wearing away the end of his life. In a less melancholy mood he wrote again:—

"I received in the country your *souvenir*. It needed not this to be present with me, being graven in poetry, and in touching friendship upon my heart. I am glad to know you are happy and free in the midst of your beautiful solitudes; like you, I pass my leisure hours on horseback, upon mountains less picturesque than those of Erin, yet dear, because there I can recall the images of those I have loved from my cradle.

"I have been to Paris for a week. I return there the 25th November to work with my painful assiduity. I shall be consoled by the knowledge that you are there, under the same fog. Friendship brightens all things. "LAMARTINE."

In Paris the iron circle of debts and difficulties still narrowed about him. He wrote:—

"You do not know how unhappy I am; one must cover one's face with one's mantle in such extremity of misfortune and humiliation; 'tis enough that God sees us. I am not as well out of it as you believe; I struggle in agony, and five hundred people are struggling along with me."

* * * * * *

"Be happy, as you deserve, and pray in verse and in prose for your friend who prays no longer, unless by sleepless nights of despair.

"Write to me; I shall not leave Paris, for I know not whether I have still a place of my own upon earth.

"A. DE LAMARTINE."

On my reaching Paris with my mother, he wrote:—

"If you do not see me, do not blame me. This morning, my dearest possessions are to be sold by auction—and five hundred souls attached to them. At the same time, the very table upon which I am writing to you is to be seized and sold, for a wretched sum that I cannot command. Judge if I despise my country, that can look on and laugh!"

Already he was changing towards the last. As the end drew near he remained constantly in the small house by the Bois de Boulogne, presented to him by the Municipality of Paris, with his niece as his devoted nurse. He ceased to write, and I heard from him only through friends; yet I did not suppose I should see him no more. He passed away just in time to escape the sight of his country's humiliation—the crowning shame of Sédan.

When the news reached me it was unexpected. The noble tree had fallen to earth, and lay, greater than in life! The keen knife of death, in separating him from us, told me how close my life had sprung up by that root, now divided for ever on this side the grave—so old and kind a friend, who guided me with the instinct of a father.

EMILIA AYLMER GOWING.

How He Got Out of It.

A SOCIETY TALE.

"BY Jove, Stair's a lucky chap!"

"Why, old man? Going to be married, eh—is he?"

"No—by all that's lucky—he has got out of it."

Such was the prologue. This was the piece.

He had drifted into it. She was very pretty, and undeniably well dressed, danced to perfection, and possessed that perfect ease and grace of movement which marks the highest London fashion and gives it the stamp peculiarly its own.

So they met, night after night, dancing valse after valse together. They sat in flowery alcoves and on twilit staircases, and talked in a manner befitting the occasion; soft murmurs, half-sentences, whispers very close to the shell-like ear. All this was no doubt very pleasant. So the season went on, and this reprehensible young man had got no further; nay, was beginning to ask himself, had she a heart to be stirred at all? Had he himself, and if so, why did her charming company never cause it one single extra pulsation? Yet he found undoubted pleasure in her society; the dances she gave him made the whole evening to him. He was never weary of contemplating the sway of her graceful figure, the poise of her pretty head, with its clustering curls so artistically arranged; and her voice was so sweet, though it was true that her conversation never wandered from the veriest commonplaces of society talk. Yet she discoursed on these in a manner which was seduction itself. Beyond taking her at the end of dances to her mother, he had made no particular acquaintance with Lady Vi (as her friends called her—a mode which we will also adopt). But one evening she said, "Will you take my mother down to supper to-night? Her usual cavalier has deserted early and gone home."

Of course he offered his arm directly with the utmost courtesy, though it must be said his mind rather misgave him, and indeed the end of half an hour's study of this lady's fascinations left him a much wiser if rather a sadder man.

But we must introduce her ladyship with due honours, as indeed she deserves. Lady Vi was, in the order of events, somewhat older than her daughter. But if this was inevitably so, as we fear it was, she was not the one to admit so damaging a confession. The one invariable compliment she expected was, "Two sisters surely! Impossible! This young lady your daughter? I must be allowed to contradict you."

In truth she was surprisingly young-looking for a lady certainly twenty years older. At a little distance you might conceivably mistake one for the other, especially against the light. The art of dress was employed with that perfection which conceals itself. Lady Vi was no doubt fully aware of all the resources of modern civilisation, and she made skilful use of them all. Her manner was even softer than her daughter's; her voice had a penetration which impressed the coldest listener. Beneath that delightful and artistic exterior, a keen and subtle intellect was constantly at work. Nor was she wont to waste its refinement on trash of books or the like. Her studies were the world in which she lived. The men, the women, who inhabit our sphere, supplied her with those objects of scientific investigation and interest which other people are said to find in the follies of the microscope and other toys.

It is also well known that, whatever subject a keen intellect chooses for its special study, the greatest proficiency may be looked for in even a short time, and this lady had not studied for nothing; she ought indeed to have graduated in honours.

So he found himself, as it were, impaled beneath a lens of searching and pitiless strength. His writhings and contortions and awkward attempts at extrication only amused his professor, and served to no purpose whatever. To turn him inside out was his tormentor's evident intention; and the victim, driven to extremity, was forced to summon all his resources in self-defence, and this is what he did.

He plied her on that evening with every attention he could devise. After supper was over he never left her side or danced again. He attended her to her carriage, shawled her with the utmost solicitude, paid no heed to Mabel's reproachful looks, nor found a word to say to her. In short, he transferred himself bodily to Lady Vi, and became from that evening her devoted and abject slave.

At Hurlingham, at Sandown, at Henley, at balls, fêtes, regattas, and garden-parties, he was her constant attendant, insomuch that people began first to titter and then to whisper. And those agreeable and good-natured remarks were freely exchanged which such little games of skill are apt to provoke. Lady Vi accepted his, and indeed any man's, attention as a matter of right and of course. She accepted, we may say, without specially encouraging them, asserting it was all on Mabel's behalf that men, and young men, ran after her so. Mabel had so many adorers, and they all paid attention to mamma as a simple matter of duty. This sounded very well, and was said very often, and was not believed by anybody.

Now Lady Vi had a husband!

II.

A husband is a fact which cannot be wholly ignored or entirely left out of the calculation by the female portion of mankind. And facts are stubborn things, and Sir Hercules was more than a commonly stubborn thing. Our hero had always behaved as if he were entirely unaware of this particular fact. It is true he had never seen Sir Hercules in outward and visible shape, for that

warrior did not in general accompany his daughter and wife, spending his time chiefly at his club in more congenial society. He might be seen looking out of the bow window in St. James's, any day between twelve and seven, attired in a blue frock, a very stiff cravat, and a buff waistcoat. Sir Hercules had served in his time with distinction, but it was a good many years ago. He succeeded, too, in maintaining a strict military discipline in his household, to which the two ladies were fain, however unwillingly, to render submissive obedience.

Beyond its limits, however, he allowed them considerable liberty of action, asking no questions, and making no objections to late hours and expensive dresses: matters which he considered to be part of the nature of women and inevitable. But there were moments when the gout prevailed, and then the raging lion of the desert was gentle compared with Sir Hercules under these circumstances. He was then, in fact, as his valet expressed it, neither to have nor to hold. At such times did Mabel flee before him like the frighted fawn; but her mother had not this liberty of escape, and was forced to listen, much against her will, to such plain-spoken verities as Sir Hercules might be pleased to enforce on these occasions. His red face would grow redder, his bloodshot eyes would start from his head, and he himself would assume the aspect of a turkey-cock when disturbances occur in the poultry-yard, as they will do, not unfrequently, even in the best-regulated of turkey-lodges.

Such was Sir Hercules; but our hero knew him not, and in all his dialogues with her ladyship, thought fit to address her always as if she were the widow of some departed greatness, the free and happy relict who could please herself, and show regard or allegiance to no man.

"My dear," said Mrs. Blair to her friend one day: it was about five o'clock; the two ladies were having tea in Lady Vi's private apartment; Sir Hercules was confined to his room by an attack of his enemy, and was raging upstairs like the Numidian lion, or indeed several of them; Mabel had gone out shopping with her maid; the atmosphere below was serene and calm—double doors shut out Sir Hercules' shrieks and exclamations. "My dear," repeated Mrs. Blair, "that's a very charming young man of yours, that Captain—what's his name? But don't you think he goes a little too far with his married ladies? Always married—*never* single." This last phrase with considerable emphasis.

"You are mistaken, my dear; indeed, never more so. He is Mabel's adorer. It has been a matter of talk all this season, and under the circumstances mothers do sometimes come in for a minor share of attention before the wedding—*très bien entendu!* Yes, he is indeed" (pensively) "a very charming young man. Money, connection, manners; all that one could wish in a son-in-law. I esteem myself specially fortunate, I do assure you."

Mrs. Blair smiled a dubious smile, and remarked that she had stayed an age and must be going. She was a woman who knew most things and suspected a few more, and repeated freely all that she knew, and a good deal that she didn't; therefore a woman with whom it was advisable to keep on the strictest terms of amity, for you never knew what might happen if you didn't. "People tattle so, that we all know," at last she observed, "but if he really is after Mabel, it must be said he has a strange method of courting; for it is *your* side, my dear, that he never leaves." The little laugh which accompanied this parting shot did not promote the slightest reciprocal hilarity in Lady Vi. "May I have your leave to say," she proceeded, "that he has really offered to Mabel, and that the wedding is soon to be?"

"Well, no, not quite," said her auditor. "Nothing *is* settled as yet. It is so much better not to talk about these things till one has seen them in the *Morning Post*. I throw myself entirely upon your discretion, Mrs. Blair. I know I can trust you." With this barefaced assurance the conference ended; but her ladyship became aware that some steps must be taken which would precipitate matters, and bring the military hero to a definite conclusion. She really wished the match for her daughter. There was no fault to find with this misguided young man. He would do for a son-in-law better than many, and she would be glad to have Mabel fairly settled in life, and be able, as she said, to devote herself to Sir Hercules, who could do without her less and less, as she was in the constant habit of affirming. And yet there were people ill-natured enough to declare that his wife turned the key upon her gouty and irascible warrior before leaving him for the engagement of the night. But then, as we all know to our cost, some people's tongues are capable of any atrocious invention, to which a virtuous ear should never incline. So Lady Vi firmly resolved to bring the young man to book, while he, unconscious of his doom, continued to frisk and play like a lamb in the meadow while the butcher is advancing unawares.

It fell out in this way.

He was to call for the ladies one afternoon, in order to escort them to the Park. But he was shown ominously into the shaded and charming room which belonged to Lady Vi, with its screens and draperies, its palms and pots, and fantastic ornaments. Mabel was not there, however, and her ladyship presently entered alone. He must excuse Mabel, she said, who had a headache, and could not go; could not, in fact, leave her room; so she would give him tea, and they would have a little quiet chat. He began to feel nervous, and his heart, under his white waistcoat, gave a sudden jump. They sipped their tea—Lady Vi slowly, as he thought, and with cruel deliberation. Presently the enemy would, as he well knew, open fire. His courage began to rise, as a brave man's will, with the sense of danger. He resolved to be no craven, and to fight it out with all the desperate valour of despair.

"My dear child has not been looking very well of late—do you think?" began the attacking force in a gentle, murmurous voice, like a dove on an elm-tree.

"Indeed, Lady Vi! In my poor opinion your daughter never looked more brilliant——"

"No, indeed," interrupted the fair speaker with much vivacity. "These constant headaches, from which the poor child suffers, are becoming, I assure you, a serious cause of anxiety. I think of consulting Sir Agnew

Darke about her. But medical treatment is too often powerless in such cases. But what is a mother to do?" and Lady Vi heaved a deep sigh.

"Advice I know is often useless," said this artless young man, "in cases of organic disease; but you cannot possibly feel any such apprehension with regard to your daughter's health."

Lady Vi's heavier guns now advanced and began to open on the position.

"I see I must speak plainly, my dear friend. Young ladies must be silent, but mothers must act freely on their behalf. Your attentions have been so marked that I fear my darling child's happiness is in danger of being compromised. She is suffering in silence, and without a word from you either to explain or to justify your heartless—yes, and I will say it—your unprincipled conduct."

Here a laced pocket-handkerchief came out, and was used with effect.

"Speak you must indeed," murmured her ladyship softly, but with great decision, from behind it, "or I must see my beloved Mabel the premature victim of her unhappy and misplaced affection for a heartless man." Tears choked her utterance; sobs shook the pretty hands which held the handkerchief, now being used as a flag of distress unutterable. Even our young man was for one brief moment disconcerted. But he felt it was now or never; and with bold determination dropped on his knees. He seized the disengaged hand and kissed it fervently.

"Now I will speak indeed!" he cried. "Lady Vi, you behold in this attitude" (and he glanced at his knees) "the most devoted of your slaves. It is quite impossible you can for one moment have mistaken my attentions. It is *you* whom I have ventured to approach through your daughter. Speak, dear lady, and make me the happiest, as I am I feel the most audacious, of men."

"Good heavens!" screamed her ladyship. "Do you know what you are saying? A declaration to *me!* What will Sir Hercules say?"

"Sir Hercules!" said the ardent swain in a modest voice. "May I ask *who* is Sir Hercules, and what has he or any man to do with my affairs, I should like to know?"

"Simply this," returned her ladyship, wringing her hands, "that he is my husband—my dear, dear old man—and that you, sir, are wilfully insulting me. Get up from the carpet this instant, and never let me see you again!"

"Married!" he murmured in the faintest accents. "Good gracious! Lady Vi, I thought you were a widow, and free I needn't say to receive my addresses, or I should never—never have presumed. What a cruel mistake for a man to make! Forgive me, if you can, Lady Vi. It is I who have to suffer." He hid his face in his hands, this hypocritical young man. Hypocrisy is always a detestable vice. "Forgive me," he pleaded. "Say you forgive, or I won't go away; upon my honour I won't," and he also showed signs of falling on his knees again.

Lady Vi rose majestically. "This interview, sir, has been already too prolonged. Begone!"—with a startling vivacity—"and never let me see you in this house again!"

"Since you are so cruel," he replied in the meekest of voices, "I must bow to necessity. But go I will not"—with stout determination, and in a much louder key—"until you say I am forgiven."

She tendered him her hand, which he kissed with the utmost devotion, bowed very low, and withdrew with a modest consciousness of having scored the trick and won the honours. Certainly it was with a sensation of defeat and mortification, that one so clever should have played her cards so ill, that her ladyship retired to her daughter's apartments, where the foregoing was doubtless presented in as good a light as it could be made to bear. But on this score we are only able dimly to imagine, and have no certain information to place before our readers.

III.

Now the truth of the matter was this:—At Ascot our youth had been presented to a young lady, daughter of a modest clergyman of the neighbourhood. "One of seven," as he was immediately informed. But it is no less a fact that this young person's blue eyes and modest ways played such havoc in our hero's susceptible bosom that he resolved then and there, at all risks and hazards, to pursue the acquaintance. That he ultimately did so successfully we may infer from the deep disgust with which Lady Vi read this announcement in the morning paper to Mabel that selfsame season at Homburg—whither we must conclude they had gone for the cure of headache, for which the waters of this delightful bath are so notorious, but which Sir Hercules was daily imbibing with no softening effect upon his temper, be it said:—

"On the 29th inst. (July), Captain the Honourable Stair de Boots to Angelina, seventh daughter of the Reverend Decimus Manifold."

"That young man always was the most contemptible idiot I ever knew," said her ladyship with a withering sneer.

PEN DRAGON.



GIRTON COLLEGE.

Life at Girton.

BY A GIRTONIAN.

THERE is, undeniably, a subtle charm about those three years which are the normal lease of life at Girton, something which makes them unique and which lends a melody to the name of Girton quite unjustifiable by rhythmic rules. There is little fear that analysis into elements, however commonplace these prove to be, will alienate from Girton "the hearts that love her;" but on the other hand, it seems vain to hope that so we can convey any adequate explanation of that love to the luckless multitude of men and women to whom she is but a name. A community exclusively composed of the British Female, chiefly in the undeveloped stage, does not sound inviting from a social point of view; nor, in spite of higher education, can we boast that the British Female is merely a type of what we at Girton have developed from, and left behind as completely as the Darwinian ape. Add to this, that the members of the said community are bound by rules and regulations irksome from their very insignificance, and have to rely on their own activity for those minor luxuries without which the life of woman is a blank, and it must appear self-evident that only an unexampled ardour for learning, a thirst for knowledge unquenchable save at the Universities, or perhaps ambition and the desire to be masculine attributed to that creature of fiction "the girl of the period," still more probably the dire necessity of qualifying for the battle of bread-winning—that such motives as these only can induce the sacrifice of three years to college life. But, *mirabile dictu*, it is no sacrifice; we like it. We do not need the memory of problems solved, of the riddles of life made clear, of hours spent in the company of the great of olden time, still less the thought of honours won, of applause and the intoxication of success, to make it so pleasant to look back, and to give those three years their special value as an epoch in our lives. However futile, the inquiry is worth making—what gives our college life this power? and it is worth asking too, why an interest and a mystery attaches still to women's colleges, while University life is taken as a matter of course for men? Comparative novelty has done service for an answer hitherto, but this persistent notion that there must be something a little queer about a college for women, and to say the least, "unusual" about the women who go there, seems to call for something more of an explanation.

Now, the idea that only exceptionally gifted women go to college, and the consequent theory that the charm and attraction lies in "intercourse with kindred spirits," and "friction of intellectual minds," is as erroneous as the notion that none go save such as are exceptionally lacking in morals and in a sense of propriety, that desire for eccentricity alone leads women to desert the beaten track of domestic life. Both theories, or rather vague notions, may be seen to be at least improbable by the bare consideration of the numbers of the students at the several colleges; when we begin to reckon women by hundreds, we cannot hope them to be all geniuses, and it is scarcely likely that all will be eccentric. But if the evidence of statistics is held to be misleading, personal acquaintance with Girtonians—of whom alone, as being one of them, I can speak with confidence—will afford sure proof to an unprejudiced mind that, "if we are anything we are commonplace." We may indeed admit that, thanks to entrance examinations and scholarships awarded on quantity of information, the standard of acquisitiveness is probably higher in students than in Englishwomen of the same age taken at random, but inspectors and teachers have ample evidence that neither wit, nor wisdom, is proportioned to amount of knowledge acquired. One is sometimes indeed tempted to suspect originality and power of utilising material, to be in inverse ratio to amount of material possessed, and at any rate it may safely be asserted that, whatever the virtue of

possessing a large fund of information, useful and otherwise, stored in one's brain, such possession in the members of a community does not tend to the enlivenment of the social life or to the above-quoted "intellectual friction." Facts are facts, and there's no gainsaying them, nor is there any disputing of knowledge of facts without a rude imputation of ignorance; there may be openings for discussion when we come to the employment of facts in new connections, but preliminary examinations are not a test of skill in such an exercise. Hence, though it may as a general rule be assumed of a Girtonian that she is well-informed, it may not be taken for granted that she will have skill in manipulating her information. We must note further that it is by courtesy alone, or in contradistinction to the "nobler sex," that Girtonians can be called women. College regulations provide indeed that all shall have reached the age of eighteen, and they set no limit in the other direction, but, as the influence of the more important girls' schools increases and their connection with women's colleges grows closer, the proportion of students who come straight from school at eighteen, becomes so large as almost to swamp the few who enter as women between the ages of twenty and thirty. Thus the schoolgirl element preponderates more and more every year—and yet it is not to the schoolgirl only, or even chiefly, that the charm of college life is palpable. Those who do come at a later period, after some years of ordinary English domestic life, feel it even more keenly than the girl of eighteen or so, who is commonly too much occupied with her own development out of the chrysalis stage to pay much attention to outer conditions, however strongly she may be unconsciously influenced by them. Nor is it in contrast to the yet more restricted life of the school that the ex-schoolgirl appreciates college; she naturally compares it, both while it passes and in retrospect, not with the life led previously, but with that which she might have entered upon in preference to her college life—the life of the ordinary Englishwoman, a life with fewer regulations and, in the majority of cases, with greater leisure and more luxury. For we will describe the manner of our life, and in the faithful representation of its toils and its pleasures—the latter small, though many—it will be seen that there is scarcely ground for the satisfaction which the "daily round" seems to convey to the Girtonian soul, nor do many traces of exceptional culture and intellectuality appear in a general survey of the community in its every-day aspect.



GIRTON GIRLS.

An early breakfast, served from eight to nine (some industrious students begin their day with a private breakfast-party at five or six, and only partake of the college meal as an after-thought), is followed by a morning devoted almost without exception to private study, or to attendance at lectures given in college by the resident lecturers, or at the numerous courses in Cambridge now thrown open to women. The early hours of the afternoon, which by common agreement of the students are considered "noise-hours," are usually given to recreation, tennis being the most popular form of outdoor amusement, and pianos, with an occasional fiddle, having full swing in-doors. After-luncheon coffee-parties are also a common occurrence, the entertainment being of the most informal description, while the hostess seldom scruples to dismiss her guests or leave them to entertain themselves if she has work or lectures on hand. From three until the six o'clock dinner silence reigns again in the college. Many classical and mathematical lectures are given at this time by Cambridge lecturers, who come out to the college for the purpose, and the students who have not lectures usually, though not so universally as in the morning, devote a part or the whole of these hours to private study. After dinner again, informal coffee or tea parties are frequent, and friends generally meet in a hap-hazard kind of way, which perhaps may be best described as "loafing" into each other's rooms. In the May term this "loafing" takes place round the grounds, and an interesting study of shawls might be made from the windows overlooking the lawn and tennis courts. The formal social duty of calling on freshers is performed in this after-dinner hour, most of the college business is transacted, meetings are held, and subscriptions to the various societies paid. In the May term it is the favourite hour for tennis, and in all three terms the fire-brigade has a fortnightly practice *immediately* after "Hall" (some of the poorer specimens of Girtonians think this a little severe, as the practice often includes a double-quick march from end to end of the long corridors; but the officers are inexorable, and catalogue all who brave their scorn and fight shy of the brigade as "ill or lazy"). From half-past seven to nine are "silence-hours" again, and then, or later in the evening, an hour or two's work is commonly done—freshers with "little-go" on the brain

are reported to get in four or five before retiring for the night, but they generally learn in a term or two that it does not pay. Nine p.m. is the orthodox hour for knocking off work and for the more elaborate forms of social intercourse, club-meetings, occasional dances, small debates, and so forth—above all for the regulation formal tea-party. There are certain points about this entertainment peculiar to college-life, if not to Girton, notably the fact that the guests bring, not their own mugs merely, but a whole trayful of refreshments. The college custom is, to send to all the rooms a tray, with a roll and butter and the materials for whatever beverage—tea, coffee, cocoa, or plain milk—is preferred by each student, and this custom greatly facilitates the discharge of the social duty. For it is understood, that when a student gives a nine o'clock tea-party all the guests take their own trays, the hostess providing only the hot water, and such luxuries as cake and jam. Thus at nine p.m. in all the corridors is presented the striking spectacle of students hurrying in all directions—sharp corners are very dangerous at this time—to their respective entertainments, balancing trays in one hand, and in the other—unless they are such old hands as to know the college blindfold and avoid all pitfalls of boots, water-cans, and unexpected angles—carrying candles in case the festivities should outlast the college lights. It is at these parties that new students are first initiated into college society, and so strong is our instinct of hospitality that the "freshman" must be of a remarkably gregarious disposition who does not find tea-parties, which she experiences in their most formal tedious aspect, grow decidedly monotonous after a few weeks.

Societies and clubs, literary and otherwise, afford variety to the evenings, but these usually languish after their first promoters pass away, the average student having little mental energy to spare from her more special work, and the exceptionally energetic having a curious preference for starting new ones, in their turn to languish and die. Occasionally also—two or three times a term—"big" debates are held, and are always well attended by listeners and critics, if not always by speakers.

But in whatever forms of social intercourse the gregarious spirit of the community finds a vent, at Girton as elsewhere the great "stand-by" in all is conversation. Tea-parties are varied indeed by games and music, but even this is unusual, hostess and guests alike having little mental energy at the close of a day's work to spare in originating new entertainments, and falling back naturally on the "talk" that requires no preparation. In clubs the order of the evening is usually a paper on some given topic, followed by talk. But it is not in clubs or debates that the spirit of the community is made manifest; at these, subjects are discussed from a sense of duty, and very seldom, if ever, because they are the topics uppermost in the mind. It is the general unprepared conversation which affords the index to the intellectual state of the talkers, and in which they treat of the things oftenest and most easily appearing above their mental horizon. Now, of course there is a certain variety in the general conversation of nearly a hundred students; now and again one will chance at dinner upon a clever talker who will lead the conversation and breathe something of her life into her neighbours, while the other end of the table may be kept at its lowest level by a college gossip. But after all allowances for diversity of taste and character have been made, there remain certain features characteristic of Girton conversation, which are significant both in their connection with the conditions of college-life as they are at present for women, and as showing how small a part the pleasures of intellectual intercourse play in attracting and chaining our affections. Of these features, the most obvious is the constant tendency to lapse into "shop," and the equally constant lamentations over this tendency. For at Girton we are deeply interested in the development not merely of our individual selves, but also of the community; we are penetrated with a desire to convince ourselves and others, that the excellences of Girton and Girtonians are many and their defects few, and since we have a fair share of candour, and are open-minded to the errors of our neighbours, even when Girtonians, this interest and yearning after perfection shows itself in a speedy complaining against objectionable features. So when, as events proved, the effect of bringing together a number of women with no common domestic interests, with no ties of kinship, and with few if any mutual friends, and of substituting for these the interests of lectures, study, and examinations, was, as regards conversation, the exchange of small society talk for equally small talk about lectures and lecturers, or, with those whose study is all-engrossing, for discussion of special points and problems intelligible only to the initiated; when, in short, it was seen that small domestic and society small-talk was only abandoned for small "shop," then the righteous indignation of all rose against their fellows—classical shop was condemned by the moral sciences, moral science shop by mathematics, and so through the whole circle, little-go shop above all scorned and abused. For serious evils stringent remedies, and the remedy attempted has been the discrediting of all talk in any way relating to the subjects studied in the University course, the tabooing—in theory, at any rate—of all "shop," whether small or wide (or perhaps it would be truer to say that the possibility of wide shop is not recognised), as a subject for conversation. For even this severity there is doubtless ample justification; the college mentors, whose irrepressible murmur "shop" so frequently reproves offenders, may plead the rudeness of talking a shibboleth unintelligible to others present, the desirability of discussing on every opportunity those larger issues which affect us all in common as human beings and as Englishwomen, the refreshment to be obtained from a complete change of mental scenery. Nevertheless, the effect is not altogether good, either as regards study or conversation. It tends to the more complete separation of learning and living, and makes the problem of how to bring study to bear on action just a little tougher to solve, while it also narrows the topics of conversation, shutting out, it is true, only certain topics which, as commonly treated in college, are of very limited interest, but not substituting wider ones, and excluding just that one limited topic which calls forth most mental effort and which runs accordingly a better

chance of being handled with force if not with width. The reformers who so kindly take upon themselves the cleansing of the college do not—doubtless from a merciful unwillingness that we should lose the power of speech—forbid the discussion of collegiate interests; and thus, without looking beyond the college walls, there are still left to Girtonians—as such—the general topics of the progress and doings of clubs, societies, debates—tennis-



AT THE LECTURE.

matches and the chances of players are a great resource—and, when all else fails, college gossip and the eccentricities of our neighbours. These things are preferable to politics and literature, for they call for no wear and tear of the brains, which must be reserved for study, and since the censors let them pass in respect of their generality, it is of no consequence that they are a trifle small. So, whether through a wise forethought or simply because it comes natural, it remains undeniable that, notwithstanding constant lamentations over sins of omission to read papers and current writings, nearly all the disposable energy and brain-power left over from work is devoted to purely collegiate interests, and if any is given to the doings of the outer world it is only the dregs and the leavings. The general conversation then is not merely narrow, but "all round small"; the debate secretary pounces down like a hawk on the rare individuals who show signs of interests big enough, and hobbies wide enough, to look well as subjects of debate, and her task of finding such is no light one. But, as our self-accusations and mutual exhortations to reform seem to show that this state of things results neither from our prudence nor our pleasure, it must be that conditions make it not only natural but incurable. And, in fact, if we look at it from a common-sense point of view, uninfluenced by the vague notions which the general public still entertain about Girton and Girtonians, the insipidity of our general society is precisely what knowledge of the circumstances would lead us to expect. The units composing it are, as has been said, for the most part at the stage where the girl passes into the woman. This is the egoistic stage—not at all a selfish one; on the contrary, with those given to reflection (and we are commonly given to reflection at Girton), it is the time when the notion of self-devotion to something, or somebody, has most attraction. But it is egoistic, inasmuch as this same self, whether devoted or otherwise, is the centre of interest and receives constant attention. It is the age at which what *we* do with *our* lives seems of paramount importance, and at which there is no *merging* or *forgetfulness* of self in others or in a "cause" (to use the somewhat vague expression of the day), however much *devotion* of self there may be; the self devoted, not the cause, is the main thing. It is also the reticent age, an age when, though some of us feel unique and have ideas (very vague ones) which would revolutionise the world, yet they are all too big for utterance, and the reformation of the world seems of less moment than the desecration of our thought by the vulgar forms of speech. They are all so much a part of ourselves too, so entirely original, and of our very flesh and blood, that modesty (perhaps also a consciousness that our lives are not as great as our ideas) and a dread of ridicule alike help to back up reticence. It is not till later in life that the feeling that right is right, though we do it not, that truth is truth, though we believe it not, modifies our dread of being found inconsistent, that *our* action and *our* faith are lost sight of, and that talk becomes impersonal even when earnest.

The only adequate explanation appears to me to rest in two complementary features of college life, the one that, however narrow, it is the life of a community; the other that it affords free scope for the recognition and

development of individuality. There is nothing new in either of these features to a man; he would be struck merely with the smallness of the community as compared with the wider one in which, as an ordinary citizen, he has abundant opportunities of playing a part; and as to his individuality, may he not in ordinary life not only develop his own, but also leave its impress on his whole family—or at any rate on the feminine side of it? But a woman very often realises at college for the first time, that she *is* a unit in any community larger than her own family circle or social "set," and for the first time takes a recognised place and has definite duties to perform in such a community. The satisfaction with which the humblest college offices are accepted at Girton is almost incredible. The carriers of chairs for debates, the bearer of the rattle at a fire-alarm, still more, the "subs" who clean the engines, have arduous and unpleasant tasks; nor is there any general recognition of their services pursuit of place. Thus at college, although the passive interests even of a woman may be narrowed—for she not only takes no part in outside doings, but is also to a certain extent more isolated than at home from those who do—yet her sphere of action is widened, and she gains an influence and place in a community, which she has never consciously possessed before.

The other point is less apparent. It would seem as if independence were sacrificed, and individuality swamped, rather than increased by a common life in which each has to submit to rules and regulations for the good of the whole. But the rules are purely external, and though their restraint is taken on, yet the constraint of family custom and habits, and especially the family way of looking at things, which is very strong on the younger women of a family, is thrown off. At college, no one expects, or takes it for granted, that a woman will speak or act in such-and-such a manner, and to such-and-



A STUDENT'S ROOM, GIRTON COLLEGE.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Stearn and Co., Cambridge.)

which could gratify a thirst for power or importance—yet it is all in the service of the beloved college, and is therefore done with alacrity and even pride. And up to the very threshold of the tripos, college business continues to be transacted without a murmur by all students, save the few who devote their whole talent and energy to the such purpose; every one is free to develop her own point of view, and is judged on her own merits without fear or favour or previous expectations. This not only leaves us free to develop our own individuality, but also lends us a pleasant sense of importance; we are no longer mere parts—excrescences, so to speak, of a family—but, on the

other hand, we find that in the estimation of our neighbours the characteristics which are really family ones are judged as though they were peculiar to ourselves; we are no longer merged in our family, but as much of the family as we have adopted into ourselves is merged in us—we are responsible for our absorptions as well as for our new developments.

This sense of real independence and individuality is fostered also by the mode of living, the private sitting-rooms, with the possibility of complete solitude without fear of interruption or even comment, obtainable through the simple expedient of a placard "Engaged" on the door. When one has acquired too many connections of friends and acquaintances in the college to have any fear of involuntary solitude, then it is a great boon to have the power, however little exercised, of shutting out the whole crowd of social pleasures and duties, and mentally careering at large, as it were, without stirring beyond the limits of a small room. But at first the consciousness of a possible complete isolation from one's fellows is rather trying to the feminine mind, and the new student who feels that if she remained in her room all day no one would know, much less care, is apt to think herself rather a "lone lorn creetur." This acquired incapacity for solitude frequently also drives students into prematurely formed sets, so that the greater independence of life and thought is sometimes relinquished before realised. Still, the ties of sets are breakable, and even when unbroken are not so close or so all-pervading as family ways and manners. So that this compound charm remains, that one may develop as an individual and independent unit, while having a distinct place in a community with the power of consciously working in and for it. Sometimes, also, we realise at college for the first time the possibility to women as well as to men of having a definite place, and doing definite service—whether directly or indirectly—in the larger community in which we live, and then we realise also that in college life, coupled with the education and hard work which gives humility and steadies us with a sense of our own insignificance, that in the life and education together we have had a fit training for playing a part in this larger whole, and have been taught that the dignity of action depends not on itself, much less on its recognition by others, but on its relation to the whole.



COACHING THE GIRTON EIGHT.

We cannot anticipate that women's colleges will cease to be unintelligible and mysterious to the outer world until it comes to be generally recognised that it is desirable that women's lives should cease to "lie stagnant in the round of personal loves," that women should—not abandon, but—look beyond and so see in a clearer light the "daily round" which is all in all to a large majority. When this is really taken to heart and not merely assented to in words, then it will be comparatively easy to show how college life may not only teach this looking beyond in spite of its own narrowness, but may also, through the sobering effect of even small responsibilities, avert much of the supposed danger of a wider sphere of action for women; while in the education which teaches to distinguish accidents from essentials, and to penetrate below surface-differences, will be found the best safeguard against hasty and destructive thought as well as action.

French Women Before and After Mme. Campan.

CLASSIFYING, labelling, arranging her royal mistress's robes, and by-and-by doing likewise to the women of France, this was the mission of the forgetful Mme. Campan, who wrote in 1810 to the Emperor Napoleon the following: "Sire,—Henceforth the women of France will be saved from *ignorance* and prejudice through *instruction*." * Such a statement, ere the after-glow of those brilliant centuries, the seventeenth and eighteenth, had died away, is in itself an avowal of the grossest—or shall we say most wilful?—ignorance, an allegation whose flimsiness it were scarce worth our while to touch upon, but for the thought that even a superficial nomenclature will suffice to illustrate those two centuries. Let us, however, not deny this random assertion its one and only redeeming point, its candour. "Four days after the 9th Thermidor,"† wrote the future directress of Écouen in 1812, "I realised the fact that not only I, but my aged mother, my invalid husband, and my nine-year-old boy must live. All that was left me in the wide world was a bond for 500 francs, and 30,000 francs' worth of my husband's debts. Nunneries were done away with. With a view to establishing a boarding-school I selected St. Germain. At the end of the first year I had sixty pupils; after the second, one hundred." Starvation—let us not mince the matter—that great incentive to feminine activity, according to Cousin,‡ had then decided her fate; yet so utterly did she fail to realise the deep import of her new duties—so lightly did she regard her stewardship over hundreds of budding young hearts and minds—that the confession, which seemed at first sight to come from pure candour, must partly, too, have sprung from the promptings of natural callousness. To assume an arbitrary right of *instructing*—the right of acting in the mother's place, and taking out of her hands the sacred function of cultivating the virgin soil, of imparting with judicious measure the leaven that must carry her child lightly over the sharp stones and heavy roads on this life's journey—are obligations which none but a mind so narrow as Mme. Campan's could have undertaken so readily, and summed up in the one word *instruction*. Let this, then, be the monument of her mediocrity. Was her mind ever beset with perplexities and lofty scruples, such as those of Mme. Necker when she wrote—"Let not the mind be swamped with learning"? or of Mme. de Maintenon—"Let a woman above all take heed of her actions before her theories?" § or of Kant, that "it is a woman's province rather to admire the stars than to inquire into the science of astronomy"? or, lastly, of De Maistre, that "a woman may attain unto the sublime, so it be sublimely womanly"? ‖

Our mention of Mme. de Maintenon here is not with the intent of either comparing the two women or their callings. St. Cyr differs as widely from Écouen, as Françoise d'Aubigné from Mme. Campan; the former used to spend her days minding geese, dandling Mme. de Montchevreuil's babies, and lighting fires. Mme. Scarron writes—"Mme. de Montchevreuil was perpetually in bed, either with child or through sickness. I, free from both, took care of her house, did her accounts, and all her business. One day I sold a calf; the people who bought it paid for it in pennies; they had no other coin. I was never a moment without the children; whilst teaching one to read I bandaged the crooked legs of the other. They would apply to me in the most trifling household matters. Of course I lent a hand where it was needed. And this is the way, children, to win love." ¶

As for Mme. Campan, she was not deriving the smallest benefit from the refinement and affection with which she was surrounded. Her royal mistress's affability, and that of all her superiors, had no effect but that of souring her temper. That which might have acted as a good influence never penetrated to her inner nature. Mme. Campan never learnt to be a *lady;* Françoise d'Aubigné never ceased to be one. In both cases the traditions of race rose above the mere accidents of condition. The essence of elegance and refinement, or the sternest privations, were alike ineffectual in disguising their respective origins. One of these women retained to the last the instincts of a gentlewoman; the other merely the outward semblance.

Walkenaër tells us **—"At five years old little D'Aubigné, barely covered with a few rags, was playing in the prison-yard where her father and mother were confined for debt; her playfellow was the gaoler's little daughter, who, in her childish vanity, prattled of the pretty dresses and fine toys she possessed. But see the poor mite, fed with the bread of charity, lift her proud little head, and say to her companion, "It is true, I have no pretty clothes or toys; but—I am a *lady!*"

It was the desire to alleviate the sufferings of her equals by birth—sufferings or humiliations inflicted by sordid poverty—which suggested the plan of founding

* "Éducation secondaire des Filles," by Octave Gréard, of the Académie Française, Rector of the Académie de Paris. 1 vol. Perrin, Libraire Académique.

† "Éducation secondaire des Filles," pp. 14, 15.

‡ "Woman has but two incentives to turn her passiveness to activity—a pronounced talent, or the pinch of poverty; and poverty is the greater of the two." (Introduction to "Jaqueline Pascal." 1 vol. Perrin.)

§ "Éducation secondaire des Filles," p. 143.

‖ "Soirées de St. Pétersbourg."

¶ "Entretiens aux Demoiselles de St. Cyr."

** "Mme. de Sévigné." 6 vols. Vol. iii., p. 465.

St. Cyr. Its pillars did, as it were, spring out of the very heart of Françoise d'Aubigné, and the widow Scarron was spurred and impelled upwards by a soaring feminine destiny. Écouen was the fungous growth of an accident—the coincident meeting together of two practical minds. In a word, the same materials were in the one case the stepping-stones to an ideal perfection, in the other the tools of a commercial venture. "After the first year I had sixty pupils," &c.—words more expressive than volumes.

The code Mme. de Maintenon, Bossuet, Fénelon had prescribed for themselves was *education;* Mme. Campan's was *instruction.* Hers was the plan of enforcing one generally applicable system, of reducing all the pupils to a commonplace dead-level, as regardless of their social as of their mental degree. Under Bonaparte, *education* was more beneficial in single than in agglomerate cases. *Education,* which in those days meant successful and unscrupulous self-assertion—a training to self-advancement as indefinably individual as it was barren—education rendered hopelessly desultory and impracticable, suddenly found itself comprised within the wholesome and indicative terms, discipline and *instruction.* The Emperor placed the men of France in uniforms, Mme. Campan put college caps on the heads of the girls. *Education* was not suited to the spirit of the age; the sowing of its seed was too laborious, the appearance of its fruit too late. Fénelon probably never learnt what was the success he achieved with the Princesse de Marsillac, the first pupil of his catechism, nor the admiration she awakened in the Abbé Boileau. "I have met the Princesse de Marsillac several times. During Fénelon's directorship she acquired that precious art of 'carrying her heart in her hand;' her countenance was full of peace—not lighted up with joy nor darkened with sorrow."

But even Fénelon's directorship over that timid, rash, wayward being called woman might have proved inefficient had his previous experience been solely derived from the "Nouvelles Catholiques;"* as it was, the Bishop of Cambrai made the valuable discovery of the "Psychologue," in which St. Simon makes the following trenchant remarks on the Duc de Bourgogne:—"At nine years of age the Duc de Bourgogne knew every passion, courted every pleasure. His pride was such that he regarded men as atoms. Before long Fénelon had conjured out of this hollow heart a gentle and moderate prince, humane, patient, humble, but stern to himself."† In 1810 *education* had run its career; *instruction* took its place. Mme. Campan's denunciation against her countrywomen we can only attribute to voluntary blindness. Had she but once attempted to look around her, she would have found that the subject of feminine excellence offers difficulties only on account of its perplexing abundance of examples. Mme. Campan has a secret spite against the old *régime,* and that is the long and short of it! Queens, princesses, duchesses are not her idea of literary women.

A Marguerite de Navarre, the friend and pupil of Marot, who could enter into profound matters with bishops;‡ a princess, Anne de Gonzague, a friend of Descartes, of whom the latter wrote to her sister-in-law§—"Those are the kind of philosophers I like; none of your wrinkled, crabbed faces, but a creature full of grace and charm."‖ A Henrietta of England, proclaimed by Bossuet "the most intellectual woman in the world!" After queens and princesses we have great ladies in plenty—Sévigné, Lafayette, Grignan, Sablé, Rambouillet, D'Angennes. Then, nearer Mme. Campan's time, Du Châtelet, D'Épinay, Sabran, Luxembourg, one and all classical scholars. Ah! their rank!—that is the crime Mme. Campan could not condone. But still there are others, of no rank whatever, of the *bourgeoisie,* whom she chose to ignore quite as systematically. Little Perette Josse Badé, daughter and wife of a bookseller, for one, who knew five languages, assisted her husband, Robert Étienne, first publisher royal to François I., in all his work, translated manuscripts for him, and spoke with ease both Greek and Latin, in 1530.¶ After Perette Étienne we have Mlle. de Gournay, Montaigne's "daughter of alliance," as she styles herself, to whom we owe the second edition of the "Essais," 1832, and whose only failing was a bad pronunciation.**

As for the seventeenth century, it is quite as richly garnered as its predecessor. "The women of the seventeenth century possessed in their hearts and minds not only traits, but pages which would have done honour to the greatest writers."†† In some women of that century, especially in Jaqueline Pascal, the mind, though of the highest order, was even surpassed by the nobility of the character. It was Jaqueline who Cousin declared could enchant the sternest and most scrupulous judges; it was she also who wrote: "I would die as readily to preserve the inviolability of the Church as I would to acknowledge my God.‡‡ But my conscience refuses to assert that a thing is in a book when I have not seen it. What have we to fear? A prison? A forfeiture of our earthly possessions, or death? Is not that our victory—should it not be our joy?"

Such eloquence is not the fruit of genius alone, but in a greater measure of that unremitting cultivation of the soul's noblest faculties—in fact, a *moral* education is the soil from which spring the above words. There is no trace of *instruction* in it, but so perfect a self-training and discipline as to make her surrender life cheerfully to

* Fénelon's first directorship was with the "Nouvelles Catholiques," an order instituted, as its name indicates, to encourage zeal among the newly converted nuns.

† "Histoire de Fénelon," by J. E. Roy. Libraire Perrin.

‡ "Marguerite de Navarre had a great leaning towards theology, her correspondence with her confessor giving us strange illustrations thereof, as, for instance, her definition of the mystery of the Incarnation." ("François I.," by Mme. Coignet.)

§ Elisabeth de Bavière, Princesse Palatine.

‖ "Corréspondance de Descartes avec la Princesse Palatine," by the Comte Foucher de Cereil.

¶ "François I.," by Mme. Coignet.

** "I do not pronounce Greek quite purely, but it makes no difference in this book, for by it I can express my gratitude to the great men who have helped me to edit the works of Montaigne." (Vol. ii., Introduction, p. 73.)

†† "Jaqueline Pascal," vol. i., Introduction.

‡‡ This letter was addressed by Jaqueline Pascal to la Mère Arnaud at the time when the persecutors of Port Royal were trying to extort the signature of the Formulary.

the dictates of her conscience. Death, whose advent Jaqueline had foreseen when she signed the Formulary in obedience to Rome, of which she had written to Mother Angélique Arnaud, "I feel it will be my death," came to her in 1661.

But since Mme. Campan's imputation of "ignorance" was intended to apply to the minds, not the souls of her countrywomen before 1810, we would refer our readers to Jaqueline Pascal's letters written at Clermont in 1647 to her sister Mme. Périer, which will give a glimpse of her mind. The grace with which the sister (Sœur Sainte Euphémie *) opposes her brother Blaize's discoveries on the pressure of atmosphere against her friend Descartes' reasonings, the freedom with which she handles the most slippery points of orthodoxy, but the wisdom too and humility in Jaqueline's every thought and expression, make up mental qualities worthy of this brave, modest woman's heart and conscience.



Madame Campan.

(From a contemporary Portrait.)

To our thinking two factors should be brought into consideration to account for the excellence of the seventeenth-century women—factors which Rousseau in his fifth book of "Émile" brings into great prominence: "A child brought up in the country, gradually learns from a daily intimacy with nature to recognise the harmony of her laws." In the busy solitude of the country the child's mind becomes filled with knowledge, and so, out of contemplation comes meditation.† Moreover, by reason of this perfect harmony the child will be unable to indulge in any of those flights of imagination which are as hurtful, at that age, as disproportionate physical gymnastics. A surfeit of masters is as fatal as a surfeit of doctors.

Speaking of the schooldays of Marie de Bussy Rabutin, Walkenaër writes: "From 1634 to 1644, that is to say, her latter years of study, were spent at the Abbey with *Bien Bon*, who was her guardian from the first day; whilst Chapelain and Ménage, her professors of literature, proudly watched her successes." In 1692 the Marquise recalled her early expansion thus: "Never was childhood more happy and smiling than mine."

Before her mental gaze a vast horizon, at her side a mentor religiously performing the duty of unfolding and improving the child's faculties—these were the healthy and naturally progressive conditions which attended a little seventeenth-century girl, without pressure or haste, on her path to womanhood. Teaching as a trade had not then been resorted to.

The many frivolities with which girls of the nineteenth century are beset, and which in a very short time drive out all memory of their superficial acquirements, were not thought of then.

In the eighteenth century the *great* French heart, from which, according to Cousin, sprang all the valour of the nineteenth, had ceased to exist, or at least its throb was a mere shadow of substance, as theory is that of practice. The pulse which vivified Port Royal and St. Cyr ebbed itself slowly away now into weak sentimentalism. Treatises took the place of *doings*. And yet *education* for better or for worse had not quite died out in the eighteenth century—for worse in the case of the Princess Massalska, for better in the case of Julie Caron, the sister of Beaumarchais, a sufficiently valiant woman for the seventeenth century, sufficiently well informed even for Mme. Campan, had Mme. Campan, before writing the words which suggested these pages, deigned to glance at her immediate surroundings, the middle classes and her own contemporaries.

Beaumarchais' memoirs are crowded with letters from Julie, sparkling and witty in five languages—at home on every subject—art, history, literature, politics, morals; this clockmaker's daughter discourses, not only with the assurance gained by earnest study, but under the bright influence of her brother's intellect.

The "Henceforth" with which Mme. Campan opens her ban and her remedy against the past ignorance is, therefore, but an empty boast—a boast to which we have desired merely to draw attention in these columns; a thorough refutation would lead too far; it would

* Jaqueline's monastic name.

† Let the reader study what Mr. Ruskin says in "Præterita" on the education of the mind and soul in the garden at "Herne Hill"; on the attention evoked in the solitary child by every item of nature's treasures: pebble, blade of grass, or leaf; on the faculty of attentiveness leading straight to meditation and earnestness of purpose.

require us to select two or three of those exalted women, each in separate conditions and centres, enframed as it were by the successive incidents of life, each excelling triumphantly in the wealth of her especial gift; in devotion to love, as Mme. de Longueville; in sublimity of the soul, as Jaqueline Pascal; in intellect, as the Comtesse de Lafayette.

At least as much space would be due to every one of these portraits as we have assigned the superintendent of Écouen. The woman of the seventeenth century, at Court or in a convent, from her earliest childhood upwards, moulded her mind upon her soul. Her strictly religious training, which began with her as soon as her faculty of speech, taught her the *use* of her soul simultaneously with the use of her missal.

The "Great Monarch's" *compatriotes* were homogeneous, individual; each girl was mother to the woman. It is impossible to know them all merely by Descartes' correspondences, and Mother Angélique's with Anne de Gonzague; but we may greatly increase our acquaintance with them by turning to the pictures of those times; to a Lebrun, to a Mignard even, who did now and again lay aside his audacious colours and paint a Royal Baby with the warm brown hues worthy of a Philippe de Champagne. In that long-robed, beruffled, demure-looking little maid we behold the full-grown woman in whom the flames of enthusiasm, so long pent up and concentrated during the years of her childhood, are now burning fiercely—enthusiasm in maternal love,* enthusiasm in religion,† in contrition,‡ in political courage during the wars of the Fronde.§

The chief attraction in the seventeenth-century woman is her entire womanliness, the reliance she places on her "great heart," as Cousin says, to perform great deeds, to conceive great thoughts, to be great in endurance. The seventeenth-century woman in France has climbed the loftiest pinnacle of noble ambition.

Did there never fall on Mme. Campan's path one single ray or glow from that undying fire on the mountain? or was her apparent neglect a silent homage? or, lacking that faculty of blindly admiring, did she "abstain from want of understanding"?‖

Mystery of mysteries! But what cared the contemporaries of Bossuet for that? Pascal says—"The glory coveted by *them*, the glory they so often describe in their writings, was not to *live long*, but to live *well*—not to survive by reputation, but in the esteem of a few."

YETTA BLAZE DE BURY.

* Mme. de Sévigné.
† Port Royal and Mme. Guyon. ‡ La Vallière.
§ Les Femmes Vaillantes: Duchesses de Chevreuse, de Montbazon Mme. de Hautefort, Mme. de Lafayette, &c. ‖ Boileau.



Dutch Costumes.

THE women of Holland are slowly but surely giving up their distinctive head-dresses and costumes. In some places the tide of modern costumes has made such way that ancient dresses are kept as curiosities, and only put on hastily on the advent of a stranger, who, of course, is expected to pay toll for the sight of them. In quiet out-of-the-way towns and villages, the *vrouws*, however, still wear the plain sombre-looking black gowns, long plain aprons, and close-fitting caps over a silver or golden head-ornament of the "blinker" nature, and their thick-set, sturdy figures might well have stepped straight out of a canvas of an old Dutch master. Unfortunately, however, too many of them endeavour to combine the old fashion and the new, and without leaving off any of the ancient head-coverings, they adopt a modern bonnet as a crowning beauty.

It would be rather interesting to discover what amount of hair a Dutch woman possesses under her head-gear, for she evidently makes it a point to hide it all, if she possesses any. Also one can but wonder whether she suffers from headache more than women of other nations, on account of her numerous caps and ornaments. It is no uncommon thing to see a fairly well-dressed woman of the farmer class with a tight-fitting skull-cap, either black or blue, and entirely hiding the hair except a wisp tightly drawn back on the forehead; over this is worn a silver or golden ornament, rather helmet-shaped, fitting tightly over the top and front of the head, finished at the sides with flat, chased ornaments, round in shape, setting close to the temples. This again is covered by a snow-white cap, often of finest lace, or net and lace combined, the back of which is pleated like an old-fashioned bonnet "curtain," and falls on to the neck and shoulders. Lastly is a modern bonnet of straw or lace, with plenty of ribbons, flowers, or feathers, tied under the chin with very long strings, for the English fashion of short and narrow bonnet-strings does not seem to have found favour with the Dutch *vrouws* of the middle and lower class. Besides the ornaments at the temple, and which are attached to the "helmet," one or two pairs of pins are usually worn. These are gold, silver, or pearl, and the pins are very long and fine. They are used to fasten down the lace cap on the temples, and the fancy heads are left sticking out rather high. Sometimes, also, small closely woven screws of artificial hair (like the old-fashioned hair-wrought ornaments of our great-aunts and grandmothers) are fastened on the temples by means of these pins in addition to the other ornaments. These little rings or screw-curls I noticed particularly at the Helder and Nieuwe Diep, where they seemed very popular. They all appeared of dark hair, or darker than the hair of the owner, as far as this could be seen, and when worn against a fair complexion had a most extraordinary and ugly effect. The golden and silver ornaments, pins, &c., are often heirlooms, and probably the "hair-screws" are too. The shapes of the "helmets," "blinkers," and other metal head-gear, also the caps, appear to change in every district, and although the change is slight it is marked, so that in South Holland the whole effect is quite different from that when you arrive in the North. In Friesland also the style varies greatly, and here, although very fine lace caps are worn, the poorer women wear no outer caps or bonnets, and their heads glitter brightly in the sunshine as they walk along with their tight uncomfortable-looking helmets surmounting the close, black skull-cap. On market days in the towns a great variety of caps, bonnets, and ornaments is to be seen, from the farmer's wife in a comparatively modern bonnet worn over a cap and helmet, a large mantle and ordinary stuff gown, to the poorer women in lilac print aprons, with a close cap of thick muslin, knitting, or crochet, worn as usual over an inner skull-cap of black, either with or without a helmet, according to their circumstances. The daughters of farmer-folks appear to wear modern garments, made in somewhat antiquated fashion, however, following the native fashions only in the number of necklaces, chains, and heavy ear-rings, with which they load themselves.

At Lemmer, an out-of-the-way seaport on the Zuider Zee, we made the acquaintance of some humble folks, who in the most natural way invited us to their tiny house to partake of coffee on a Sunday evening. We had had rather a dull day on board our yacht, as there was but little to see at Lemmer, and we were charmed to visit the home of this *aardappelen handel*. The husband, whose acquaintance we had first made, introduced us to his *vrouw*, a portly lady, who weighed two hundredweight, as her smaller half proudly told us. She was a Friesland woman, and wore the golden helmet of the peculiar Frisian shape, and over it a cap of finest lace falling low on her ample shoulders. An ordinary black gown was partly covered by a Sunday apron of black satin, and earrings and necklace of large coral beads completed her toilet. Her daughter, a big ungainly young woman of six-and-twenty, was very much inferior to her mother both in size and appearance, and her common dress of modern make was hardly improved by the cheap and vulgar bracelets, rings, &c., which she wore.

The helmets and crowns of the Dutch women have hitherto been prized and handed down from mother to daughter for generations, but it is probable, judging from the numbers (old ones) now offered for sale in the jewellers' shops, that the custom of wearing them will gradually die out, and that in some future time they will be shown and worn only as curiosities, as some of the national costumes now are.

In the larger towns, and notably in Amsterdam, one sees the most immense variety of "crowns" and caps.

These, varying in every district in Holland, are all, more or less, met with in Amsterdam, as each woman remains faithful to her own style, and in the crowded and busy streets, amongst the ordinary modern dresses and bonnets of residents and strangers, are mingled every kind of cap and "crown." From the street leading



DUTCH GROUP.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Davies, Norwich.)

from the quay, may often be seen a group of Marken fisher-folk making their way into the city, for shopping purposes. The men wear voluminous and baggy garments—easily mistaken for petticoats at a short distance—fastened in at the knee; a short coat or jacket, with under-vest, often of red; gold buttons fasten the neck, and huge silver buttons are worn at the waist; a high cap and immense wooden sabots completing the costume. A more grotesque figure could hardly be imagined in a crowded city than the Marken fisherman as he slowly strolls along, long pipe in mouth, and his baggy garments widely extended by his hands being thrust in the pockets. The women, and fortunately the young girls and children, still cling to their own dress. A little girl on a fishing-boat, anchored "next door" to us at Amsterdam, was the prettiest little thing imaginable, and the most comical resemblance to the older women on board. Her serge skirts were of darkest blue bound with red; a close-fitting vest, square in shape, was of different colours back and front, whilst a handkerchief was worn on the shoulders and crossed in front. The sleeves were composed of under and over ones, the former close to the wrist, the latter short and loose. The vests or bodices of the Marken girls give one the idea of breast-plates rather than bodices, the effect is so square and stiff, and the fronts are often composed of wondrous stuffs both in colour and pattern, and covered with coloured embroidery. These bodices are frequently heirlooms. My little girl, who looked about seven, wore the usual thick white cap entirely covering her head, higher behind than in front, with a round crown, some what like an old Quaker lady's cap. The only hair visible was in a long fair curl brought forward over each ear, and hanging down the cheek.

The fisher-folk of Urk Island also keep to their own dress. The nether garments of the men much resemble those of the Marken fishermen, with a loose coat with big buttons, and a round, high cap. The women's costume is more sombre than that of Marken, but an Urk girl presents a pretty enough figure in her short, black skirts, short tight-fitting sleeves reaching to the elbow, a sleeveless vest in coloured cotton stuff, with close white cap and apron.

Besides the groups of fisher-folk, and the women from various parts of the country displaying as many varieties of head-gear, there are many interesting figures peculiar to Amsterdam, and frequently to be met. There are a great many orphanages and charitable institutions in Amsterdam, and one of the prettiest Dutch costumes is that of the girls belonging to the Protestant Burgher House This is an orphanage founded in the sixteenth century, and the boys and girls still wear the dress arranged by the foundress, half red and half black—*i. e.*, one side of the figure is all red, the other black. The girls look quaint in their dresses, although the boys cannot be so much admired, with the division

cutting straight down the centre of the back and chest. But a pretty girl of eighteen I met on a Sunday was altogether charming. Her full skirt was half red and half black, the join being in the centre, back and front. The sleeves were tight and reached only to the elbow, with close-fitting white sleeves or mittens to the wrist. A trim white muslin fichu covered the bodice, while a close white cap on the head just allowed her silver head-gear to show beneath. The younger children wear pinafores, and many of the elder ones a white apron to match the fichu. I can recommend this costume as decidedly becoming to any one wanting a simple dress for a fancy-dress ball.

The *Aanspreker* is a strange figure, peculiar to Amsterdam. He is a doleful-looking man in funereal black, with a three-cornered hat, having long black streamers. His hands are full of black-edged envelopes, containing invitations to a funeral, which he leaves at the doors of those summoned to the last sad function.

men and women well grouped in each room show the old Dutch costumes in their original quaintness. It is amusing to watch a country Dutch woman in an odd mixture of old-world and modern clothing, gazing as interestedly at the garments of her ancestors as an English stranger.

At Leeuwarden, too, the ancient capital of Friesland, there is a beautiful model room copied from a famous room at Hindeloopen, which is shown to strangers as a "sight." If unable to visit both places, the former will give one an exact representation of the real one. The priceless old blue tiles, ancient stove, carved cradle, &c., are all there, as well as model figures in the old Hindeloopen costume, which has quite died out, and is only donned for the benefit of liberal visitors at Hindeloopen itself.

One quaint figure, peculiar to Holland, ought to be mentioned before this slight sketch is finished, and that is the signal-woman at the country railway cross-



Dutch Women and Children.

(*From a Photograph by Mr. Davies, Norwich.*)

A stranger visiting Amsterdam would be hardly likely to omit visiting the Ryks Museum, but in the vast rooms and galleries full of splendid pictures, the rooms fitted as Dutch domestic interiors of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries might perhaps be overlooked and forgotten, especially as they are in a lower portion of the immense building. They are well worth studying—the tiled walls, the old carved furniture, china, and presses being perfect, and the life-sized models of

ings. Over her ordinary stuff gown and print apron she wears a long, dark cloth cloak, with a high red collar. And over the usual white cap tied under her chin she wears a high, very shiny black hat, in shape like a man's tall silk hat. In her hand she holds a small red flag, and as one passes along in the leisurely way peculiar to Dutch trains, one after another of these wooden-looking figures is seen, reminding one irresistibly of the "Mrs. Noahs" of our childhood.

L. Alice Davies.

The Kakémono Frame.

STERN moralists are suspiciously unanimous in taunting the rest of us with a craving after novelty. "A morbid craving" they are fond of calling it. Whether those very sages who condemn our love for trifles that, in spite of their novelty, are no doubt pure foolishness to their wise eyes, are not themselves equally anxious for unused ideas, or at least new light in which to present old ones, it would be impertinent to ask. At least we share this love of change with Nature herself, who unceasingly bestows upon us new variations of old forms: every successive leaf on a tree is slightly varied from its predecessors; each detail of the ever-shifting clouds is, to a great extent, absolutely new and, compared with our memory of previous effects, absolutely unique. Yet, in the artificial stress of these over-filled days, the very multitude of new things persistently offered on all hands may become actually wearisome, and pall upon our jaded senses. Fortunately, perhaps, it needs not the experience of the "oldest inhabitant" to recognise that most of these "startling novelties" are but dainties dressed again—merely a revival, in recurring cycles of varying length, of fancies that charmed many generations before ourselves, and cease to tell with the vivid surprise of peremptory novelty to any except the very youthful.

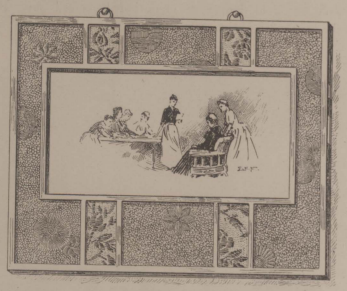


Fig. 1.
(*Designed by Gleeson White.*)

Oddly enough, one of the newest departures 1888 bestowed upon us, appeared in a hitherto extremely conventional article of furniture, if indeed a picture-frame is rightly so classed. It is an elusive article to index, and slips from "Fine Arts" to "Domestic Implements" with easy rapidity. Yet in this class of manufactured articles or "fittings" (the American word, cheap and handy, as imported, being once more a refuge in a dilemma) came the most pungent flavour to render the stale *menu* of a picture-show a piquant and delicate feast in itself. The frames that Mr. Mortimer Menpes brought back from Japan, and used wherein to exhibit a most suggestive and satisfying group of sketches, were distinctly fresh and novel to Western eyes, while there is room for a latent suspicion that they would be almost as unfamiliar to the almond-shaped Eastern ones.

A study of these *bibelots*, mixed with a recollection of the adjacent Kakémonos, hung in the same building as the Menpes Japan collection, naturally suggested the further development it is the object of this paper to describe, and lent the idea here paraphrased and adapted. It is quite necessary to insist on this form of apology; to say one tried to imitate or borrow is a confession of weakness; but to paraphrase, or adapt, implies—so the speaker usually manages to convey by his tone—the choice of the best, the rejection of all common-places that weakened the original, and the insertion of those final touches from the brain of the adapter whereby the whole is rendered an improvement (*his view*), an utter failure (*other people's view*).

It may be confessed that Mr. Menpes' frames are only capable of one alteration, and that is—spoiling them. But from the Kakémono itself there are, maybe, other variants derivable, which lend themselves more readily to amateur decoration, and employ the specially feminine art of the needle to complete their adornment.

Variations on a beautiful theme are apt to succeed only in vulgarising the subject. Yet, as in music there may be Sydney Smith variations, and Brahms, so, in spite of trifling with a theme that has its most subtle and reticent charm in dignified simplicity (witness the exquisitely etched frames on an ivory-like surface, invented by Mr. Theodore Roussell), the variant here attempted is too trifling and evanescent to be taken as a really serious effort of art. If it is "chic," which is not quite certain, that is the highest it may dare to claim. Yet we all love "chic" fancies at times, and are fascinated by their witchery for a short season.

To evolve a frame for ordinary houses from the motive of a Kakémono is the attempt of this paper. Possibly the girls of to-day can wield a plane and chisel, hit the right nail on its head (in place of the wrong one on their finger), smooth a board as well as a kitten, and even cut a dovetail. There is an idyllic touch about the latter technicality of joinery that seems to suit the idea to the capabilities of sweet sixteen. But it may be—happy thought—that even feckless girl-carpenters have brothers or poor *protégés* among invalids and derelicts of the working class, who are available to carry out not wildly exacting joinery under direct supervision.

A well-made frame to hang upon one's walls is not a merely useless bit of bric-à-brac. It has, too, distinct advantages over some other drawing-room adornments, from a masculine standpoint. You do not carry it off (as you do an antimacassar) in unconscious felony, hanging from the superfluous but insistent coat-buttons, that once, so history says, helped to support the sword, but now only assist in supporting the tailor. You do not tumble

over a frame as over the unnoticed but omnipotent hassock. Neither does it sweep in vicious circles to alight upon your head with a dusty flop, after the fashion of the Aspinall-enamelled palm-leaf fan. It does not even call for too much praise, lest thereby you wound the susceptibilities of the picture it encircles.

Yet the average frame of the mildly artistic room is not a very decorative article. The spiky Oxford variety has gone, but the terrible Alhambra moulding (its official title, I believe) yet stridently marks angles of cheap gold upon our walls.

There are beautiful modern frames, of course. Mr. Whistler and his school have shown excellent daring in the matter; bold, and not too bold, they have recaptured old devices and given them a new lease of fame, besides trying with great success not a few new departures.

But the motives herein set forth are not so much frames for pictures that are valuable enough or good enough to demand elaborate settings, but rather the frame as a piece of bric-à-brac—another decoration to evolve ingeniously from our own resources.

The Kakémono is a Japanese hanging picture made either of silk or paper, planned to roll up after the fashion of the maps that, on the schoolroom walls of our youth, told such magic in spite of their nasty little black letters, indistinctly wriggling beneath yellow varnish, and losing themselves among rivers represented by worm-like black lines, and chains of mountains, studies in conventional ornamentation derived from the common (or under-a-greenhouse-flower-pot) centipede. Yet the decorative triumph of the Japanese picture is singularly unlike an English map in all that it shows on the surface thus presented, though they are near relatives in structure, for the purpose of each is to be displayed at intervals, and to pass the rest of their existence rolled up away from sight.

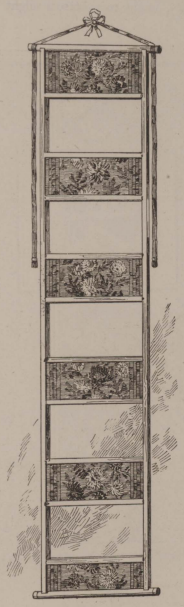


Fig. 2.
(Designed by Gleeson White.)

The whole space of the Kakémono is (almost without exception) divided into a panel for the picture itself and borderings of elaborate decoration, where the splendid fancy of the Japanese invention evolves the most sumptuous conventional ornamentation, never challenging direct competition with the picture so enshrined. The wonder, never ceasing to excite fresh admiration, is to understand how the artist balances his work so that all this lavish wealth of gorgeously emblazoned framework never crushes the central panel. We know how easily a frame may kill the picture it professes to adorn, and still more often how picture and frame show conflicting interests, at the best suggesting a mere compromise, at the worst showing only too clearly the truly English notion that all but the highest expression of his art is held by the average painter contemptuously beneath his notice. This, however, by no means holds true of certain modern schools, where the setting of his work, be it picture, poem, or play, is entirely controlled by the author himself, who takes fit care that the externals needed to complete the public exhibition of his labour shall be as harmonious and helpful as he can by any means make them.

It is evident that the Kakémono pure and simple cannot find favour with us; it is an exotic needing the fertility of Eastern brains to grow to perfection. Besides, it is ill-suited for our habits and needs; an English Kakémono would be a mere affectation; if good, it would be far too precious to use in our smoke-hung cities; if bad, and merely a weak imitation, it would probably unite the worst native taste with a flavour of imported vice to make it still more disagreeable.

The notion of planning a decorative frame on the usual lines of the Kakémono is so clearly shown by the designs accompanying this paper, that its construction may be quickly explained.

The rollers, a feature of the original, are preserved; the feigned panelling of the Kakémono proper is reproduced in simple lines of wood, so that the whole structure is firm and unyielding, allowing glass to be placed within the central panel to protect the painting itself. The various spaces left between the outside panel and the picture are intended to be filled with pieces of brocade or embroidery, wrought purposely to adorn them. (Fig. 3.)

The object is only to produce a dainty piece of bric-à-brac to enclose some trifling sketch, or possibly a real Japanese picture, *not* to frame therein a conscientiously elaborated landscape of the older English school, or a figure subject, whether *genre* or portrait, of a highly wrought conventional type, but for a clever impression in water-colours, a brilliant portrait-sketch of the naturalistic school, or a poetic landscape with merit, but hardly important enough to be treated seriously. These in divers ways may either be strong enough to carry off the somewhat bizarre frame, or ephemeral enough to serve as part of the decorative scheme and add a pretty patch of colour to my lady's chamber.

The strips which, hung at either side of the top rail, served originally to tie the cylinder when it was rolled up, might yet remain in Orphrey fashion, as decorative pendants to the frame.

The woodwork should be treated very simply—painted with one of the much-advertised enamels, or gilded a shade of green or red gold; or even painted black, with

a hand-wrought design of gold, in the fashion of the decoration on Japanese lacquer.

The shape must be governed by the size of the picture, the brocade available, or any already existing conditions, but within reasonable limits very much variation is possible.

A long frame, built in the same fashion, for a series of sketches or photographs, is suggested in Fig. 2. Fig. 1 shows a frame keeping the idea of panels and decorative filling, but treated otherwise in the conventional style.

Japanese gold leather-paper, or lincrusta, might replace embroideries and textiles for the panels; in the latter case the lincrusta should be painted either the same colour as the frame, or a suitable harmony, say a pale salmon-colour with a white frame; or the frame turquoise, with a green the colour of the bloom on a leaf of sage for the panels.

The woodwork of these frames is of the simplest construction; they are not even mitred (joined at the angle of 45°) as ordinary picture-frames, but put together like a school slate. Picture-frame moulding being inexpensive and everywhere easily obtained, it might be cheaper to use it; any village carpenter or ingenious amateur can overcome all the difficulties in the way. I saw one made rapidly, with a knife, a small hammer, and a few very fine nails; it grew to completion in one evening, and when finished in green gold bronze with panels of a raised material similar to lincrusta it looked extremely well, and was a suitable shrine for a little water-colour head, and a pleasant object in itself, suggesting a convenient way of utilising odds and ends of rich materials, in place of the inevitable antimacassar or washboard splasher, too frequent in bazaars and similar collections of fancy work. The rollers at the top and bottom might have ivory or bone caps, but if that is not feasible a strip of embroidery might be wound round them. On no account should turned ends, after the style of the map rollers, be added.

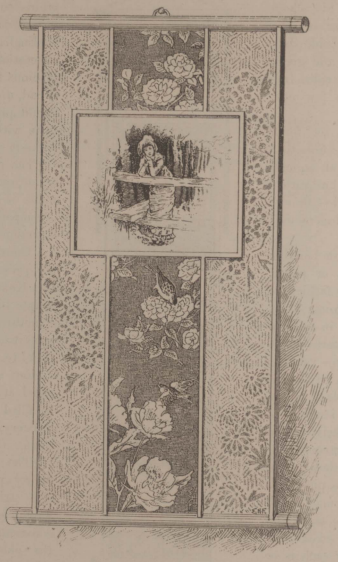
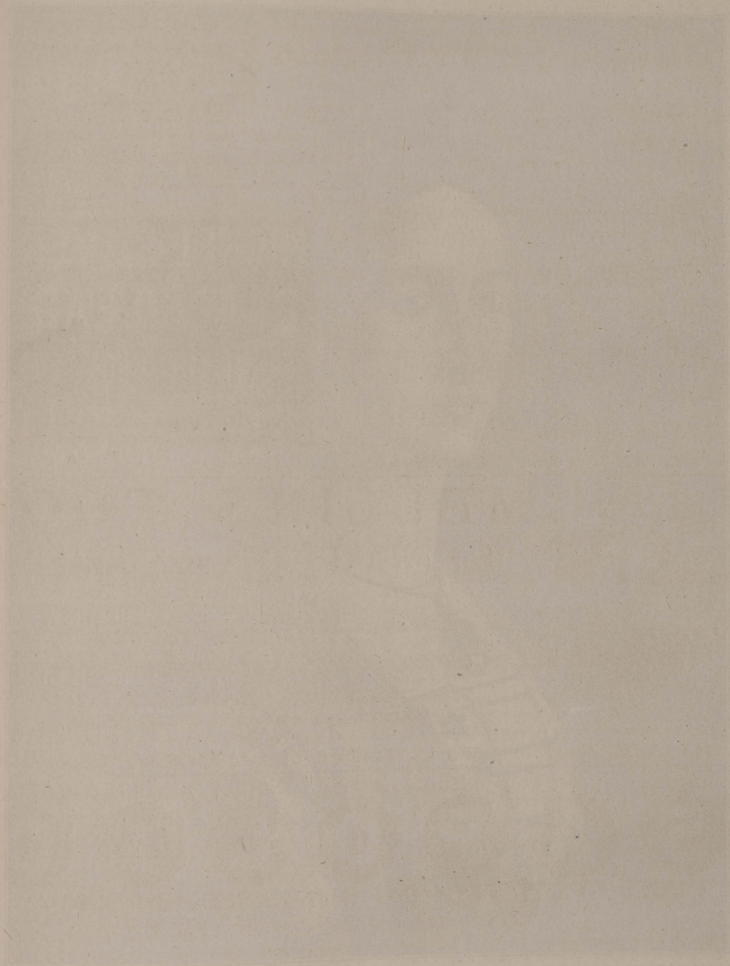


Fig. 3.

(*Designed by Gleeson White.*)

It is very difficult to express the full effect of a new thing in black and white, whether you throw the ink into words or lines, to make it convey its sense to the ear or to the eye. Still more hard is it to explain at once the effect and the way to secure it. When we see the mechanism of the illusion, the marvel vanishes and the pleasure exists no longer. So, if a Kakémono frame does not appear a desirable thing here, it is the fault of its sponsor, since in itself it is, when well made, an exceedingly pretty bagatelle.

GLEESON WHITE.



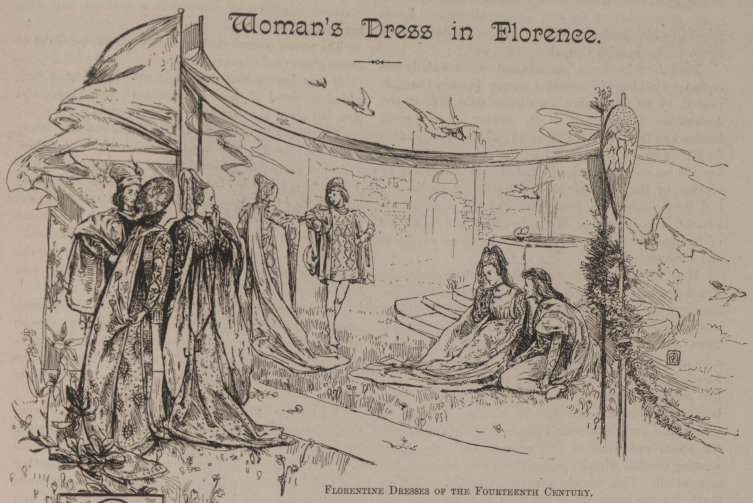


GINEVRA DEI BENCI.

(From the Portrait by Ghirlandajo.)

(See p. 622.

Woman's Dress in Florence.



Florentine Dresses of the Fourteenth Century.

(See p. 622.)

THERE is a great deal of chronology in a woman's gown, and not a small amount of history may be read in its form and style at different epochs.

This is especially true in Florence, where the gowns of all ages are preserved to us in fresco and painting, so that we may trace in them, as in her art, and the architecture of her churches, the influence of Greek and Roman, of Lombard and Goth.

We see the Roman "tunica" growing into the pretty mediæval garments that Botticelli and Lippi loved to paint, the Greek "chlamys" expanding into the regal mantle of both the Christian Madonna, and the matron of the Florentine Republic; while the flowing robe, open at the side, of the Longobardic women was modified into the elegant "zimarra" worn by Italian maidens, and in which Fra Angelico clad his angels. These are the three sources of Florentine costume, and the earliest conjunction of them known in portraiture is, I believe, in an illuminated MS. of the eleventh century. It is a poem in honour of the Countess Matilda of Tuscany, written by Donizione, and now in the Vatican Library.

This grand woman was a friend of Pope Hildebrand (Gregory VII.), and she ruled Florence in its earliest days, when she lived in what is now the Archbishop's Palace near the Duomo; in the illumination of this ancient MS., she is represented as wearing a robe of blue with hanging sleeves, richly bordered with cloth of gold, and a large crimson mantle fastened on one shoulder, and trimmed with gold and gems, in a high setting of the coarse Lombard fashion. The same kind of work is to be seen on the purse and ornaments of the Lombard Queen Theodelinda, at Monza, and Matilda still adopting it some centuries later, would seem to prove that the beautiful art of embroidery was not common in Italy even in her time. She wears a conical cap of gold cloth, and a Madonna-like veil falling on her shoulders—the wimple of the Florentine matrons.

This dress has become very familiar to us, for the early artists took the dress of the most honoured matron of their times as the typical costume of the Madonna. It is true Byzantine artists adopted the mantle for their Madonnas, but the wimple or veil beneath it is certainly mediæval Florentine, but so late that even Cimabue and Giotto did not often adopt it. The only difference artists made between the sacred and the royal was in the manner of wearing the mantle. In religious pictures it is fastened in the centre of the breast, or if worn over the head is left loosely falling; but regal personages wear it fastened on one side, with a large "borchia" or brooch. The fashion would seem to have been Byzantine, for just as the Countess Matilda wears her mantle, are the Imperial Honorius and Constantine represented as wearing theirs in the mosaics of Ravenna.

The wimple has also been preserved to our own days in the dress of several orders of nuns. The close wimple

of the Dominican sisters, wound beneath the chin, is the exact counterpart of the veil on the allegorical figure robed in white samite edged with gold, in Taddeo Gaddi's fresco in the Spanish Chapal.

That the "Madonna" mantle and robe was really the ordinary clothing of Florentine women in early times, is proved by an interesting black-letter folio MS. in the Laurentian Library. It is an account of the great famine and the prices of corn in 1329, by Pier Guglielmo da Monte Santo. The full-page illuminations illustrate various scenes of the times, such as the hospitable reception, by the Florentines, of the starving people who had been driven out from Siena at the point of the sword. The foreseeing Florentines had laid up a store of foreign corn and portioned it out in rations to citizens and strangers alike.

Here we see that the women are clad precisely like Fra Angelico's angels and virgins. A matron wears the loose purple robe and wimple wound under her chin; another the same style of dress with the addition of a large red mantle over her head; a third has a green robe and flowing veil reaching only to the shoulders; a fourth is clad in a long dress open at the side, and wears her curled hair uncovered. To the initiated it would be evident that the first two are matrons, the third a young wife, and the fourth unmarried, for the veil marked the social condition of the women; only the elders wearing the full wimple, brides the short veil, and girls none at all. This wimple appears to have been a long scarf, for the ends, which hang on the shoulders, are represented as being embroidered or woven in stripes. The Sienese women in the MS. are distinguished from the Florentines by a high velvet cap bound with fur, worn over the veil.

The widow's dress had also its distinguishing marks. She wore a large veil of "bisso" (lawn) and mantle of Florentine "rascia" or serge.* If she wished it to be known that she would not marry again, the mantle was worn over the head. She also wore a long scarf across the shoulders, the ends of which were for the first year of widowhood fastened into the waist-belt, the second year they were allowed to fall a little below, and the third year left loosely flying to the ground.

This emblematic characteristic of dress could only be possible where fashions changed little, and we are told by Vecelli that during the three hundred years before he wrote in 1500, very little change had been made in style; the feminine garments being always the "guarnello" or under-robe, and the "zimarra" worn above it, with the veil and mantle for elder women. The only changes that had taken place were in the fashions of sleeves, and in the material of which the dresses were made. In the early days of the Republic, the "guarnello" and "zimarra" were simple in form and rough in material. The burghers' wives wore a red camlet dress, with a waist-belt of leather, and a mantle lined with fur. This dress reminds us of Dante's description of his first sight of Beatrice in the "Vita Nuova:"—"Ella apparvemi vestita di nobilissime colore umile ed onesto sanguigno, cinta ed ornata alla guisa che alla sua giovanissima etade si conveniva" (She appeared to me robed in a most noble colour of dull and honest blood-red, girdled and adorned in a manner suited to her youthful age).

The poorer classes of women wore a similar dress of coarse green stuff ("cabragio").

It would seem that the whole art of dyeing at that period consisted of these three colours, red, green, and blue, but about the year 1200 a change came.

The monks of the order of the Umiliati had lately settled in Florence, in a convent then outside the Port' a' Prato, and, setting themselves to the manufacture of woollen stuffs, founded the "Arte della Lana." They had brought from the East some secrets in the art of dyeing, and were especially famous for their "chermisi," a brilliant scarlet, which soon superseded the "honest blood-red" of Dante's Beatrice. They made a canal connecting the river Mugnone with the Arno,† and used it for the washing of their wools.

At the same time the "Arte della Seta" was instituted, the silkworm having been imported from Greece by King Ruggiero, who also brought over Grecian workmen to teach the Florentines. It is said that the first patterned silk made in Florence was woven in 1200 from the design of the inlaid pavement of the Baptistery.

With improved materials at their disposition, Florentine women naturally began to adorn themselves more richly, and the Oriental art of rich embroidery in silks and gold having also been brought westward—together with the Byzantine fashion of putting gold backgrounds to pictures—dresses began to take a touch of finer art. The plain red robe was beautified by an embroidered hem, and a collar worked with gold thread; a rich gold or silver waist-belt, worn loosely, took the place of the simple leathern one, and women were so much more costly to dress that Dante began to pity the fathers who could not find "dote" large enough for their daughters ("Paradiso," canto xv.). This feeling very likely accounts for his approbation of the old-fashioned dull red gown of Beatrice, and the curious adjective "onesto" as applied to it.

As time went on, the demand for plainer silks being satisfied, the "Arte della Seta" began to make more elaborate materials, and, mingling gold and silver with their silk, brought forth from their looms the most exquisite brocades, while women embroidered their robes in lovely colours till each "zimarra" was a work of fine art. The veil was woven of gold threads instead of plain linen, and the goldsmiths, following the artistic leading, made beautiful buttons and sleeve-fastenings for the matrons, and garlands to bind the flowing curls of the maidens.

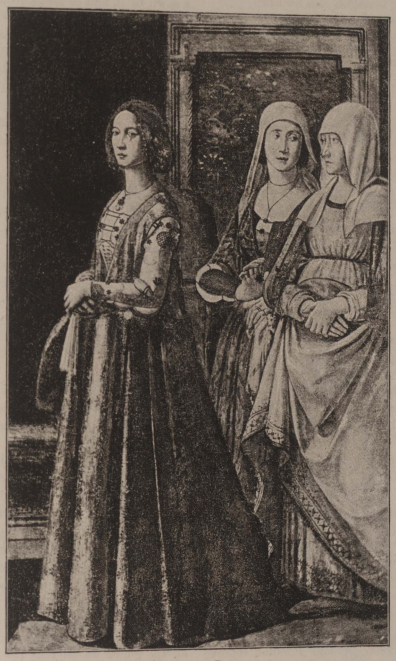
To such an extent was luxury in dress carried that a code of laws was made regulating the women's vanities, every one of which began—"Item: No woman, of whatsoever condition, shall dare or presume, in any way, either in the city, country, or district of Florence, to wear," &c. These laws prohibited the wearing of pearls, of ermine, of gold or silver brocade, and even of silver ornaments, beyond the weight of one pound in garland and trimmings. The embroidered collar was not to be more than three

* "Habiti antichi e moderni: Cesare Vecelli," pub. 1589, p. 193.

† This same canal has lately been bridged over in Via Magenta.

inches in width; no gold or silver fringes were to be permitted, no slashings or cuttings in the dress, and no one to wear more than three rings at a time. Any one wearing, or making, or even cutting out one of the prohibited dresses, was to be severely punished by law.

Unfortunately, women were cunning and men were weak; so that the officers of justice found it difficult to administer these laws.



GINEVRA DEI BENCI.

(From the Fresco by Ghirlandajo in the Choir of Santa Maria Novella, showing Dress of the Early Fifteenth Century.)

Sacchetti ("Novella," 137) tells a funny story of an official who is accused of not enforcing the rules. "Signori," he says in defence, "I am quite puzzled about the laws, for when I feel sure I have found a prohibited thing it is immediately proved to be just the opposite. I take the name of a woman who is wearing a long embroidered 'becchetto' (a prohibited appendage to the head-dress), but she winds it forthwith round her head, and calls it a garland. I say to another, 'You must not wear those gold buttons.' 'Oh, yes, Messere,' she replies; 'these are not buttons; you see there are no loops to them, and they do not fasten anything.' I tell a third I shall prosecute her for wearing her 'zimarra' lined with ermine; but she laughs in my face, and says, 'This is only a "lattizzo."' 'And what is a "lattizzo"?' I inquire. 'Oh, only a little beast.' And she goes her way." On hearing this ingenious defence, one of the Signoria says, "It seems to me we are fighting a wall;" and another adds, "Let us attend to more important things." So the weak-minded official gets off scot-free, and the women go on wearing their gay gowns.

Moreover, they recalled the old Roman arts, and dressed their hair in wondrous fashions; curled and frizzed, or wore long plaits, and painted their faces, till Lodovico Adimari exposed all their arts to the world in his poem:

"Vedi la nobil donna i lisci a soma
Stender sul volto ed in ritorte anella
O in vaghe treece scompartir la chioma,
Rader con sottil vetro ogni novella
Languine sul volto, e il pel non scabro
Per comparir più morbidetta e bella.

"Col minio stemperato e col cinabro
Far che rubin dell'Iride celeste
Sembri in folgor l'estremità del labro.
Con ricche gemme in ricchi drappi inteste
Cingersi il petto, e a guisa di lumaca
Portar la Casa addosso in una veste."

("Lo! heaps of powder doth the noble dame
Daub on her face; in ringlets curls her hair,
Or in long braided tresses wears the same.
Upon her face she smooths the wrinkles there,
And files the roughness down with subtle glass,
That for a fine-complexioned dame she'll pass.

"With red-lead liquefied or cinnabar,
She makes a rainbow ruby light to beam
Upon her lips, till they refulgent are.
Then do rich gems in richer drapery gleam
To bind her bosom, till snail-like she goes
And bears a house upon her back —in clothes.")

That sturdy old Florentine, Messer Agnolo Pandolfini, tells us how he cured his wife of painting her face by exclaiming one day, when she was going to receive company, "Cara mia, pray go and wash your face; you must have got it dirty with the 'cinabro' (red earth, used to rub the brick floors with) in the kitchen; you cannot appear before our friends in that state."

The young men were nearly as bad as the women, for Matteo Palmieri, in his "Vita Civile" (p.° 36), written in 1450, recommends young men "not to adopt effeminate artifices in toilette," and not to frizz or crimp their hair, nor wear "le artificiale dirizzature" (probably corsets), which "are not needful to those born to virtue." Both he and Pontano reprove the Florentines for imitating the French luxury and fashions.

Even the peasant-girl in 1400 curled her hair on her forehead, and put the back tresses in a silver net, which she ornamented with real flowers in the summer and artificial ones in winter. She frilled her chemisette at the neck, and donned a red "guarnello" instead of the plain green flannel, and wore a laced bodice and embroidered apron.

A noble matron of the same epoch had a brocade robe, and over it a black velvet "zimarra" with wide open sleeves lined with ermine, a pearl necklace, and a cap of pearls over her curls, with a veil of fine silk lace fringed with gold and hanging over her shoulders with "solemn pomp and most beautiful appearance," as the old chronicler quaintly says. This little close cap is seen in two portraits of Petrarch's "Laura"—one in the MS. of the Laurentian Library, and the other in the fresco of the Spanish Chapel. It is embroidered in pearls and coloured silks. Her dress is the simple half-fitting robe of the time, woven of a shimmering silk of green and gold threads. Shot silk was a favourite material in Republican and Medicean Florence. Luisa Strozzi had a gown of it, and so had Catherine de' Medici. It may be seen in Lippi's angels, and Gozzolo's seraphs, and even 100 years later, in Andrea del Sarto's paintings are several instances of it. He is especially fond of green with pink shades, or green shot with gold.



ITALIAN LADY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.
(From Bonnard's "Costumi Antichi.")

Taddeo Gaddi's fresco of the "Invention of the Cross" in Santa Croce contains a beautiful figure of a girl in a red "zimarra" embroidered round the hem and up the open sides with gold, and lined with ermine; her close cap is open-work in red and green, and worked with gold; the sleeves of the under-robe are of gold tissue.

Some young girls wore long plaits of hair woven with pearls or ribbons.

Nothing can give a better idea of the costumes of the time than that curious picture in the Belle Arti, said to be the marriage of Boccaccio Adimari and Lisa Ricasoli, on June 22, 1420. The painting (from which the illustration at the head of this article is adapted) represents the wedding guests promenading beneath an awning in the street to the sound of the city trumpets.* The bride's dress is cloth of gold, visible under a "zimarra" of velvet brocaded with gold, and open quite up to the shoulder on each side. She wears a large turban. From the exaggerated head-dresses of all the guests we see that the fantastic French fashions had greatly influenced Florence. One of the guests also wears a cloth of gold "guarnello" beneath an upper dress of peculiar shape with hanging sleeves like those of a hussar jacket. This robe, which has a long train, is of green velvet embroidered with pearls. A similar dress is of red velvet worked with gold, and the tight-fitting sleeve beneath the hanging one is entirely covered with embroidery in seed pearls. Both these ladies wear high caps trimmed with pearls.

Apropos of this illustration of bridal dresses it may be interesting to see what such garments cost. The

* I cannot help thinking this picture is wrongly dated, the style of costume is so evidently that of the preceding century, as we see from early paintings by Domenico Bartoli, &c. &c. Moreover, the walls of Florence are represented as ending at Borgo San Lorenzo, whereas by 1400 they had long been extended.

archives of the Alberti family contain a list of expenses at the marriage of a daughter of the house in 1348, and we find among other items—



YOUNG FLORENTINE LADY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

(*From Bonnard's "Costumi Antichi."*)

	Lire.	Soldi.
8 lbs. of silk drappo	39	13
5 braccia* of silk worked in sprays in the French mode	10	7
4 braccia of velvet	5	5
5 braccia of stuff, weighing 3 lbs.	12	0
5 ounces of shot silk	3	14
33 ounces of drappo (stuff)	15	0
Piece of green velvet	30	0
5 braccia of green velvet bought of Bardo Corsi	12	10
7 braccia of samite for a robe	21	0
4½ ounces of braid for the red cap	5	13
Waist-band of silk, silvered, and with gold and jewels	27	0
A garland in gold-work	85	0
Three cintole (waist-belts)	31	0
Mirror of silver weighing 14 ounces	13	13
Loose silver belt	11	8
7 ounces of silver buttons	3	8
18 buttons of silver for a dress	3	2
2 ounces of buttons for sleeves	2	7
A diamond and emerald	9	0
A pearl and sapphire	11	0
A diamond set in gold	6	0
A gold ring with a large pearl	31	0
427 pearls weighing 2½ ounces	101	0
1,125 pearls weighing 6 ounces	242	0
A coronet of pearls	96†	0

* The *braccia* was a measure of a little more than half a yard.

† It is difficult to fix the value of these lire. In 1200 the lira and florin were the same, but in 1380, 3 lire 3 soldi made a florin. The lira was 240 denari, worth about six francs of modern money (five shillings).

The artist who best illustrates the fashions of the early part of the fifteenth century is Ghirlandajo; the "zimarra" in all its richness and elegance may be studied in his portraits of the Florentine beauty, Ginevra dei Benci, the central figure in three of the frescoes from St. John's life in the choir of Sta. Maria Novella.

The same frescoes give a good idea of the extremely varied fashions in sleeves at that epoch. There are sleeves with slashings at the elbow, others slashed to the wrist, there are shoulder-puffs and elbow-puffs, there are half-sleeves with white lawn or lace under-sleeves, and others flying open to the shoulder in Greek fashion with a close-fitting embroidered sleeve beneath them. In the dressing of the hair, the same variety is allowed. Ginevra dei Benci, whose portrait we give (see Frontispiece and p. 621), wears hers in short wavy curls, a young girl has crisp waving locks, some wear a coronal of braids, others coil their tresses into a Grecian knot at the back of the head. As for veils, caps, and wimples, every species may be studied in the frescoes of that realistic artist who puts his neighbours bodily into his pictures, and who never drew a figure except from life.

It was about this time that the square red bodice of the "contadine" (peasant-women) began to attract the attention of the painters. Ghirlandajo simply put it to its actual use as the dress of servants and poorer women, but



FLORENTINE LADY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

(*From Bonnard's "Costumi Antichi."*)

Perugino chose it for his Madonne; and we might style the Raphaelesque school as the apotheosis of the square red bodice. In the pictures of pre-Raphaelite artists, although the colour was universal, the square-cut neck

of the bodice is missing. Lippi, Botticelli, and Fra Angelico use the early form of the circular collar embroidered with gold—the dress of their own era.

The artistic appreciation of the square red bodice raised it in the estimation of the ladies of higher rank,



ITALIAN LADY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

for with the addition of puffed sleeves it became the fashionable dress of the period. It is seen in Ridolfo Ghirlandajo's portrait of a lady in the Pitti Palace, and in one by Andrea del Sarto in the same gallery. In the latter picture it is completed by a full white chemisette covering the shoulders, and a kind of turban worn at the back of the head, similar to that of the bride in the Adimari marriage. Raphael's "Fornarina," in the Uffizi, shows the dress of Florentine women, gold garland, fur cloak, and all.

There is in the Uffizi an illustration of a very pretty costume worn by Elena Gaddi Quaratese, painted in 1550, by Marzuoli Fiorentino—a square red bodice, with long tight sleeves trimmed with gold braid, and a chemisette of exquisite Venetian point. Her fair hair is coiled in braids at the back, and entwined with amber beads.

The next change was from a square bodice to the Medici collar; and the first link in the transition seems to have been when Bianca Cappello came in 1564, bringing with her the open frilled collar of the Venetians. The unfortunate Bianca had been renounced by her noble relations after her foolish flight and marriage with the poor Florentine cashier, Pietro Buonaventura, whose name was a mockery to his fortunes. In the house of her husband's parents on Piazza S. Marco, in Florence, she suffered the hard trials of poverty and dependence, and at last was tempted to her future inglorious career by a wardrobe of beautiful clothes.

The Duke Francesco's Spanish courtier, Don Mondragone, and his wife asked her to the Casino (one of the ducal palaces); and after a pleasant social evening, in which she felt once more restored to her own rank, they offered to show her over the house. Among other things Don Mondragone displayed a cabinet of rare jewels, and then said he wished to show her a wardrobe which contained many rich dresses made in the Venetian style, and to have her approval of them. She saw, admired, and was conquered. Doubtless those very dresses were the ones pictured in her various portraits by



YOUNG ITALIAN LADY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

(*From Bonnard's "Costumi Antichi."*)

Angelo Bronzino, as they are entirely different from those worn in Florence at the time.

One of them shows her in a white satin gown embroidered with gold. Her reddish hair is crimped, and decked with pearls. The portrait displays a dull red dress with white sleeves richly worked. She seems to

have taken up the Florentine fashion of veil and garland, for her hair is bound with a fillet of flowers in gold and pearls, from which a delicate veil falls.

That her high-frilled collar was not worn by the Florentine ladies at that time, we see from two or three of Bronzino's contemporary portraits. One is of Lucrezia Panciatichi, a fair pale girl, in red velvet square bodice, with a puff on the shoulder and purple velvet tight-fitting sleeves beneath, trimmed with gold. She wears the modest lawn chemisette, beautifully crimped, and a waist-belt of large sardonyx and gold "borchie" (disks), a necklace of huge pearls, with a gold chain with inscriptions on the cylinders, such as "AMOR," &c., which is worthy to be the work of Cellini.

The Medici ruff, though Catherine and Maria adopted it in France, was never popular in Florence; and even they wore it in a softer guise than the English, for their ruffs were of fine point lace instead of starched lawn; but it is true there came a great hardening of style in the end of the sixteenth century. The flowing "zimarra" was entirely cast off, giving place to stiff long-pointed bodices, with thick brocade skirts spread abroad over hoops, and all the wealth of ornament, pearls, and gems was heaped on the stomacher.



FLORENTINE MATRON OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

(From Bonnard's "Costumi Antichi.")

There exists quite a chronological gallery of the costumes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the long passages between the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace. Here are all the grand dukes and their courtiers, with their wives and daughters; and it is very interesting to watch the gradual melting and softening of the style. Instead of stiffness comes elegance; instead of hard outlines are flowing robes and flying gauzes. No more starched ruffs, but the fair shoulders very much *en évidence*. Long points are retained for a time, but the sleeves are short and full, with clouds of filmy lace around the elbow. The hair is dressed up with a curl hanging on the shoulder, and a scarf loosely worn. The wives of the later grand dukes well illustrate this period. The Princess Palatine Anna Maria Luisa wears a white and gold brocade, with fine lace; she is represented as arranging flowers. In the Museum of Tapestry in Via della Colonna is an ancient dress of pink silk brocaded with flowers, which might well have belonged to this princess. There are also exquisite specimens of old Florentine embroidery, such as the women used to adorn their garments with.

The Princess Claudia dei Medici, wife of Leopold of Austria, went back to earlier Florentine fashions; her likeness in the Uffizi represents her in a high black velvet dress, with open sleeves hanging the full length of the dress. These are fastened at the shoulder with large diamond clasps, and the close under-sleeve has a row of diamond buttons down the length. The front of the dress is fastened by a close row of diamond clasps, and a chain of brilliants hangs across from the right shoulder to the left of the waist, and she wears a loose belt of the same: altogether a gorgeous revival of the long-sleeved "zimarra" of the old Republic.

The end of the eighteenth century brought in the muslin fichu to cover the bare shoulders, as seen in the portrait of the Countess of Albany, by Saverio Fabri, in the Uffizi. With this curls were worn. Alfieri's countess wears hers confined with a becoming blue ribbon.

Duke Pietro Leopoldo's wife is represented in a lace fichu, with long mittens, a fan, and lap-dog—for the age of thin shoes and slighter understanding was coming in, when women were to be interestingly weak, and foolishly clad.

After this period Florentine art offers no worthy examples; so the chronicle of dress may be closed here, the first half of the nineteenth century offering little which may not more fitly be classed as old-fashioned rather than artistic.

LEADER SCOTT.

About Wedding-Chests.

THERE is no more familiar story than that told by Samuel Rogers in his poem "Italy," of the young bride of Modena, who on her marriage-day hid herself in an old oak chest, the lid of which closed down upon her with a spring lock. Years afterwards her skeleton was discovered among mouldering remains of wedding finery. The tale, like most that are romantic, reappears in slightly different forms in different places. There was a chest at Marwell Old Hall, between Winchester and Bishop's Waltham, and another at Bramhall in Hampshire, in both of which an unhappy girl is said to have met with her death in similar circumstances.

It is possible that the legend arose at the sight of some chest, a wedding-chest, large enough to hold not only a bride's clothes, but the bride herself—ample materials for a romance. On the terrors of such a death it would be distracting to dwell, but much might perhaps be said of the beauty and value of the tomb, for there is no article of old furniture more interesting than the coffer of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

Chests have been used from very early times. We hear of one seen by Pausanias in the temple of Olympia, wherein Cypselus of Corinth had been concealed, which was made in 600 B.C.; and the Egyptian mummy-cases of cedar have endured till to-day, it may be for some thousands of years. There are, however, limits to the endurance of wood, of which furniture has been at all times chiefly made. Except in churches, which were safe from the violence of war, and of which the contents were not liable to removal, little remains of older date than the Italian Renaissance, which began in the fifteenth century.

It was one of the chief requisites of furniture, in early European times, that it should be movable. Royal progresses were frequent, in the train of which went knights, lords, and squires of all degrees, for whom, unless of the highest rank, there was no accommodation in the castles and monasteries of the day. Mules and sumpter-horses, therefore, carried from place to place, in chests called standards, beds, wrappings, hangings, and tapestries, with which in a few hours tents or hired rooms could be arranged in some comfort; and the chests, in which all stuffs and personalties were packed, served as seats and tables. The earliest forms of these were quite simple; it was needful only that they should be strong and of a size convenient for carriage; but by the thirteenth century, both in England and on the Continent, when mediæval art had reached its highest perfection, they were made of oak, much decorated, panelled, and lavishly adorned with hammered iron plates, hinges, locks and clamps, or metal bosses enamelled with heraldic shields. Of this kind we have one of King John's reign preserved at Rockingham.

It is a quite recent fashion to have much furniture in a room. In the halls and corridors of the great Italian palaces, there was little besides a table and chairs placed against the wall, and coffers of varying beauty. No more was needed, for ceilings and walls were painted, frescoed, panelled, or draped with tapestry, and elaborate chandeliers and brackets hung and projected from them; floors were also painted or inlaid with marble or composition, and no part was left without ornament.

The decorative work of the quattro- and cinque-cento periods was thoroughly fine and good. The greatest artists took pleasure in making and adorning with their utmost skill articles of wood; they would linger over them, devoting much time to however small a detail; and the growing enthusiasm for classic art and beauty led the great nobles to build new palaces, in which every corner was a labour of love. Italian furniture of the fifteenth century was gilt and painted. Vasari tells us that it was customary for all citizens to have in their houses large chests or coffers, made in the manner of a sarcophagus, which were invariably painted, and on the ends bore the arms and insignia of the family. Dello Delli and Andrea di Cosimo were the best-known masters who did this work, and no dwelling was complete without something by them. Their paintings are often exceedingly good, and the gold, which was lavishly put on the carving, was thicker, purer, and more malleable than that which we now use for the same purpose.

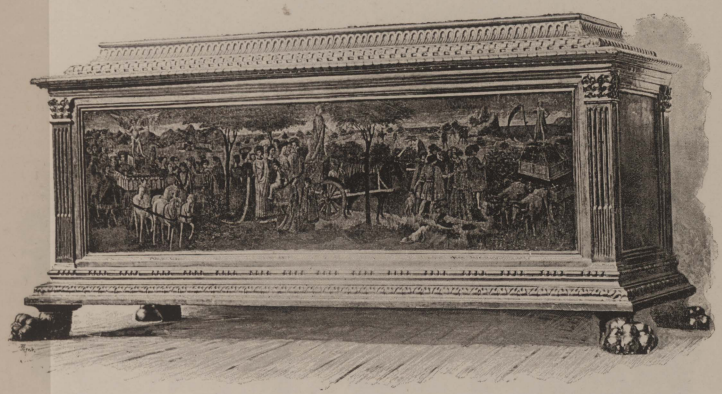
At first oak was the favourite material for coffers, probably because of its durability; then different woods were used—walnut and cedar and cypress, of which the last-named was comparatively inexpensive. Every bride had a wedding-chest or "cassone," wherein her trousseau was contained, and the scent of cypress was considered as efficacious as that of cedar against moths and other destructive insects.

There are many specimens of quattro- and cinque-cento cassoni in the South Kensington Museum, and they are among the most interesting and beautiful objects in the collection there. Every kind of art—sculpture, stucco, painting and gilding, veneer and marquetry—was employed for their outward embellishment; they were often lined with velvet, and their usefulness increased by drawers and trays and various receptacles inside. The carving upon them was of a high degree of excellence; the painting is often of great merit, and the marquetry most intricate. In the last

many different materials were used: green and black ebony, yellow fustic, logwood, ivory, and stained bone were chosen for their colour; and Boule or Buhl, who worked at Versailles, first conceived the idea of adding to its effect by plates of tortoise-shell, brass, and sometimes white metal.

There is a coffer at Kensington, a cassone of cypress-wood, made about 1350. It is simple and graceful in shape, mounted on two legs, having the whole of the front and centres of the sides decorated with inlays of green and vermilion. In the front there is an elaborate heraldic design, and on the panels there are figures representing groups of knights and ladies.

other figures, horses and dogs, and a background of stormy sea and sky. The whole is very striking, but its workmanship is not equal to that of a specimen of the sixteenth century: a walnut-wood coffer, splendidly carved, and relieved with gilding. Two recumbent male figures represent Autumn and Winter, one pressing grapes brought to him by a boy and a satyr, the other warming himself at a fire, while his attendants are draped. Altogether it is a solid mass of wood sculptured in lines of wonderful grace and refinement, and its excellence could hardly be surpassed. It is about 5½ feet long, and 2½ feet high. In the sixteenth-century specimens there is much marquetry; a large



Wedding-Chest: Fifteenth Century.
(In the South Kensington Museum.)

Of the following century is the large wedding-chest of which we give an illlustration. It is seven feet long by three feet high, carved and lavishly gilt, having on its front architectural mouldings which frame a painting representing three processions. On the left Love stands driving a car drawn by white horses, and accompanied by youths extravagantly dressed; this is the triumph of Love. In the centre a bride, crowned with white flowers, stands on a car draped with cloth of gold, and drawn by unicorns, the symbol of purity. Love sits behind her, blindfolded and captive; this is the triumph of Chastity. On the right, to a third car, covered by a black pall, buffaloes are harnessed, and Death, a skeleton form in loose robes, with hair blown backwards, and holding a bloody scythe, stands facing the others; this is the triumph of Death. There are

cassone has been brought from the villa of the Rospigliosi family, near Pistoja; it is panelled, and inlaid in fine geometric pattern, on the top showing two heraldic coats.

The spirit of the Renaissance spread over Europe, to Germany, Belgium, France, and England, and we find many traces of it in the chests made under its influence. They are often Gothic and ecclesiastical in design and ornament, usually stiffer and quainter than in Italy, and chiefly of oak. In England and Flanders especially, wedding subjects were not much affected—Cupids, flowers, and flowing arabesques being rarely found as in the home of the great revival. The "sense for conduct" has always been stronger with us than that for beauty; but there is still much that is valuable and attractive in our own woodwork.

E. E. Dickinson.

Sketches from an Out-of-the-Way Corner.

FOR some years my lines have been cast in a very far-away and little-thought-of corner of the world. It is also a very strange and laughable corner, and possesses many elements for romance and ridicule, and not a few that claim pity, and I would even add, criticism of the severest kind, but how can one criticise a people whose superstitions, slaveries, and ignorances rather make one weep?



ENTRANCE TO A "WÂT" IN SIAM.

Previous to starting on the voyage to Bangkok, the capital of the Kingdom of Siam, it was amusing to find how little any one knew about this country, or how it was governed: where the city of Bangkok was situated, what were its people, their methods and manners, or what was its peculiar purpose on the face of the universe! Research proved it to be the capital of that territory which divides British Burmah from French Tonkin; that it was governed by an absolute monarch, who is a singular and interesting specimen of what results from the marriage of effete barbarism with immature civilisation; and that many consider it a "blot" upon intelligent creation!

So it is, if we look only at the prose of the city; and that prose is just now its vain and absurd methods of acquiring culture and civilisation; and the strange and heterogeneous mixture of Anglo-Indians, German Jews, hired mercenaries, adventurers of various hues and iniquities, who aspire to be the prophets and teachers of the same, and who have determined upon Bangkok as the most likely place wherein to perform, and the Siamese the most facile people upon whom to practise their huge and very lucrative impostures.

It is this which makes the place detestable, robs it of interest, and ruins its picturesqueness to the ordinary traveller, who sees nothing but "gingerbread" palaces,

inartistic buildings, "tinsel," and "Brummagem," defacing and smothering the traditional beauties of the city, and "cultivating" the savage in so far as to render him no longer "noble," but simply idiotic, lulling his intelligence as regards European mental refinements, while encouraging ridiculous expenditure on outside fashions, furniture, and extravagances! Such is the gospel of the trader; and it is sad to recognise that the generality of men elected by the Siamese for their guidance are such as darken counsel by words without knowledge—men with no social barriers, common instincts, or better influences, unbiassed by any bond of brotherhood, deterred by few scruples, purified by no faith. Lest I mislead by the above description of what is a great and crying evil to this country, and a great deterrent to its general improvement and the progress of its people, let me make a few reservations. There are a few—and I am happy to say among these the English predominate—who, by their life and example, by their patience and their honesty of purpose, help one to remember, even among so much that is deteriorating, that there *are* lives—

> "Of perfect service rendered, duties done,
> In Charity, soft speech, and stainless days;
> Whose riches shall *not* fade away with life,
> Nor *any* death dispraise."

The little colony of American "educational" missionaries also, who are settled both in the city of Bangkok and in various parts of the neighbouring provinces, are another revelation of the better way. These good men and women institute day schools for the native and half-caste children, and the quiet, persistent work they do, is beyond all worldly praise. No houses are so clean, no hands so busy, no lives so consistent or tongues so charitable as theirs; gentle, busy, kind, and faithful,



A SIAMESE PEASANT HUT.

they hear for evermore, better than all earthly commendation, the loving and encouraging "inasmuch" of the Master, as they open to the little ones the noble paths, and point to the glowing issues of that all-embracing knowledge which alone shall make the nations free!

Our first view of the country was on the fourth morning after we left Singapore. Looking out, we saw a distant palm-fringed coast, and a dull white line across the waters which we hailed as the "bar"; but, after crossing this, we had not yet reached the city, which is situated thirty miles up the river. Native huts, "wâts" (temples), and fruit gardens line its banks, until after about two hours' steam the habitations became thicker,

and we caught our first view of the town. This broad and beautiful river is called the Mai-nâm (Mother of Waters), and is held in great veneration of the people, being looked upon as the great health-giver and healer. One can hardly reconcile this idea with the fact that it is the *only* channel for cleansing and draining the city, and the general burial-place of all pariah dogs, dead bullocks, and decomposed life generally; but, being a tidal river, with extraordinarily swift currents, it will be better understood how this can yet be. There are months in the year when the water is so salt that it is impossible even for the natives to drink it. At such times water-boats go up several miles and bring down jars of fresher water, which are placed in the "wâts," the people being allowed to go and take it freely. This is generally by special order of the King, who, of *himself*, is the kindest-hearted and most intelligent man in Siam.

The religion of the country is Buddhist, of which the Supreme King of Siam claims the traditional right to be head and chief; but, save for the keeping up of feasts and holidays, there is very little to remind one of the great teacher, and the loveiier "verities" of selflessness and morality which he who "wept with all his brother's tears" strove to give, as the keystone to that liberty which must come at length, by "higher or lower paths," by longer or by shorter flights, to the soul which inhabits humanity.

The principal "wâts" are within and immediately adjacent to the royal palace walls. These walls are studded with small forts, and enclose a vast square, in the centre of which is situated the palace itself—a structure combining Italian and Siamese architecture with very indifferent results. It is a long two-storeyed building; on the first floor are the royal library, stored with volumes (bought principally on the system—a yard of shelf, a yard of books); the audience chamber, and his Majesty's drawing-rooms; on the upper storey, shut in by jalousies, live the Queen, the favourite wives, and a few children. The King has over five hundred wives! and, strange as it may seem, this people, with many yearnings and ill-regulated strivings after civilisation and culture, still cling to habits and customs which *must* cripple all their efforts at the very outset. How can a nation rise where polygamy is rampant, whose women are *never* educated or taught, their one and only idea being to become a "favourite" wife, while their *greatest* ambition (and the giddy height to which, alas! only too many climb) is to become the legal wife—"married at the Consulate"—of some half-naturalised European? Then the lady buys diamonds, dresses her children in gaudy clothes, and sits in her "drawing-room" holding a book upside-down, mentally reckoning up her slaves, and fully believing herself to be a correct and indistinguishable copy of her European sister, the "M'em-farang"!

Bound still in the thraldom of sensuality and deceit, of slavery, and of *perfect* self-complacency, even the princes have little or no conception of the meaning of truth and honour; they live in an atmosphere of perpetual intrigue, and neither trust nor are trusted by any one. "Never trust a Siamese," "Never believe a Siamese," was a doctrine perpetually dinned into my ears from the very first, and yet this people have been for years paying men, and are still paying employés *high* salaries, to help them, to teach them, and to put them in the way of walking in the paths of integrity and good faith, of right conduct, and of legal probity!

To return: the front of the palace is laid out as a funny little Dutch garden, with stiff shrubs and flower-beds bordered by shells or stones; and passing through the gateway which leads immediately within, the Museum is found on the right hand, and the War Office on the left. It is a melancholy sight to see how uncared for is a place which might be so imposing: grass grows between the flags, and dirt, rubbish, and filth abound. The ordinary Siamese sentry is found everywhere, the principal diversion of this individual being to insult as much as he can any European who may visit the buildings. In this pleasant way they are tacitly supported by their officers, for Europeans are hated by the Siamese at heart, and they never lose an opportunity to annoy or to slight them; but their methods are childish and their rage insane: merely a mental phase, through which they must pass before their nature acquires that humility which is necessary to the beginning of greater aims and objects. At present they try to do for themselves, and succeed very badly; but the day *will* come, the dawn is already awakening, for this poor, silly, circumvented, but by no means worthless people.

A little farther on we come to the beautiful court of the temple, and here, indeed, the old traditions and the old faiths appeal to every sense and instinct; here one forgets for a moment the lightness and the frivolity, the faithlessness and the misery, the envies, angers, and hates, which tear the hearts and stain the lives around; and, in the intense quiet, broken only by the footfall of a priest, or of one bringing an offering to the altar, one becomes optimist again!

There is an immense priesthood, and all promotion is won by merit. The Chief Priest—before whom even the Majesty of Siam bows—acquires that place by *merit only*, and all the priests are supported, and supported *well*, by the voluntary donations of the people and the gifts of the King and princes. Every morning between five and six the priests, swathed in their yellow robes, and carrying the large long-handled fan, by the aid of which they avoid the "shadow of a woman," parade the streets, never asking or begging, but the people come out of their own accord, and place in the bag carried for them by an "acolite," a gift of smaller or greater value, according to their means, consisting chiefly of rice, cakes, fresh eggs, and fruit. The priests may not take money. It is the rule that every one must pass a certain period, the shortest being three months, in the priesthood during his lifetime, when he is supposed to "make merit" and prepare himself for his life's duties.

Reaching these courts, the eye is at once attracted by the Wât Phra'côw, which contains the far-famed image of the Emerald Buddha. This is a splendid building, with tall doors on all sides made of ebony, inlaid most richly with animals and angels, dragons and mounted warriors, in mother-o'-pearl; these doors are reached by steps, and a gallery runs round the outside of the temple, supported

by pillars; the roof is an arrangement of tiles in copper and green, made to represent the shimmering glitter of a serpent's back: it is four-sided, what we should call "cruciform," and surmounted in the centre by a round and glistening minaret. From under the eaves hangs a fringe, consisting of a lotus-leaf and a little clapper, wreaths, and bedroom candlesticks, sits the so-called Emerald Buddha! The tradition about this image, which is supposed to be carved out of a single emerald, is worth recording. Many years ago the then reigning King went into a far province, presumably to get all he could out of it (a custom well known and enjoyed still,



THE KING OF SIAM IN HIS STATE ROBES.

placed alternately. These sway in the soft wind, and make perpetual aërial music.

On entering this temple, everything we meet with is grotesque. The floor is all brass, and this is the only really beautiful thing in the interior. The walls are covered with strange and weird paintings of bygone wars and historical traditions, crude, hard, and devoid of perspective, but interesting withal. There are hundreds of yards of this sort of painting in the surrounding corridors. Perched up aloft on a wonderful arrangement, the basement of which is crowded with various "merit-makings" as presents to the god, consisting of wax flowers, cheap gilt clocks in glass cases, paper

and which is technically called "eating a province"); he saw there a beautiful girl, the daughter of a great noble, whom, as usual, he coveted. She would neither rise up nor come away, however, having, like the Shulamite of old, a lowlier lover. She was pursued and entreated, all in vain. At last the King threatened to have recourse to force; she fled into the temple, never dreaming that he would dare desecration. His Majesty, however, was neither more nor less scrupulous than most Majesties have been, and are, on similar occasions, and carried both image and lady back to his capital, where the former remains to this day; the latter has long since, let us hope, found that love which has nothing to do with

the pains and penalties attached to its mortal semblance. Passing out by the south door we come to another mystery and miracle of old. On a raised parapet is a complete model in stone of the wonderful An-cōr Wât, the indestructible ruins of which stand upon the shores of the great Cambodian Lake, hundreds of miles away from the highways of nations, isolated and alone, in an almost desolate country. Tradition tells how, in Chinese archives dating back *three thousand* years, this temple is still spoken of as *ancient* and *unaccountable;* but it is supposed that, thousands of years ago, there reigned a great King whose empire stretched from the rising to the setting sun—from far Caucasus to Ultima Thibet; that he dwelt in a great city in the plains of Cambodia, of which this was the sacred temple, where dwelt the priests and the Divine Presence.

This temple is a vast square, and it is built of such huge blocks of granite that no mortal power could have placed them there, especially as no traces of stone quarries can be found near; hence the pretty legend that its walls rose in the great silence of that solemn old time, unaided by human ingenuity, the stones borne by the hands of angels.

The long corridors are upheld by countless shafts seventy-two feet high, and the interior quadrangle contains monuments and stones of various significance. A traveller told me that it was worth all the rough travelling, and the privation attendant upon the fifteen days' journey up the country, merely to sit and gaze in speechless awe at this wonder of remote antiquity.

It is customary at certain times and seasons for the King to visit by turns the several temples, and his Majesty often sallies forth by night to perform some such ceremony, generally during the three nights when the moon is at its full about midnight. Then suddenly the strains of the beautiful Siamese National Anthem sound (which is always played on his Majesty's outgoings and incomings—as he leaves and as he re-enters the palace), and to this, also, is attached a very sweet legend. It is said that, two hundred years ago, the favourite wife of the King dreaming of her royal lover, her *dream* turned to *music;* and in the morning, when she awoke, she interpreted the air which has since become the National Anthem. It is very beautiful, and, played in the solemn stillness of the night, while the torches on the palace walls announce the presence of the King, it possesses many elements for romance and imagination—as, indeed, do many of the traditional customs of this curious people.

BEATRICE M. GREEN.

A Grey Day.

CLOUDY skies and low—
Not a wind to go
Whispering to the yellow woods
All that winds may know.
Here a berry drops,
There a leaf hangs still;
Melancholy gathers slowly
Over holt and hill.

While ye darkening day
Deepens duskier grey,
Stealthy shadows softly steal
Down ye woodland way;
Feeble flowers, unwept,
Fade along the field,
With ye mystery of their history
Perished, unrevealed.

If we two to-night,
In ye uncertain light,
Meet, touch hands,—half-shadowy
Each to other's sight,—
Sudden thrill may loose
Lips from silence' thrall,
Sweetest vision find fruition,
Love be all in all!



M. C. GILLINGTON.

The Latest Fashions.

By Mrs. JOHNSTONE.

"Trifles form the sum of human things."



BEARING the above in mind, combined with the opinion of a great thinker that "genius is merely a capacity for taking trouble," no wise man neglects small matters as being beneath his notice, nor should women either. Indeed, it is essential they should recognise, as a body, that it is on the minutiæ of the toilette that all the finish and the vital principles of good dressing depend. This was impressed greatly on my mind this summer when I was inspecting the trousseau of H.R.H. the Duchess of Fife. It was a most extensive one, and no expense was spared. It had been chosen with peculiar care, and evidently by someone who thoroughly recognised the importance of trifles. There was no clashing of colours. Blue and pink were evidently the favourite hues of the young bride. Most of the evening gowns were blue, pink, or white, though a lovely silver and tilleul was a brilliant exception. But blue and pink appeared in dressing-jackets, tea-gowns, and under-linen, while for day dresses she evidently preferred black, or those neutral tones which are so eminently becoming to the young. The trousseau included a vast number of useful, comfortable, tailor-made garments, perfect in their sewing, make, and finish, but simple enough for almost any of her grandmother's loyal subjects.

There were stockings to match the gowns, gloves for all occasions, and the boots and shoes were selected, as they so seldom are, to accord exactly with the dress with which they were to be worn — not only the evening shoes, but the chaussures for day wear. The height of the boots was in accord with the length of the skirt, and exactly suited to the occasion on which they were to be worn. Never, surely, were evening shoes selected of neater style or more perfect cut, nor indeed better adapted to display to the utmost advantage the form of the foot. The trimming in nearly every case was confined to a simple paste buckle, not larger than a sixpence. The toes were very pointed, the instep somewhat broad, just the shape worn when Queen Anne was on the throne, only with greatly diminished heels. The wonder is how any fashionable dame crossed the room in those days, tottering on heels which gave so little support.

Volumes have been written on style, but its true significance remains still to be explained. Nor, as regards dress, has it ever been satisfactorily expounded. Dickens said "style meant back," but a woman who understands the art of dress better than most of her sisters, and carries her knowledge into practice, insists that at the present moment style depends on the collar of a gown, and the arrangement of the surroundings of the throat, and she has much on her side. The young Princess recognised this in the matter of linen collars, which were the perfection of neatness. They were all attached to habit-shirts, reaching to the waist, with tapes run in the hems, so that the arms passed through the apertures, and kept them down firmly. Loops of tape about the collar itself were intended for the necktie to be slipped through, thus preventing any risk of its getting displaced.

The linen cuffs were shallow, and intended to be sewn inside the sleeve, the most comfortable of all ways of wearing them. No fear, thus, of a vacuum between sleeve and cuff, or that the latter should slip down too much over the hand.

The Royal bride has set the fashion of high upstanding collars of a rounded form in cloaks and gowns. They prove eminently becoming to slender necks. They appear on many kinds of garments, and the newest fur capes—for fur capes will be worn this year—have these rounded collars with fur on both sides, so that they can be turned up or down. The pretty cloak the bride wore when she left Marlborough House, had the same kind of collar lined with ostrich-feathers, resting becomingly

against the neck. At present, also, there is every indication that feather trimmings, at all events for autumn gowns, are superseding fur.

The heading to this chapter comprises some of the pretty trifles which Mr. Thornhill, of New Bond Street, contributes to the toilette of a woman of fashion.

Note the cockle-shell, which may be gilt, gold, or silver. It is filled with toilette-pins, which sometimes have gold heads and sometimes pearl. An assortment of ornamental pins has become a necessity. No lady can well do without them, they are so essential for the proper manipulation of bows and vests and other etceteras. Happily for those whose pockets are not too liberally lined, it is not imperative to have either gold, or silver, or veritable pearl pins. A new composition pearl can be bought at Catt's, in Sloane Street, of every possible colour for a few pence. For the moment there is an inclination to turn personal ornaments to some practical use. Pencils were first applied to bracelets, and then watches, and a scent-bottle forms a useful and decorative portion of a bracelet, admirably shaped, a really pretty ornament in itself, even if it possesses no element of utility. Fashionable life would seem to need many supports in the form of scents, and the gigantic salt-bottle is new and greatly in demand. The sporting proclivities of women are evidenced by the hunting-brooch with the dogs and huntsmen. They are to be seen at most of our fashionable meets, and are exactly suited to the somewhat masculine neckties women now wear.



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

English children as a race are healthy, vigorous, and happy; and our little people, with their blooming cheeks and lissom limbs, are never so suitably dressed as when they wear garments which leave them perfectly unconfined. The frocks in the accompanying sketch have been designed by Mrs. Nettleship, of 38, Wigmore Street, to exactly carry out this idea. They are made in soft blue silk, smocked with elastic smocking round the throat in rows of ovals of irregular depths. The entire garment is cut in one, and kilted in fine pleats from the smocking to the hem. The sleeves are smocked also at the wrist, a style of adornment well suited to the material. The pinafore frock has a square band of green embroidery with leaves shading to a yellowish brown. Here, there are two distinct garments, the under-bodice which reaches to the waist, and the over-dress or pinafore which is of the usual length of children's frocks, and which matches the lighter tone of the embroidery. The sleeves appertain to the under-garment. It is throughout quite simple, very graceful, and most easy to make. With this illustration, anyone accustomed to arrange children's frocks ought to be able to carry out the costume. Both the dresses are suited to children up to the age of twelve.

It is during the Cowes week that the fashions of the year as regards yachting-dresses would seem to be set. This August they were extremely simple. Plain and full skirts, loose-fronted jackets, and a silk, cotton, or woollen shirt, with girth-belt fastened by means of leather straps, and a sailor hat, made up the prevailing style. There were, however, some costumes of a more ornamental kind, where gold braid played a part. The red jacket and the red lining to black and blue jackets had an

extremely smart appearance. Among the most admired of the more elaborate gowns, was the one here sketched, supplied by the well-known firm of Redfern. It is made in fine cloth, which may be brown, blue, green, or some dark, well-wearing tint. The skirt is plain except for the one side panel, the centre portion of which is braided in a close design, upon a groundwork of a lighter tone than the dress itself. The side revers with buttons and button-holes are made in white cloth, so is the vest, which has revers of quite a new form. They are cut square on the outside of the shoulders and covered with braiding, being fastened with two buttons. The revers diminish in width towards the waist, and the collar-band and cuffs are also braided. Nothing could be more simple than the whole style of the skirt and bodice. Simplicity does not always ensure perfection of style, but when it does so, it is the greatest of all merits.



YACHTING-COSTUME.

Leather is being used for tailor-made gowns, as panels, vests, and cuffs, and it also borders the skirt in ornamental fashion. It is coloured to go with the rest of the dress, and stands much hard wear.

The Princess of Wales, and many of the leaders of fashion, affect in Scotland, and for quiet country wear, the close-shaped felt hats with high crowns. There are, however, many shapes of a distinctly new order which have only recently been brought out, and are being bought extensively by those who set the fashions. Mr. Henry Heath, of 105, Oxford Street, has been most successful with these new models, which are delineated on page 637. Note that they are wide in the brim, and close in the crown. The large shape on the left-hand corner, the "Parisian" by name, is a terra-cotta felt, with black feathers, trimmed with ribbon. This terra-cotta is perhaps the most worn shade of the season, and never shown in such good contrast as with black. The feather stands up boldly at the back, and gives height when on. The "Louise," worn by the figure facing, on the same line, is a black felt with black silk trimmings interspersed with ribbon, and is more after the familiar boat shape, with which we are acquainted. Below, on the left, the "Marie" is an admirable instance of a large hat, with the brim turning down. It is made in black straw, with a handsome ostrich-feather, trimmed with silk and ribbon. The trimming is abundant and handsome and gives importance to the head-gear. Next to it is the "Trouville," a green felt, with dark green ribbon, poised in bows, on the tip of the crown. One side only of the brim turns up, while the other turns down. The figure on the right wears the "Beatrice," a pearl-grey felt hat, with a white feather, combined with ribbons. Another fashionable shape, not shown in the picture, is the "Padre," evidently inspired by the familiar slouched hat of the curés so often encountered in the country both in France and Belgium, though the front is cloven. Many new shapes are unusually long at the back, and while some are positively round, others are oblong. Gauze bows are introduced upon some of the autumn models. There is a picturesque element in the new designs, which has hitherto been lacking in felt hats.

The two dinner-gowns, made by Mme. Susan Weatherley, Baker Street (page 636), are just what are most needed at the present moment, while the country-house visiting season is at its height. The trained skirt has a front breadth draped with lace, and offers a very good suggestion for using lace veils and other lace heirlooms. The train is of striped green-and-white silk; the sleeves are arranged with accordion-pleats, and a wide frill turns down from the neck. The shorter gown is made in silver-grey brocade, the front of the bodice crossing from one shoulder back and front; ostrich-feathers appear on the shoulders. The skirt has a band of embroidery for panels, the front falling in a few soft folds. The new silks leave nothing to be desired. Tinsel occupies a prominent place. Gold brocades are likely to be more worn than they have been, not to the exclusion of silver, but perhaps more

even than was the silver in the summer, when it was already in fashion. Special front breadths in rich brocade, the groundwork white or light-coloured silk, the design a large one, requiring three-eighths, at least, of the material to develop it, are wrought entirely in gold, with mediæval, extremely conventional and intricate patterns, and so close that only the glimmer of gold asserts itself. There are many new colours: "Chartreuse" is one—not the name, but the colour; the "Chartreuse" of to-day is just the vivid green found in a young pea-pod. "Mica" is also new, between yellow-brown and mustard, but bright and beautiful. "Java" is a brighter brown than seal, and the old "petunia" has been revived. Fashionable apple-greens show many tones.

The foulard class of silk is being greatly improved; some beautiful colours in thin silks have designs of brocade thrown upon them, which gives them substance and importance. Young girls are having evening gowns made of a silk crêpe—"foulard vestale," as it is called



DINNER-GOWNS.

—which is light, soft, and pretty, falling in most graceful folds. Two colours, or white and a colour, are often blended in the brocades of thin silk, and the colourings are most excellent. We have not as yet relinquished the Louis XVI. style for bridesmaids, and a striped Pompadour silk, with white-and yellow, white-and-pink, or blue, has a floral stripe intermixed in natural colouring, which makes pretty coats and skirts, as well as bodices; but for light dresses and for bridesmaids, the stuffs are particularly tempting

which, in the drapers' parlance, come under the head of "gauze." Such materials are now made in double widths; this renders the draping easier. Mousseline chiffon, which falls so soft and gracefully, and has been used for jabots and bows, and so many other purposes, is to be had in every colour that is worn, which include several new tints. Japanese crêpe, and crêpe merveilleux, which is striped, are well suited for draping, so are all the crêpes de Chine and broché gauzes.

A dominant idea in present fashions is a distinct front, or side breadth, which is to be used with plain materials; in gauzes this is called a volant. It is made with graduated stripes top and bottom, and when applied to skirts, care is taken that both the upper and lower borderings show. Some have a floral or conventional bordering in thick weaving, with scattered detached patterns all over the fabric. The gauze is so clear and so thin in itself that it exactly recalls the gauze veils which have been so much worn in days past. For woollen dresses, these distinct breadths are a most decided feature; they often show wide stripes of silk and wool, on which a silk brocade is woven, accompanied by narrow fancy or plain velvet stripes. They recall, somewhat, the pentes worn a few years back, but are far handsomer and more elaborate. They are used for the fronts of skirts, and the sides.

Evening gowns are worn longer, but walking and useful dresses shorter rather than not, which gives prominence to shoes. These are certainly very dainty; some are made now in white patent leather with black toe-caps, and *vice versâ*. They require to be worn with black stockings, and are suited to white dresses, which is a special advantage. Russia leather, in all colours, is made into shoes, and seems to be superseding morocco.

A well-dressed woman, as a rule, desires that her surroundings should give some evidence of her artistic tastes, but until within the last few years many have been deterred by the cost from any very extensive additions to their household gods. Now, however, it has become an easy matter. Emerson & Co. (a firm of women), who have recently removed from Berners Street to 223, Regent Street, have applied their artistic tastes to home and daily life. They have a speciality for all kinds of white furniture ready for painting, and their showrooms present a pleasing array of cosy corners, overmantels, screens, shelves, tables, stools, chairs, and brackets. One of the newest ideas is the Oriental fretwork arches, which are introduced on windows, or may be substituted for folding-doors, and which certainly introduce an element of beauty. The overmantels, besides glasses, combine book-shelves and nooks for pottery, and are very taking; so are the corner-cupboards for stowing china, the pretty little screens which will hold a teacup, and many other dainty trifles; and none are costly.



NEW HATS.



Paris Fashions.

By VIOLETTE.

WITH the inauguration of the hunting season begins the life of the country-house, so different in every detail from the life led in town, or by the sea, or in the bland South in winter. For four months of the year a charming existence, at once free and ceremonious, is led all over France. Through its woods the brazen voice of the horn, softened by the wind and the trees, sounds with singular charm; through forest aisles dash cavalcades of picturesquely dressed men and women. The château that centralises the life of the neighbourhood is gay with stately revelry. To hunt the stag, to bring down in *battues* the partridges, pheasants, and hares, which till September have led their woodland life in security, furnish occasions for numerous festivities in which ladies take a leading part. Many women now share with men the life of sport; a number follow the hunt in carriages; all assist at the *curée*, the grand closing ceremony of the day. Breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, amateur concerts, comedies, and dances succeed each other in a bright round, and each festivity is marked by some special characteristic reminding the merry-makers that they are not in Paris; that their existence is spent in a setting of leafy woods, within hearing often of the murmuring sea.

The *chasse* in our country is divided into two great branches, *la chasse à courre* (hunting), and *la chasse à tir* (sport with the gun). Compiègne, Fontainebleau, Rambouillet, Ferrières, are the principal centres of the healthy, out-door, joyous life of sport; but every province feels the influence of its activity when autumn begins. The French have traditions of hunting that extend back to the days when their earlier kings were expected to excel in the chase as in war. Our old families carried on the traditions of this noble recreation, and invested it with something of romantic magnificence.

Arriving guests were welcomed by the *piqueur en chef*, at the head of a dozen men, sounding the horn. The *curée*, or hound's "fee," in our old hunting vocabulary, when the famished pack received their share of the spoil they had run down, was held with stately ceremonial; the servants in grand hunting-livery stood in a semi-circle in the courtyard, with torches in their hands. The guests turned out to see the sight; the *piqueurs* sounded a sort of brazen pibroch in honour of the family. These ceremonials, striking to the imagination, invested hunting with a barbaric magnificence which can never be surpassed, and which we now seldom equal.

At one time the hunt at Chantilly took the palm for the whole country. The hunting-livery worn by the guests is still scarlet, white breeches, and Chantilly boots.

One of the best hunting establishments now near Paris is at Bonnelles, near Rambouillet, the seat of the Duchesse d' Uzès. At La Gaudinière, where the Duc de Dondeauville kept a hundred and fifty couples for the stag, the hunting was not long ago another of the finest in France. All the neighbouring gentry coveted the right to wear the hunting-uniform of the house—a scarlet coat, dark blue breeches, and a waistcoat of chamois. Now perhaps the finest hunting is in the west. October is the month for pheasant-shooting and a beginning of sport with the stag. November is the huntsman's month. The Princesses of the Orleans family set, or rather revived, the fashion on their return from England for their short stay in France, for ladies to follow the hunt, and not a few take an active share in the sport; the latter wear a regular *costume de chasse*.

The costume of men and women for the daily routine of country-house life differs entirely from that of town. Its

special characteristic is a blending of the rustic and the elegant. It is original in its cut, in its somewhat daring colouring, in its unconventional fashion. Its saving grace must nevertheless be the reserve with which originality is betrayed rather than insisted upon.

In the morning the members of the sterner sex wear jackets, and in the evening coats of scarlet cloth. For shooting, wide knickerbockers, blouses, and caps of ribbed velvet or light cloth; the blouse is gathered into a leather band; gaiters cover the feet. For hunting, the colours of the hunting-livery of the house are worn with knee-breeches and high Wellington boots. This is simple enough; the ladies' wardrobe, however, is far more complicated.

A thousand dainty details of dress must be provided for, even in the depths of these country retreats. *Sancta simplicitas!* the cunning hand of the artist can alone attain to it in perfection. The apparent negligence is a cunning artifice, an effect laboriously thought out and painfully achieved. These quiet country gowns, demure in colour, unadorned, admirably fitting the wearer, are of their kind as elegant as are the costumes worn in town on occasions of state. For shooting, the ladies wear wide knickerbockers gathered into gaiters; a short, pleated skirt; waistcoat and square-pointed vest, half fitted to the figure. The skirt and vest are of olive-green ribbed velvet or felt; seal-brown, myrtle-green, or dark grey cloth may also be worn. The waistcoat is in piqué or leather according to the season. The head is covered by a cap, or a small Tyrolese hat, with raised brim trimmed with cocks' feathers or heath.

Some of the most intrepid huntresses, for the sake of greater freedom of movement, don, in place of a waistcoat, vest, and skirt, a blouse reaching down to the knees only, gathered into a yoke, and fastened round the waist with a leather band.

For hunting, the usual riding-habit, fitting close to the figure, of black or dark blue cloth, with a high hat, may be worn, but the red cloth habit and hunting-cap are far more elegant, while the costume of greatest distinction is the tri-cornered hat and habit of the colour of the house's hunting-livery.

The morning indoor dress must be of the simplest. In an intimate gathering round the breakfast-table, ladies may appear in the pretty morning gown, loose and flowing like a tea-gown. In the afternoon, the walking-costume is of dark cloth or vigogne, very sparingly trimmed with embroidery, braiding, or fur. A small jacket of seal-skin, astrakhan, or beaver may be worn over these dark cloth gowns at the *al fresco* hunt breakfast, or when following the hunt in a carriage. A hat, never a bonnet, needless to say, is the head-gear for the country. The fashionable hat this season is large and tri-cornered, made of felt or velvet, and heavily trimmed with feathers.

The dresses are made with the redingote polonaise, closely fitting like a sheath; the bodices are small Toreador vests, or resembling those worn by the Breton women. The elegance of these gowns lies entirely in their line and fit. Perhaps nowhere is the hand of the master more needed than in the make-up of simple costumes. In the country these cloth gowns are worn for afternoon calls. It would be in the worst taste to appear in silken attire, in velvet, or brocade in the lanes and woods. The utmost trimming allowed is an embroidered band circling round the hem of the skirt, or woven into the stuff, brightened here and there with a gleam of gold or silver braid. The skirts are round and flat, and will remain so during the winter season.

At the dinner-hour our fair huntresses and rustic ladies lay aside their somewhat austere trappings, and appear clad in draperies of tender colour, and softly gleaming fabrics—thin supple silks—crêpe de Chine excelling all stuffs in the unrivalled grace into which it falls. Diaphonously light silk-muslins are the textures best suited for these dinner-dresses. The bodices are V-shaped, the sleeves reach down to the elbow. Delicate and dainty in every detail, there must yet be a suggestion of rustic grace about these dinner-dresses, distinguishing them from the costlier gala town dresses.

The delicate suggestion of artificial simplicity, which hangs like an aroma about the costumes of Watteau's ladies, may be taken as the ideal evening dress for country-houses. Such dresses I have seen, suited only for girls and women in the heyday and freshness of youth, made of soft white or tender rose crêpe veiling draped over a dress of white lace, knotted here and there with pink ribbons. Crêpe de Chine, in delicate shades of sulphur, lilac, azure, beryl-green, moss-rose pink, cream, and ripe corn, is much worn. It may be plain or embroidered with scattered posies of blossoms, or in garlands of many-coloured flowers. The suppleness of this exquisite fabric, and the pretty rustic grace of its floral embroideries, adapt it, notwithstanding its expensiveness, to country wear. For more ceremonious occasions, such as a concert or dance to which guests from the neighbourhood are invited, silk dresses may be worn. Sometimes these silk dresses have no trimming but that of draperies tied with flowing knots of ribbon; sometimes they are richly adorned with lace, jabots of lace cascading in a light foam down the bodice to the hem of the skirt, panels of lace, and high lace Medici collars rising at the back of the neck. Foulard, which was suited to dinner-dresses, and to dresses for the seaside casino during the summer, ceases to be fashionable in October. Charming in summer, it looks out of place in autumn. Light, plain wool becomes then infinitely preferable. I have seen some thick white barège, strewn over with paillettes of gold, made into charming late-summer gowns.

Before passing to the country ball-dress, I must describe a charming seaside costume, made by the Maison Dalsheimer. Of striped light woollen material, its simple lines followed those of the figure. The round skirt was trimmed with five insertions of lace, placed at regular intervals. The lace was repeated in the bodice in bretelles, and in insertions down the elbow-sleeves, which were placed high on the shoulder, and finished off with a dainty little puff; a long sash was fastened behind in three loops. The hat, from the Maison Virot, was of drawn muslin, edged with a flounce of black lace. In front was placed a tuft of dried oats, quaintly tied, with

the stalks upwards, into a bundle on the summit of the hat, the ears sweeping down and forming a semi-garland round the crown.

Of the varied costumes required by these fortunate ladies about to plunge into the romance and poetry of country life in autumn, one only, the ball-dress, remains to be described. Of some light and delicate fabric it must necessarily be composed, but that fabric must not be tarlatan or plain net, as it would be in Paris for a ball in spring.

Spotted or embroidered net, silk gauze, sheeny surah, and crêpe de Chine are the most appropriate stuffs for these country ball-dresses. The skirt must be round and gathered, and but slightly draped, and trimmed with ribbon only. Natural flowers, in the hair and the bodice, are the fragrant finishing touch of the ball-room attire; flowers gathered from the garden, the woods, or the hot-house. Long sprays of ivy and wild grasses also may adorn these simple dresses, the beauty of which must lie in their suggestion of the sweetness of nature and its woodland delights. The hair is simply knotted, as Diana's might have been, on the top of the head and falling back in a long curl, or in a plait falling low in the neck. A ribbon may bind the tresses, or closely twining flowers may hide all trace of the comb.



SEASIDE COSTUME.

Long, tawny, buttonless gloves, clinging supple to the bare arms, are worn; for the sleeve is but a diaphonous little puff rising over the shoulder. Dainty kid slippers and open-worked stockings, usually matching in colour the dress or its trimmings, are not the least attractive part of the pretty attire.

The jewel-box may be left behind in Paris. Its

radiant contents will not be wanted when foliage and blossoms are the sole ornaments favoured by the town ladies playing at rusticity. Sleeve-links and buttons may be worn, and a single row of pearls round the throat, also artistic gems delicately fantastic, or some valueless ornaments in keeping with rustic simplicity.

slightly draped skirt circle three insertions of ivory guipure. The bodice is almost entirely covered with a sort of fichu of ivory guipure cut heart-shape at the throat, gathered in front and at the back into a wide sash of the pink foulard, patterned over with white. This sash starts from under the arms and, fastened



SEASIDE COSTUME.

The illustration on this page represents a dress designed by Mme. Josselin for country-house wear, when the summer still lingers in the woods and by the sea, and the autumn chill has not made the cloth costume necessary. This charming gown is of foulard, of the shade of pink now known as "old pink," resembling the "crushed strawberry" of a few years ago. Over it spreads a delicate cream-white pattern. Round the behind, falls in long ends. The draped sleeves, placed high upon the shoulders, are gathered above the elbow into narrow sleeves of cream guipure fastened at the wrist.

The large capeline from the Maison Virot, of ivory lace, artistically draped, is trimmed with ample loops of old pink faille. The sunshade, also of old pink faille, is veiled with cream guipure.

Holiday Excursions in Foreign Literature.—II.

THE WORKS OF PÉREZ GALDOS.

THERE is a difficulty about reviewing any book which cannot be supposed to have been generally read by the public for whom the review is intended, which will naturally apply in England to all studies of foreign work; and it appears to me that the best way to overcome it is not so much to criticise as to describe. I propose, therefore, to tell the story of the great and typical book of Pérez Galdos, which I have chosen as a specimen of his work, and any readers who follow me will judge then for themselves whether it is work of which the interest may repay them for their reading. First, however, let me say for those who like to know to what school an author belongs, that Galdos is, like all the great contemporary novelists, a realist, but a realist as distinct in his style as Tolstoï is from Zola, or George Meredith from the American School. His realism is the realism of the mind, rather than of the body, and if he has been inspired at the same sources as the French naturalists, the result in passing through his mind has become so different as to be scarcely recognisable. He touches his main note on the first page, when he says of Ficobriga, the scene of the story, that it must not be sought on the geographical, but on the moral map of Spain, where he saw it.

Ficobriga is a little country town on the coast of Spain. Its simplicities, peculiarities, and prejudices are described as Mrs. Gaskell described Cranford; and in one of the principal houses on the outskirts, Gloria lives with her father, Don Juan de Lantigua, who is brought vividly before us as the proud and distinguished descendant of an honourable family, a student and secular pillar of the Church. Gloria's uncle, the Archbishop, also a man of natural elevation of ideas, who may be taken as representing in his own person the practice, as his brother represents the theory of the Christian faith, completes the family. There are minor members of the household, all well and faithfully sketched, but they scarcely affect the progress of the story, and need not be mentioned here. In order to enter into the spirit of the book, it is necessary to yield from the beginning to the religious atmosphere with which the author knows how to surround his actors. The spirit of Don Juan de Lantigua is expressed in a passage in which, after describing how all social revolutions and movements of the masses "produced no other effect in the mind of this distinguished man than to strengthen his belief, that perverted and furious humanity deserved a strait-waistcoat," the author says: "According to him the boasted laws of human progress conducted to Nebuchadnezzar. He would have died sooner than yield in this matter. And, indeed, how could he yield? Those who have reduced all their ideas to the tormenting formula, Barabbas or Jesus, must necessarily allow themselves to go to the last extremes, because the slightest weakness is for them equivalent to passing to Barabbas." Gloria, brought up without a mother, is the companion and private secretary of this ecclesiastical doctrinaire, but the books which she reads and notes with him, produce a totally different effect upon her mind. A very interesting description in one of the early chapters shows her as bringing, young as she is, from the study of the comic and the religious literature of the great age of Spain, the conception that the ideal and the sensual life are to be reconciled only by the exercise of reason. Her father, who admits nothing between Jesus and Barabbas, and wishes to enclose the limbs of the world in the one strait-waistcoat of authority, turns her through her natural affection and respect for him from the true path. She crushes her instinct for his sake, yet under all something remains, something which is as a voice that cries to her at times, "Open your eyes and look! Rise up and think." For her uncle, Don Angel, whose figure is very charmingly and sympathetically sketched, she feels the double devotion of the loving woman for the family, and the devout woman for the priest.

She is nineteen when the story opens, and one of the first events is a proposal of marriage for her from a certain Don Rafael, who is chiefly interesting for the light he throws on some of the conditions of religious thought in Spain. One of the most ardent supporters of the Church in public, he confesses in private the usual commonplace scepticism of England. "I do not believe, myself, but religion is necessary to the welfare of the world," and the parish priest to whom the confession is made, says laughingly, "Ah, you are suffering from the common evil—nobody has any faith, but every one thinks that the world will come to an end without it. You belong to the school of those who defend religion for selfishness because it is the safeguard of their interests. They see in it a sort of armed police, and say religion is very good and should be believed. It is true that I don't believe it, but let others do so in order that they may fear God and do me no harm."

To this household party, in the midst of some elections which are deeply interesting to the religious world of Ficobriga, and while Gloria is debating whether or not to accept the bridegroom proposed to her by her father, a shipwreck upon the coast adds a stranger, who, of course, becomes the hero of the story. After first nursing him with utmost kindliness back to life, Don Juan hospitably insists that he shall make his house a home while it suits him to remain in the country. English is his native language, but he speaks Spanish fluently. He has travelled a great deal. He is cultivated, simple in his manners, modest and intelligent, and gains the sympathies of the household, the only regret of Don Juan and Don Angel being the difference of faith, which, of

course, puts a barrier between them. They would have been glad to convert him, and Don Angel attempts the task with ardour, but they are soon convinced that there is no likelihood of success; and when Gloria about the same time definitely refuses Don Rafael, they begin to recognise that there might be danger for her in prolonging the stay of the attractive stranger. Morton has himself realised the situation and proposes to leave them. The proposal is accepted, but it is already too late. The young people love each other.

Brought up in such surroundings as hers, it is evidently impossible for Gloria to marry any one who is not of her own faith. She is herself too ardently a Catholic to contemplate it. The pathos of the book and also its keenest interest begin with the scene in which she and her lover, after appealing each to the other in vain for a change of faith impossible to both, part as they intend and believe for ever, and "all the world clothes itself for Gloria in the funeral mourning of her soul." The sad shroud is never lifted again till the end when the earth of her grave is trodden flat, and the battle-field is left with its victim.

After this scene she confesses all to her uncle, the Archbishop, under the seal of the Sacrament of the Church. He refuses to give her absolution, not because of her love, which has been indeed innocent enough, but because of the religious laxity which his experienced eye sees at once to have entered into her thoughts. It was not possible for a woman of her type to love as she did, without believing her lover to be among the best of men. To realise at once his heresy and his goodness, was to let a flood of enlightenment through the heart into the mind. In the reasons which the Archbishop gives for his refusal to absolve and the whole treatment of this passage of Gloria's history, we see the process at work by which poorer natures are turned into such half-hearted sceptics as Don Rafael. Gloria does out of respect for the past what Don Rafael did for fear of the future. She submitted openly in order not to wound her father and uncle, the result of which was, in the author's words, that like the greater number she became orthodox for others, latitudinarian for herself.

She believed that her struggle was over. It was only just beginning. An accident brings Morton back to Ficobriga and throws him and Gloria together, under unusual circumstances, quite alone. There is a terrible moment of passion on one side and finally of weakness on the other. Nothing could be stronger, more dramatic, and at the same time more delicate than the description of this scene, and the storm in which it is placed. All nature is in travail for the lovers' fall. In the manner in which the author treats it there is no conventionalism, but a profound realisation of a situation which, under other aspects, repeats itself often enough to be a type. He does not allow us to lose sight of the fact that the tragedy, although unnecessary but for the laws of man, is brought about immediately by human self-indulgence, but neither does he permit us to forget that it is with the failure of a high passion that we have to deal. When Gloria, come to herself again, cries out, "Oh, no, it is not possible!" every heart will echo her cry. She learns then, too late, that her lover is a Jew, and the barrier between them absolutely impassable. There is no one who could read and not feel the anguish which rends the lovers; the very voice of truth speaks in their words. It is such a scene as could only have come from the pen of a genius. It has at once the force and the reserve of life. All the tragedy of the future surges dumb behind the poor broken words. We feel that expression is inadequate to describe the feelings of the actors in it, but we remember that it is expression which has roused in us the sense of the immensity of what lies behind, and we acknowledge the hand of the great artist. The final horror is added by the unexpected entrance of Gloria's father. He also has learnt from another source that Daniel Morton is a Jew. Mistake as to the present situation is impossible. The indignation which arises in him is too strong for utterance; he advances with arm outstretched, as if to curse his daughter. Before he can speak he drops at her feet in an apoplectic fit. In a few hours he is dead. Thus Gloria, whom we never cease to think of as a noble and unselfish woman, is in the position of having dishonoured herself, betrayed her religious faith, and caused the death of a father to whom she was tenderly attached.

The second volume introduces two new characters which are admirably described, and may be taken to typify the two strains of feeling now at work. In the Lantigua family Gloria's aunt, Serafinita, may be said to represent the ideal, and another uncle, Don Buenaventura, the worldly and commonplace. The keynote struck in the early chapters sounds again in the chorus which stands about the principal actors; Serafinita represents the Don Quixote and Buenaventura the Sancho Panza element in the bystanders. Serafinita has led a life of trouble from which she found no relief but in total renunciation: Buenaventura has led a prosperous life rendered successful by practical sense. She counsels a convent: he determines to bring about a marriage. She feels that for such a fall as Gloria's there is no remedy but in a lifelong expiation: he pooh-poohs the fall except as a fact which needs to be dealt with, thinks high-flown scruples out of place, and demands from the powers that be that his dear little niece shall be made happy. Between these two we feel, as Gloria was described as feeling when she studied the ideal and the comic in the great age of Spain, that there is room for a fine reason. But from poor Gloria, alas! it is scarcely possible to expect the exercise of that which demands both strength and calm. She is broken in health, weighed down by disgrace, all the dearest affections of her heart have been torn up by the roots. Every natural aspiration as child, as wife, as mother, has been returned upon itself. She has killed her father. His grave opens between her and the man she had chosen from the world. The penance of the Church for all her sins is that she should give up her child. She does not reason, she submits. But the voice of Nature makes its pathetic protest in this as in the other strong situations of the book. All her respect for the Church, all her remorse does not avail to stifle it. "I am a mother," is her answer to every argument. With this she combats the efforts that are made to drive her into a convent. The tragedy of the situation grows

more poignant with every chapter. It is evident that help, if there is to be help, must come from outside. Don Buenaventura calls Daniel from England, and appeals to him. A marriage is only possible on condition that he should become a Christian. Don Buenaventura tells him that he owes this to Gloria. He has brought about her dishonour, it is for him to save her. Daniel feels everything that a man of tenderness, courage, and honourable feeling could feel with regard to her. He recognises that the fault was his and that by far the greater share of the penalty is hers. He would give his life to save her from it, but he is as sincere a Jew as she is a Christian. Belief is not a matter of will, and it is impossible for him to believe the doctrines of Christianity. The author shows great skill here in his sympathetic exposition of the feelings of a Jew, especially of a Spanish Jew. But that he shows equal sympathy and more command of detail in putting the Christian side before us, we might almost have believed that he had been brought up in the Jewish law. When Morton himself puts his views before Don Buenaventura, the latter sees that the conversion of such a man is not to be hoped for. Then he suggests his expedient, in which it is worth observing that he is seconded by the parish priest. He proposes a feigned conversion with mental reserves. The public baptism of the Jew must, of course, take place, after that the marriage with Gloria, and after that Morton can do what he thinks best. Here arises a new and great question of conscience.

In the midst of it a scandal spreads through the town. It is said that Gloria has been seen going out at night with a man. It reaches Daniel's ears. He follows her and sees her drive away in a carriage, and then comes a curious and beautiful bit of love's inspiration by which he discovers that he has a child. He awaits her return by the roadside, and the scene between them which follows is full of the simplicity and strength of truth. There is through all the tragedy a fine tone of dignity in the book. The absence of base deceits on the part of the lovers, and of base misunderstanding on the part of the guardians, is to be remarked on both sides. The elevation of the main theme pervades the whole. The dignity of what may be called the plane of thought is to be observed in the *rôle* of Serafinita. She represents the Christian doctrine, or rather the Catholic ecclesiastical doctrine, of penance in its simplest expression. "You have sinned, and there is no expiation but in suffering. You have sinned deeply, therefore you must suffer profoundly. Not only the scourging shall be yours, but crucifixion too." This is the text of all her advice to her niece. However mistaken we may think it, no matter how much more we may sympathise with the manly vigour of a creed which says, "Rather remedy what is left than renounce the whole," we recognise always, through the extreme personal tenderness towards the niece she is condemning, the nobleness and the dignity of Serafinita's nature. Hers is without hypocrisy, the purity which rejects compromise with evil as much for one she loves as for herself. The pity of it, which we are meant to feel, is that so high an idealism should be made impotent by superstitious dependence upon forms.

The scene which follows Gloria's nocturnal visit to her child, is one which puts the penitential ideal of the Church, and the fine natural instinct of the girl, into the most vivid and painful contrast. "It is necessary," the aunt says, "to tear out the most sensitive fibre of the heart, to cut away the most precious jewel, to kill the greatest, the best beloved, the most intimate, to set the plough into the deepest, to weep seas of tears, to suffer, to suffer much, and always to suffer. This is the key of Christianity." Gloria's answer is, "I renounce everything, but I cannot arrive at renouncing my son. I despise myself as a woman, as a mother I cannot despise myself. I tear out of my heart all sentiments except this one which gives me life. I offer to God everything that there is in me, but I cannot offer Him as pious homage the negation of my right and joys as a mother. Are not these noble? Are not these holy? Are not these worthy of God, or at least as worthy as the perfection which consists in self-denial?"

The scene is very long. Serafinita urges her argument in every tone of fervent and pious exaltation. It is impossible to read it without a sense which is almost physical of gasping for breath under the suffocating hands of the Church. It is a terrible and pathetic scene. The victim is exhausted under our eyes. She holds still to her faith, replying in answer to all, "I am a mother." But the awful power of superstition to come between man and the natural perfection of his being presses on us so closely all the while, that when at last she turns in her bed with anguish, and cries out, "My God, my God, I cannot!" the reader feels as though he, too, were at the end of his strength. "What is the matter?" her aunt asks. "Something," she replies, "which would be the desire of death if my son were not alive." It is more than the cry of one suffering girl that we hear, it is almost the cry of the generation.

While these influences are brought to bear upon Gloria, Daniel endeavours to solve his case of conscience. Absolute right has been made impossible to him by self-indulgence. The duty to man and to God appear to stand opposed. He puts the problem to himself straightforwardly. "She was pure and happy; I disturbed the peace of her heart, dragging her into ignominy. She was like a flower, and I trampled upon it. She was born for her glance alone to spread happiness, for her mere shadow to cause good to spring up where she passed, and I for that clear star have made a murky night, an obscurity full of grief which causes every one who approaches it to weep. The fault is mine. I caused her sorrow, and I caused it with sheer wrong-doing. I am the author of her misfortune. And there is no remedy, there is no sophism which is of any use; the misfortune should be repaired by me. If this is not so I have no idea of justice, I have no notion of duty nor of honour, and being a stranger to the idea of justice, neither can I know God. My duty is to remedy this misfortune, and to take the poor martyr from the gibbet upon which she is. It is not her relations who are torturing her. It is I, I only. Consequently my duty is to save her. I am commanded to do it by Justice, which is God; by Duty, which is God; by Truth, which is God; by

Compassion, which is God." Here, again, the great chord of the book is struck. "No, it is not possible that God and Justice can be in disaccord." This, as we can read it, is the profession of faith of the author. The whole short chapter relating this struggle by the sea is very fine. The immensity of the physical horizon, the gradual passing of night into dawn, are touched with a few words that bind the forces of nature in the reader's thought with the human drama which is developing itself before them. Daniel sits contemplating the "grave and cadenced sea, immense pendulum which marks some mysterious equilibrium. In that sea, in its voice which was like the buzzing of a brain where ideas are boiling, in the audible breath of its waves, in the beat of its enormous life flowing ceaselessly from the deep to the beach, and from the beach to the deep again, Morton saw an exact image of the perplexity in which his spirit lay." At the end he takes the resolution to feign a conversion to Christianity in order to be able to marry Gloria. Together he thinks that they will both seek the God with whom Justice cannot be in disaccord.

The scene in which he announces this determination to his mother, the daughter and the mother of Jews, is another of the fine scenes of the book. The relations of the Jewish family are conceived on the same high plane as the relations of the Christian. There is no possibility of mistake with regard to the fine nature of the characters with whom we are dealing. Critics of a sterner build would probably consider it a weakness on the part of Daniel to have confided the secret of his intentions, that is the pretence of his impossible conversion, to his parents. To do so was to put arms in the hands of those whose desire to prevent the conversion was naturally great. Personally it appears to me fully accounted for by the intimacy of his relations with them. His mother shows herself certainly stronger than he in the action that follows, but her heart is not torn as his by a tragic situation, and the double claims of duty and of affection. What she wants is simple. Gloria is comparatively as nothing to her; she has only to save her son from apostasy. She saves him by a device which is too Spanish to appeal to the English reader, accusing him falsely to Gloria's family of wrong-doing, which makes him unworthy to be received as Gloria's husband. Gloria is not misled either by the feigned conversion or by the false accusation, but while her family stand in doubt, unwilling to reject the convert, unwilling to give their child to a man guilty of dishonourable conduct, she herself decides the question, and finally renounces the thought of marriage, declaring her intention to enter the convent after all.

There is yet one more supreme scene, a scene so poignant with the anguish of separation that all the sorrows of the book seem to have been but preparatory of this final situation. Gloria, as for some time has been evident, is very ill. On the night which follows her decision to enter the convent, she feels herself to be dying, but it seems to her that her soul cannot leave the body till she has bidden good-bye to her child. An impulse stronger than all previous resolutions tears her from her bed, and using the old means of leaving the house, she goes on foot through the darkness to Villamores, the village where her child is kept. The account of this last journey is deeply pathetic. The story of her sad short life is resumed in it. She went first "firmly, straight to her object without hesitating, with a gait and gesture which indicated the most energetic resolution; and when she found herself in the open country, she said, 'Run, my heart! Run!'" Then on along the difficult way, leaving the high road and stopping for a moment to gather flowers which looked ghostly in the shadows of the night—flowers to please her boy, which dropped dead from her hands long before she reached him—and after that, with strength always less and less, stopping to rest, dragging herself painfully, doubting if life will last until the end be reached, on, on, till we feel with her equally the fatigue of every limb and the passionate heart-hunger of the mother sustaining her weakness. "My God!" she cries, as she falls upon the ground; "am I to remain in this road alone and cold? But no! But no! I am not dead yet since I suffer." The heartrending effort ends at last. She finds herself at the desired door. It is partly open, there is light behind. She looks in and sees the child's father and its foster-nurse with gold spread out on the table between them. "You are buying my child!" she reproaches him. And he answers gravely, "A nun cannot be a mother."

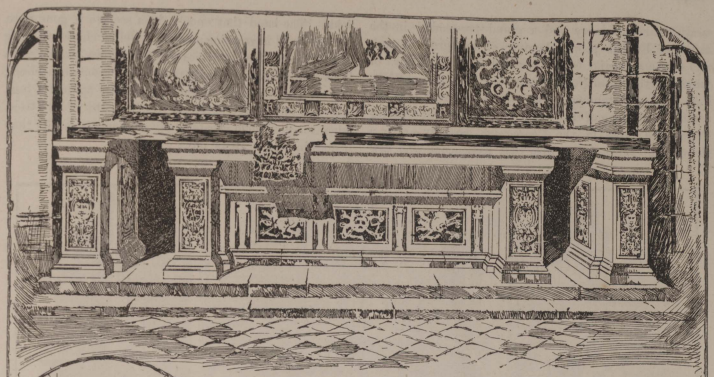
It is together thus, father, mother, and child, that the last scene takes place. Bitterness cannot last between these lovers. They talk as with heaven's gates open waiting. He tells her all he had intended. She knows it already. He asks why then she had refused to help him, why at the last moment she had drawn back from the marriage? It was her motherhood. The thought of her own son had made it impossible that she could take a son from a mother. "I saw your mother as a lioness robbed of her cubs. The terrible accusation she made against you showed me the extent of her maternal love and her religious fanaticism, and in that moment I understood that you were giving up your mother for me." The desolation of the mother had appealed to the mother in her. The horror of it overcame her. Right through from beginning to end, the noble impulses of the girl are the impulses of a fine nature, but the effects of education are too deep to be got rid of. To the very end she sees salvation only possible by one means. And the tragic lesson of the book is sharply pointed by the reminder that the world is in those matters still in women's hands. When she prays with dying lips that her son may be brought up in her faith, how can the father of her son refuse the only possible compensation in his power? The child is left in the hands of the Church to begin all over again as though the battle of his parents had never been fought.

Of the end, Galdos himself says that the earth was levelled over Gloria's body, and the world went on its way. "Ideas and events were all moving on, the fatal whirl leaving behind them only this idea and this event already fallen and set apart from human movement. In this movement may be comprised the dispersion of the principal characters of this story—a dispersion as mournful and gloomy as the retreat of two armies who have

fought bloody battles without victory. These noble hearts also had come to fight from distant and opposing countries; they had fought, and they were retreating not without loss of precious blood. Who had sent them to the barbarous combat? Would they have faced it over again? The quarrel existed, exists, and will exist, fearful to think of; and before it is brought to an end many Glorias will succumb, offering themselves as victims to pacify the formidable monster who grips history in one claw and philosophy in the other—a monster who is nameless, and who, if he had a name, must have one that would unite the best, which is religion, with the worst, which is discord. Many Glorias, yet, will succumb, hurrying from a world which they have found despicable because of its disputes, to lay their quarrel before the Absolute Judge."

Space forbids me to add much in the way of comment or criticism, though the book is one which provokes both. It is open to the charge already often made against the realistic school of including with the dramatic force something also of the tedium of life. The early descriptions are too long, the characterisation of minor personages is perhaps too minute. Who does not feel the same in reading George Eliot, Zola, Tolstoï, Howells? Galdos must be added to the list, and we may pardon him the defects for the sake of the eminent degree in which he possesses the qualities of his art. "Gloria" is a great novel, one which stirs the heart and lifts the understanding, one from the reading of which no thoughtful person can rise without feeling that his sympathies have been enlarged, and his perceptions of some of the great aims of life made clearer, in such measure as they can be cleared by the vivid restatement of vital problems. The contemporary English writer to whom I am most inclined to compare him for the spiritual quality of his work, is George Meredith, though nothing could be more opposed than their literary style. The style of Galdos is simple and easy, and the lengthiness already alluded to is the very antithesis of George Meredith's compressed periods. The same poetic quality of penetrative imagination is to be found, for instance, in the description of Gloria debating whether to marry Don Rafael, and of Diana at the cross-ways meditating her divorce from her husband, but the manner of the one is not to be compared for concentration of style with the other. There are some fine touches from which even translation does not take all their grace, as, for instance, when Gloria at the approach of her lover is said to "tremble as light trembles when the water on which it is reflected moves;" and again, her lover tells her that when he first met her he did not seem to see her but to find her. In another place Gloria says, "Heaven is not of the size of the pane of glass through which we look at it." I should also much like to quote, but the length of the passage forbids me, a soliloquy of hers upon the manner in which "religion, which exists for none but good ends," has been made by men "a fount of bitterness," whence she concludes that the differences of sects may be left to those who hate each other, for that there are in reality but two religions—the religion of the good, and the religion of the wicked. Her natural creed enlarges her father's. According to it the good belong to Christ, the wicked to Barabbas. The thought conveyed by the whole soliloquy is the thought of a noble and liberal mind, and we hear again the voice of the author in the succeeding paragraph: "But if I say this to-morrow in the daylight they will laugh at me. Oh, powerful God! I see it as clearly as light, as clearly as Your existence, as my own, and I cannot say it without passing for a fool in the eyes of so many wise." The book is an attempt on the part of the author to say it. Assuredly he does not pass for a fool.

F. L. SHAW.



Tomb of Anne of Cleves.



Our Queens in the Abbey.

FOURTEEN of our Queens lie buried in Westminster Abbey, and could these once fair crowned heads rise up from the dust of ages, what varied stories might they not tell us of the joys and sorrows of having carried the sceptre and helped to sway the destinies of men and women? Would the joys or the sorrows predominate?

The very words "Queens of England" seem full of romance to the youthful mind, to whom to reign means to wear a crown and sparkling diamonds, and to enjoy all the good things of life; but these fourteen who found their last resting-place in the great Minster would doubtless tell another tale; and as we, who are no longer young, wander about thinking of them, and lovingly studying the few monuments which speak to us of them, we feel satisfied that we may murmur a thanksgiving that they are at rest without, if they can hear us, any fear of contradiction from them.

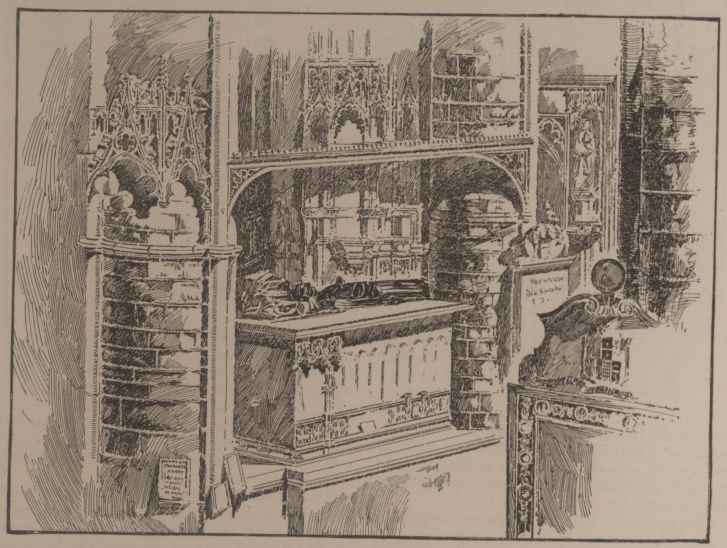
Queen Edith, daughter of Earl Godwine, and wife of the Confessor, is first in order of time; she lies in St. Edward's Chapel, on the north side of her husband's shrine, but her only monument is that which fair fame raised long ago, when the chroniclers, who were not ashamed of being poetical, even though they were historians, likened her to a rose growing from a prickly briar, adding that she was a lady of singular piety and sweet modesty. What woman could indeed want more? unless it were the "girl graduate" of these educational days, and even then Queen Edith could perhaps have satisfied her modern sister, for, according to the Abbot of Croyland, she used to stop him on his way from school to examine him in his classics, and catch him "with the subtle threads of her arguments"! This story for long has been believed, and taken for gospel truth. Now, however—when, as in this case, Mr. J. R. Green tells us that Ingulphus of Croyland was a fourteenth-century forgery!—all our pet legends get stripped of their gay attire, for criticism is a science.

On the south side of the Confessor lies another Edith, better known as *Good Queen Maud*, who by marrying Henry I. united the Saxon and Norman lines; and if she did not "moot points of grammar" like her predecessor, she too was famed for her goodness to the poor, and for the severity of her Lenten fasts. She had been a veiled nun, and had come out of Wilton Convent to ascend the English throne (the only Scotchwoman who has done so), but pure in heart she always remained, and the Abbey often saw her bare-footed and in haircloth prostrated before the altar, behind which, doubtless, in a sacred case, was a long tress of hair professing to be that of St. Mary Magdalen, which the nun-queen had given as a most precious relic. And when she died, on May Day, 1118, there were passionate lamentations from the people, and from her husband and children—that husband who begged—

> "Of Monkes black, wherever they ride or go,
> That pray for nuns, and Queen Maude his wife,
> Who either loved other withouten strife."

Our next Queen, however, has a monument, as well as being a rival in virtue and beauty to Edith and Maud. *Eleanor of Castile* always remains (helped, doubtless, thereto by Walter Scott's novel of "The Talisman") a

very distinct memory and a grand personality in the minds of English people, because of her great funeral, and of the memorial crosses erected in her honour, of which but three—at Northampton, Geddington, and Waltham—are now standing. Yet it is to be feared that but a small percentage of those who daily hurry past Charing Cross—the Cross of the *Chere-reine*, possibly—give a thought to Edward I.'s wish that passengers who saw



TOMB OF PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT.

these crosses might pray for the soul of the great Queen, who, in scorning danger as she followed her husband to the Crusades, said that "the way to heaven was as near from Palestine as from England." And who, even in these sceptical days, would dare to tell us that the sucking of her husband's wound, where the assassin's poisoned dagger entered in, was a myth?

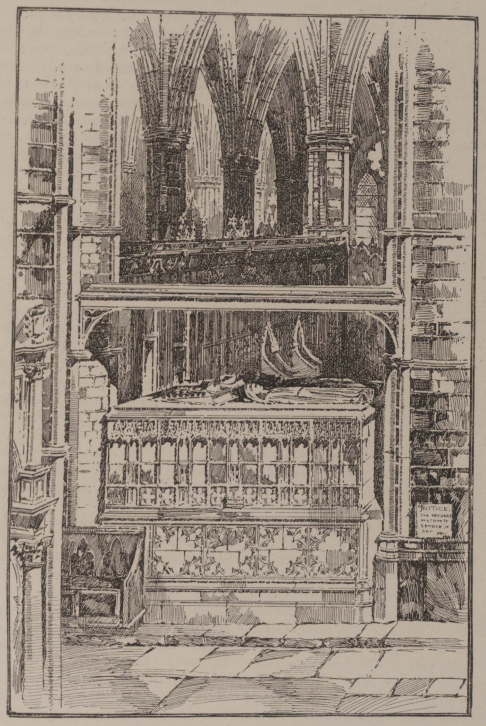
Eleanor's coronation in 1274 was the first ceremony of the kind witnessed by the Abbey as we see it now, and seventeen years later she died at Grantham. Then came her great funeral, and the wonderful procession from Lincolnshire to Westminster. Over her body a tomb of Purbeck marble was afterwards raised, decorated with panels, enclosing coats-of-arms and a beautiful bronze figure of a conventional Queen, said to have been cast all in one piece by Torel, goldsmith and citizen of London. Very simple and beautiful was the idea of a Queen's effigy in those days—notice the flowing curly hair, the aquiline nose and modest crown, the loose robe in straight folds. The hand that once held a sceptre is gone now, the left hand is grasping a small jewelled chain or string of the cloak. Her head lies on two pillows, chased with lions and portcullis, which are also to be seen elsewhere, and the pointed shoes of the Queen rest against a lion. The very simplicity expresses the thought of the time, when the ideal held greater sway over men's minds than it does in these realistic days.

On the north side we must admire the ironwork grills, with its spikes in sets of three, on which perhaps stood the candles, or rather "wexe tapers," which for 300 years burnt in loving memory, and through both day and night shed flickering lights upon the placid bronze effigy, and allowed Walter of Durham's paintings above it to be better seen. These now are gone, gone too the verses in both Latin and English which hung near, in the sixteenth century, but there still remains half-hidden on the copper verge the Norman-French inscription:—"Ici gist Alianor jadis Reyne de Engleterre femme al Rey Edeward, Fiz le Rey Henri e fylle al Rey de Espagne e Contasse de Puntiff del alme de li Dieu pur sa pité eyt merci."

Close by Eleanor of Castile lies *Philippa of Hainault*, the wife of Edward III. On her death-bed she took the King's right hand in hers, and begged him when he died "to choose no other sepulchre other than mine," and so he did, although he had a separate monument. Philippa,

as good a woman as were the former Queens, yet stands out a more powerful character than either of them; we all know how she interceded for the burgesses of Calais, and how she was strong enough to defend England from the Scots when her lord was away.

Her figure by De Liége has every appearance of a good likeness. The expression is very sweet, and the mouth decidedly pretty, and so is the ear, above which we have the net worn at that period. The girdle at her waist is short and plain, the cloak hangs from her shoulder; one hand is broken off, and the sceptre is gone from the other, and her feet also rest against the lion of England. Only a small bit of the tabernacle-work remains, showing that once the tomb must have been beautiful, with the many little figures round about and glass mosaic; but, alas! the glory has departed, and there alone remains the simple and beautiful alabaster effigy of Philippa, the mother of the Black Prince and of the famous John of Gaunt, and she can never be forgotten. Froissart was her secretary, and he tells us that Philippa was "the most courteous, liberal, and noble lady that ever reigned in her time."



Tomb of Anne of Bohemia.

Happily, she passed away ere the shadow fell upon the fortunes of the Crown, before the Black Prince died, and before her husband lost his friends and his once splendid powers; after, to quote Froissart again, "the good lady made the sign of the cross on her breast, she gave up her spirit, which I firmly believe was caught by holy angels and carried to the glory of heaven, for she had never done anything by thought or deed to endanger her soul." That was in 1369. In Dryden's time there still remained a wax effigy of her, but that has also

disappeared, along with the seventy figures, and the divers images in the likeness of angels which John Orchard, a stonemason of London, had carved so skilfully.

To the west of the last-named tomb, and still in St. Edward's Chapel, lies the unfortunate Richard II., with his much-loved Queen, *Anne of Bohemia*. And very touching it is to remember that poor Richard ordered his own effigy so to be made that he might be represented as holding his wife's right hand in his, but both these arms have been stolen, though husband and wife still lie side by side. Queen Anne has a round, girlish face, a small mouth, and her hair is waved back. She wears a girdle, fastened with a jewelled buckle, and her cloak is attached to her shoulder by an ornament, but no necklet or jewel hangs on her full, well-rounded throat. Both effigies are made of mixed metal, gilded and chased with various patterns and badges—the well-known white hart, the rising sun, and the lion of Bohemia.

Even the funeral of Eleanor of Castile was not so grand as was that of this Queen, who loved and was loved so truly by the King, otherwise almost friendless. Sheen Palace, where she died (1394), was cursed by him and ordered to be levelled to the ground. He bade the nobility and gentry, male and female, attend the funeral procession, and much wax was procured from Flanders for the torches; so great indeed was the illumination, that nothing like it had been seen before. The afflicted husband, however, showed his grief in a very unbecoming manner when the Earl of Arundel, having come late for the procession, added to this fault the greater one of asking to be excused before the ceremony was over. Upon this the King seized a cane, and struck the earl a blow which felled him to the ground. The pavement was stained with blood, and such delay was caused by the quarrel and the reconciliation that followed, that night overtook the assembly before the service was ended. "Good Queen Anne," the people called her, and childless though she was, she might perhaps have prevented the troubles that resulted in Richard's being murdered, and his body thrown into an obscure grave at Langley. However, Henry V. had him taken from thence, and once more united to his gentle Anne, in the tomb that had cost him (reckoning by our present money) about £10,000 to put up. The stone canopies and the other figures are all gone, but on the wooden erection over their heads may still be traced the paintings by John Hardy and of Queen Anne's coat-of-arms.

Five Annes lie in Westminster, but the second one, *Anne of Warwick*, rests in an unmarked grave on the south side of the altar. This most unhappy spouse of Richard III. could have had but little to regret when welcome death came to her in 1485 at the age of thirty-one; her only son had died suddenly, and she had herself tasted the fear of being deposed by her worthless husband, whom she had never loved. She could only have longed for peace and oblivion.

Leaving now the Chapel of the Confessor, we approach the first tomb that was ever placed in the Chapel, originally built in honour of Our Lady, but which is now chiefly connected with Henry VII.; and this tomb is none other than his own and that of his wife *Elizabeth of York*. Their bronze-gilt effigies lie there behind the altar, side by side on the same tomb, each with joined hands, and the expression of each face one of real nobility and beauty, hers being most sweet and earnest. Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., was the last of the House of York to wear the English crown. She was, indeed, Queen in her own right, but consented to unite the Houses of York and Lancaster by marriage, thus bringing peace to the country in place of war; and after a stormy youth, full of troubles, she was married at Westminster, January 18, 1486, and was crowned the following year. She must, indeed, have been a lovely sight as she appeared in public the day before this ceremony, in her kirtle of white cloth of gold, damasked, and a mantle of the same furred with ermine, fastened on the breast with a great cordon wrought of gold and silk, with rich golden tassels. Her fair hair hung down her back, and on her brow was a gold circlet set with pearls and jewels.

For seventeen years after this Elizabeth had on the whole a very happy life, until she was laid to rest in her husband's beautiful Chapel. The effigies of herself and Henry were designed by Torrigiano, "the fierce rival of Michael Angelo." Her drapery is very simple, and her head rests on two plain pillows. We see the flowing hair on her shoulders, the deep-set eyes, and sweet, calm mouth. At either end two angels support the royal arms; below are many devices and finely wrought figures in metal. St. Mary Magdalen, St. Barbara, and St. Anne are here, also St. Christopher and the two St. Johns—the Baptist and the Evangelist. One beautiful compartment contains the Blessed Virgin, holding our Lord in her arms, and near by is the Archangel Michael, trampling on the dragon. The whole monument and its surroundings are well worthy of the woman who was daughter, sister, wife, and mother of a King, besides being a Queen in her own right.

Poor *Anne of Cleves*, fourth wife to Henry VIII., that King so aptly described by a modern child as "a very great widower," has no such happy memories as her mother-in-law above mentioned. Hers is an uninteresting personality, and we almost resent the apathy with which she bore her unmerited misfortunes; still she was a kind mistress to her household, and was clever enough to keep her head on her shoulders, and her hush-money in her pocket until her death, in 1557, sixteen years after her divorce. She had seen Queen Mary both crowned and married, and this latter ordered that she should have a splendid funeral at Westminster —"seven palls, and as goodly a hearse as ever seen," the choir, the priests, and the clerks, the grey amice of St. Paul's, and three crosses, besides all the monks of the Abbey, and after this a goodly procession with banners of white taffeta worked with gold. What, indeed, could the ex-Queen have wanted more? for my Lord of Westminster preached a sermon, and the Bishop of London sang mass in his mitre. But Anne of Cleves' special claim to originality consists in her being the only one of Henry VIII.'s wives who had a monument at all; and hers is in a place of great honour, near to the High Altar. It is, however, an uninteresting piece of work,

famed only for being the earliest tomb ornamented with the skull and cross-bones.

The funeral of *Queen Mary* was the last performed with Roman Catholic rites in the Abbey. It was a splendid ceremonial, with standards, heralds, mourners, and everything complete, including an effigy of the Queen "in crimson velvet, with many gold rings on her hands." Before the ceremony was well over, however, the people began to tear down the black cloth with which the Abbey was draped, while in the midst of the confusion, the Archbishop of York "proclaimed a collation, and as soon as he finished, the bishops, Abbot Feckenham, the lords, ladies, and knights went into the Abbey to dinner." She was buried (1558) on the north side of Henry VII.'s Chapel, but no word indicated her resting-place until her more prosperous sister was brought to the same spot. A strange fate it was which gave the two sisters—Mary the Catholic, and Elizabeth the Protestant—the same grave; the one hated, the other enthusiastically loved, and yet of the two can we say that Elizabeth was the better woman? James I. erected the imposing monument over the virgin Queen, in the Latin words upon it honouring both sisters, and reminding us how death, more than aught else, unites very opposite characters:—"Consorts both in throne and grave, here rest we two sisters, Elizabeth and Mary, in hope of the Resurrection."

Every one goes to look at the tomb of *Queen Elizabeth*. She fills a large horizon in English history, and a large place in the hearts of English men and women. As we went round the beautiful monument on one of the *free* days at the Abbey, we noticed that some one had placed a red rose in the Queen's sceptreless hand, and this touch of life made us realise that after nearly 300 years the great Queen lives still, and that "good Queen Bess" still rules in the hearts of the people whom she truly loved, if after a curious fashion of her own. The monument is worth a close inspection. The face is very perfect, the outline fine and delicate, and her closely curled hair is covered with a simple cap. Her ermine cloak is thrown back, in her left hand the "Imperial orb" is bereft of the cross, and in her right the staff of the sceptre is broken off; but in spite of these emblems of royalty having gone, Elizabeth's statue is truly queen-like. Four lions support the slab of pure white marble on which she rests, and columns of black marble bear up the heavy canopy above, at the top of which are lions and unicorns, and another lion, with a charming expression, lies at her feet and helps to support the folds of her skirt. Overhead are conventional gilt octagon roses, her Tudor badge, and on one side of the canopy is written "Beati Pacifici," on the other "Dieu et mon droit;" the Latin epitaph tells us that Elizabeth was "the mother of this her country, the nurse of religion and learning, for perfect skill of many languages, for glorious endowments, as well of mind as of body, a Prince incomparable," and much more besides; also, amongst other things, that "after a calm and resigned death in the seventieth year of her age, she left the mortal part to be deposited in this church, which she established upon a new footing." Epitaphs are not always true to life, and none who read the sad account of the death of Queen Elizabeth can allow that her death was "calm and resigned;" rather the determined woman met her last foe in the spirit of sullen submission. She had the passion of life, by no means the resignation to death. The funeral was, of course, a great pageant, not only as to ceremonial, but also as to the number of mourners, of whom there were 16,000; but the sorrow of the people for her loss was no mere formal and conventional adjunct, but an expression of very real feeling. It is worth noticing that, in Dean Stanley's words, "since the time of Queen Elizabeth not only has no monument been raised over any regal grave, but the Royal vaults were left without any name or mark to indicate their position."

After gazing at the alabaster effigy, it is almost a pity to climb up to the little chamber over the Islip Chapel, and see there the wax effigy of the Queen; there is nothing beautiful in it—it is, indeed, very ghastly to look upon, and, besides, it is not the real effigy that was carried at her funeral. The latter was, indeed, extant in 1708, but only "with the remnants of an old dirty ruff and nothing else to cover her," and the present one was probably substituted in 1760.

Another *Anne*, daughter of Christian III. *of Denmark*, comes next; but the plain, lozenge-shaped stone on the floor of Henry VII.'s Chapel, with her name upon it, is the only remembrance in the Abbey of the wife of James I. We are told that the funeral "was but a drawling, tedious sight, and though the number of the lords and ladies was very great, yet they made but a poor show, being all apparelled alike in black; and they came lagging, tired with the length of the way (from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey) and the weight of their mourning, every private lady having twelve yards of broad cloth about her, and the countesses had sixteen yards of the same." As the funeral was on the 13th of May—that month which in those good old days was doubtless always warm—the countesses must have been glad to have the dukes to support them; even "the other ladies had some one to lean upon, or they could not have borne up." Alas! there was no Dress Reform Society in those days!

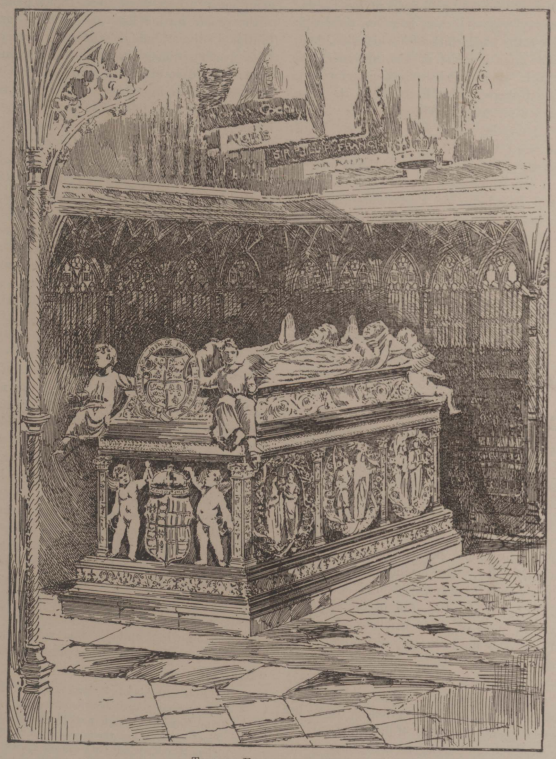
The following epitaph was worthy of a more interesting Queen. Camden has preserved the lines in his "Remains":—

> "March, with his winds, hath struck a cedar tall,
> And weeping April mourns that cedar's fall;
> And May intends no flowers her month shall bring,
> Since she must lose the flower of all the Spring.
> Thus March's winds hath caused April's showers,
> And yet sad May must lose her flower of flowers."

Only three more of our Queens rest at Westminster, and as we pass along we are not reminded of the resting-place of any of them. *Queen Mary II.* lies in the Stuart vault, under the south side of Henry VII.'s Chapel, beside her sister, Queen Anne, united in death, as they certainly were not in life. Those were troublous times, and the divisions and heartburnings must often have vexed the Queen, who had been an unnatural daughter, if a good wife. Her funeral is said to have been "the saddest and most august" that Westminster had ever seen, for both

Houses attended it—the Lords robed in scarlet and ermine, the Commons in long, black mantles, and all the magistrates took part in the procession. Upon the coffin were laid the crown and sceptre of the realm, and, as if nature recognised the sadness of usurped power, the clouds above were lowering, and a few flakes of snow fell on the black plumes and dimmed the purple and gold of the coffin. Within the Abbey, however, tapers innumerable shed their light, and the voice of the preacher was accompanied by the distant booming of cannon from the Tower.

Mary's only memorial now is the wax effigy of herself, which stands, with that of her husband, in the same glass case. William is propped up on a footstool, to make him nearer the height of his tall, stout wife. Her face was taken from a cast after death, and her dress, in which the imitation paste and pearl ornaments are numerous, is evidently a copy of one she wore. Near to her is her sister's effigy in brocaded silk robes. These effigies were once kept in Henry VII.'s Chapel, but we need not regret their present privacy, for there is nothing beautiful about them, and they in nowise add to the dignity of death.

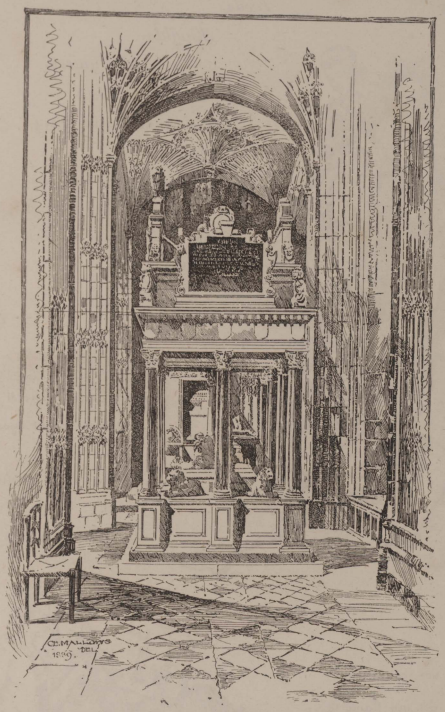


TOMB OF ELIZABETH OF YORK.

Queen Anne, whose coffin was the last to enter the Stuart vault, left there no room for others. The vault was bricked up, and her name only occurs with that of Mary II. in the step before the place of the old altar. The mother of eighteen children, she was survived by none of them, and as if Heaven judged her own unfilial conduct, she experienced all the pangs of losing the little

Duke of Gloucester. Queen Anne's funeral was a private one, technically so at least, for though she was interred "with pomp and decency," the ceremony took place in the evening by torchlight. With Anne the glory of the Stuarts departed, and of our Queens in the Abbey there is but one more to name.

crown, and perhaps, also, in no other country has chivalry been more true, if less paraded, than here in England, where the respect and chivalry of the Englishman for his "Ladye of England" have helped to make her worthy of the position. In England alone have Kings truly placed the crown upon the fair heads of their wives, not in the



TOMB OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Caroline of Anspach, wife of George II., spoken of by Dean Stanley as "the most discriminating patroness of learning and philosophy that down to that time had ever graced the throne of England," lies beside her husband in another vault, in the centre of Henry VII.'s Chapel, their bones, indeed, mingled together in a large stone sarcophagus.

And so we come to an end of this goodly procession of fourteen of the Queens of Merrie England. In no other country could we point to such a large number of Royal women who have borne so well the burden of the spirit of the great Napoleon, who wished to exalt his wife in order to exalt himself, but in the truer spirit which has been growing slowly through centuries, and which is teaching us that woman's true place is on a kingly man's right hand—not merely to be seated at the foot of the throne.

The story of our Queens at Westminster, if we wanted proof, would suffice to prove this to us, proud as we are to be the subjects of a Ruler greater than her predecessors, who for more than half a century has been both true woman and true Queen.

A. C. LEROY and A. R. BRAMSTON.

To a Child of Quality 5 Years Old.



Lords,
Knights,
and Squires,
the numerous band
Of those who wear Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
To show their passion by their letters.



My pen among the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell.
Dear Five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.





For while she makes her silkworms beds
Of all the tender things I swear,
While all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair;
She may receive and own my flame,
For though the veriest Prude should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.





And so, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.
For as our several ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate would mend it!)
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

Matthew Prior.



Bridal Veils.

AMONG the most attractive and becoming accessories to a bride's toilet is her veil, the use of which is of very ancient origin. It is interesting to note the various phases through which it has passed all over the world, not only in its use at marriage ceremonies, but also on other occasions. Some have traced the origin of the bridal veil to the Hebrew marriage ceremony, whilst others associate it with the yellow veil of the Roman bride. Veils were used by both Greek and Roman ladies. In our own country, veils were not used until 1066, and at that time they showed little artistic taste in their arrangement. At one time, at marriage ceremonies women's hair was their natural veil; it fell gracefully over their shoulders at the ceremony. It was an advantage, when this custom prevailed, to be blessed with long, flowing tresses. There are many interesting accounts of this fashion handed down to us; for instance, Margaret Tudor on her marriage with James of Scotland had her "haire hangynge." Elizabeth Stuart, too, at her wedding, which took place a century later, wore her hair loose, ornamented with pearls and diamonds. This was an inexpensive and simple custom compared with the costly veils of the present day. It is extremely interesting to observe the various usages in different countries in regard to the bridal veil.

In Poland, the bride's eyes are covered with a veil, and she is led blindfolded to all the doors of her new home. In days gone by, the Polish bride went to church preceded by her lady friends attired in long red veils. After the service, her mouth was anointed with honey and her eyes blindfolded with her veil, and she was thus led to her home, her friends throwing wheat, barley, oats and rice, as a symbol that she would never be in want of the necessaries of life as long as she did her duty. In some parts of Russia, wreaths of wormwood are placed on the heads of the bride and bridegroom, whilst in others, on the evening of the wedding-day a feast celebrates the event, when the bride wears a veil and is separated from her husband at the table by a curtain.

In the Christian Church of Abyssinia, the marriage customs are very peculiar; the bride and bridegroom are shut up for a month after the ceremony, and the wife has to wear a black veil as a covering for her face for six weeks. In modern Egypt, a woman is never seen by her future husband until after the marriage ceremony, and she is always veiled. The day before the ceremony the bride goes in state to her bath, walking under a canopy of silk carried by four men. From head to foot a large shawl encircles her, resembling somewhat in size the Hebrew veil. A Jewish bride's veil covers not only her face but her whole body. Evelyn, in his Diary in the year 1646, thus notices a Jewish marriage which was solemnised at the Ghetto in Venice:—"The bride was clad in white, sitting in a lofty chair and covered with a white veil; then two old rabbis joined them together, one of them holding a glass of wine in his hand, which, in the midst of the ceremony, pretending to deliver to the woman, he let fall, the breaking whereof was to signify the frailty of human nature, and that we must expect disasters under all enjoyments." Many eminent authorities provide us with curious details in regard to wedding customs of all times and climates. Thus Layard, in his "Nineveh and Babylon," describes a marriage ceremony near Nimroud, when the bride, covered from head to foot by a thick veil, surrounded by friends clad in the brightest and gayest-coloured robes, was escorted to the bridegroom's house. On her arrival there, she was placed behind a curtain in a darkened room for three days, whilst the guests feasted; after three days had elapsed the bridegroom was allowed to approach her. Again, Mr. Stow, in his interesting book on London, narrates that in 1560 three daughters of a certain Mr. Atkinson were married on the same day, but they wore no veils. "They went to church, all three one after another, with three goodly caps, garnished with laces, gilt and fine flowers, and rosemary strewed for their coming home."

In Turkey, a bride is always covered eight days before her marriage, and she is not to be seen otherwise even before the relations of her intended husband. In Greece, in the early part of this century, the bride wore a long, transparent veil, which entirely concealed her features. Her veil was taken off when she arrived at the bridegroom's house, and she was led into the presence of her husband, her maiden friends meantime occupying themselves with dancing and singing nuptial songs.

Chinese brides are always attired in yellow, the popular national colour, and they are entirely covered with a veil; and in Persia, the following curious custom was maintained at the solemnisation of marriages:—On the evening preceding the marriage-day, the bride was arrayed in a long, flowing veil of scarlet or crimson silk, and placed upon a horse richly caparisoned, and, accompanied by her relations, proceeded to the home of her future husband. On the way one of her maiden friends held before her a large looking-glass, as a warning that this was the last time in her life she would behold herself as an unmarried girl.

Although veils are generally considered to be portions of women's dress, we, nevertheless, read in the works of Ambrose (374 A.D.) of "silken garments and veils interwoven with gold, with which the body of the rich man is encompassed." The use of veils is now so extended that they are to be found in all parts of the world, but almost exclusively confined to women. For our own part, we should be sorry to see the bridal veil done away with, as it is usually becoming, and nearly always beautiful.

A. H. Beal.

Villiers de l'Isle Adam.

IN the literature of the fantastic there are few higher names than that of the Comte de Villiers de l'Isle Adam—a writer whose singular personality and work render him perhaps the most extraordinary figure in the contemporary world of letters. The descendant of a Breton house of fabulous antiquity, his life has been, like his works, a paradox and an enigma. He has lived, as he says somewhere, "par politesse," ceaselessly experimenting upon life, perhaps a little too consciously, with too studied an extravagance of attitude, but at least brilliantly, and with dramatic contrasts. An immense consciousness of his own genius, a pride of race, a contempt, artistic and aristocratic, of the common herd, and, more especially, of the *bourgeois* multitude of letters and of life:—it is to moods of mind like these, permanent with him, that we must look for the source of that violent and *voulu* eccentricity which mars so much of his work, and gives to all of it so disdainful an air. It is unfortunate, I think, when an artist condescends so far as to take notice of the Philistine element in which an impartial Providence has placed him. These good people we have always with us, and I question if any spiritual arms are of avail against them. They are impervious, impalpable; they do not know when they are hit. But to



VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM.

M. Villiers "les gens de sens commun" are an incessant preoccupation. He is aware of his failure of temper, and writes at the head of a polemical preface, "Genus irritabile vatum." But he does not take the hint, and the common-sense people whom he despises have the satisfaction of viewing the contortions into which they provoke him.

In considering the work of M. Villiers we are brought face to face with a writer who seems to be made up of contradictions. Any theory, if it be at all precise, must proceed by making exceptions. Here is a writer who is at once a transcendentalist and a man of the world, a cynic and a believer in the things of the spirit. He is now Swift, now Bernardin de St. Pierre, now Baudelaire or Heine. In reading him you pass from exaltation to buffoonery with the turn of a page, and are never quite sure whether he is speaking seriously or in jest. Above all, everywhere, there is irony; and the irony is of so fine a point, and glances in so many directions, that your

judgment is distracted, interrupted, contradicted and confused in a whirlwind of conflicting impressions. And I cannot but be conscious that some things might have to be said differently if it were possible to unearth and take into consideration those *œuvres de jeunesse* of which the author himself has not a copy.

M. Villiers has written much; but practically it is little exaggeration to say that he is a man of one book. The volume of "Contes Cruels" (published in 1880) includes, I believe, work of many periods; it contains specimens of every style its author has attempted, and in every kind the best work that he has done. The book as a whole is a masterpiece, and almost every separate tale is a masterpiece. I can think of no other collection of tales in any language on which so various and finely gifted a nature has lavished itself; none with so wide a gamut of feeling, none which is so Protean a manifestation of genius. The "Tales" of Edgar Poe alone surpass it in sheer effect, the "Twice-Told Tales" of Hawthorne alone approach it in variety of delicate sensation; both, compared with its shifting and iridescent play of colours, are but studies in monochrome. Around this supreme work we may group the other volumes—all more or less imperfect, and at their best but as so many pages the more towards the single masterpiece. *La Révolte*, a drama in one act in prose, represented at the Vaudeville, May 6th, 1870, has something of the touch of certain "Contes Cruels;" it is at least not unworthy of a place near them. "L'Ève Future" (1886), that most immense and ferocious of pleasantries, is simply one of the scientific burlesques of the "Contes" swollen out into a huge volume, where it is likely to die of plethora. The volume of the same year, called after its first tale "L'Amour Suprême," attempts to be a second set of "Contes Cruels;" it has nothing of their distinction, except in "Akëdysséril," and though striking and clever, is little more than clever and striking. "Tribulat Bonhomet," which appeared in 1887—"une bouffonnerie énorme et sombre, couleur du siècle," as the author has called it—is largely made up of an "Étude physiologique" published in 1867; like "L'Ève Future" it makes use of the marvels of science, and it can be compared for several qualities with different of the "Contes;" but, again like "L'Ève Future," it lacks all sense of proportion—any touch of the restraining hand. In the two later volumes, "Histoires Insolites" (1888) and "Nouveaux Contes Cruels" (1889), there are occasional glimpses of the early mastery, as in the fascinating horror of "La Torture par l'Espérance," and the delicate cynicism of "Les Amies de Pension;" on the whole, however, they must be classed with the miscellaneous volume of 1886. As for the prose drama in five acts, *Le Nouveau Monde* (1876), which had the honour of gaining a prize—"une médaille honorifique, une somme de dix mille francs même, d'autres séductions encore"—there is little in it of the true Villiers; a play with striking effects, no doubt, movement, surprises, a grandiose air; but what would you have of a "prize poem"? It was acted at one of the theatres at Paris in 1882 or 1883, under the auspices of the dilettante Comte d'Osmoy, and it had a very gratifying "literary" success.

Such, omitting the early works, which are absolutely inaccessible, and the numerous volumes of which the titles and no more have been published, are the works we have before us from which to study "peut-être le seul des hommes de notre génération qui ait eu en lui l'étincelle du génie"—as M. Catulle Mendès, ever generous in his literary appreciation of friend and foe, has said in that charming book, "La Légende du Parnasse Contemporaine." I shall speak chiefly of the "Contes Cruels," for I believe it is by these that M. Villiers will live; and I shall try to classify them after a fashion, in order to approach one after another the various sides of this multiform and many-sided genius.

First and before all, M. Villiers is a humorist, and he is a humorist who has no limitations, who has command of every style, who has essayed every branch of the literature of the fantastic. Frankly, I think this is a pity; but with such a nature this prodigality—a prodigality which is partly pure unconsciousness, partly sheer bravado—was no doubt inevitable. The consequence has been that we have to lament the comparatively small yield from what is unquestionably, to my way of thinking, the richest vein of ore. There are some half-dozen of tales—all contained in the "Contes Cruels"—which, for certain of the rarest qualities of writing—subtleties, delicate perversities, exquisite complexities of irony essentially modern—can be compared, so far as I know, with nothing outside the "Petits Poèmes en Prose" of Baudelaire. "Les Demoiselles de Bienfilâtre," "Maryelle," "Sentimentalisme," "Le Convive des Dernières Fêtes," "La Reine Ysabeau"—one might add the solitary poem inserted, jewel amid jewels, amongst the prose—these pieces, with which one or two others have affinities of style though not of temper, constitute a distinct division of M. Villiers' work. They are all, more or less, studies in modern love, supersubtle and yet perfectly finished little studies, so light in touch, manipulated with so delicate a finesse, so exquisite and unerring a tact, that the most monstrous paradoxes, the most incredible assumptions of cynicism, become possible, become acceptable. Of them all I think the masterpiece is "Les Demoiselles de Bienfilâtre;" and it is one of the most perfect little works of art in the world. The mockery of the thing is elemental; cynicism touches its zenith. It becomes tender, it becomes sublime. A perversion simply monstrous appears, in the infantine simplicity of its presentment, touching, credible, heroic. The edge of laughter is skirted by the finest of inches; and, as a last charm, one perceives, through the irony itself—the celestial, the elemental irony—a faint and sweet perfume as of a perverted odour of sanctity. The style has the delicacy of the etcher's needle. From beginning to end every word has been calculated, and every word is an inspiration. No other tale quite equals this supreme achievement; but in "Maryelle," in "Sentimentalisme," and the others, there is the same note, and a perfection often only less absolute. "Maryelle" and "Sentimentalisme" are both studies in a special type of woman, speculations round a certain strange point of fascination; and they render that particular type with the finest precision, and, if I may say

so, sympathy. The one may be called a comedy, the other a tragedy. The experiences they record are comic (in the broad sense), certainly, and tragic to the men who undergo them; and in both, under the delicate lightness of the style—the gentle, well-bred, *disengaged* tone of a *raconteur* without reserve or after-thought, or with all that scrupulously hid—there is a sort of double irony, a criss-cross and intertexture of meanings and suggestions, a cynicism which turns, in spite of itself, to poetry, or a poetry which is really the other side of cynicism. "La Reine Ysabeau" and "Le Convive des Dernières Fêtes" sound a new note, the note of horror. The former stands almost by itself in the calm cruelty of its style, the singular precision of the manner in which its atrocious complication of love, vengeance, and fatality is unrolled before our eyes—the something enigmatical in the march of the horrible narrative, told almost with tenderness. Its serenity is the last refinement of the irony with which this incredible episode arraigns the justice of things. From the parenthesis of the first sentence to the "Priez pour eux," every touch tells, and every touch is a surprise. Very different, and yet in certain points akin to it, is the strange tale of "Le Convive des Dernières Fêtes," perhaps after the more epic chronicle of "La Reine Ysabeau," the finest of M. Villiers' tales of enigmatical horror. Quietly as the tale is told, full as it is of complications, and developed through varying episodes, it holds us as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest. It is with a positive physical sensation that we read it, an instinctive shiver of fascinated and terrified suspense. There is something of the same *frisson* in the latter part of "Tribulat Bonhomet," and in the marvellous little study in the supernatural, "L'Intersigne," one of the most impressive of M. Villiers' works. But here the sensation is not due to effects really out of nature; and the element of horror—distinct and peculiar as is the impression it leaves upon the mind—is but one among the many elements of the piece. In these thirty pages we have a whole romance, definitely outlined characters, all touched with the same *bizarrerie*—the execution-mad Baron, Clio la Cendrée, Antoine Chantilly, and Susannah Jackson; the teller of the tale, the vague C . . . , and the fantastic Doctor. Narrow as is the space, it is surcharged with emotion; a word, a look, a smile, a personal taste, is like the touching of an electric button; and, indeed, it is under the electric light that one fancies these scenes to enact themselves—scenes which have as little in common with mere daylight as their personages with average humanity. It is a world in which the virtues have changed their names, and coquette with the vices; and in masque and domino one is puzzled to distinguish the one from the other. It is a world of exquisite, delicately depraved beings trembling with sensibility. Irony is their breath of life, paradox their common speech. And the wizard who has raised these ghosts seems to stand aside and regard them with a sarcastic smile.

What is M. Villiers' view of life? it may occur to us to ask; is he on the side of the angels? That is a question it is premature to answer; we have to look next on another and a widely different aspect of the fantastic edifice of his work.

The group of tales we have been considering reveals the humorist in his capacity of ironical observer: their wit is a purely impersonal mockery, they deal with life from the point of view of the artist, and they are pre-eminently artistic, free from any direct purpose or pre-occupation. In the pseudo-scientific burlesques, and the kindred satires on ignorant and blatant mediocrity, the smile of the Comic Muse has given place to "Laughter holding both his sides;" absurdity caps absurdity, order and measure seem to be flung to the winds, and in this new Masque of Anarchy sharp blows are given, the jests are barbed, and they fly not quite at random. The special type of absurdity in these tales is in itself a stroke of genius: it is the wit of science. "L'Esprit du siècle," says M. Villiers, "ne l'oublions pas, est aux machines." And it is in the mechanical miracles of modern science that he has found a new and unworked and inexhaustible field of satire. Jules Verne has used these new discoveries with admirable skill in his tales of extravagant wonder; M. Villiers seizes them as a weapon, and in his hands it becomes deadly, and turns back upon the very age which forged it; as a means of comedy, and the comedy becomes soberly Rabelaisian, boisterous and bitter at once, sparing nothing, so that he can develop the deliberate plan of "an apparatus for the chemical analysis of the last sigh," make a sober proposal for the utilisation of the sky as a means of advertisement ("Affichage Céleste"), and describe in all its detail and through all its branches the excellent invention of Bathybius Bottom, "La Machine à Gloire," a mechanical contrivance for obtaining dramatic success without the expense and inconvenience of that important institution, the Claque. In these wild and whirling satires, which are at bottom as cold and biting as Swift, we have a quite new variety of style, a style of patchwork and grimaces, a style under which the French language—the language of Bossuet and La Bruyère—almost collapses. Familiar words take new meanings, and flash through all the transformations of the pantomime before our eyes; strange words start up from forgotten corners; words and thoughts, never brought together since Babel, clash and stumble into a protesting combination; and in the very aspect of the page there is something startling. The absurdity of these things is so extreme, an absurdity so supremely serious, that we are carried almost beyond laughter, and in what is by virtue of its length the most important of the scientific burlesques, "L'Ève Future," it is almost impossible to tell whether the author is really in sober earnest or whether the whole thing is a colossal joke. Its 375 pages are devoted to a painfully elaborate description of the manufacture, under the direction of the "très-illustre inventeur américain, M. Edison," of an *artificial woman!* No such fundamental satire, such ghastly exposure of "poor humanity," has been conceived since Swift. The sweep of it covers human nature, and its essential laughter breaks over the very elements of man. Unfortunately the book is much too long; its own weight sinks it; the details become wearisome, the seriousness of the absurdity palls. The writer is no longer an artist, all sense of

proportion is gone, and what would have been immortal as a tale of twenty pages is likely to perish, as I said, of plethora in its four hundred.

So far we have had the humorist, a humorist who appears to be cynic to the backbone, cynic equally in the Parisian perversities of "Les Demoiselles de Bienfilâtre" and the scientific hilarity of "La Machine à Gloire." But we have now to take account of one of those "exceptions" of which I spoke—work which has nothing of the humorist in it, work in which there is not a trace of cynicism, work full of spirituality and all the virtues. "Virginie et Paul" is an idyl of young love comparable only with that yet lovelier idyl, the magical chapter in "Richard Feverel." This Romeo and Juliet are both fifteen, and their little moment of lovers' chat, full of the poetry of the most homely and natural things, is brought before us in a manner so exquisitely true, so perfectly felt, that it is not even sentimental. Every word is a note of music, a song of nightingales among the roses—*per amica silentia lunæ*—and there is not a false note in it, no exaggeration, nothing but absolute truth and beauty. The strange and charming little romance of "L'Inconnue" is another of these tales of ingenuous love, full of poetry fresh from lovers' hearts, and with a delicate rhythmical effect in its carefully modulated style. "L'Amour Suprême," a less perfect work of art, exhales the same aroma of tender and etherealised affection—an adoring and almost mystic love of the ideal incarnated in woman. In the bizarre narrative of "Véra," which recalls the supernatural romances of Poe, there is again this strange spirituality of tone; and in the dazzling prose poem of "Akëdysséril"—transfigured prose glowing with Eastern colour, a tale of old-world passion full of barbaric splendour, and touched, for all its remoteness, with the human note—in this epic fragment, considered in France, I believe, to be, in style at least, M. Villiers' masterpiece, it is humanity transfigured in the light of the ideal that we contemplate. Humanity transfigured in the light of the ideal!—think for a moment of "Les Demoiselles de Bienfilâtre," of "L'Analyse chimique du Dernier Soupir"! What, then, are we to believe? Has M. Villiers two natures, and can he reconcile irreconcilable opposites? Or if one is the real man, which one? And what of the other? What, in a word, is the true Villiers? "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

The question is not a difficult one to answer; it depends upon an elementary knowledge of the nature of that perfectly intelligible being, the cynic. The typical cynic is essentially a tender-hearted, sensitive idealist; his cynicism is in the first instance a recoil, then, very often, a disguise. Most of us come into the world without any very great expectations, not looking for especial loftiness in our neighbours, not very much shocked if every one's devotion to the ideal is not on a level with, perhaps, ours. We go on our way, if not exactly "rejoicing," at least without positive discomfort. Here and there, however, a soul nurtured on dreams and nourished in the scorn of compromise finds its way among men and demands of them perfection. There is no response to the demand. Entranced by an inaccessible ideal, the poor soul finds that its devotion poisons for it all the wells of earth. And this is the birth of what we call a cynic. The cynic's progress is various, and seldom in a straight line. It is significant to find that in the Ibsen-like drama, *La Révolte*, one of M. Villiers' comparatively early works, the irony has a perfectly serious point, and aims directly at social abuses. The tableau is a scene, an episode, taken straight from life, a piece of the closest actuality; there is no display, no exaggeration, all is simple and straightforward as truth. The laughter in it is the broken-hearted laughter, sadder than tears, of the poet, the dreamer, before the spectacle of the world. It is obviously the work of one who is a mocker through his very passion for right and good, his sense of the infinite disproportion of things. Less obviously, but indeed quite really, is the enormous and almost aimless mockery of some of those tales of his the reverse of a love of men and a devotion to the good and the beautiful. Cynicism is a quality that develops, and when we find it planted in the brain of a humorist there is simply no accounting for the transformations through which it may run. Thus the gulf which seems to separate "Les Demoiselles de Bienfilâtre" from "L'Inconnue" is after all nothing but a series of steps. Nor is it possible for one who judges art as art to regret this series of steps; for it is precisely his cynicism that has become the "note," the rarest quality, of this otherwise unballasted genius; it is as a cynic that he will live—a cynic who can be pitiless and tender, Rabelaisian and Heinesque, but imaginative, but fantastically poetical, always.*

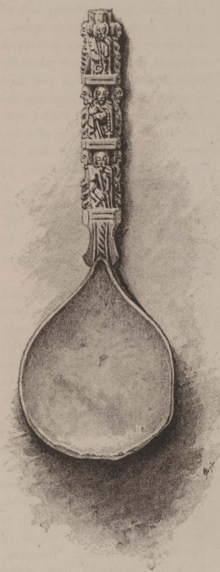
ARTHUR SYMONS.

* Since these words were written the curtain has fallen, leaving the play unfinished. Villiers de l'Isle Adam died on the 20th of August—prematurely, after all, for he was but fifty, and had so many plans yet to be carried out. Among a number of admirable artists he was one of the few men of genius; he seemed always to be greater than his work, though in what he has left there is achieved and unquestionable greatness. I might say imperishable, for I do not think that ever in this world anything really worth remembering has been forgotten, or that anything worth keeping has perished.

Spoons: their History and Associations.

"Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your spoons."—Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.* (to Cranmer).

FEW articles in daily ordinary use can claim as many historical, personal, and sentimental associations as the spoon. It ministers to the wants of infancy, it is among the objects last to be laid aside when life is waning; at one time it found a place in our ecclesiastical rites, and it was the usual gift from sponsors to their godchildren. It figures in the regalia of Great Britain, and is used at the coronation of our Sovereigns; it decks the tables of the wealthy, and, in a simpler form, is found in the homes of the "working classes."



Boxwood Spoon (German, Seventeenth Century).

Before forks came into common use (which was not until the close of the seventeenth century), spoons were still more important articles. Coryate mentions their use as an Italian custom "because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean." During the Middle Ages they were used as articles of luxury by the great and noble in eating fruits and preserves on State occasions, and it is evident from their make and adornment that forks were then treated as toys. Heylin, writing in 1652, says, "the use of silver forks, which is by some of our spruce gallants taken up of late."

An interesting discovery was made in the year 1834 by some labourers when cutting a deep drain at Sevington, North Wilts; they found a deposit of seventy pennies, ranging from the reign of Ceolwulf, King of Mercia, 796 A.D., to that of Athelstan, 878—890, which had been packed in a box with some articles of personal ornament, and amongst them were a *spoon* and a fork, the make and fashion of which declare their date, whilst the close proximity of the coins places it beyond all doubt. The fork, though known to the Saxons, did not, as we have seen, come into ordinary use until comparatively modern days; whereas the spoon gradually became more generally known. It is mentioned in the wardrobe accounts of Edward I., and from the frequent allusion to it in wills and inventories it is evident that persons, even of humble rank, have for many centuries been able to bequeath a spoon or two. Their great desire was to possess a *silver* spoon. Professor Wilson makes his shepherd say that "a plated spoon is a pitifu' imposition," although a modern authority, in enumerating the advantages of "a wudden ladle," says, "maist things taist well out o' wud; thirdly, there's nae expense in keepin't clean."

The wooden spoon has been held in sufficiently high estimation to receive elaborate adornment; several specimens are in the South Kensington Museum, of one of which an illustration is here given. It is of German workmanship, of seventeenth-century date, and is of boxwood. Its stem is covered with small figures of the Twelve Apostles, while the bowl is engraved with the sacred monogram. Another very curious one (also here illustrated) has the bowl carved on the inside with a portrait, and an inscription in German; on the outside is an equestrian figure of an Elector of Germany. The stem is ornamented with figures of Adam and Eve embracing each other, also of the Virgin and Child, and on the end is a monkey.



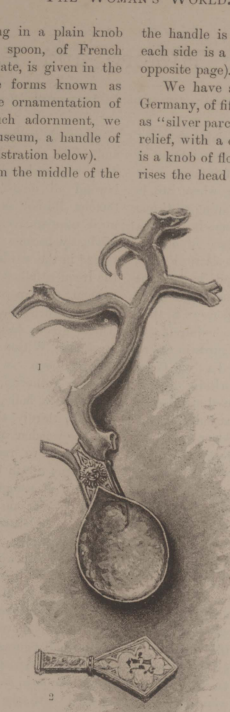
Boxwood Spoon (German).

The simple spoon is the most ancient piece of English hall-marked plate, and the following divers fashions have varied its manufacture:—"The spoons of the thirteenth and two following centuries

seem to have had stems terminating in a plain knob or sometimes an acorn." Such a spoon, of French manufacture, of fourteenth-century date, is given in the group on the opposite page. The forms known as "Gothic" were adopted even in the ornamentation of spoons; as an example of some such adornment, we have, in the South Kensington Museum, a handle of a spoon or fork of bronze-gilt (see illustration below).

Of the style which prevailed from the middle of the fifteenth century to the Restoration, a spoon lent by J. Dunn Gardner, Esq., to the South Kensington Museum may be considered a type. It has a plain broad bowl and plain stem, with seal-shaped top. At the Restoration a change again took place; and of the widening of the stem towards the top, there is also an example in the collection lent by J. D. Gardner, Esq.; it is chased, and the hall-mark is 1698. The style which prevailed until the accession of the House of Hanover is thus described:—"The handle broad at the extremity, which was divided by two clefts into three points slightly turned up, whilst the bowl was elongated into a regular oval, and strengthened in its construction by a tongue which ran down the back."

"In the reign of George I. the bowl was elongated, the extremity of the handle was quite round, turned up at the end, with a high sharp ridge down the middle. In the next change the bowl became more pointed or egg-shaped, the end of the handle was turned down instead of up, and a sharp angular shoulder was introduced on either side the stem, just above the bowl; whilst the tongue, which extended down the back of the bowl, giving it strength, and so well known by the name of 'the rat's tail,' was shortened into a drop. The fiddle-headed pattern came into fashion in the early part of the present century."



1, SILVER SPOON WITH HANDLE OF RED CORAL (SIXTEENTH CENTURY); 2, HANDLE OF SPOON OR FORK OF BRONZE-GILT, WITH "GOTHIC" ORNAMENTATION.

These are the distinguishing features of the form and make of spoons at different periods; but as with almost every article useful or ornamental, so with the spoon—it has been made in various kinds of material, and it has taken to itself divers fashions. As an instance thereof may be seen in the South Kensington Museum a spoon bearing date 1580; its bowl is engraved with an armorial shield, and its fantastically shaped handle is of red coral (see illustration above). Again, we have one of Austrian or Scandinavian workmanship, the bowl of which is engraved with a Maltese Cross; at the end of the handle is a large square pommel; on the summit of each side is a trefoil; five silver rings are attached (see opposite page).

We have a spoon of elaborate workmanship from Germany, of fifteenth-century date; its material is known as "silver parcel-gilt." Its short square stem is chased in relief, with a crowned female holding a shrine. Above is a knob of floriated ornament, from the centre of which rises the head of an ecclesiastic; the inscription on the bowl is illegible (see page 663).

An elaborate specimen, also of German workmanship, but of a later date, is a copper spoon; its square handle has five open divisions, in which are movable balls and a suspended bell (see opposite page). Various are the devices which remain to us, specimens of the ingenuity of a bygone age. One spoon has its handle formed by the figure of a woman playing a flute. A more elaborate spoon has a stem surmounted by a figure of St. Nicholas restoring children to life, the inscription being "Synt Nycolas, pray for us."

Occasionally the spoon and fork were combined, or a spoon, fork, and toothpick were combined. Sometimes the handles were formed of rock crystal, or of ebony, or tortoise-shell, or the stems were ornamented with filigree-work and enamelled flowers.

Many spoons remain to us which are interesting, either on account of their historical associations, their antiquity, or their rarity. First in interest stands the Coronation Spoon, which is preserved amongst the regalia in the Tower of London. It was remade for Charles II., none of the regalia having survived the Commonwealth.

A spoon used by Henry VI. is still in existence. After the battle of Hexham the unfortunate monarch took refuge with Sir Ralph Pudsey, of Bolton Hall, and as a souvenir he presented to Sir Ralph his spoon, his boots, and gloves. The spoon, now known as the "Pudsey spoon," is of the usual form of ancient spoons, and the marks thereon are as follows:—Inside the bowl the leopard's head—all English spoons previous to the Restoration were so marked; on the back of the stem is stamped with a punch a small heart for the maker's mark, and above that is the annual letter, also stamped with a punch.

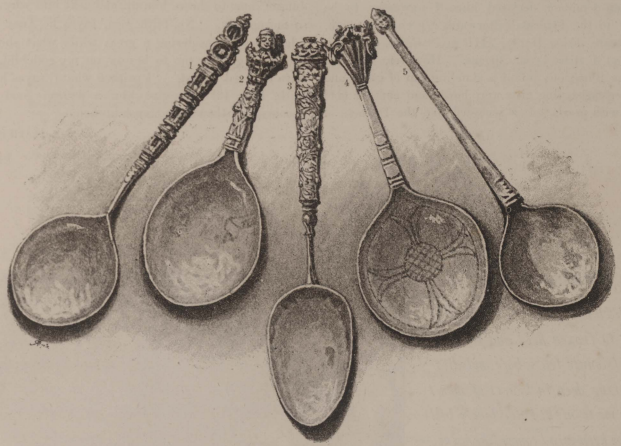
In the Stuart Exhibition of last spring were six silver spoons said to have belonged to Queen Mary Stuart of Scotland, and to have been given by her, with

other valuables, to Sir James Balfour, Deputy Governor of Edinburgh Castle under the Earl of Bothwell. They are now in the possession of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, by whom they were lent to the exhibition.

The most interesting relic of the kind was a silver dessert-spoon in a case, in the inside of which is the following inscription:—"Prince Charles gave Dr. Macleod a case containing a silver spoon, knife and fork, on leaving him in the Isle of Skye, saying, 'Keep you that till I see you.' The case with the silver spoon, &c., given by the Chevalier to Dr. Macleod, came into the hands of Mary, Lady Clerk of Pennycuick, who intrusted me with the honourable commission of presenting them in her ladyship's name to H.M. George the Fourth." Signed, "Walter Scott," and "Given to Lady Willoughby de Eresby by the Dowager Marchioness of Conyngham, 1855." The spoon is of the "rat-tail" pattern, and is very much worn on one side. It bears the inscription, "This was the Pretender's." The knife, fork, and spoon are made to screw upon handles, so that the three articles form six pieces, allowing of close packing.

This allusion to the House of Stuart recalls the fact that the first Stuart Sovereign of England was once greatly in need of a few spoons. When King James had, notwithstanding winds and storms, succeeded in bringing his Danish bride in safety to Scotland, whilst she was resting after the fatigues of her journey the poor King made great efforts to raise funds to defray the expenses of the festivities. There is still in existence an autograph letter from James I., in which he begs "the loan of some silver spoons to grace his marriage feast."

Many antique English spoons remain to us. To the Armourers' Company belong many of the "seal-headed spoons." To Corpus Christi College, Oxford, belong some of Bishop Fox's spoons. To the Innholders' Company belong several "Apostle spoons." Whole sets of these spoons are, however, very rarely to be met with; they are so scarce, indeed, that it is considered the whole set of thirteen would fetch £1,000. Twenty years ago twelve fetched £400, and single specimens have been sold from £4 to £8. Mr. Cripps, the author of "Old English Plate," knows but two sets of thirteen. One of these belongs to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; the other to Mr. George Lambert. In this set St. Matthias stands for Judas; the date is 1626; the whole were made by one maker at one time; and among them is the exceedingly rare "Master spoon." Another set, sold at the Bernal sale, has eleven Apostles; these belong to the Rev. T. Stainforth, who owns the most ancient hall-marked "Apostle spoon"—its date is 1493. It is remarked that St. Jude is sometimes omitted to make room for St. Paul, and St. Luke and St. Mark occasionally replace St. Simon and St. Matthew.



1, COPPER SPOON (GERMAN); 2, SILVER PARCEL-GILT SPOON (GERMAN, FIFTEENTH CENTURY); 3, SPOON WITH SILVER-GILT STEM, WITH ENAMEL AND FILIGREE WORK; 4, SILVER SPOON (1600); 5, SILVER ACORN-TOPPED SPOON (FRENCH, FOURTEENTH CENTURY).

"Apostle spoons" came into general use in Henry VII.'s reign. As has been said, the earliest known to exist bears the date 1493; but they seem to have been taken into favour at once, for in 1513 one "Amy Brent bequeathed thirteen silver spoons with the figure of John and his twelve Apostles." It then became the custom for the sponsors at baptism to present "Apostle spoons;" they were so called because the figures of the Apostles

were carved on the tops of the handles. Rich sponsors gave twelve, poorer people as many as they could afford. People who could afford no more, gave one spoon, with the figure of the patron saint of the donor, or with that of the saint whose name the child was to bear. Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, says: "And all this for the hope of a couple of Apostle spoons and a cup to eat caudle in;" and the custom is thus noticed by Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Noble Gentleman*:—

> "I'll be a gossip, Bewford;
> I have an odd Apostle spoon."

When Cranmer declared himself unworthy to be sponsor to the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, Shakespeare makes Henry VIII. say, "Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your spoons." However, Cranmer gave the illustrious infant a standing cup of gold; and her other christening gifts were bowls and cups of gold fretted with pearls. It is recorded that the Duchess of Richmond was proxy at the baptism of the Prince (afterwards King) Charles II.; she gave to the royal infant a jewel worth £7,000, and amongst her presents to the attendants were, to each of the rockers, "a dozen spoons."

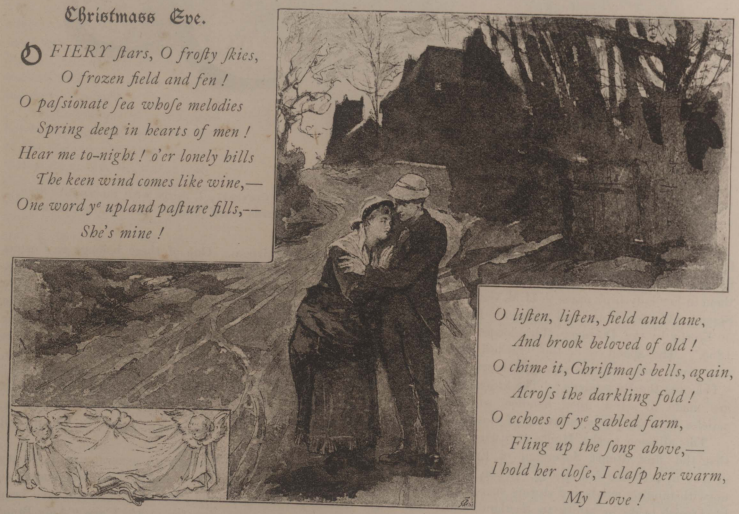
In order to see the point of the following anecdote of Shakespeare we must bear in mind that Jonson was a good classical scholar, and that the metal *latten* was an alloy closely resembling brass in appearance and composition:—

"Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in a deepe study, Jonson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy. 'No, faith, Ben,' sayes he, 'not I; but I have beene considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow on my godchild, and I have resolved at last.' 'I prithee what?' sayes he. 'I' faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a douzen good Lattin spoones, and thou shalt translate them.'"

ANNE HATHAWAY.

Christmass Eve.

O FIERY ſtars, O froſty ſkies,
O frozen field and fen!
O paſſionate ſea whoſe melodies
Spring deep in hearts of men!
Hear me to-night! o'er lonely hills
The keen wind comes like wine,—
One word ye upland paſture fills,—
She's mine!



O liſten, liſten, field and lane,
And brook beloved of old!
O chime it, Chriſtmaſs bells, again,
Acroſs the darkling fold!
O echoes of ye gabled farm,
Fling up the ſong above,—
I hold her cloſe, I claſp her warm,
My Love!

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